

Ten days in Athens : with notes by The way : summer of 1861 / by Dr. Corrigan.

Contributors

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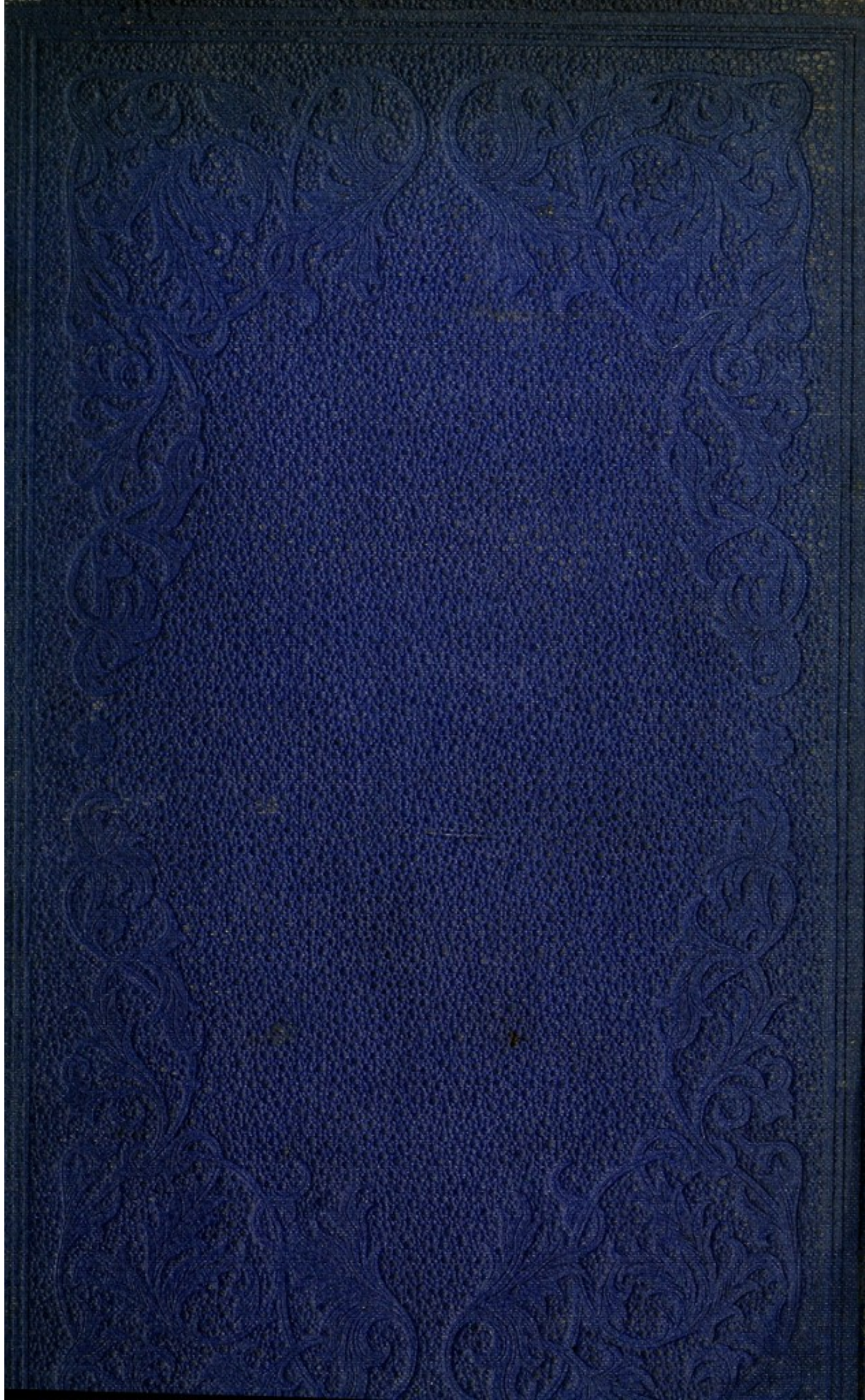
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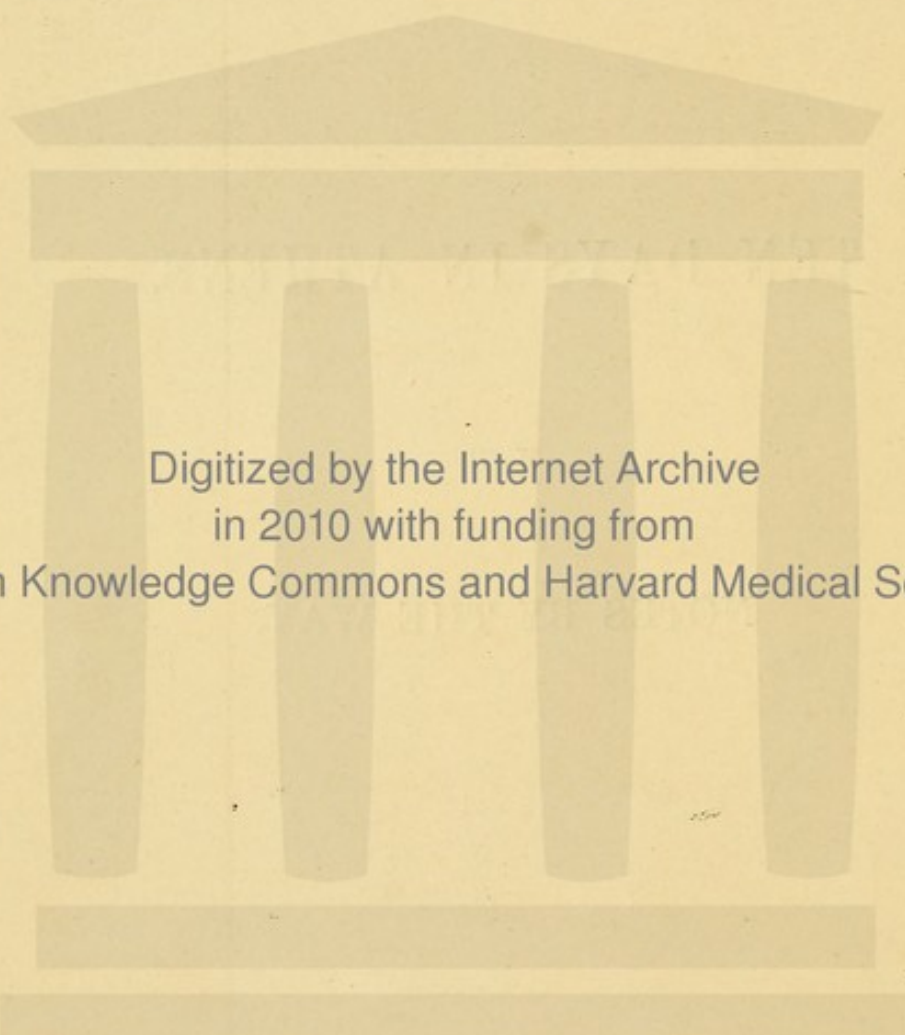




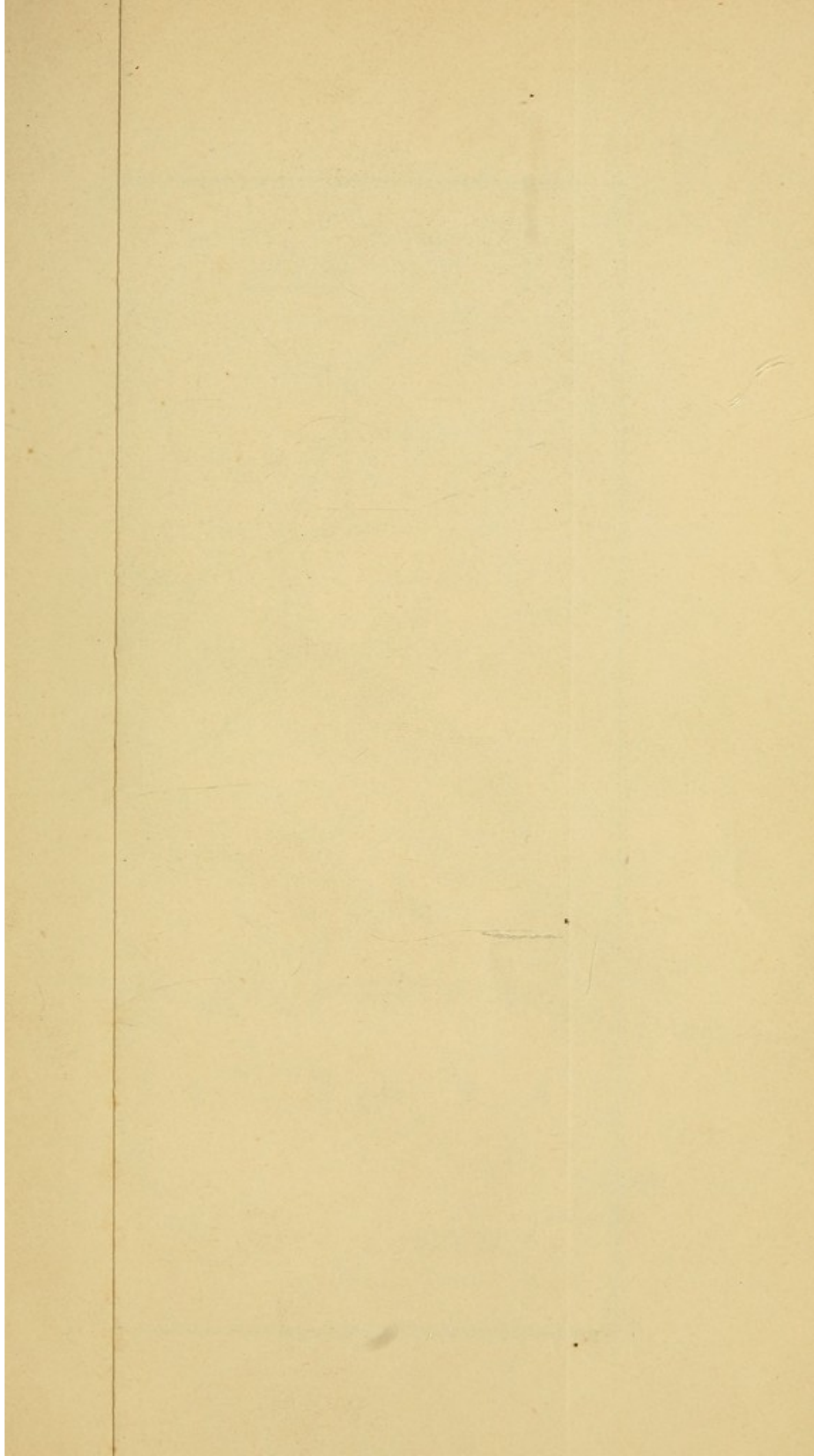
TEN DAYS IN ATHENS,

WITH

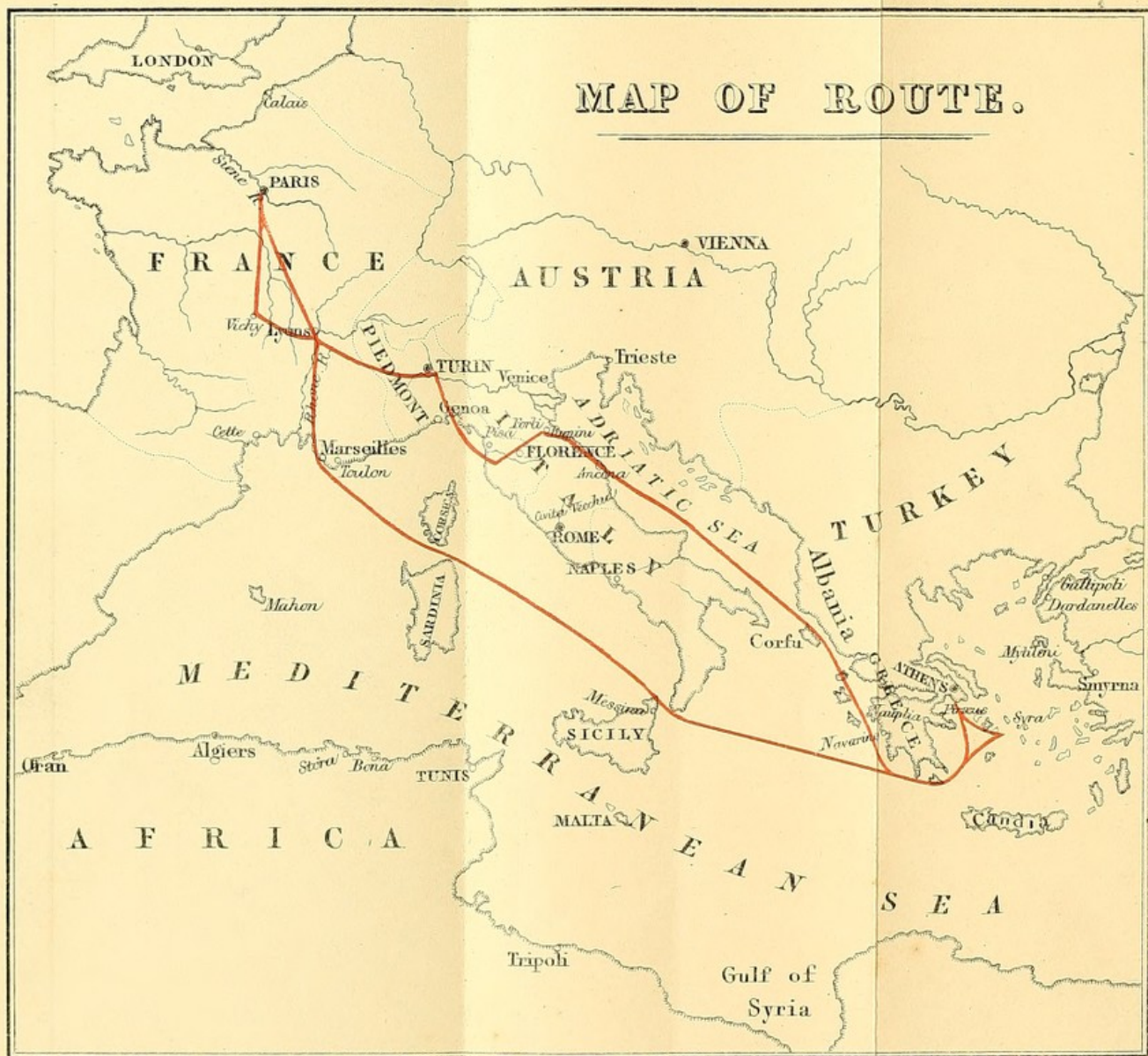
NOTES BY THE WAY.



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MAP OF ROUTE.



Dr. Mackenzie
with
the author's report

TEN DAYS IN ATHENS,

WITH

NOTES BY THE WAY.

SUMMER OF 1861.

BY

Dr. Corrigan

DR. CORRIGAN,

PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN IN IRELAND, PRESIDENT OF THE
COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN IRELAND, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL
ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND, &c., &c.

Dominic Sohn 11802-1882)

"L'Univers est une espèce de Livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page,
quand on n'a vu que son pays."
LE COSMOPOLITE.

M.D. Edinburgh
Baronet 18

L O N D O N :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

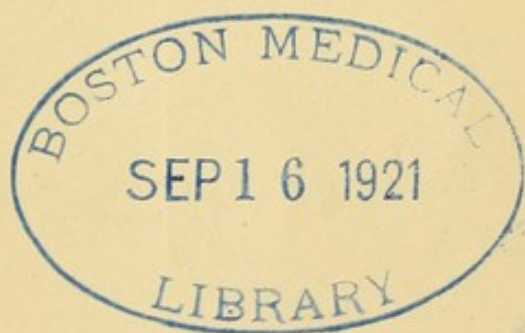
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LONDON:

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To my Daughter,

M. C.,

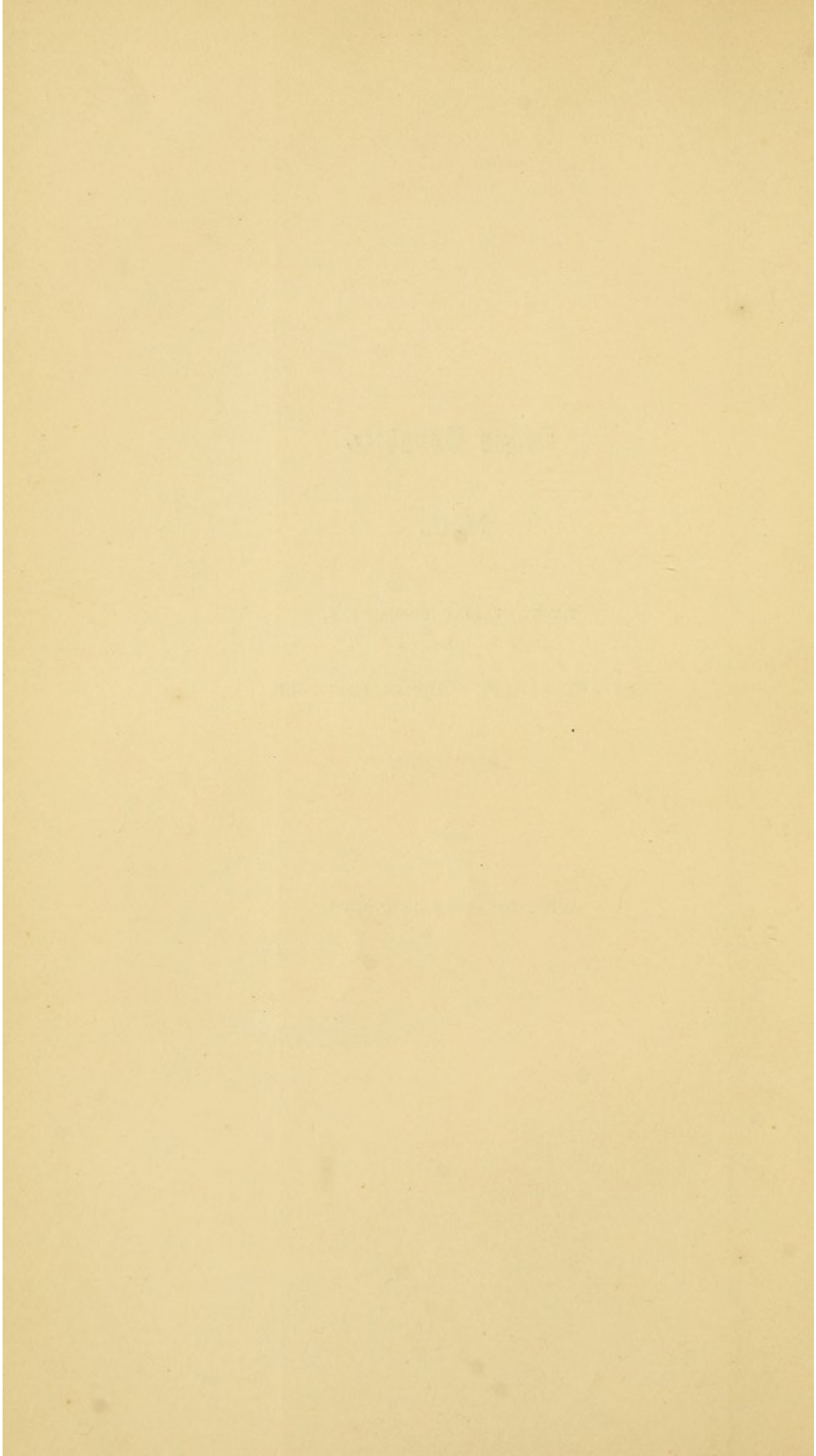
MY TRAVELING COMPANION,

MY AID, AND MY GUIDE IN THIS TOUR,

THESE PAGES

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



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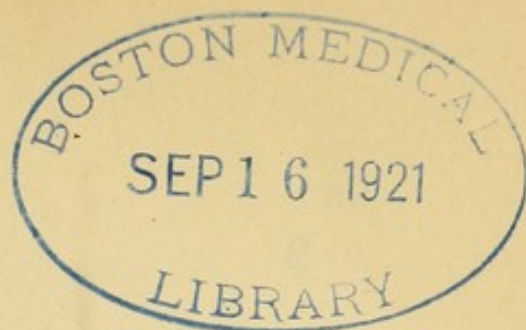
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TEN DAYS IN ATHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"I longed to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem."—BYRON.

DEPARTURE. — PASSPORTS. — FRENCH AND ENGLISH. —
"JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION." — WATERFOWL. — THE
BUSTARD. — SILKWORMS. — "CHATEAU DES ILES." —
MARSEILLES. — MOSQUITOES. — EMBARKATION FOR
ATHENS.

SOME men, wearied with the anxieties and fatigue of professional life, seek their annual rest and relaxation in absolute repose of mind and body, and spend the time in lolling on a flowery, sunny bank, turning their gaze upwards on the fleecy clouds

slowly sailing above them, or downwards on the gambols of the fish in the stream below them. These are, perhaps, the wiser.

Others seek the same end in mere change of occupation ; feeling, with Cowper,—

“ That absence of occupation is not rest.”

and find their pleasure and delight in change of action ;—as the hunter, when released from rein and snaffle, and no longer strained to his work, with neck outstretched and withers low, tosses head and mane to the winds, and refreshes himself in a canter.

Taste and curiosity have placed me in the latter class, and habit, in my profession as in pleasure, has made me carry a notebook, and record first impressions as they rise ; for I have ever found that first impressions are lost if not at once recorded. They are—

“ Like the snow-fall in the river ;
A moment white, then melts for ever.”

This inveterate habit has accumulated memoranda of all sorts of things and places ; and the following pages are the result of my note-book of this year.

I am not, however, learned in arts, architecture, or antiquities :—

“Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts.”

I have travelled for my amusement, and written for my amusement—sometimes for my instruction. Perhaps some who have not travelled over the same route may read for their amusement, though not for their instruction, the observations and thoughts that rose as we flew through a tour of six weeks.

AUGUST 19, MONDAY.—At 7 o'clock in the morning we left Kingstown, and arrived in London at 6.30 the same evening. We

were half-an-hour longer on the sea-passage than the allotted time, and were, therefore, not allowed to leave the carriages at Holyhead.

If I were a legislator, I would, in renewing the contract for the conveyance of the mail, have a clause introduced that, under any and all circumstances, there should be a delay of fifteen minutes at Holyhead; for, after a sickening sea-voyage, long fasting, &c., it is imposing too much suffering—especially on ladies,—to whirl them on without a stop to Chester, which is not reached until about 2 o'clock. The compensation attained by going at more rapid speed for the time lost in the sea-passage, ought to lead eventually to some improvement in the construction of the carriages, for the oscillations become so frequent that they inflict on the unfortunate passengers an unceasing succession of thumps on sides and shoulders, as rapid and quick as Sayers

inflicted on Heenan*, and leave them as sore at the end of the journey.

AUGUST 20, TUESDAY.—Left London at 7.30 A.M. by Folkestone, the tidal service permitting us to leave at 10 o'clock. We happened to have a very rough and disagreeable passage,—probably 200 on board, nearly all sick; but the comforts, on landing, made up for all (very different from the arrangement at Holyhead). On landing, we had more than half-an-hour. Breakfast—tea, hot and cold joints,—in a large, airy reception-room, capable of accommodating, at an immense number of small tables, at least

* If these pages be ever read in future years, it may be necessary to observe, that there was a brutal pugilistic encounter, in 1860, between Sayers, an Englishman, and Heenan, an American, for the champion prize belt; and that Sayers, a little man, by a rapid succession of blows, blinded Heenan, a giant, very early in the encounter. The revolting contest was nevertheless allowed to continue. Sayers, it was said, used to give a double blow each time he struck.

200 persons in the first-class room, with lavatories attached ; so that we passed the rest of the journey in good-humour and refreshed,—not as from Holyhead, jaded and low-spirited.

The abolition of the passport system increased our comforts ; but it appeared odd that, while we English were allowed to pass without passports, Frenchmen were obliged to have them. To me, it seems, that I should have begun with the boon to my own countrymen, instead of appearing to distrust them, and to place more trust in foreigners. But perhaps this arises from the innate politeness of the French, who desire to pay the compliment, in the first instance, to strangers. I recollect somewhere reading of a battle, in which a French general walked out in front, and politely requested the English commander to fire first. Chevalier, the celebrated French financier, who won golden opinions in Dublin, at the Meeting

of the Social Science Association, by his admirable essay on Free Trade and International Law, happened to be on board, and, having made a slight acquaintance with him in Dublin, I made some observations on the subject, remarking, that passports appeared to me to be always a trouble only to honest, fairgoing travellers, as rogues and the ill-disposed were always sure of having theirs *en règle*. "Yes," said he, and his comment summed up all in one observation, "Orsini had a passport."

It is curious to see how, in the passing crowd at the passport station in Boulogne, the Customs' officers distinguished so readily the French from the English, inviting the English to pass on, and as regularly calling on the French for their passports, and they appeared to me not to make a mistake. With the abolition of the passport system has come its almost necessary sequence,—Free Trade ; and in this, again, we experi-

enced comforts very different from past years. Our portmanteaux were not opened. The douanier saw we had only one portmanteau each, asked us if we had anything to declare;—on our usual reply, “rien,” marked the cover, and we passed on. We reached Paris at 6.30 P.M.

I may introduce here an incident to show the inutility of maintaining passports ostensibly for the French, and how easily the order is evaded. On our return, while waiting to go on board at Boulogne, my attention was caught by a dialogue between two Frenchmen standing beside me. One asked the other—

“Avez vous un permis?”

“Non.”

“Alors, vous ne passez pas?”

“Nous verrons.”

I was desirous to see the result. The two Frenchmen came to the gangway. The first produced his “permis,” and was de-

sired by the gend'arme to pass. Next came No. 2.

“Votre permis?”

“Je n'en ai pas.”

“Et pourquoi?”

“Je suis Anglais.”

“Votre nom?”

“Pinguard.”

“Vous êtes Anglais?”

“Oui.”

No. 2 passed on, as an Englishman without a “permis.” Any Frenchman or foreigner has merely to say “Je suis Anglais” —no one questions him any further. Passports are properly doomed.

Thoughtless people will sometimes speak of us English and French as natural enemies, often for no better reason than that we happen to differ in language and some minor matters of habits, manners and tastes. The dissimilarities which exist between us, ought, on the contrary, it appears to me, to

consolidate our friendship and affections rather than the reverse, just as such minor dissimilarities tend to the happiness of domestic life ; and in this respect we should look upon the two countries as the more united, as in wedded life, by dissimilarities.

If man and wife had, in every and all respects, the same manners, tastes, and likings, even in articles of dress, I doubt if it would tend to increased mutual happiness. Were they to like the same point of view from a carriage, the same corner at the fire, the same side of a beefsteak, and the same bone of a chicken ; if they both loved music passionately, and had but one piano, and wished for it at the same hour—or, worse still, if they had two,—I doubt if these identical tastes would contribute to their mutual happiness,—and happiness depends more, in some respects, on what are sometimes esteemed trifles, than on greater things.

It would not tend to the happiness of either for the wife of the senator to hold forth to him on the intricacies of International Law and Reformatories on his return from the House, under the influence of the same mutual tastes, and the supposition that man and wife in all things should be one. The lawyer would scarcely relish, at home, black-letter and jurisprudence. The physician would not be entertained by a discussion on the laws of epidemics and sanitary or hospital reform, nor would the surgeon be much gratified with a disquisition on amputation at the shoulder-joint while carving a fowl; and even the soldier would scarcely consider it an amusement, if, with the dessert, the mahogany were covered with battalions of toy armies, while his wife, having studied the newest systems of strategy, were to prove to him that if Waterloo were to be fought over again, Bonaparte might have beaten Wellington.

But we must not go to the other extreme, and admit, what we sometimes hear advanced—that clever men like the society of silly women. They never do. No amount of beauty compensates for silliness—I will not say stupidity, for I never met a stupid woman ;—but women ought never pretend, as they sometimes will do, to silliness, under the mistaken idea that it is interesting,—like the wife of the French Minister, of whom the story is told that she assured Denon she deeply sympathised with him on the lamentable death of his man “Friday.” Conversation is woman’s great charm : but conversation cannot come without ideas, and ideas cannot come without information “*ex nihilo nihil fit.*” Conversation may, otherwise, go as far as the last new opera, or degenerate into gossip, but it cannot rise above that level. It is not necessary for a woman to be a profound geologist, or a great naturalist, botanist, or chemist ; but it

will add much to her own gratification and pleasure, and gratification of others, and, very much, often to her own stock of useful knowledge and conversational powers, to know quite as much of many things as the generality of the lords of the world (as a great many gorillas of the human species call themselves) do know : that there are such rocks as granite and limestone, such natural families of plants as ferns and roses, and their differences, and such gases as oxygen and carbonic acid, as well as the difference between a square, circle, and triangle. On all subjects except the purely professional pursuits, women can nearly always know as much as men, and without trouble ; for men, with the exception of their own immediate pursuits, scarcely ever possess more than a superficial knowledge of other matters, nor is it possible they should. A man, after he has quitted College, and passed through his course of

Arts or general preliminary education, either devotes himself—or ought to devote himself—exclusively to his grand pursuit in life, whatever that may be, making all other objects the mere recreation of the hour. A musician may play upon several instruments, like the man in the streets of London who plays at once on the Pandean pipes, drum, cymbals, and violin, but plays badly on all.

The most accomplished musician can, I believe, play perfectly well on only one; and so it does not, if ever, fall to the lot of any man to know more than one subject well. So, my fair readers (if I ever have any), need not be discouraged as they, perhaps, listen, awe-struck, after dinner or in drawing-room, to men holding forth, with pompous hard words, on volcanoes, electric coils, and keraunoscopes, on aerolites and trilobites, on palmipedes and insessores, on odylic force and ozone, and think that these words mean something wonderful, or that

men understand all these things. Just ask them what they are. Adopt the old philosopher's axiom,—"never be ashamed to ask a question," and you will be surprised to find what little knowledge, and how much ignorance, a hard word often covers.

If we remember all this, we shall find, I think, that conversation is to society what sunshine and shade are to the landscape, bringing out all in charming lights and graceful shadows ; and thus does, for domestic life, what similar varieties of education and information, tastes, manners, and habits ought to do for us, French and English make us all the better friends.

I was very much struck by an observation of Lord Brougham, at one of the best of our Social Science Practical Meetings in Dublin this year, that might be preserved as an apophthegm in mutual recollection,—that "There are no two countries in the world that could do more harm to one

another, and no two countries that could do more good to one another than France and England." We should be, as I have already observed, like man and wife. Differ, we may, in many minor matters, but undivided in all essentials; and then woe to any nation that, presuming on such minor difference, might falsely expect that, in making an attack on one, it might hope to have the aid of the other.

WEDNESDAY 21st.—We spent this day, being somewhat fond of Natural History, although not knowing intimately very much about it, in visiting the "Jardin d'Acclimation," in the Bois de Boulogne. This garden has been got up by private subscription, aided, however, by the Municipality of Paris, who have bestowed on it a park, of about forty acres, in the Bois de Boulogne. It contains no carnivorous animals, but is devoted to collecting and rearing only such animals as it seems reasonable to suppose

may be acclimatized and made useful in some way or other to man.

It is surprising to learn—what, I believe, is the fact,—that of the thousands of species of animals over the globe, we have not yet converted to our use more than about seventy, and that we have not added to our list more than three or four within as many hundred years.

For the purposes of food, it must, I think, be evident to every one, that we have been very backward in rearing and converting to use and producing varieties of waterfowl. These animals may be crossed in innumerable varieties and sizes. They are herbivorous, as the swan and goose ; insectivorous and omnivorous, as the duck and flamingo. They do not encroach on the grain-feeding supplies of man, as our pheasants, hares, and partridges do, but generally live on what is not available as food for other species of animals and for man. There is no zoological

garden I have ever seen in Europe so well calculated to carry out acclimatizing experiments on waterfowl as the garden of the Royal Irish Zoological Society, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, bordered as it is by a lake abounding with fish and food for both insectivorous and herbivorous.

The Chinese appear to understand better than any other nation the vast importance of the waterfowl tribe to man. Their canals are literally alive with them.

Among the poultry tribe in the Acclimation* Garden at Paris, there is, at present, one that will probably soon form a valuable addition to our farmyards,—the bustard. It is of the size of a turkey, a much hardier bird, and is omnivorous,—likely to take the place, among birds about a farm, that the

* This is a shorter, and, I think, a better word than “acclimatization,” and equally expressive. We may therefore, I think, substitute “acclimation” and “acclimate” for the harsher and longer words “acclimatization” and “acclimatize.”

pig holds among quadrupeds ; and if, of diversified eatables it can make as good table-food as the pig does, it will prove a useful addition to our poultry. The bustard was once well known in England, and has even been found within the last few years. In Albania, Greece, Poland, and Hungary, it is still found in great numbers. It is brought into Athens every year as a game bird, shot within a few miles of the city, and is greatly prized for the table. Our Consuls or yachting friends might, perhaps, obtain eggs or young birds for us.

The Silkworm Department is a wonderful exhibition, and the varieties and great sizes of some of the worms and moths are very curious. Around the house, growing in the open air, are the several varieties of plants that are known to afford food for the silkworm in various climates. This branch of the garden alone may do much for France.

In the evening, after sunset, we drove to

the "Chateau des Iles," in the Bois de Boulogne, where a small and handsome theatre—or, rather, stage alone—was erected, for the performance of vaudevilles, while the spectators were seated around, under trees, in the open air. Illuminated pagodas, and boats in great numbers flitting to and fro on the surface of the dark water, with fancy painted paper lanterns at bow and stern, and waterfowl quite at home among them, and apparently enjoying it as much as the people ; laughing parties on land and water ; and the multiplication of all—trees, islands, lights, and boats reflected in the lake,—threw over the scene quite a Lalla Rookh air, or made it a Chinese fête, or like anything else to which your fancy may compare it.

THURSDAY, 22nd.—We left Paris at 11 o'clock, and arrived in Lyons at 10 o'clock at night,—a long and tiresome railway journey.

FRIDAY, 23rd.—We left at half-past 7

o'clock, and arrived at Marseilles at 3 o'clock.

Of our companions on this tour two were a French gentleman and his wife,—a very agreeable and well-informed “*compagnone de voyage*.” They were returning from Vichy, where she had been two months for the benefit of her health ; and her appearance and strength of appetite spoke wonders for the good effects of Vichy, if both had not been equally good before she went there.

Her description of life at Vichy would not give us the idea of its being a very restorative place to many of us,—at least in the warm season. She informed us, the *régime* she went through at Vichy for the two months was to creep out to the spring before breakfast—that is, before 11 o'clock,—and swallow four tumblers of water, then creep home and eat her breakfast ; then creep back again to the well—for the heat forbade even moderate walking—and swallow two tumblers more of water ;

creep back again, and lie all day on a sofa, and when evening came, take exercise in a little open carriage ; and so on *ad finem*. However, it appeared to agree with her, as in about an hour after we commenced our journey, one of those wonderful wicker-work baskets—now a frequent, and occasionally welcome, companion in railway travelling—was produced, containing knives and forks, bottle of wine, cold fowl, fruits, and napkin ; and, having duly made a table of her husband's knees and her own, the repast was commenced and lasted a considerable time, affording undeniable proofs of the beneficial influence of Vichy. She was very much attached to her husband, for when the meal was over, she seized every opportunity of clasping and kissing his hands when passing through a tunnel ; and on one occasion the dear little woman—No ! she was not little—became so absorbed in her affection, that she buried her

face, kissed his hand, and clasped his knees, and was not aware, until after a lapse of a minute or so thus engaged, that we had for some time emerged into daylight. However, we were of course all deeply engaged in studying Bradshaw or looking out of the windows, and soon resumed our conversation with Madame. Her husband, during this whole time, was profoundly asleep after his meal.

About 12 o'clock, when approaching Dijon, where we were to stop twenty-five minutes for refreshment, the affectionate creature suddenly started from a reverie, clasped her husband's arm with her two hands, and, while she hung from it in an attitude of despair, looked up most despondingly and piteously into his face, and almost shrieked out "*Je meurs de faim.*" He soothed her; but there was nothing in the basket, and, for half-an-hour, she had to bear the torments of appetite, until we arrived at Dijon,

where I was happy to see she had survived the pangs of hunger, and was providing against their recurrence until our arrival at Toulouse, where we parted company with mutual regret.

Marseilles is one of the finest seaports in the world, and new docks of wonderful size are now in process of construction. It is, on a fine day, one of the gayest-looking cities imaginable. For protection against the intense sunshine and heat, every house is provided with sunblinds projecting over the footway : but, instead of being, as in many other places, supported on iron pillars erect from the flagging, they are all suspended from the houses and wave to and fro with the wind. They are of all imaginable colours and stripes with fancy coloured fringes or edgings ; so that the street, as you look down it, seems to present, hung out from all the houses, fancy-coloured flags of all devices.

We were so struck with the gay appearance as we drove along, that we asked our coachman if it were a "fête-day"; but he said no,—"*C'est toujours le même.*" To any one who has ever had the toothache, there was soon, however, on nearer approach, an alloy—at least of the gaiety,—for, mixed with the gay, banner-like blinds, and, at some distance, even forming a part of the waving colours, were odd-looking, fantastic forms swinging about in the air; and these, as we came close, proved to be the tooth-drawers signs,—huge models of molar teeth, some nearly as large as a small butter-cask, with the crown of each horrid tooth painted white, and the great fangs painted a deep blood red, to indicate the vigour of the pull that took it out. Hung on long wires often from the top window of a seven-storey house, and dangling about a little above the head, they bring back to one's mind fearful recollections.

There is a plague of plagues at Marseilles, the mosquitoes, or cousins. The stings to some persons become most painful next day, and the deep, red, angry blotches remain for some time—a week or more. The Marseilles mosquitoes appear to me to be more venomous than those of Venice, and of many other places. The hotel keepers take little trouble about them; but if the traveller will adopt the following precautions, they need not be feared. Have the bedroom windows closed before the lighted candle is brought in. Then desire the waiter to bring you a small brazier, kept in every hotel, but which he will never bring you, unless you ask for it. It is about the size and shape of a small soup ladle, with a short handle, and contains two or three bits of lighted charcoal. Walk about the bedroom for about two minutes, and every now and then throw half a teaspoonful of the fumigating powder, sold for the purpose, on

the lighted charcoal, fumigating in this way, particularly around the bed. The waiter will generally tell you that sprinkling the room and bed with the powder is enough. Don't mind him. Follow the direction :—
“Pour chasser les cousins de parfumer les chambres.”

I do not know the composition of the powder, but it is to be had in all the “Pharmacies.” The most singular effect of it is, that it does not kill the cousins, but only narcotizes them ; they remain in a state of stupor on the walls until daylight, when they fly away ; so that, if the traveller desire to retain specimens of his tormentors, he may secure them at his leisure. Camphor is a deadly enemy to most of the insect tribe ; and if you have not the powder, put a piece of camphor the size of a hazel nut in the bowl of a spoon, or in a saucer, and light it ; it will burn like a wax candle. Fumigate the room with this ;

but whatever you do must be in fumigation.

There is a most beautiful bathing beach and bay about two miles to the south of Marseilles, approached by a winding sea road along the cliff, commanding fine views of the islands in the mouth of the bay, of the sea and country around. We had been there on a former occasion.

SATURDAY, 24th.—We visited this morning the Zoological Gardens. Marseilles presents great facilities for the formation of a zoological collection, favourably placed as it is for receiving the contributions of the South of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and, accordingly, its specimens are principally from these regions, and in great numbers, and most of them donations: ostriches, antelopes, elephants, hippopotamuses, giraffes, &c. Of the most interesting to us were ten young ostriches, the keeper informed us, about five months' old, hatched in the gar-

dens. They were about the height of a large turkey in the back ; their necks, of course, very much higher : they were all over of a grey colour, and very tame, coming eagerly to the bars of the cage seeking for cakes from the visitors. When we arrived, they were all eating, from a trough, short cut grass which had just been mowed from the plats in the garden. They must have come out of the eggs about the middle of March. The ostrich laid the eggs in the sand of her enclosure, and the sitting continued for sixteen days, the male and female taking the task of incubation alternately, but in very different shares, the male sitting for about twenty-four hours at a time, the female for only about two hours. On their being hatched, it was found necessary to remove the male bird ; and at the time of our visit he had not been restored to his domestic circle. The principal food of the ostriches is salad and cabbage.

I reckoned in one flock twenty-two pelicans of various species and sizes, and eighty-six in one flock of flamingoes. There were also here, and in the "Jardin d'Acclimation," at Paris, several specimens of the sacred Ibis of Egypt.

Among the trailing plants ornamenting the grounds, the most beautiful was the "*Dioscoræa Alata*."

At three o'clock we embarked on a steamer of the "Messageries Imperiales" for the Pyræus, the seaport of Athens.

CHAPTER II.

“Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.”—CHILDE HAROLD.

VOYAGE.—MESSINA.—BEGGARS.—MESSINA BOATMEN.
STORM.—SEA SICKNESS, MANAGEMENT OF.—GULF
OF ATHENS.—PIRÆUS.—ATHENS.—GENERAL VIEWS.
PARTHENON.—TEMPLE OF THESUS.—APPARENT
WANT OF ELEVATION.—PROFESSOR MAKKAS’S
VILLA MODELLED AFTER SALLUST’S AT POMPEII.—
CONVERSAZIONE.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNES-
DAY, THURSDAY, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.—It
may have been all well for Lord Byron, who
lived before steamers and screws, when in a
good cutter yacht, with all her white sails
set, and with the swelling wave beneath him,
to write as above, of his being on the dark

blue waters of the Mediterranean, and of the waves or his boat bounding beneath him like a steed that knows its rider. There is, for I have enjoyed it, perhaps, no more delightful sensation than to feel the little vessel, like a well-bridled steed, at your bidding wheel her head to meet the coming wave, so that not a bubble of spray is raised ; and, rising over its crest, again fall off. She dips down its slope to rise and meet again and again each succeeding wave, with all the beauty and grace of a swan upon the water, and with a motion as smooth and undulating as that of a gondola, the sea appearing to nurse her on its bosom like a petted child. But, alas ! screw steamers and post-office requirements have changed all this. Look at the steamer's sailing chart. A horrid straight line from place to place marks her course—the railway of the sea. From point to point it stretches, regardless of wind, or waves, or weather. Sea

and steamer are not friendly together, like yacht and waves. The steamer says to the sea, "I want to go to such a place ; and I will go, and no thanks to you : " and the sea says, "If you do, you'll catch it : " and in this temper between the two, the voyage begins ; and, as in our unhappy case, the squabble continued for nearly the whole five days.

As we left at four o'clock, the evening did not promise badly ; and the first-class passengers, in all only five, and three children, with the exception of one lady, a Greek, sat down to dinner, soon after leaving port, with the captain, surgeon, and postmaster. The moon, however, rose nearly full, with a misty, ill-defined edge, and the index of the aneroid barometer flitted backwards and forwards, in a way I did not like. Towards night the wind began to puff over the starboard quarter, and some sails were set. During the night the wind

came right aft, and it was not then very bad ; for although the wind was strong, it was fair ; and we had only to contend with the direct head and stern pitching of the vessel ; this, however, was enough to reduce our breakfast guests next morning to myself and one other passenger. In the course of the day the wind still freshened, and came round to the port quarter, and thus continued until we neared Messina. We fortunately got into the strait as it began to blow a hurricane, and came to anchor at 11 P.M.

At 7 o'clock next morning (27th), we were on the deck, eager to get ashore for a few hours. The harbour of Messina is perfectly landlocked. On one side was Calabria, a mountainous country ; on the other, Sicily, the strait not, perhaps, a mile across, and every neck of land and every hill top crowned with a battery or fort, apparently sufficient to have given Garibaldi—were people or soldiers loyal—work for a year ;

and yet, as they told us, while his men went up the hills on which the forts were, on one side, the soldiers ran away on the other.

Messina is a long, narrow town, between hill and sea, thoroughly Italian, and a bad specimen, with narrow streets paved with great square stones or flags, crowded with donkeys, fruit-vendors, and beggars. The last are as numerous as the donkeys, and far more troublesome. And let me here give the traveller a word of advice as to Italian beggars; and that is, to maintain strict silence with them, and not to give one of them the smallest coin. If he break either of these rules, farewell to all chance of any respite or comfort while he remains. He might as soon expect to get rid of a nest of wasps, by giving one of them honey. Nothing but wings can then save him. If he give the smallest coin, they all, even from a distance, seem to smell it like hounds or to see

it like vultures ; and, as long as he remains, or wherever he goes, they all hunt him, in the chance of a second, on the principle that there is more where that came from. If he stop a moment to tell them not to beg, or desire them to go away, or give utterance to the slightest expression of haste or anger, the same misfortune of pursuit awaits him, with the addition of the tongues being set in motion ; for, next to laziness, the Italian beggars love talking ; and it does not matter in the least that you and they may not understand a word on either side, you have said something, and every beggar around you pours his long tale upon you, until it seems as if a hundred wooden clappers, for frightening crows from corn, were all going together around you. Maintain a dogged, silent indifference ; walk on, looking neither to the right nor left ; or stop to look at shops as if you saw not one beggar, and they will soon drop off, chatting

to one another, and the signal goes through them that they can get nothing out of you. I have sometimes thought they have a telegraphic communication among them; for afterwards you will only be troubled by some lazy beggar putting out his hand, or tin canister, as you pass, but not thinking the chance of getting a baiocchi from you worth two steps.

In the streets and piazzas one meets at every step Sicilian women, like Caryatides, with great water-jars on their heads. Between head and jar is a roll of cloth, folded like a turban, to give a flat base for the jar to rest on, and to save the head. This adds to the picturesque effect, and no attitude or step can be more graceful than that of these women as they stop to chat in a group, or move along, the weight and height of the jar making them preserve the most perfect uprightness of carriage.

Modern sculptors and painters will some-

times attempt to improve, as they think, upon the ancients in representing Caryatides with their hands raised to the weight on the head, apparently to give additional support. This utterly destroys the effect, and gives the idea of pain in support and unsteadiness in balance. The ancient Caryatides and (as far as I have seen them) the living Sicilian girls, like them, make no use of the arms, but support and balance by position alone.

As Messina is celebrated for pickpockets and cheating boatmen, we left our purses in the steamer, previously to hiring a boat to land; and trifling as this is it requires some care, as you may find yourself in this predicament, that the boat may take you ashore a distance of two or three hundred yards for a franc, but as there is no police and no tariff the boatmen will not take you back under five francs, and will often demand ten. The Greek lady on board told us that unfor-

tunately, on her passage to Marseilles from Greece, she was tempted to land, and on leaving the shore they snatched the child from her and kept it till they got five francs. The arrangement the steward made for me was that a boat alongside was to take me ashore and back again for two francs, and no payment until our return. On our landing I was assailed by a man who spoke very good English, who said he was owner of the boat, that his boat might be otherwise employed, that he required to be paid, that I could get plenty of boats, &c. I was deaf to all entreaties, and he was on the watch carefully for me after my walk through the town. There is no danger of their combining against you under this arrangement, for they never trust one another; and if you had to give more to another boat to take you back your own boatman would lose his hire, for his brother rogue would give him no share.

At one o'clock we left Messina, having embarked twenty or thirty additional passengers. The strait widened rapidly, and we kept pretty close in shore on the side of the Continent, the mountainous shores of Sicily rapidly receding from us until we passed Cape Spartivento, the most southern point, the toe of the boot to which Italy has been likened, for the information of all idle boys learning geography.

The shore is generally mountainous in appearance, very uninviting, with, here and there, towns perched on almost inaccessible hill-tops, and occasionally mulberry and vine plantations edging down to the beach.

As evening came on, the wind rose, the Captain came into the cabin to look at the aneroid. The waiters laid along the table those ominous-looking sticks and cords called fiddles, that prevent plates, decanters, and mustard-pots from rolling into your lap, a pleasant stomach prospect for dinner. The

carpenter went over all the hatchways with ropeyarn, hammer and nails, to make all secure, and there seemed an anxious, busy, yet quiet going to and fro of the sailors coiling ropes, and putting things aside or in their places, that gave me an idea there was something coming. At dinner-hour the ladies had disappeared, and I lay on my back in the cabin fairly beaten, not sea-sick but worse ; I know no phrase to express it, but "done up." The pitching of the vessel became very great, and as she rolled now to one side now to another, my eye caught large masses of fleecy, white, angry-looking clouds, going as fast as ourselves, and assuming the most horrid and fantastic shapes to my desponding eye. The favourite figures assumed by the clouds appeared to be spectres of enormous savage white bears and their young, with manes like lions, looking up at their dams, or as the ship rolled, grinning viciously down at me through the square

cabin windows, that formed a frame for the ugly picture. The sun set yellow and angry, —twilight is very short, and the moderator lamp suspended from the ceiling on gimbals swang through every form of circle or parabola. Whiff came a gust, and out went one of the lamps. The rocking became greater and greater, until I could with difficulty retain my place on the sofa where, as I lay on my back, gazing upwards on the ceiling, and with only the light of one lamp, there came an aggravation to the painful spectres in the clouds, a set of grinning faces I had not seen before, looking directly down at me from the cornice, with an expression of glee in their eyes, and mimicking sea-sickness with their mouths and jaws. They were the ornaments or heads of Caryatides under the cornice all round, with which the marine architect had chosen to terminate the pilasters supporting the roof of the cabin. These

horrid faces, half Gorgon, half satyr, in the fitful dim yellow light of the swinging lamp, added to my misery. Another passenger, now the only one with me in the cabin, gave a shriek, as, at the same moment, with a sudden lurch and then as sudden a pitch of the vessel's bows, there came a noise from the upper end of the cabin as if a rattle of grape shot had come among us, and simultaneously the two doors of the sideboard flew open, and with wine glasses, spoons, coffee pots, and cups intermixed, there came the grape shot, through the doors it had burst open, in the form of many pounds weight of loaf sugar, ready broken for use, which having been packed at the back of the sideboard, had burst from its covering, and come like an avalanche against the thin mahogany doors. Then came night.—The Captain went on deck ;

which, I was told, he did not quit till morning.

I went to my cabin, but it was a considerable time before I could get into bed, for even one step I dare not make without first having firm hold of something. No lights were permitted in the cabins. At length I got to bed,—but such a night. The vessel had the screw going. It laboured with most irregular motion. The wind was on our beam ; foresail, mainsail, and topsails were set. The wind shifted several times, so that even sails, wave, and wind, were all going different ways. We had not only pitching from stem to stern and lurching, but such a roll that the head of my bed rose one instant so high that I slid down until my feet were against the upright boarding of my cabin ; the next moment the reverse was nearly as bad—feet up and head

down. Another moment I was obliged to hold on when the vessel lurched, or I should have gone out on the floor, while the opposite lurch beat me against the wall of my berth. I was as if a thousand imps had got on every side and tossed me all night in a wooden blanket. It was pitch dark, and sleep was out of the question.

The sounds were dreadful through the night. Every other minute the deck shook under a heavy mingled mass of water, that fell and broke upon it. The twisting thud of the screw went through one's whole body as well as the timbers. Every plank and beam kept up its own craunching scream, and the whole vessel laboured and complained as if it were some mighty animal giving vent to groans of striving and of pain. Occasionally during the night, in some pitch worse than another, came a stampedo from one or other cabin, along the corridor, of soap stands, razors, water

jugs, and glass tumblers, and then shouts of "Garçon" from various quarters. This, mixed with the crying of half a dozen children, made a horrid chaos of sounds, while clear above came the almost unceasing sounds of sea-sickness and hiccups from one of the ladies' cabins, from a poor sufferer who had been told by some friends that if she felt herself growing sick she should eat of everything, so as to have plenty on her stomach. Under this advice, and with the perseverance of a martyr, she had eaten of every dish for dinner, every imaginable variety of food—soup, fish, eggs, and spinach, Boulogne sausages, sardines, bouilli, salad, cheese, &c.: she must have suffered horribly.

I will digress for a moment to give a few words of advice about sea-sickness. There are some occasions, such as this night, when all prevention or treatment is useless ; but in all ordinary cases, if in dread of sickness, lie down on the back at least a

quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do. Let head, body and back become as it were part of the vessel, participating in its motion without any muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Two years ago I met, at Naples, a gentleman about to embark, who said he could not describe the agony he endured in the best weather. I told him to go to his berth while the vessel was still at anchor, to lie on his back and shut his eyes, on no account to turn on his side. He took my advice ; and next morning, when we cast anchor at Civita Vecchia, he came on deck with joy in his face to tell me that, for the first time in his life, he had passed through a voyage without being sick. If the sickness come

on, neither eat food nor drink soup, nor anything of the sort. The stomach, once it begins to go, will neither be equal to solid or fluid food, and as the shortest means of getting rid of it, sends it back as it came ; but drink plenty of plain water, iced if you can get it ; when after some time you begin to feel that you can think of swallowing, then take a little champagne and water, or soup with cayenne pepper, and you will soon feel comfortable.

At length morning came, and with it some falling of the wind. It then headed us. Our sails were taken in, and, although our progress was slow, the movement was steady. At nine o'clock, Thursday, 29th, we were pretty close to the Isle of Hydra, and soon after in the entrance of the Gulf of Aegina, about twenty-five miles across, judging by the eye ; the shores picturesque in some parts, the hills sloping gradually

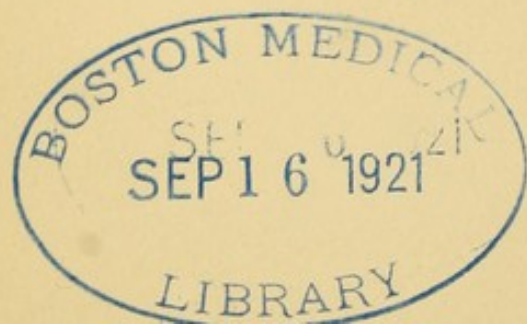
down to the water's edge, in others terminated by steep cliffs of no great height. There is, however, one great want—a want of planting ; the hills are bare, and the dry heated air destroys all appearance of green, so that two great charms of a landscape are absent.

At three o'clock we entered the upper part of the Gulf, which is distinguished as the Gulf of Athens. It is a most beautiful bay, more than a semi-circle, having far away, as a great background, a semi-circle of mountain-hills, with the celebrated Mount Hymettus as you look at it on the right, and Daphne on the left, and between this background and the bay a plain of immense size, not quite flat but slightly undulating, and sloping to the water's edge. In the middle of this great plain, olive groves of miles in extent, contrasting in their green with the arid reddish ground around them, and at a distance of only three miles in a

direct line, rises the Acropolis with the Parthenon on its summit, needing no guide or guide-book to tell you what it is, for you recognize it at once as familiar to your eye as an old acquaintance from the drawings of it that almost every one in youth has pondered over, and almost every one at such times has sighed out a hope that he might see it.

In about an hour we cast anchor in the Piræus. It is the seaport of Athens, distant from it about five English miles. The entrance to the harbour is not more than thirty yards across, but inside it is a basin about three-quarters of a mile in diameter. Dr. Roëser, Physician to the King, and Dr. Makkas, Professor of Clinical Medicine, most kindly met us with a barge; from which we landed, and which saved us from examination of luggage, passports, &c.

In taking leave of the steamer of the "Messageries Impériales," which brought us



from Marseilles to Athens, it is right to observe, we had every attendance we could desire, but there is one disagreeability it may be only necessary to mention to have corrected, the indiscriminate admission of second and third-class and even deck passengers to the quarter-deck and hurricane-deck of the first-class passengers. The inconvenience was not very much felt until we sailed from Messina, but there we took in a motley group, some of them dirty and ragged, so that from Messina to Athens the ladies were restricted to their cabins and dining-saloon, as after dinner, when the cool of the evening might induce them to walk on the quarter-deck, it was secured, as well as the benches and seats, by second-class, third-class, and deck passengers, women as well as men smoking bad tobacco, disagreeable in their manners, spitting about the decks, and very shabby in their attire. "Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité" are very

well, but "Égalité" should extend to the payment as well as to "Liberté." I prefer the present inscription in France, "Liberté, Ordre Publique."

For a great portion of the way from the Piræus to Athens our drive lay through olive groves, many of the trees in which are said to be from three to five hundred years old. The appearance of the old trunks is very curious, not more than eight or ten feet high, with the young shoots of the year forming a green head, while the trunk the whole way down resembles a mass of great grey fossil roots bound together by their barks rather than a living trunk.

Instead of our driving directly to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Dr. Makkas gave us in his carriage most kindly a circuit of Athens including views of the Acropolis from different points, of the Temple of Theseus, the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus,

&c. There is one remarkable feature about all these wonders of architecture which struck us at once, that is, their very moderate height. Nearly all the great buildings, both of modern and ancient times, which we had been accustomed to admire, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Coliseum, Cathedral of Milan, &c., have great height, and this great height constitutes apparently a main element of their grandeur. For a moment we felt disappointed at the want of height in the Grecian temples, but only almost for a moment, for gazing on them for a little we saw that what we had at first considered a deficiency was an element of great beauty.

There is not one of them more than one storey in height, the height of a tall pillar, and with the exception of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, pillars and pediment even of the Parthenon, are not high. The Temple of Theseus particularly is low, but this lowness adds greatly to the pleasure

with which one gazes on it. You take in the whole at once with the eye, all the beautiful proportions of pillar, pediment, and architrave—all the exquisite carvings of frieze, cornice, and doorway ; nothing is lost. You have all in one gaze, your eye is filled and nothing left out ; but in a great and very lofty building, such as the Coliseum or one of our tall Gothic erections, to take all in you must be at such a distance as to see only a confused mass, or so near that you can only take it into view bit by bit. To enjoy fully the beauty of the Temple of Theseus, which is the most perfect of all the ancient temples, see it at night, and then, indeed, the beauty of comparative smallness and lowness is evident ; for, standing a short distance from it, while you take in all in one gaze, the deep blue sky, such as is only seen in Greece, is seen round it like a setting, while the bright starlight leaves no part in shadow, instead of

the shutting out of sky and the murky darkness of the tall Gothic.

I used to think the Gothic the finest of all styles, but a few hours, almost a few moments, gazing on the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus have placed now in my mind the chaste simplicity and beautiful proportions of Greek style above all others.

Having taken this round of the principal views we reached our hotel, where we found every comfort and attention. We were also fortunate in our guide, "Spiro Maraki." He was an Ionian, had been servant to several of our officers in the Crimea, and had good testimonials from them. He fully bore them out while attending on us. He seemed quite proud of a new phrase he had learned in the Crimea, and never failed when on an excursion to inform the ladies of our party that they should take their "grub" with them, and to announce to them that

it was now time for them to eat their "grub."

The Hôtel d'Angleterre is well situated. The ground descends in front of it. From our windows over the entrance a small intervening strip of city sloped down, and beyond and far away and beneath us, of great breadth, and stretching out of sight to our right, lay a richly-wooded valley of olive trees. Again, beyond the broad belt rose the Hill of Daphne, while far away and misty from its great distance rose Mount Citheron. Looking to the left is the straight line of the "Odos Æolus," or "Æolus" street, terminating with one of the most beautiful and most wonderful antiquarian monuments of Athens, the "Temple of the Winds," whether considered in regard to sculpture or to science, while beyond and rising high and lofty above it, is the Acropolis, terminating the vista, and on the right and still in a straight line from the

Acropolis is the Grand Promenade, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and bordered with acacias.

We availed ourselves of Professor Makkas's kind invitation to a conversazione, and we spent a delightful evening in a charming house, unique as far as I know, with the exception of its prototype, in its construction.

It is a perfect model of Sallust's house at Pompei.

The house, with mosaic pavement in front, is entered by a vestibule with white marble floor, leading into a small square courtyard, open to the sky as in Sallust's villa. This was filled with flowering plants, and around it on three sides of the square were the drawing-room, dining-rooms and other rooms en suite, while the fourth side, with corresponding windows opening into central courtyard, was a corridor, from which was the entrance to the bedrooms. The drawing-room, which fronted the vestibule,

and was on the opposite side of the courtyard, was very lofty, painted *à la Pompeii*, and lighted by a single large lamp hung very high, while around the walls, instead of paintings and mirrors, were terra cotta brackets holding pots with flowering plants. The subdued colouring on the walls was far more agreeable to my eyes after the blaze of the day than all the glare and gilding of our present fashion.

We spent a most delightful evening with Professor and Madame Makkas, and a highly intellectual and scientific circle whom they had most kindly invited to meet us.

Conversation never lagged, and its pleasant chimes continued to ring with all the varied tones of French, German, English, and Greek, until it was time for us to retire. We felt more relieved of our fatigue after storm and traveling than if we had slept a whole night. This was our first day in Athens.

CHAPTER III.

“Who has not heard the tales that tell
Of old Eleusis’ sacred well.”—MOORE.

CONVERSATION OF PRIVATE SOCIETIES NOT TO BE
REPEATED—TEMPLE OF ELEUSIS—VIEW FROM HILL
OVER TEMPLE—EXCAVATIONS—VILLAGE DOCTOR—
ALBANIAN COSTUMES—FUSTANELLA—ALBANIAN GIRL’S
DOWRY—RUINS OF ELEUSIS—ROAD TO—SALT SPRINGS
—HOUSES—RETURN—GREEK PREACHER—MOUNTAIN
DOGS—SUNSET.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30.—I terminated my last chapter with a grateful notice, as it ought to be, of the delightful evening we spent with our kind friends Professor and Madame Makkas ; and it may be expected, perhaps, by a few, that I should detail some of the conversations or observations I may have heard ; so, to prevent all disappoint-

ment, I may say at once here that I will not, in any instance, give any details of conversation or remarks I may happen to have heard in private society.

It has always appeared to me to be a breach of trust and propriety, to say no more of it, to fix in print the passing words that conversation may bring out, springing from the "*gaieté du cœur ou de l'esprit*" of the evening hour.

Conversation, moreover, can never be correctly recorded, even if it were justifiable, and confidential remarks, for all made in private society are such, whether accidentally misquoted or correctly reported, may compromise some and pain others ; and I trust the vitiated taste that has encouraged such narrations exists no longer.

This morning I devoted to improving myself by a visit to the Civil hospital in company with Dr. Roëser, Professor Makkas, and the Professor of Clinical Surgery. It contained 110 patients. As I

had read so much of fevers, malaria, and autumnal diseases, &c., as almost to deter me from visiting Athens in August or September, I took this opportunity of judging for myself. Of fever patients there was not one that I should have called a serious case ; and I did not see any of those diseases that are the scourge of unhealthy warm climates in autumn. The cases were of the ordinary kind, acute attacks or chronic diseases that one meets every where. It appears to me that with the usual precautions which one ought to use in every climate, where there is great heat in the day and cold in the night, Athens may be as safely visited in August and September as any other part of Europe.

At one o'clock we started for Eleusis, or *Elevisis*, as the Athenians pronounce it, and they are probably right, although, to my ear, the first is the more pleasing. This little village is inhabited by a number of proprietors who own in common the neighbouring

vineyards. It is prettily situated on a high headland ; and directly under you, as you look down, is the old semi-circular pier now used by fishermen, occasionally visited by a steam boat, that afforded like shelter and access to the triremes of two thousand years ago. The present inhabitants are an Albanian colony that arrived there, it is not known when. They preserve their dress which has now been adopted as the national Greek costume ; and their language, which I am told, differs very much from modern Greek.

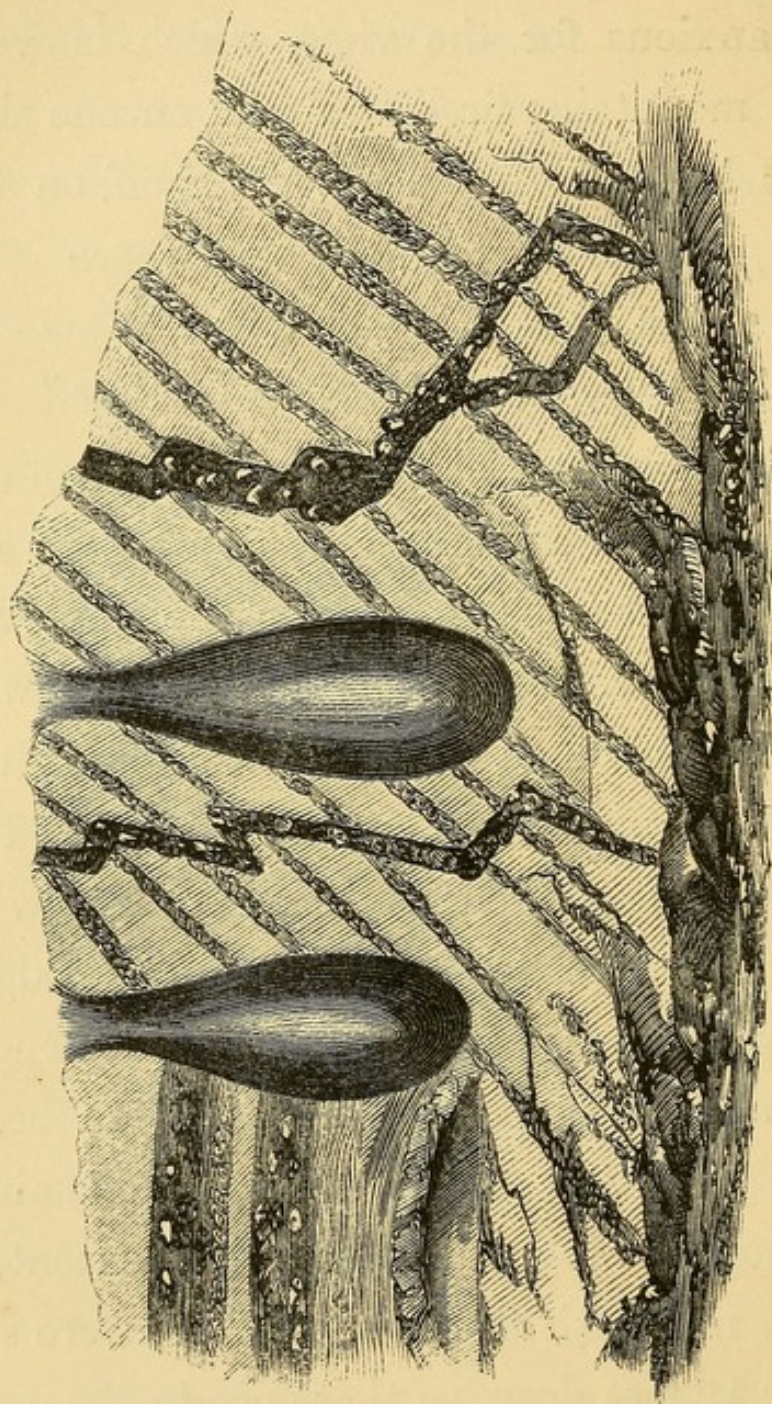
The village is principally visited for the purpose of seeing the remains of the Temple of Eleusis. They are Cyclopœan in size and exquisite in all the details of finishing, the beautiful and delicate tracery of the Corinthian capitals, as fine and sharp as if they were cut but yesterday. The mass is of great extent ; and yet, it is said, that only the Propylœum is as yet exposed.

We walked up on the hill above the

ruins. I outstripped my party to gain the top, anxious for the view, which is very fine ; mountains circling round on one side, the Isle of Ægina, not too far off, on the other, and, at my feet, the bay, where

“The mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf unconquered Salamis.”

I had scarcely gained the top when one of the party was in full pursuit after me, and not without good reason, for the whole hill on which we stood was pierced over with circular openings of not more than three feet in diameter, not guarded or marked in any way, and often concealed from view by mountain herbage growing round the edges. These excavations widened as they descended into a pear shape, and appeared to be, in some cases, very deep. Some that I examined although partly filled, to what extent, I know not, with stones or rubbish, were still 10 or 12 feet deep, so that once in them you could no more get out, if you survived the fall, than a bear could get out of a pitfall.



The rocky hills in several parts of Greece are studded over with these egg-shaped excavations, and are very dangerous to sportsmen. A few years since a gentleman was last seen at the foot of a hill, where such excavations were in great number. He was seen no more ; and a long time after a skeleton, supposed to be his, was found in one of those dry wells.

It is supposed they were either sunk as wells to hold water for camps or garrisons, or granaries for corn ; I think probably the latter. Wells are always found of the same breadth the whole way down. These are pear-shaped, and are of no great depth ;—are found in numbers, and on the very summit of the hill : they communicate with one another, in some instances, by subterranean passages as if to permit the opening of several without exposing the opening of more than one.

There may be another supposition that

they were connected in some way with the Eleusinian rites celebrated in the Temple, and formed part of the appliances, like stage traps, for the performance of some of the various devices and illusions that terrified and fascinated Neophytes on their admission into the Eleusinian mysteries.*

“ Question him,
“ Who, ’mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis.”

Warned of our danger, we retraced our steps to the village, and were introduced to the village doctor. He is not a fully qualified physician or surgeon, but a “*propriétaire*,” in common possession with his fellow villagers of the vineyards around. He attended some lectures at Athens, and saw some hospital practice ; and, having under-

* Moore, in his *Epicurean*, introduces, on historical authority, a well as one of the devices of those mysteries. “ It now crossed my memory that I had once heard of such wells as being used occasionally for passages by the priests.” . . . The sides, I could perceive, were hard and smooth as glass.

gone some sort of examination, received a permission from the Government to practise in any situation which would not support a fully qualified man, and he was thus enabled to act in a double calling. He wore Albanian costume,—a white shirt, with the lower part from the hips downwards, fashioned like a Scotch kilt, but consisting of an immense number of folds ; indeed, the best idea I can give of it is, by supposing a man to put on a shirt, the lower part from the hips downwards, made so very full and so plaited, that the wearer appears to have on him a shirt with a dozen skirts attached. This part of the Albanian costume, called “Fustanella,” is now, since the revolution, worn as the national costume of Greece. It is picturesque and graceful, but not well suited for ordinary business pursuits. The shirt is generally beautifully embroidered, extremely white and clean ; and the lower, or kilt portion, extending from loins to

knees, gives dignity to the figure, and sits gracefully and easily whether walking or on horseback. Under this dress were very wide trousers, also of white linen or cotton, which terminated *à la knickerbocker* at the knees; and from the knees down to the shoes were greaves, fitting close to the legs, fastened behind with hooks and eyes, and made of thick white woollen cloth. He wore a jacket of similar materials. Some of the villagers wore jackets with a fall hanging down to the knees behind, trimmed with fringe, but leaving neck and chest covered only by the shirt. On the head was the fez, a crimson cap of felt, which is generally long enough to allow a portion to hang down over the side of the head like the fly of the hussar's busby.

The villagers, who all seemed to know and to be delighted to see our good friend Dr. Roëser, dressed in their holiday attire to receive us: one of the most finely attired

was a young Albanian girl, whom, on our approaching the village, we had seen not half an hour before working at a loom. We had quite a levee in the Albanian doctor's house, as simple in its construction as the others, but boasting of a boarded floor and every part in and about it scrupulously clean. The weapons in which every Greek delights were hung on the walls,—the long Albanian gun, scimitar, and richly ornamented pistols.

We had coffee served to us (very grateful and refreshing) after a long drive ; and while this was being prepared for us, the doctor's wife, who had all a mother's fondness for her children, had her daughter dressed in holiday attire and brought to us. Her hair was very long, and plaited into several long tails which hung down her back, and which were further lengthened by having worked in with the plaits thick soft cords which had attached to them

metallic ornaments of about the thickness and length of the barrel of a quill. The most remarkable part of her toilet was, however, a breast-plate, which was suspended from her neck, made of netting and partly covered with small gold pieces, laid on and secured to it like scales of armour. More or less is added to this every year, until the breast-plate is fully formed, and this is her dowry. While admiring this, of which child and mother appeared equally proud, another little member of the fraternity presented herself,—an intelligent girl, apparently of about ten years old, with a brilliant helmet on her head; the foundation was a network, which fitted the head from forehead to back of neck, shaped to the ears. Over the whole of this were stitched on, by small holes pierced in them, silver coins, laid lapping, like scales, from all sides to meet on crown of head, so that the whole formed a silver helmet. It was

of great weight, and I should say contained at least in value thirty pounds or more of our silver in its composition. I think the little owner must soon commence the formation of a bracelet for there seemed no more room on the helmet. The pretty Albanese girl, whom we saw at the loom, had thrown aside her working dress and come to meet us with her dowry in silver in bracelets and necklace ; and she was, moreover, attired in Albanese jacket of beautifully embroidered silk, and wore an apron of gauze-like material, which one, more learned than I am in such matters, assured me was of considerable value. Each girl of a village thus attires, goes to fêtes, and dances ticketed with her value in wealth for the information of her wooers.

With marriage, however, ends all her possession of that of which she was so proud. In three or four days the husband takes possession of the helmet, bracelet, or necklace,

as it may be. The poor little girl, as a Greek who spoke a little English told us, cries a little for it at first. Soon, however, she begins to think of doing for her little ones what had been done for herself in forming a dowry.

The ruins of Eleusis are very grand, and exhibit great magnitude combined with the most exquisite tracery in the Corinthian capitals, and, having been covered with sand and rubbish for many years, the tracery of the ornamental work has been perfectly preserved along with the pure white of the Pentelican marble, in this respect differing from the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus, in which the marble, from the exposure of ages, has assumed a rose coloured hue.

The drive to Eleusis, of about two hours, is very delightful and charming in its variety. The first half hour of our drive from Athens was through her celebrated olive-groves, the next half hour carried us

to the Hill of Daphne, and descending then through ravines, planted thickly with the *Pinus maritima* or with olive, we came upon the sea and traveled on the "Via Sacra," the ancient road cut in the limestone, reaching from Athens to the temple. The perpendicular cutting of the rock to make the old road is still as fresh as if worked yesterday, and in some places they profess to shew the ruts of the chariot wheels.

Our way, for about the last hour, lay along a road sweeping round a beautiful sea beach, of a horse-shoe shape, the rippling waves of the bay on one side, on the other an extensive plain stretching inwards, and bordered by a circling mountain range; the mountain spurs at each end gradually sloping down to the sea. This plain contained several very strong salt springs, flowing like rivers into the sea, but no attempt is made to utilize them. The plain grows the cotton plant, and the finest vines I have seen in

Greece, and the road in many parts is skirted by the oleander, growing wild in great profusion, and just now in full bloom. We passed through what is called a malaria country, but I could see no signs of ill health among the peasants we met. Of the villagers, several were very old, but remarkably healthy looking. One old woman, as I was informed, 90 years of age, was as straight in her carriage, and as bright in her eyes, as if she were sixty years younger.

The homes of the "Propriétaires," or country people, seem, at first sight, very miserable. Each house consists of only one large room ; the walls are of stone, and in a few instances of blocks of mud, dried hard in the sun and then laid on top of one another. There is no window, and when the door is shut at night no air except what can creep in at chinks or in summer come down the chimney ; all in the house sleep

in the one room, on mattresses or rugs, dressed sheep skins, or pieces of carpeting. In the day time these are rolled up and packed away. They were neatly folded, and quite clean. I went into several houses ; in all, with one exception, the floor was earthen, and the clay of which it was formed not even laid smooth.

Such houses, to our ideas, would be both miserable and unhealthy ; but it must be borne in mind that the Greek peasants spend scarcely any time in their houses ; the climate is so dry that for many months they never enter the house except to sleep, and in summer they even sleep in the open air. Going early at five o'clock from Athens to the Piræus, I passed many sleeping parties with their beds (a woollen rug or dressed sheep skin) on the ground, under olive-trees ; they brought at once to my mind the descriptive passage in St. John, of these few

simple and grand words of our Saviour, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." They have not to light a fire even to bake their bread. In each village, or outside each house, in the open air, is the oven for all or one, and if they have to make a stew of white beans and fat, a fire-place of three sides is made in the open air in a few minutes with some stones, and so dry is every thing, that the handful of weeds, thistles, or twigs next at hand quickly lights into a fire. I have seen some hundreds of the peasantry, on one occasion, dining in the open air, and there was scarcely anything hot to be seen among them ; bread, melons, and grapes constituted their dinner. Many of the persons dwelling in such houses as I have described are, I am told, proprietors of vineyards, and in comfortable circumstances.

We are naturally accustomed, living in colder climates, to estimate the prosperity or civilization of a people by the comforts of the

interior of a house, but in the climate of Greece there is so little of life spent within doors, by the farming class, that the interior of a house is a matter to them of very little importance, and a Greek who has not a window or pane of glass in his house will give from thirty to sixty pounds for a dress.

As in all localities where there is a hot sun and mountains rising suddenly from the land, there are sudden changes of temperature, and it was rather more than pleasantly cool on our return.

When about half-way home, and at head of the bay, we met a strange-looking figure coming towards us ; he wore a hat like one of the fashionable French hats of the present day, that is with the crown very much wider than the rim, but with the leaf cut off all round. As he came near us, I saw he was a fine, intelligent looking man, with a very long glossy black beard. He rode a mule, and had very short rope stirrups, and

was pitched up very high above the mule's back, on the usual wooden saddle



of the country, which extended nearly the whole length of the body of the animal,—not a bad device for distribut-

ing the weight of the rider. Immediately behind him, on each side, were very large saddle bags, well filled, I don't know with what. He wore a long dark robe, and carried an immense white umbrella to protect himself from the sun. Behind him, and far back on the crupper of the mule, rode a boy, his attendant, seeming as if placed there to balance the great weight in front, and prevent the mule's coming to the ground nose foremost.

I was astonished at his addressing me in perfectly good English, and but for his dress and mode of traveling, I should then have supposed him to have been one of ourselves. He was a Greek priest, and had been attached for many years to a Greek congregation in Manchester, but had lately been appointed a preacher. In Greece it happens sometimes that the local clergy are not as fully capable of discharging their duty as may be desired, and some clever

divine, as in the present case, is selected to go round from place to place within the district to preach and direct the others.

We conversed a few minutes with him, and wished him good speed on his journey and in his efforts.

Our next meeting was with a very disagreeable pack, five or six in number, of the mountain dogs, who came at us as if they would jump into the carriage. In their small, long, and narrow jaws, ugly slanting eyes, heavy forepart, and weak hind quarters, they resemble wolves. They are vicious, treacherous, and cowardly; and it is as well to know, if one be walking, how to manage them. They don't fear a stick, but of a stone they have the greatest dread; and if there be not stones at hand the mere movement of stooping, as if to pick up a stone, sends them trooping off. Near Eleusis there was one ill-looking, tall, gaunt dog, more viciously disposed than his companions,

and apparently determined to have a bite out of some of us. One guide took up a stone, not larger than a walnut, and threw it without any force. It hit him, or rather touched him. He set up a most hideous howl, which he kept up for some time while running off.

In the days of Homer, the Greek dogs presented the same traits. When Ulysses returned to Ithaca, after his long wanderings, he threw down his staff when attacked by dogs.

“Soon as Ulysses near th’ inclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew.
 Down sat the sage ; and cautious to withstand,
 Let fall th’ offensive truncheon from his hand.
 Sudden the master runs ;—aloud he calls.

* * * * *

With showers of stones he drives them far away ;
 The scatt’ring dogs around at distance bay.”

POPE’S ODYSSEY.

As we came back to Daphne, sunset was approaching. I could give no idea of its

beauty. The hills before us, which in the broad glare of day presented only a bright burning glare painfully flashed back on the eye, now came out in every variety of green, grey, and brown ; and the foliage of the olive trees, which in the mid-day sun shows a dull ugly white, mixed with a pale, dusky, withered green as the leaves turn one side or the other with the wind, appeared to change their colour altogether, and shone out in one unmixed and rich olive green.

On looking back, just after the sun set behind the mountains, at the head of the bay of Salamis, an appearance came out which, for the few moments it lasted, was a beauty and a wonder, of which it is impossible to convey a correct conception. The sun was set on the far side of the mountain. The side next us assumed a deep violet purple ; and this glorious light appeared to come through the upper part of the mountain, as

if the mountain, in its upper half, had been semi-transparent, and permitted the sunlight to come through it. Hold your hand, with the fingers pressed closely together, pointing straight upwards, between your eyes and a bright lamp, with no other light coming on your eyes, and you will, on a very small scale, and "longo intervalle," get an idea of what I would wish to convey.

The phenomenon probably arises from the atmosphere above acting as a prism, decomposing the rays of light, and throwing down the purple rays on the near side of the mountain. On another evening, as we stood on the Acropolis, instead of the transmission of the purple light, a blaze of bright sun-light came down the side of the mountain near us as if some mighty mirror had been high above and had caught the upward flash of the setting sun, and flung it down on the dark side of the mountain

next us. My explanation may be, and probably is, wrong, as I am not learned in the laws of light ; but I have endeavoured to convey a faithful description of the phenomenon which I saw, and which the learned in this matter may be able to explain.

“Oh ! how I wished for Joshua’s power,
To stay the brightness of that hour.”

On another occasion, looking at sunset from the sea, a phenomenon similar to that first described was observed. The crest of the mountain, behind which the sun was setting, was well defined as an irregular chalk line ; but at some distance below this the amber purple light began, and gradually increased in intensity to the base of the mountain. Where I should have expected the greatest darkness, at the base of the mountain, there seemed to be a great luminary

cloud, through which you could not at all distinguish the mountain. This only existed directly opposite to us, and directly under the setting sun.

The excursion was delightful, and the evening brought its equal pleasure in society at the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hill's, whose kindness and attention will be long remembered by us.

CHAPTER IV.

“And taking him they brought him to Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine is which thou speakest of?

* * * * *

“But Paul standing in the midst of Areopagus said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

“For passing by and seeing your idols, I found an altar also on which was written, To the *unknown God*. What therefore you worship without knowing it that I preach to you.”

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

ACROPOLIS — AREOPAGUS — TEMPLE OF THESEUS —
FEMALE HEAD — MURAL TABLET — DR. ROËSER'S
KIOSK — THE QUEEN'S GARDENS — NEW SPECIES OF
FIR — RUSSIAN CHURCH — PRESENTATION TO HER
MAJESTY — SIR THOMAS WYSE — DINNER AT THE
LEGATION.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.—We gave the next morning to the Acropolis, bringing our

guide with us to point out the Propylæa and the several temples which, with the Parthenon are on its summit, as well as the remarkable places and buildings to be seen from it. Athens lay like a map beneath us. I would recommend this plan to all who visit it. Learn the first time all a guide can tell you, but go no more with a guide. Next time, and again and again, go alone, or with one who shares your taste, and can sit by your side and look and not talk ; this is the way to see the Parthenon. We spent about two hours on our first visit.

Descending from the Acropolis we came down in a few minutes by a winding walk to the "Areopagus," or "Hill of Mars." overtopped on one side by the Acropolis, but overlooking Athens on the other. It is a long, low, narrow rock, precipitous on the sides, about twenty yards long, and perhaps ten across at its widest part, not more than eight or ten feet high, rising from a sandy

plain, just such a platform as Nature would make for an orator or an apostle from which to address a people—celebrated once as the seat of the Supreme Tribunal of Athens, now and for ever more celebrated as the pulpit from which St. Paul preached to the Athenians : “ Paul standing in the midst of Areopagus said, Passing by your idols I found an altar on which was written, To the unknown God. What therefore you worship without knowing it that I preach to you.”

We walked on to the Temple of Theseus, which is at a short distance from the Areopagus, and most beautifully situated. It is a gem in architecture—its marble, by age, of a deep rose colour, its columns perfect ; but if you want a more detailed description I must refer you to “ Stuart’s Athens,” or “ Athènes, par Ernest Breton,” which are indispensable works to every one visiting its architectural antiquities. I will not try to

give a description of the temple, for any description of mine would be a failure. Neither will I attempt, and for the same reason, giving a description of the Parthenon ; but as we intend to visit it alone and by sunrise, if I see anything I can describe, which is not to be found in "Stuart," I may write it.

The interior of the Temple of Theseus is now a museum of antiquities dug up in the neighbourhood. There are several of them, statues and relievos, very beautiful, but among them one that interested me much was the head and bust of a female, with the hair wavy, "*à la Greque*," but unfinished. The sculptor had got so far as to have brought out all the features and the style of the hair, but the back of the head was still rough, and the fine lines of the chisel were all over the face, the polishing and last touches not having been yet begun. The face was very beautiful, and it was indeed strange and melancholy that we should stand there

looking at a nearly finished bust as we should look at one now in the studio of one of our living artists, awaiting suggestions or comments, while more than two thousand years had probably elapsed and that bust remained in the same state as if fixed so for ever.

There were several marble mural tablets in relievo, which had been over tombs, and told their tale in simple form. The dying person—in all I saw, a woman—was represented in a large arm-chair. Her nearest relative stood opposite to her and held her hand, just as we shake hands in the present day, and around and in the background were three or four figures also standing. In one, the oldest figure, apparently the father, supported himself on a staff. The expressions were wonderfully depicted—that of unmistakeable approaching placid death in the seated figure, and of grief in all the others.

We dined with Dr. Roëser, and after dinner our party had coffee in a little kiosk, under a fig-tree in his garden, which we reached through hedgerows of rosemary, that made it resemble the Labyrinth of Crete. From this point we enjoyed a view of the varying hues of sunset on Hymettus ; they are very beautiful, changing to purple, purple violet, and last a cold grey, as the sun finally sinks behind the opposite mountain.

After coffee we enjoyed a charming stroll through the Queen's Gardens, deservedly so called, for they owe their formation and present flourishing state to Her Majesty's good taste and watchful care. They are very beautiful, enriched with antique sculptures found on the spot, and containing a magnificent collection of shrubs and forest trees collected from the warmer zones. Among them are numerous and most flourishing specimens of the date palm, loaded with fruit. One of the great curiosities of the garden is

the Roman mosaic. This is a mosaic pavement, which was found in excavating, and which the Queen, with great good taste, has preserved as it was found. It now forms the floor of a very extensive arbour, trellised over with beautiful plants, and lighted by hanging lamps. The floor mainly consists of squares of mosaic, representing birds of chase and poultry birds, fishes, various animals of the chase, and flowers, all exquisite in their drawing and vivid in their colours, as if laid down but that day. On our leaving, the ladies of our party were presented each with a bouquet of choice flowers, as a souvenir of our visit. These gardens are open to the public at certain hours, and Her Majesty is now engaged in extending them to the foot of the Acropolis and the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which, when done, will give Athens public gardens unrivalled in Europe, and for which Athens will owe a long and lasting debt of gratitude to her

Queen. The Queen's gardener most kindly forwarded to me next day seeds of a new species of fir, lately discovered in Greece, which he has named "*Abies Reginae Amaliae*," which is distinguished for its capability of throwing up a second upright shoot if the first be destroyed. This property will render this variety or species a very valuable addition to our fir plantations, and I shall forward them, on my return, to the Trinity College Botanical Gardens and the Royal Dublin Society's Botanical Gardens, where, under Mr. Bain and Mr. Moore's scientific superintendence, they will, I know, be carefully cultivated.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—We attended our own service in the chapel attached to the Palace, and afterwards went to the Russian church, in the hope of seeing its ceremonies, but were disappointed, as the officiating clergyman was absent. The interior decorations were very fine, the

entire walls covered with paintings and gilding, and the dome, which enters almost always, I believe, as a most conspicuous element into their peculiar architecture, having the whole upper part of its interior occupied with a painting of the bust of the Redeemer looking down, which must be of colossal size, from its great height and apparent magnitude from the floor on which we stood. The face is one of the most benignant and expressive I have ever seen, and does great credit to the artist.

At four o'clock I had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty by Sir Thomas Wyse, our Ambassador at Athens, along with the commanders of three of our ships of war, which happened to have just arrived at the Piræus.

We were punctual, and Her Majesty was most punctual, for as the clock struck four an Aide-de-camp introduced us to the throne or reception room. Her Majesty stood to

receive us, and at some distance from Her Majesty stood Madame Pluskow, Grande Maitresse. There were no others in the room.

Sir Thomas Wyse introduced us successively, and the ceremony consisted on our parts of three bows each, and a bow of acknowledgement from Her Majesty. I presented to Her Majesty a copy of the first volume of the "Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland," on the part of the President and Council of the Society, which Her Majesty expressed herself as gratified to receive, and I ventured to add, although not authorised to do so, that we hoped in Ireland, after some time, to receive a like volume of "The Lays of Greece."

The observations I have made at the commencement of Chapter III. will fully account for my not repeating any of the conversation with which Her Majesty was

pleased to honor me during the interview. My readers must, therefore, be contented with the observation that Her Majesty's remarks were kind and considerate, and I am sure that, among all who have at various times enjoyed the same honor as myself, there will be admitted the additional observation, that Her Majesty is all that a Queen should be on such an occasion—conversational, affable, and dignified.

I suppose some of my fair readers may desire to know how Her Majesty was dressed. I am afraid I shall make a sad and unsatisfactory attempt at this. I will do my best. First, Her Majesty had no train. Her Majesty wore a wreath, but of what material or colour I cannot tell ; a low dress, with short sleeves, white and blue ; but I hope, if my fair readers feel dissatisfied at my unsatisfactory description, that the Queen of Greece will kindly excuse me, as my re-

spectful attention was given to Her Majesty and not to her dress.

We had the pleasure of dining the same day at the Legation with Sir Thomas Wyse and his niece, Miss Wyse, and I regret that the fear of offending minds and tastes like theirs prevents me from fully expressing the gratitude which my daughter and I feel, and ever shall feel, for their kindness and considerate attentions during our stay in Athens. We had the pleasure of meeting General Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the Greek army during the war of independence; three of our naval officers, and some members of the Legation. Here, as in other instances, I might feel inclined to break my rule, to extend to my readers the pleasure of conversations with which I had improved myself; but my rule is inexorable, for I believe it is right.

Servants in full Greek costume attended at table—the dress was picturesque and

becoming ; but when I learned that an attendant thus attired requires about an hour to robe himself for waiting at table, my admiration of the picturesque gave way to my desire for utility.

CHAPTER V.

“Where’er we tread ’tis haunted, holy ground.
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around;
 And all the Muses’ tales seem truly told
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

ACROPOLIS AT SUNRISE — PARTHENON — POINT OF
 VIEW—SKY—ROSE COLOUR OF MARBLE—CAUSE OF
 —SKY AND PARTHENON — UNFINISHED DRUMS OF
 COLUMNS — UNBURIED SKELETONS — THE QUEEN’S
 FARM — EVENING AT THE LEGATION — HOSPITAL
 VISITS—COLOCOTRONI—MY DAUGHTER’S PRESENTA-
 TION TO THE QUEEN—CONVERSAZIONE AT REV. DR.
 AND MRS. HILL’S.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—The sun was
 to rise at half-past five o’clock this morning,
 so we were up at half-past four, and on our

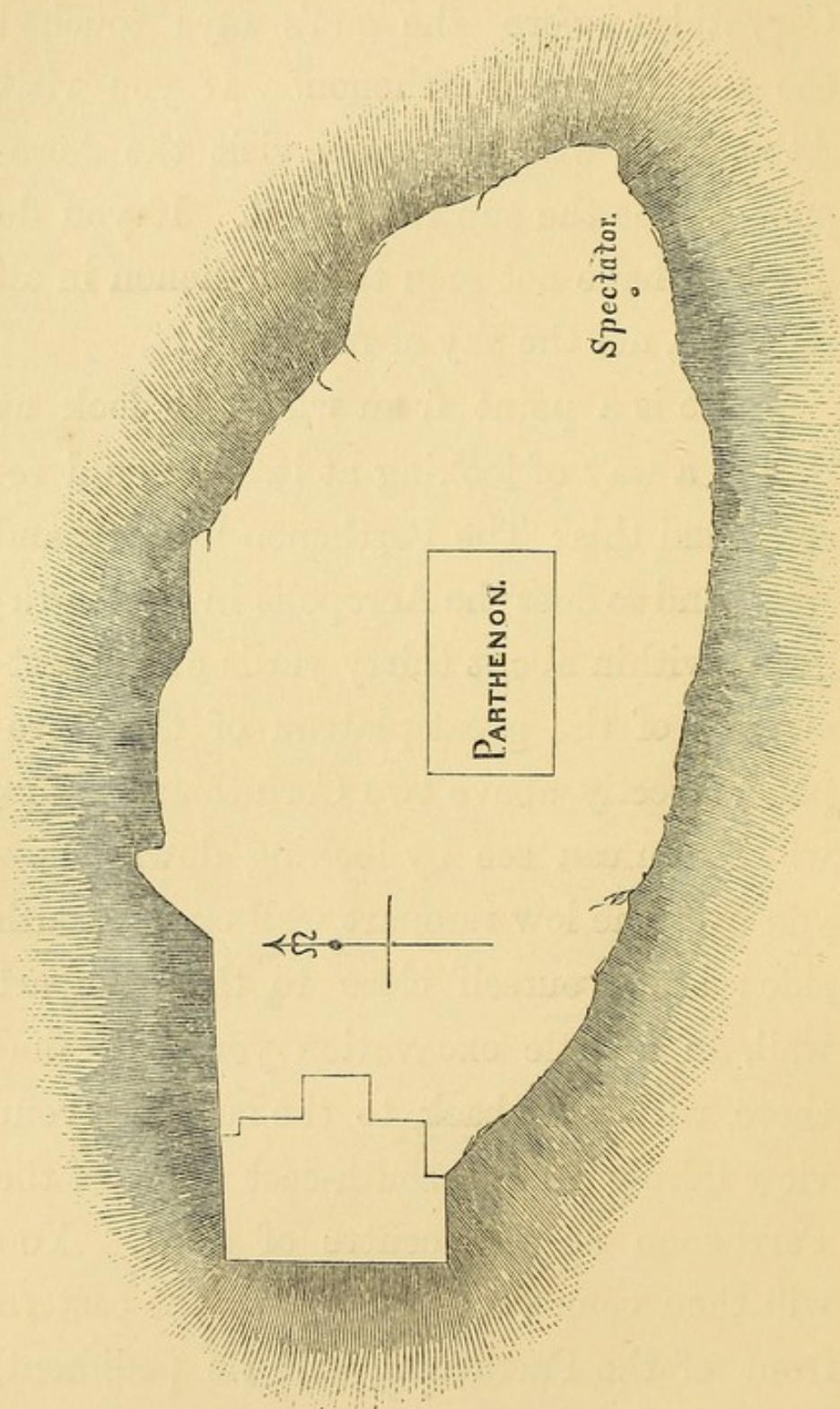
way, without a guide, to the Acropolis at five o'clock. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to observe that the Acropolis, or hill of rock on which the Parthenon stands, is unrivaled in situation, rising directly over the city of Athens, which nestles under it like a young bird under its mother's wing; high enough for grandeur, and yet not too high to show in all their beauty the wonders of architecture on it.* We reached it in about ten minutes in a carriage—and here let me just observe that, even at that hour, you must not walk. If you attempt it, the ascent and the heat will quite deprive you of the power of enjoying yourself afterwards.

Although the sun rose at half-past five o'clock, some time elapsed afterwards before he showed himself over the crest of Mount Hymettus, and we had short but sufficient time to walk round the Parthenon, Erichtheum, and a small temple of the

* The Acropolis is 166 yards high, with a plateau of about 300 yards long by 150 wide.

Caryatides before the sun's rays touched the top of the Parthenon. If you visit Athens you will, of course, visit the Acropolis, to see the sun rise on it. If you do not, you have not seen the Parthenon in all its glory, nor the sky of Athens.

There is a point from which to look at it, and a way of looking at it. I would recommend this : The Parthenon lies east and west, and so does the Acropolis in its length ; go to within about thirty yards of the eastern end of the great plateau of the Acropolis, directly above two Corinthian pillars, which you can see by looking down below you over the low rampart wall on the south side ; seat yourself close to this rampart wall, in a little excavation you will find there, with your back to the sun and your view taking in the south-east angle of the Parthenon as the centre of sight. You will then command in one view the eastern front of the Parthenon, with its pediment, frieze, and double row of columns, all rose



tinged, and the long side of the Parthenon also, with its range of columns facing the south, the marble of unrivaled white.

The rose colour of the marble is, I am informed by some of my scientific friends, due to the presence of a very minute portion of manganese in the marble. On the sea aspect the action of the sea breeze has bleached the marble, or, more correctly, has prevented the development of the tinge.

The blue of the sky over Athens is something impossible to describe, but to see it in all its glory, see it at sunrise, and for a little afterwards. If the sun has been two or three hours above the horizon you can scarcely look up under the glare, but while the sun sends his level rays across plain and hill tops, there is a blue dome above you that no words can describe, and no pencil can paint, such deep, deep blue, — deep as if the mighty dome above were solid but yet not solid, but as if the deep, deep blue, were colour alone, and interminable in its depth.

It is with this colour, and with this alone in view, you should see the Parthenon. Sit where I have pointed out, and then have no other sight before you but the marble columns of the Parthenon, and the blue dome all above and around and beyond, and as you look through those mighty columns you see, and see only, between them the deep blue, which seems to have come so close as to fill up the space between column and column—not a speck of cloud or other colour is there. It is thus you should see the Parthenon,—nothing before you but the noble Temple, nothing above you or around you but the deep blue of heaven. We sat apart, and neither read nor talked. Our eyes and minds were filled; and thus, with merely occasional change of place as the sun rose higher and higher, to see the lights and shadows on the Caryatides, the Erichtheum or on other parts of the Parthenon, we spent some hours.

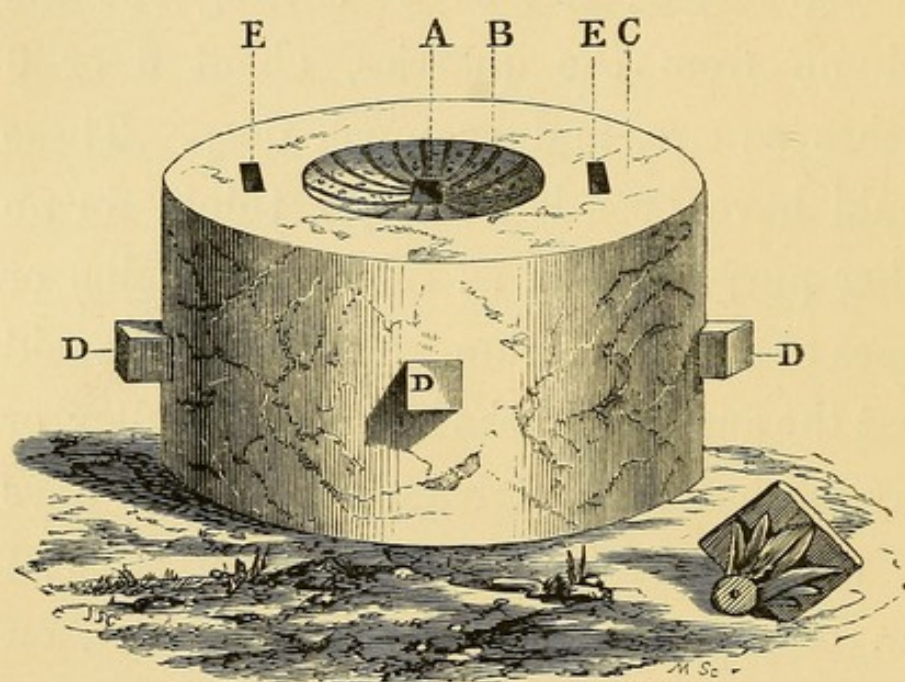
There would be little difficulty in restoring much of the Parthenon, and with its own marble ; for the enormous blocks and drums of columns that have fallen, or have been displaced in successive bombardments, lie—many of them unbroken,—just as they fell from above. A great portion of the ancient level pavement of the Acropolis—great square masses of tufa rock—remain still undisturbed ; and, even where it does not exist, there is no difficulty in determining its precise level, for while the ancient Greeks spared neither time nor cost in the wonderful erection, they were yet economical. Everywhere the foundation is of the tufa rock, the marble in steps or basement, only beginning at the point of sight. And to such extent did they carry this economy, that in the Parthenon and the other temples you can always tell where a statue stood by the floor being there tufa rock, while all around is cut and polished marble.

Among the objects that much interested me, were seven drums of columns that had never been put up or finished, but lay on the ground apparently just as they had been brought from the quarries, and had been cast for faults. There were flaws in all. They lie below the level of the ancient pavement, at some distance from the eastern end of the Parthenon. The pavement which had been over them and the rubbish around them had been carried away at some past time, probably to repair the ramparts ; for it is on the side next the rampart the removal has taken place, while, at a few feet from them on the other side, the blocks of pavement remain undisturbed. It seems quite evident that they were allowed to lie there for filling stuff. The study of these drums was to me very interesting. I must first describe them as they lay on the ground. They were only rough-dressed, with the square hole already made in centre for plug of olive-wood, to meet a

corresponding cavity in drum above or below, and the two smaller chisel-holes for iron dowels, as additional fastening from drum to drum. What particularly interested me in these pieces of columns were four projecting blocks, left so in cutting out the column from the quarries, about 6 or 8 inches square, and as much deep. These could have been left there, I think, for no other purpose than as fulcra for chains or ropes to sling the drum. And when it is said that the ancient Greeks had not the pulley, or any mechanical contrivance of modern days by which to raise these blocks of stone, I can only say (I may be wrong) that, on looking at these gigantic drums of marble provided with such palpable helps for slinging, I cannot believe they had not.

It appears to me an inspection of these drums tells us plainly that the Greeks did sling these drums to their places, and that the columns were not fluted until all the drums were in their places.

The centre of the drum being depressed by rough chiseling, enabled the workmen more readily to work the circumference around to a perfect plane, and the planes of two drums thus worked and polished



A, Square cavity for plug of olive-wood. B. Circular space round central cavity found in all the drums, chiseled roughly, and always hollowed below level of plain surface around. Space round this (C) is always found polished as smoothly and as finely as the most finished marble panels. D,D,D,D, the four projections left on the drum, I believe, for the purpose of lifting. E,E, chisel-holes for iron dowels to be leaded in.

then came together like two surfaces of plate-glass, the risk of splintering at the edges was obviated, and thus were wrought those joints which are the admiration of posterity,—so fine, so close, that the eye, in many columns, cannot find them.

One of these drums possessed another interest. It had a great flaw traversing it diagonally, and the workmen had proceeded a little way to split it down at about one-fourth from its circumference, apparently to convert it into a pilaster or anta, for the wedge-holes were in line across its upper surface, but the attempt had been given up. These wedge-holes are just such as we see at present used in splitting granite blocks, where a number of slit-like holes are made in the block, about two inches in depth, iron wedges introduced, and then struck successively until the granite splits along the line of wedges. It might be supposed that these wedge-fissures might have been made in this

great drum in after years, by Venetians or Turks who held successive sway in the Acropolis ; but, if so, I think they would have chosen a good, not a faulty, block.

I never saw so many ravens together as I saw around and on the Acropolis. Their hoarse croaking was mournful and in horrid keeping with their presence ; and I must say with disgust I saw, and to the shame of the present generation, on the southern side of the Parthenon, an open vault where some hundreds of skulls and skeletons lie exposed,—the remains of those who lost their lives in the last revolution for their country. The sight was revolting, the smell still offensive. I hope this may meet the eye of some Greek who will give Christian burial to the bones of those whose fate deserved a better memorial.

After dinner we drove to the Queen's farm, which is distant about three miles from the city. For a long distance the way

lies along the "Grand Promenade," and then follows a winding road through vineyards and olive-trees bordered with oleanders and mulberry-trees, with the glorious view of the Acropolis, now on one side, now on another, as the road wound to right or left. The view from the plateau where the cypresses are planted, the highest part of the farm or garden, is very fine, bringing within your range of vision as you turn round, the sea, Ægina, the Acropolis, Hymettus, Pentelicus, and other mountain ranges.

The day was concluded by spending the evening with Sir Thomas and Miss Wyse ; and I must say—perhaps incurring the censure of classical antiquarians, that the long vista of veneration for past heroes and heroines, and for past ages, vanished for the time altogether from my mental vision, and gave place to the more winning impressions of living society in which we found ourselves that evening at the Legation.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd.—I gave up the morning to professional studies, and, at the invitation of Dr. Treiber, Chief of the Military Medical Department, visited the Military Hospital. I learned much, and the resident officers were pleased, on the other hand, to flatter me by listening, in return, to observations of mine. So we spent the morning in, I hope, some mutual improvement; and among all the gratifications of a life, I know of none greater than learning some new mode of curing diseases or relieving pain. It is a pleasure unalloyed by any other consideration, and sought for itself alone.

After going the round of the hospital, Dr. Treiber asked me to see a young Greek officer who was ill in a room above the ordinary ward, and there I had the sad pleasure of being introduced to Colocotroni, son of the Greek admiral whose name is so familiar to us all. The poor fellow, a fine young man,

had been struck, about two months before, with a paralytic attack. I know of no illness requiring such strength of mind and resignation to bear it as this, when a young and active mind, possessing and retaining all its intelligence and vigour, sees itself with limbs incapable of obeying it. Young Colocotroni conversed with me cheerfully and composedly, and I never felt a more anxious desire that my prediction should be verified than that the cheering hope expressed to him, and truly, as far as my judgment went, would prove in some time to be true.

After my visit to Colocotroni, I was brought to see a large mosaic pavement which has been discovered under the hospital; but my mind was so preoccupied with the young soldier and his illness, that I could neither think of the mosaic nor of those who made it.

At half-past twelve o'clock I accompanied my daughter to the Palace, when she was

presented to Her Majesty. Ladies and gentlemen are not presented together except during the Court season. Her Majesty most kindly divested the presentation of ceremony, received my daughter in her private drawing-room, and requested her to be seated ; the conversation was carried on in German, and the Queen's affability conferred on the presentation the ease of a morning visit. We terminated the evening in a most cheerful and instructive conversazione at the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hill's.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Raise the buckler ; poise the lance ;
 Now here—now there—retreat—advance :
 Such was the Spartan hero’s dance.”
 “EVENINGS IN GREECE.”

FÊTE AT SALAMIS — OUTLYING TRAVELERS — SUNRISE
 — SUNRISE ON BRAY HEAD — XERXES’ SEAT — GREEK
 CAIQUES — APPEARANCE OF THE BEACH ON LANDING
 — GREEK CHURCH — SERVICES AND SINGING — THE
 QUEEN’S LANDING — PYRRHIC DANCE — THE FAIR —
 PYRRHIC DANCE AND IRISH JIG — EGYPTIAN FACES
 — HYDROPHOBIA — BAY OF PHALERUM — BATHING
 VIEW OF PARTHENON — CHORAGIC MONUMENT OF
 LYSICRATES — LANTERN OF DEMOSTHENES — SUNSET ON
 ACROPOLIS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th.—We had
 heard that on this day there was to be a
 great fête, to which the country people from

the islands around would resort ; and I left Athens at five o'clock in the morning to catch the steamer, which was to sail at six o'clock for the island of Salamis, where the fête was to be held.

As I drove along, I passed many gipsy-like outlying Greeks, whose rugs or beds were still on the ground where they had lain during the night ; and so sure are they of the weather that their only provision for sleeping was the rug or bed,—no tent or over-head covering was provided in any case.

The sunrise was as usual very grand ; a blaze of light in the east, and a rich purple in the west,—not a cloud to be seen. There is a sunrise that I have sometimes been fortunate enough to show to a foreigner, which is sometimes equal, in regard to scenery to any I have seen elsewhere. It is sunrise when the heath is in blossom on Bray Head ; and then from the deck of a

boat, lying midway in Killiney Bay, and not too far out, there are few finer effects of sunrise in the world ; as the sun gilds the top of the sugar-loaf mountains, and paints Bray Head in crimson and purple as it reaches the heath, while the semi-circular bay, with its rich belt of verdure, and the varied outlines of the Wicklow hills beyond fill up a picture of great beauty : but there is this difference between Ireland and Greece. In Greece you may be certain to have the same sunrise to-morrow you have had to-day. In our country we must engage a sunrise, for the evening gives us no surety for the morrow.

The steamer, as six o'clock approached, was crowded in every part with people of every rank. Many parties brought rugs or carpets with them for their déjeuner, for the only house in the island was the convent where the fête was to be held. As we steamed out we passed on the left the promontory, where they

say Themistocles, who commanded the Athenian fleet in their victorious battles with the Persians, was buried, and on which there is a monument to Miaulis. Soon after, on the right, we were shown a rock, called Xerxes' seat—a large rock where it is said he sat—

“——— On the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis.
And ships by thousands lay below ;
And men in nations,—all were his.”

and witnessed the disastrous naval engagements in which he lost all, defeated by the Athenian fleet, under Themistocles (B.C. 480). There was quite an exciting controversy on board as to whether he did or did not sit on that particular rock ; but, as he might have sat there if he liked as well as any where else, and as he certainly could have seen his fleet in the gulf of Salamis from this rock, it is just as probable he might have sat there ; and if he might

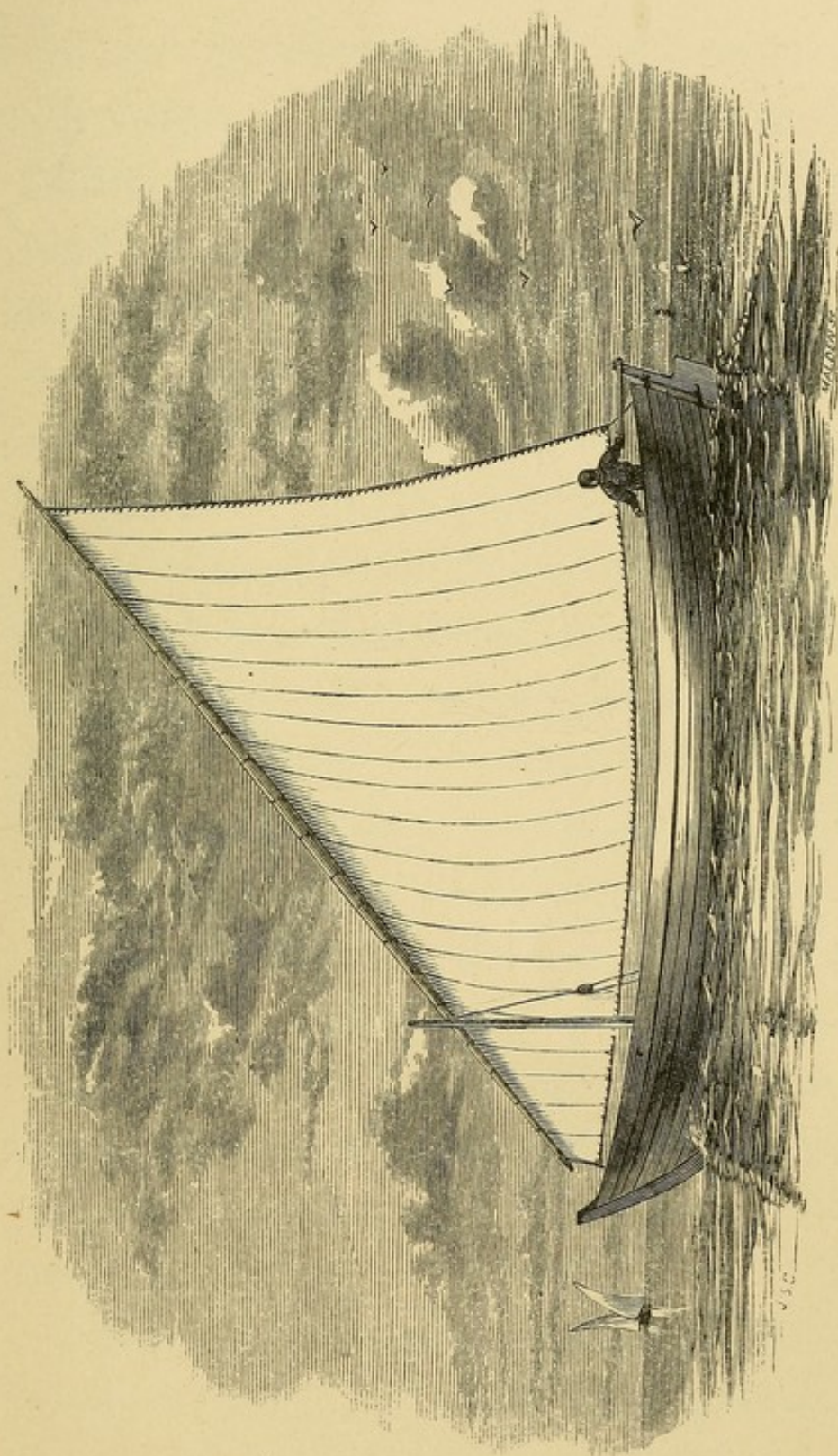
have sat or stood there, perhaps he did ; and so let it be.

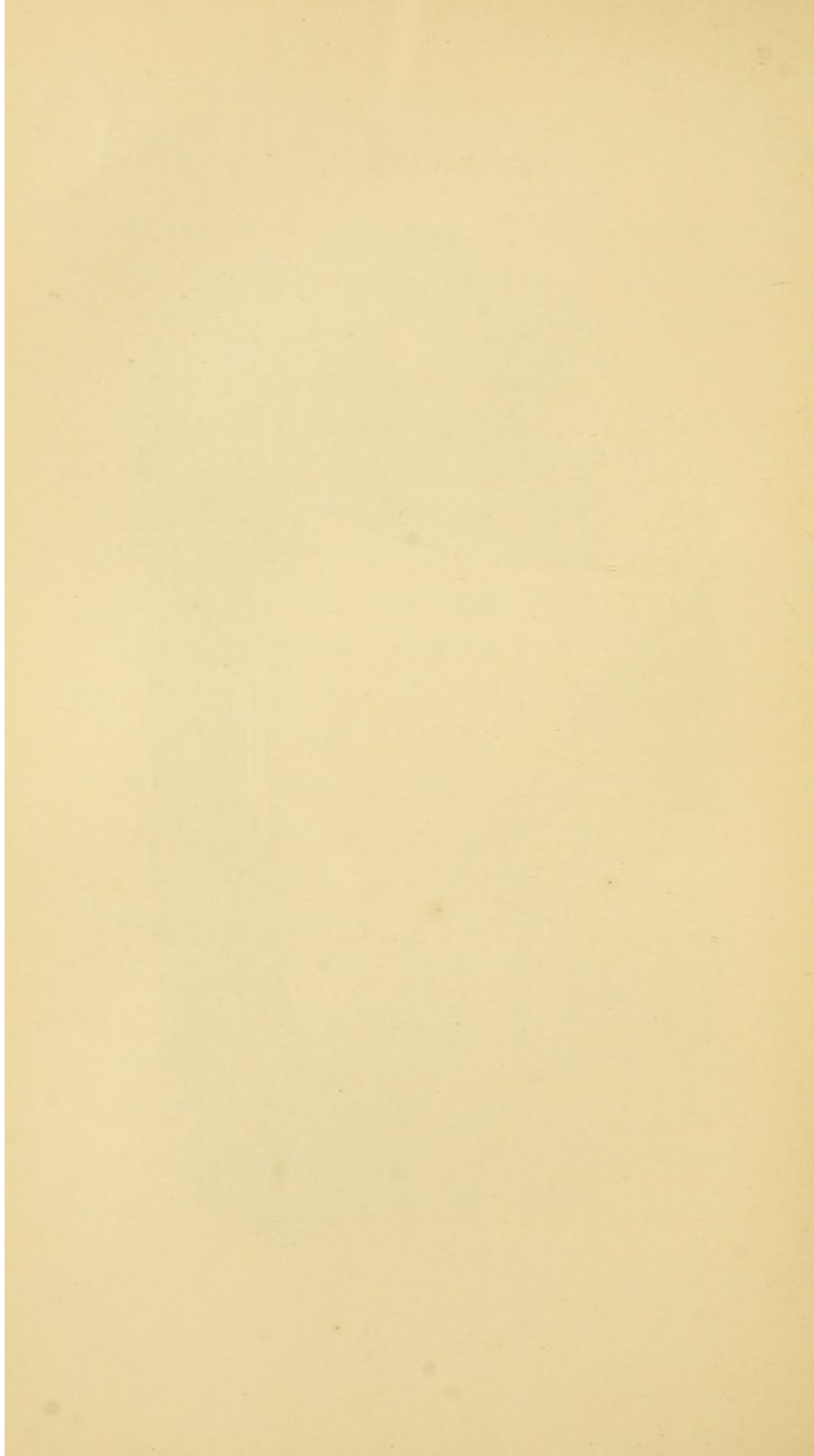
As the wind was pretty fair, great numbers of Greek caiques, full of visitors like ourselves, were also on their way ; and the colour of the Greek caiques, white, contrasted prettily with the dark blue of the sea ; while the name "*ΑΘΗΝΑ*," in characters thus on their bows, gave them an additional interest in my eyes. The boats are all open boats, about 18 to 24 feet long, of good beam, though crank in their build, and clumsy when you are close to them, but very picturesque to look at from a distance. Their rig is very pretty, and might, I think, be adopted with advantage for similar sized boats in our bay.

In the bow of the boat, and secured by standing in the first thwart, and with the foot secured in the usual way, is a short stout mast, standing about 6 feet above the thwart. This mast is placed at less than

one-fourth of the length of the boat from the stem. Through a sheave in the mast runs a halyard which hoists the yard. The yard, a long slender spar, has about one-third of its length before the mast; and the tack of the sail is hooked on to a ring-bolt in a little fore-deck, half-way between the mast and stem, and exactly in the middle line of the boat. The yard, when not sailing, goes right up along the mast. The sail is furled in a moment. When sailing the top of the yard is nearly right over the stern, and the main sheet is managed just as that of the common lug.

I think it has this advantage over the lug, that the boat is less top-heavy; and from the shape of the sail the centre of action of the wind is lower, and, therefore, in a safer position in squalls. Some of the boats carry a small mizen, but I never saw it used, so I cannot describe it. The following sketch will show the form of rig:—





I am told these small boats are amazingly fast sailers. In less than an hour we landed. The captain was kind enough to send me ashore in his own boat ; so that I escaped the crowd and confusion consequent on the presence of so many passengers. As we neared the shore the effect was very picturesque ; on a beach, gently sloping down from the hill above, were perhaps about two thousand Greek men, women, and children, in their holiday attire. Their bright red fezes, and white dresses, and crimson or blue sashes, contrasted well ; and on the beach, closer to the shore, tents were made, as shelter from the sun, of the white sails of the fishing boats. A rude walk from the shore to the convent was bordered with branches of pine, as the Queen was expected to pay a visit,—her first to this fête.

Service was going on in the church of the convent ; and one of the Priests kindly took

me in charge, and gave me a very good seat in the choir, next to a man who appeared to be the great choragus of the congregation. They had no organ or instrumental music ; but this was compensated for, at least in volume of sound, by an immense number of men keeping up a constant deep bass foundation, if I may call it so ; while the leader next me sang, with all his might, a ringing treble through his nose. The priests officiated in a compartment of the church, at the further end, separated from the congregation by a screen running across the church, and ornamented with paintings, in which, as usual in Greek and Russian churches, the principal figures have round their heads horse-shoe shaped pieces of gold or silver laid on the canvas,—a horrid barbarism in art to my eyes.

In the middle of this screen was a small narrow door, closed by a curtain, through which one of the priests occasionally put his

head—I suppose to tell the people what they were doing inside. At a certain part of the ceremony several priests walked up the centre of the church in procession, and some of them appeared to be very dignified men, wearing their hair very long hanging down over their shoulders, with long beards, and the hair divided lengthwise along top of head, as we often see it in paintings of the Saviour.

At 9 o'clock, when the service was concluded, or nearly so, we heard the report of ship guns, and the clergymen formed in procession, carrying a large volume, to meet the Queen on landing. Her Majesty proceeded to the church, one or two men, like soldiers, running here and there to keep at a distance the bare-legged urchins who would not be kept off, and who, with all the humour of two legged sea urchins, every now and then ran into the shallow water of the bay, and thus, in defiance of their pursuers,

were enabled to have a near view of Her Majesty as she walked up a narrow causeway. The crowd were respectful and well-behaved. They cheered occasionally ; but neither pressed too near, nor incommoded Her Majesty. The church had been so very hot, from the great number of wax candles in it, that I did not return to it. After a short time Her Majesty stood on a little balcony overlooking the paved yard of the convent, which was filled with the country people to see the "Romaika," said to be the Pyrrhic dance of the ancient Greeks. The music was a wretched guitar and a violin, which the fiddler played with the bow in his left hand. A circle being formed, sixteen youngwomen joined hands in a half circle ; and a man taking the hand of the first commenced slowly leading them round and round, all with the most serious expression of face ; and occasionally varying this circumgyration by making a step for-

wards and then a step backwards. The dance did not put on the most distant approach to merriment ; and it appeared a very dull affair. Indeed I could compare it to nothing so truly as to a very lazy dog going round and round after his own tail. This lasted a very long time ; and then the two musicians advanced to the centre of the circle, and the fiddler shook his elbow a little faster ; and I saw a smile on one or two of the women's faces, and I thought we were to have a merry dance ; but the man, the leader, never relaxed a muscle,—he looked all through like grim death. To the music the women quickened their pace just so much as now and then to lift a foot ; for in the first part it was all shoveling along with slippers down at the heels ; but the jollity never went farther,—and this, as I saw it, is the far-famed “Romaika.”

There is still this oriental barbarism among them—the men and women do not dance

together. I went out on the side of the hill, and so gave a fair and fête—for it was both—I never saw. No laughing, no sports, no toys for children. There they stood round a gambling table, or sat to eat melons and bread under the trees. The only exception was in two or three groups of men dancing in parties of four,—the men resting their hands on one another's shoulders, and going slowly, reeling round like half-dead teetotums; and after this had lasted for a long time they would separate and dance opposite to another for a few minutes in a little more rapid style. In one group a boy, who had probably learned the trick at Corfu from some of our fellows, introduced the turning the coach-wheel into his performance; that is, putting his two hands on the ground and turning heels over; but this was done and looked at with as much gravity as all the rest.

The musicians that played before the

Queen would not, I suppose, condescend to perform for *οἱ πολλοί* ; and all the music the dancing groups had, was a tin pipe, such as we see played upon in London and Dublin by a blind man, who gets money to go away ; and a horrid melancholy drum, hit now and then with one stick.

The women were apart on little eminences, looking at the men dancing ; and I must say, with all my admiration for Greece, that on this occasion the island race, the descendants of heroes, looked to my eyes to disadvantage, dancing only among themselves in their white petticoats, puffed out to the largest crinoline dimensions ; while women, lank in figure and dress, and nearly enveloped from head to foot, with exception of face, in long veils, stood around merely as spectators. I saw no women dancing.

Oh ! for an Irish fair.—Joyous shouts, — merry laughs — fiddles playing — bag-pipes droning — pigs squeaking — crakes

going—horses kicking—donkeys braying—sheep bleating — dogs barking — cocks crowing—geese gabbling—cattle lowing —tents shaking—flags flying—the jig on the door—the fire on the sod, and the corn beef in the pot—this is an Irish fair ; and in this I must award to my own dear country the choragic tripod, even against the isles of Greece and the Pyrrhic dance.

Some of the younger women from the island, possessed most unmistakeable traces of the ancient Egyptian or Assyrian race ; dark complexion, small and slender in form and stature, dark large almond-shaped eyes set close together, long, slightly prominent, and full nose ; and that peculiar trait of Egyptian feature—wide nostrils highly arched, with narrow face, and full pouting lips — particularly the lower one. The veiled dress enveloping every part of the figure, with exception of face, from head

to foot, made the whole figure the more Egyptian. The Egyptians, it is supposed, introduced sculpture into Greece. Some of the oldest sculptures in the museum of the Temple of Theseus are Egyptian. It is said, I know not on what authority, that the Egyptians first taught the Greeks sculpture in relieve, which the Greeks improved upon by carving out the whole figures.

I had the pleasure of meeting on the island Captain Chamberlain, of the "Raccoon," Captain Baird, of the "Alacrity," and Captain Marryatt, of the "Intrepid," which had accompanied the Queen's yacht in the excursion, with Mr. Drummond and Mr. Digby, Attacheés, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at dinner at Sir Thomas Wyse's.

I returned in the "Intrepid," on Captain Marryatt's kind invitation, and thus escaped the delay and crowding of the steamer.

In concluding my notice of this fête and

fair, I must mention that the convent has acquired great celebrity for the cure, or more strictly speaking, the prevention of hydrophobia. The monks make no secret of the remedy or the process; and were kind enough to give me, not only the mode of using their remedies, but specimens of the medicines. The process adopted is this—the patient, on being bitten, or as soon after as possible, is brought to the convent. The wound is then cauterized with boiling oil. A small brass saucer, containing oil, and a brazier, containing some live charcoal, were brought into the room to show me the manner of doing it. The saucer containing the oil was laid upon the burning charcoal; and on the oil acquiring a boiling heat a piece of wool, twisted hard, was soaked in it, and this is applied to the wound until the wound, and parts immediately around it, are hardened and cauterized. This, the ancient mode of cauterizing a

poisoned wound, is probably a better mode of arresting the passage of the poison into the circulation than our modern application of caustic, for the boiling oil by its heat solidifies all the fluids and tissues of the part, and effectually prevents all absorption and circulation, while modern caustic can act only on the surface, or as far as its chemical action extends. The patient is then given every second or third day, for two or three weeks, about five grains of a powder composed of one part of a powdered fly of the nature of cantharides, and two parts of the powder of a root which grows wild around the convent. The fly is somewhat larger than the Spanish fly, used for blistering, and is named scientifically the "*Mylatais Græca*." It is gathered on the plain, and kept dried for use. I have obtained preparations of it, and of the root, for the museum of the King and Queen College of Physicians. The plant is "*Cynanchum*

Erectum." By some, the preventive powers of this medicine are firmly believed in, by others not. The power of prevention is always a difficult matter to ascertain, because of several persons bitten very few may imbibe the poison. The poisonous saliva may be exhausted after several bites ; or, what is more to be relied on, bites through clothes rarely carry poison. The cloth or linen through which the tooth passes wipes it clean. I have seen some deaths from hydrophobia ; and in all the bite was on the face or hands—unprotected parts. The serpent has a tube running through its tooth into a poison bag at the root of it ; and having first inserted the tooth the serpent then discharges the poison along the tube as a bullet is sent along a gun barrel ; but the dog's tooth can only carry with it the poisonous saliva which happens to lie along its surface, and if the tooth be wiped by passing through

clothes, there is very little, if any, risk to be apprehended. If a rabid dog attack you wrap the hands in skirt or coat, guard the face, and you need have little or no fear.

There can scarcely be a doubt that some time or other a cure for hydrophobia will be discovered, for the disease is purely a functional affection of a portion of the nervous system ; and it is well I think to collect all the information we can, and specimens of all the preventions or remedies which have acquired any reputation.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th. — At an early hour in the morning we drove a distance of about three miles to the bay of Phalerum, a beautiful bathing place, with sandy beach, and so land locked that the wind can only make a ruffle in it. The road to it is bordered with acacias, and the valley around is green with verdure from vineyards and olive trees. The Queen bathes here every morning, at 4 o'clock,

during the summer. We were informed that the time for bathing had expired on the 1st of September ; but as the weather was just as pleasant for bathing as on the 31st of August, we bathed, as we could get no other better reason for not bathing than that it was so, which appeared to us to be of no more weight than the reasoning of an old and respected friend of mine, who invariably put out his fires on the 1st of May every year, no matter how cold the month might be, on the ground that summer had come; and would, for no consideration whatever, light them again —no matter how cold the weather might be —before the 1st of November, until, as he said, winter had come. Bathing may be practised not only with impunity but with benefit, by those for whom it is beneficial, the whole year round at Athens. The temperature of the sea is never as low as it is with us, and this settles the matter. The water is very salt; and this good sea bath-

ing may be reckoned as one of the advantages of Athens as a residence. On the shores of this bay was the temple which the Athenians raised to "The Unknown God," whom St. Paul announced to them he was come to proclaim.

In returning from Phalerum there is a fine view of the Acropolis in the morning sun, and there is an illusion connected with it well worth looking for. When about two-thirds of the way home, with the Monument of Philopappus on the left, the road descends slightly, while at the same time a low long crest of ground, a little to the left of the road, is gradually rising until it shuts out the rock of the Acropolis, with the ugly brick battlements on it, built by Venetians or Turks. Stop the carriage at this point. The Parthenon seems suddenly to have changed its place—to have come nearer, and to rest on the hill within one or two hundred yards of you, and such is the extreme

clearness of the atmosphere in this region that vision cannot detect the deception, for the distinctness with which you see all its details is nearly the same at varied distances. We admired much this temporary illusion—the Parthenon appearing to great advantage from this point of view, seeming to stand on no great elevation, like the Temple of Theseus, and apart from all surrounding objects. If the Bay of Phalerum were near one of our cities it would be terraced round. There is, as well as I recollect, but one house. There are no suburbs round Athens. One passes from the crowded city at once into olive groves, vineyards badly cultivated, and country and wild desert.

We spent the rest of the morning in admiring the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, the Tower of the Winds, and the choragic Monument of Lysicrates, more generally, although absurdly, known as the Lantern of Demosthenes. You can consult

Stuart and Murray for descriptions of all these. I will only say here that they all repaid us well for the time spent—that we had Stuart's "Athens" with us, and read his instructive description as we stood or sat beside them, turning our eyes alternately from book to object.

In the evening we went to see the sun set on the Acropolis. The views and changes of colour on temple, sea, and mountain, are very grand and beautiful, but in my mind not equal to sunrise. There is never the same pleasurable sensation left by sunset—a picture fading part by part, and sinking into darkness, that is connected with the uprise of light, scene after scene breaking into view, until the whole is before us in one blaze of brightness. The last sinking of the sun on this world may be grand and awful, but the dawning of Creation, even to a heavenly host, must have been a more joyous sight.

We did not see the Acropolis by moonlight, but that was the moon's fault, not ours, for she did not condescend to rise during our stay at Athens.

CHAPTER VII.

“Every arm was Freedom’s shield,
And every heart was Freedom’s altar.”

MOORE.

PENTELICUS—HORSES’ SHOES—VIEW FROM SUMMIT
OF PENTELICUS—EAGLES—MARATHON—ANCIENT
QUARRIES—BRONZE AND IRON—ANCIENT GREEK
HELMETS—ANCIENT MODE OF WORKING THE MARBLE
QUARRIES—EVENING.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—This has been one of the most delightful days we have spent in Greece.

On Sir Thomas and Miss Wyse’s kind invitation, we planned an excursion to the top of Pentelicus, one of the highest mountains in the neighbourhood, rising directly

from the plain 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and terminating in a pinnacle commanding one of the grandest views imaginable.

We left Athens at 6 o'clock, having sent on horses before us, and at 8 o'clock reached Sir Thomas Wyse's summer residence, which is about half way up the mountain side, situated in a most romantic spot, in the midst of verdure and forest, and as wild as Nature made it.

On leaving Athens we traversed a wide plain, with the ridge of Mount Hymettus on our right and of the Parnese mountains on our left, while right before us, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, rose the pinnaled Pentelicus. For an hour our road lay through vineyards and olive groves. The next half hour lay over a wild heath. But the last half hour brought us into beautiful scenery. The air no longer felt like that of Athens, hot and dry, but gave

us quite a refreshing feeling ; rills of water made their appearance—a sight quite unknown about Athens, for we walked across even the once celebrated Ilyssus ; the hillsides were clothed with verdure, the air perfumed ; and we wound our way through ravine after ravine, each opening some new view, until we reached Sir Thomas Wyse's residence at 8 o'clock.

After breakfast we mounted our horses and set out, with our guide, Spiro Maraki, leading the way, up marble mountains. The verdure increased for some way after we set out, and our track lay along a marble road, that is if it may be called now a road ; it once was, for down it, from the marble quarries above, came the grand blocks of snow-white marble of which the Parthenon was built. It is now a narrow horse track, admitting one horse at a time ; and under foot, fragments of white marble form its floor, along which the stepping is rugged

and slow. The horses are shod in a curious way for this work. Instead of shoes like our horses', the shoe is a piece of sheet-iron turned up behind, so as to prevent stones or even gravel from getting in between shoe and frog. The sole of the foot is completely covered by the sheet-iron, and slipping is prevented by the nails being furnished with very thick heads, shaped like a cocked hat, and the nails driven in so that the heads lie across the length of the foot. This makes the horse very surefooted, and it seems a mode of shoeing that might be well adapted for our Macadamised roads—saving the tender sole from the pounding on sharp stones it gets on our roads. The shoe remains much longer on the horse, for soft clay or a wet road cannot draw it. Our guide told us that about two months was the usual lapse for shoeing. An hour's ride brought us to one of the ancient quarries. We saw several others, which I shall notice

again. The upper part of the mountain is very steep, and the Greeks, we hear, have a great horror of attempting it on horseback, but to us it was nothing, not more steep than many a ride we had taken in the Pyrenees, and over precipices in the Alps. We reached the stone cairn on the top at eleven o'clock, turned our horses loose to graze, and sat down to look around us.

Few views can equal this from the top of Pentelicus. The mountain, as I have said, is peaked. This gives an uninterrupted view all round—the great plain of Athens, Salamis, Egina, Cubæa, with gulfs and islands spread beneath, as in a great picture, and extending as far as the eye can reach. While thus gazing, three eagles sailed round the pinnacle below us, in their usual grand way, as if their own will were sufficient power—no motion of their wings perceptible, and the sunlight reflected up to us from their backs. But

what is it that, in the midst of all this grandeur of sun and sky and mountain scene, has suddenly arrested our gaze, and makes us forget everything else and bend to gaze down upon it with a throbbing feeling we shall never forget. It is only a brown sandy beach, flat and bare, some five or six miles long and two or three miles broad, more than half circled with hills, the sea curving into it, to form a halfmoon bay.

While we gaze upon it Memory calls up again, at History's bidding, the combatants of more than two thousand years ago. On the waters of the Bay, gilded galleys reckoned by hundreds; on the shore, near their galleys, men to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Golden helmets, silken flags, bowmen, archers, and slingers, chariots, cavalry, and camels, all in wild career, shouts of exultation and apparent victory in their grasp. But what is that dark line extending across the upper and narrow part

of the semicircular beach that sternly bids the mighty host to stand? No silken banners are there, no golden helmets, no chariots, cavalry, or camels, no archers or slingers, but a few thousand heavy-armed men, their brown helmets hiding all but their eyes. Among them no wild career, no cries of exultation, but—

“Silence deep as death,”

as with firm defiance, and steady, measured tread, they close upon that host before them. Now comes the bloody strife; for the first time the Athenian meets the Persian face to face. No artillery, with its booming fire, makes the strife of earth simulate the red anger of heaven, and madden man while he slays. No rattling volleys of musketry carry death to a distance. No clouds of smoke obscure the fearful field. It is a face to face and hand to hand conflict, each man to his foe,—the flashing scimitar of the

Persian, the short, straight sword of the Greek. For a while, the centre of the dark line seems to give way, but again it rallies ; and now the cavalry charge in maddened rage upon the wings, and all seems lost, but wild destruction is on horse and rider. Both sink in the morass, and a single death-stab terminates life, as each heavy-armed horseman flounders in the morass. And then comes the wild panic, the flight to the ships, the victorious Greeks in pursuit, and the waters of the bay dyed red with the blood of the invaders.

And who are those groups of women and children stooping down from the cliffs around, with lips apart and staring eyes, bent on the plain below ? The mothers, wives, sisters, children, and betrothed of the dark warriors. Not alone life, but future fate worse than death for them hangs on the issue of that strife. The fight is now nearly over ; victory is all but certain. The sun is setting, and a

female figure starts at a call, for no man can yet be spared, to carry the news to Athens. She flies at the bidding, and never stops to tie her sandal until she announces in Athens that victory is theirs, and then she stoops; and grateful Athens raises to her sex the temple of Wingless Victory, in the attitude she took when she completed her task.

The brown beach on which we gazed,—on which, at our mental bidding, again uprose the shadowy combatants of more than 2,000 years ago,—is the plain and battle-field of Marathon :—

‘Halb von öden Gebirgen umkränzt streckt Marathons heil’ge
Thalflur gegen des Meers schimmernde Bucht sich hinab.
Feierlich schweigt es umher, stumm kreisen die Adler und einsam,
Ueber dem weiten Gefild schwebt der Gefallenen Ruhm.”—GEIBEL’S “*Gedichte*.”

The freeman feels, as he looks on Mara-

thon, that death on such a field is worth a thousand lives ; and the despot may read, in the fate of the Persian, the punishment that will justly await him whom lust of conquest may tempt to tread with hostile foot a freeman's land.

We slowly and reluctantly turned away to commence our descent ; for, after Marathon, we had for some time no room for other thoughts.

Our patient and sure-footed horses had a troublesome and weary task over rolling stones of marble. After an hour spent in this way, we came again to the ancient quarries, which we now stopped to examine. I had been long hearing of the art of working marble-quarries which the ancient Greeks possessed, being lost—of their having been able, by some means unknown to us, to obtain, without blasting, or without injuring the remaining rock, enormous blocks, and of their having effected this

without our mechanical appliances, and without a knowledge of iron or steel tools. On their mechanical appliances and powers of lifting I have already made some observations in a former chapter. That they had iron and steel tools I cannot bring myself to doubt. The dowels which are let into the drums of the columns of the Parthenon and of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, are iron dowels, such as are used in the present day, fastened in with lead, which I have cut with my penknife, to assure myself of the fact. They knew the properties then of lead. We know they did of tin and copper. How can we suppose them ignorant of the properties of iron and steel. I cannot believe that any workers in iron could remain ignorant of the art of hardening iron. A piece of iron allowed to remain red hot for a little time in contact with flaming wood or charcoal, and then cooled suddenly, is hardened iron, or steel. A

workman in iron must discover this. I think the inference is irresistible, that, acquainted with iron, they must have been acquainted with steel. But then, it is said, their weapons and helmets were bronze. Why not make them of steel, if they knew its use? As to the helmet, the reason is at once evident. Bronze would be preferred for its lightness; and they might have esteemed bronze a more fitting material for weapons unless they possessed all the knowledge of tempering steel, which is a very nice process, the art of combining hardness with elasticity. They might not have possessed this knowledge; and if not, the bronze that would not fly to pieces, and yet would be harder than soft iron, would be the more fitting material for their weapons. Even in the present day, bronze is again competing with iron and steel; and it is now under experiment in some foreign arsenals, to ascertain whether Aich's metal, even for heavy ord-

nance, may not be superior to iron or steel.

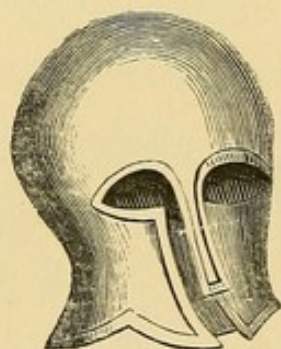
I may, while alluding here to bronze, digress for a moment to notice the ancient Greek bronze helmet. It was altogether a different head-piece from the casque or helmet of the Middle Ages. We frequently see the ancient Greek helmet represented thus on the head of Minerva, and of Greek heroes :



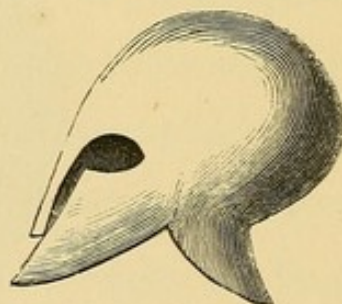
The circular openings in the above are the

openings which come down corresponding with the eyes when the helmet is worn for protection, and the long narrow strip in the centre is the protection for the nose. The helmet is all in one piece, covering head, face, and neck ; and, made of bronze, was at once strong and light. The following is a sketch, front and side view, of an ancient Greek helmet, which I saw in the Library at Athens. The crest was gone.

Front view.



Side view.



There are thus three remarkable helmets in the order of time :—

1. The Greek helmet, covering head and face, with eyes exposed.
2. The Roman helmet, covering merely

the head, with face exposed, like our dragoon's helmet. Cæsar, at the battle of Pharsalia, gave directions to his soldiers to strike with their javelins at the faces of the young patricians : they prized their appearance more than their country, and fled.

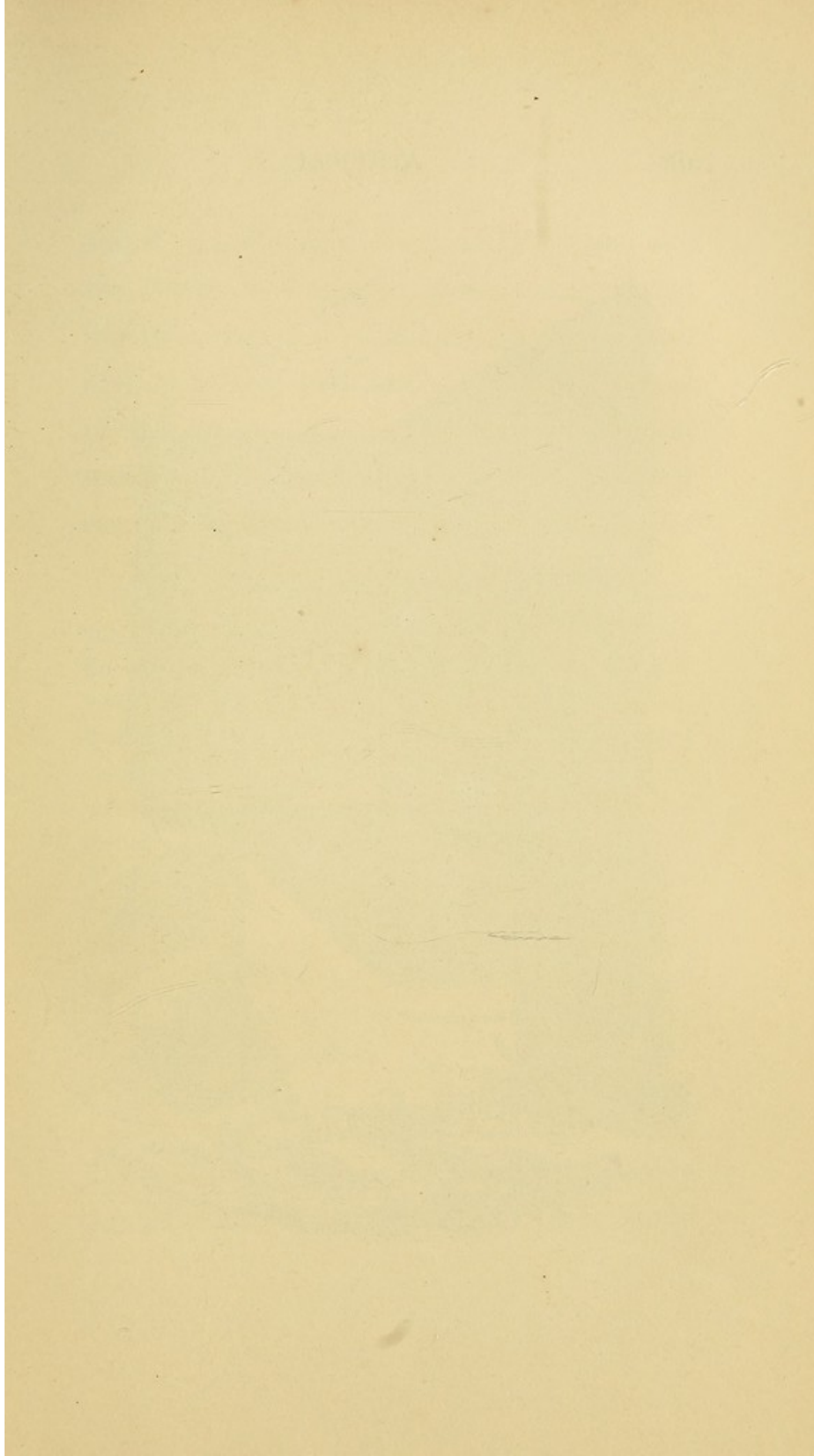
3. The Norman, or helmet of the middle ages, with closed vizor, protecting both face and eyes.

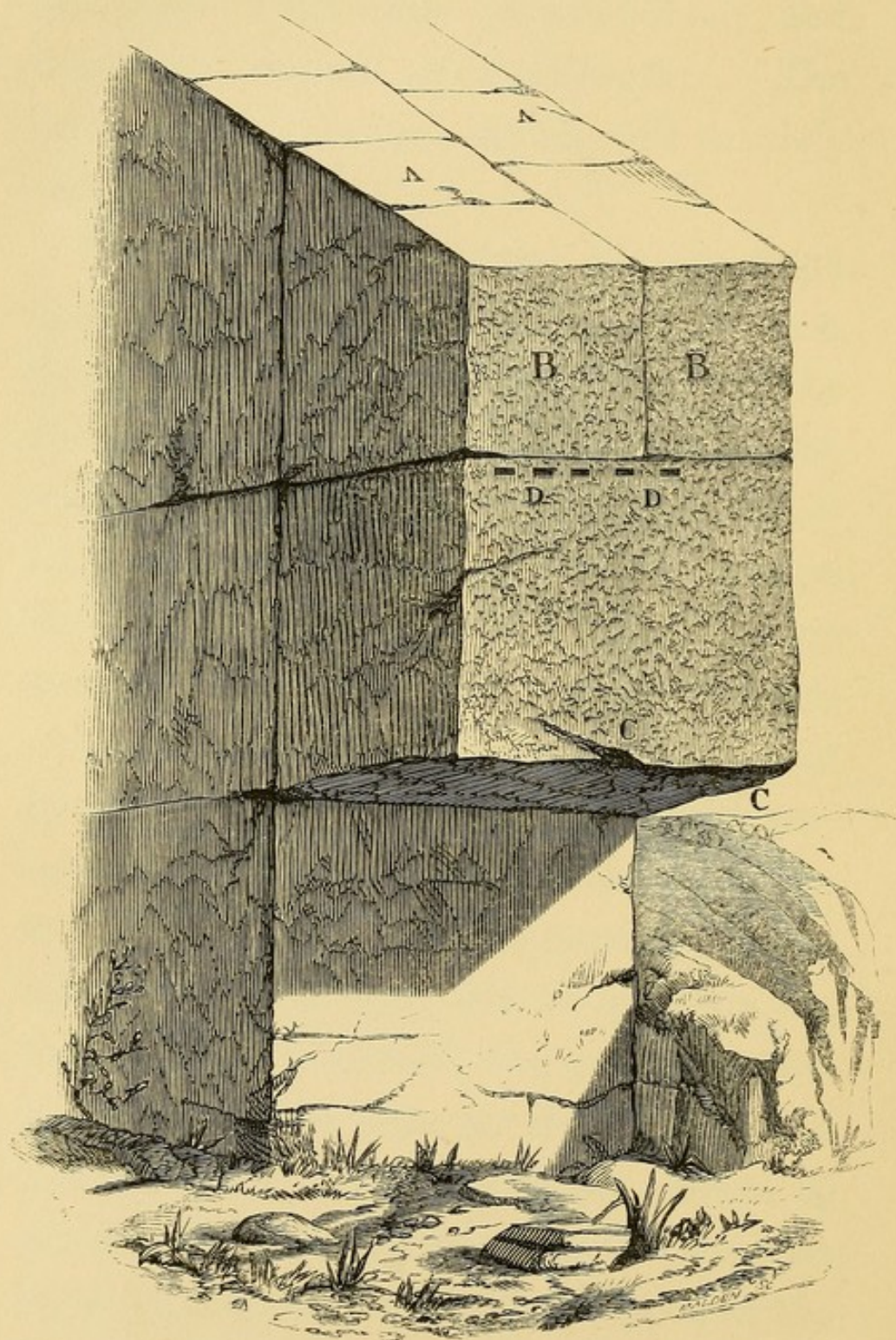
To return to the ancient quarries. They seem to me to tell the tale of their mode of being worked as plainly as if the workmen had only left them yesterday. It must be remembered that marble is only a pure limestone,—a stratified rock. We walked over the weather-beaten surface of the mountain where it formed the top of the quarry, from which we could look down into it. On the upper surface, under our feet, were the perpendicular fissures which descended through the marble.

On the perpendicular face of the quarry

are seen both the perpendicular and transverse fissures of stratification. The accompanying rough sketch will explain what I mean.

The diagram is a correct though rough sketch of the ancient quarry as now seen, from which the immense blocks for the Parthenon were obtained—the face of the marble dressed just as the workmen left it thousands of years ago, and the wedge-holes ready for use; the work had there stopped. Any one who has seen granite—a rock much more difficult to work—split by a line of wedges struck in regular succession, will at once recognise the use of the wedge-holes in the ancient quarries. If you ask your guides what the wedge-holes are, they will tell you, with the greatest confidence, they were holes for the workmen to put their feet in. This is too absurd to deserve a remark. By dressing the immense block on the face, while it yet stood in the quarry, the workmen were enabled to de-





tect flaws, if such existed, and they also had the block *in situ* more conveniently placed for dressing than it might be if removed, and thus were relieved of the carriage of useless or superabundant material from the quarry. The marks of the rough dressing are the marks of pointed chisels.

A, A, the upper surface of quarry, showing the perpendicular fissures over which you walk. B, B, the face of quarry, showing both perpendicular and transverse fissures, separating the marble naturally into immense blocks. The face of the quarry B, B, shows the marks of the tools, and, although roughly dressed, is cut perfectly plane, and the under part of the immense block C, C, overhanging is also dressed. D, D, are the holes for the wedges in the dressed face of the quarry, with which they split the marble, taking advantage of the line of fissure to some extent, and the immense block C, C, thus split and separated by wedge-power, would then tumble into the quarry below ready for transit.

We again turned our horses' heads downwards, and arrived at our hospitable Ambassador's residence in time for an early

dinner, and after dinner walked or sat on a winding terrace that runs round the hill, commanding a glorious view beneath and around us ; again enjoyed the sublime sunset of Greece with our eyes, while we listened with delight to the information on Greece, ancient and modern, from our kind host and hostess.

At seven o'clock, after the sun had gone down, we bid adieu to our friends, and this day in Athens we shall ever mark in our annals with a white stone.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Fare thee well.”

LEAVE ATHENS—GREEK STEAMERS—SYRA—CYTHERA
—NAVARINO—DECADENCE OF THE TURKS—CORFU—
CONCERT—PANTALEONE—THE OAK—THE PEOPLE
—AGRICULTURE—PAPER HUNT—ULYSSES’ SHIP—
PASSPORTS—NIGHT—ANCONA—RIMINI—COUNTRY
AND PEASANTRY—CESERA—FORLI—DRIVE TO FLO-
RENCE—FLORENCE: THE EXHIBITION—FLORENCE BY
MOONLIGHT—THE CAMPANILE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—Our last day in Athens. The early part of the morning for our bathing excursion—the next portion to taking leave of our many kind friends, making little purchases, and getting all ready for our departure; and before six o’clock, the hour of starting, we were on

board a Greek steamer, the "Bosforo," for Syra, one of the Cyclades. This route will be often found a convenient mode of getting home to most places, east or west, for Syra is a place of call for nearly all steamers, homeward or outer bound; and you can there join some large steamer for your next destination. We had been warned to avoid Greek steamers, and not without reason. When we went on board, the ladies' cabin was occupied by the captain's family, and the captain himself was in bed in it—not a pleasant airing for a cabin in a hot climate. To set matters to rights occupied some time. At night the floor of the ladies' cabin was appropriated to the captain's child, who, with the natural propensity of children—which parents are delighted with, but none others—spent its time when not asleep in continued talking, chanting Greek songs, or crying; and as the boat was small, both cabins equally suffered. The quarter-deck,

which should have been altogether for the accommodation of cabin passengers, was divided down the centre by an open wooden paling, and on one side of this lay, on dirty rugs, the dirtiest assemblage of the lowest class of Turks and Greeks I ever saw, with one Negro, who appeared to me the most intelligent and cleanest of the whole lot. There they lay all Saturday night and Sunday morning, without apparently ever stirring from their lazy, crouching attitude, smelling of garlic and bad tobacco, the greater number without shoes or stockings, and with substitutes for shoes made of pieces of broken matting. I cannot imagine where they came from, for I saw no such low specimens of humanity in Greece before.

We were in the harbour of Syra at an early hour next morning, and when we sat down to breakfast there was no milk, although we were within a hundred yards of

the shore, and it was only after some remonstrance that I succeeded in obtaining it. This petty cheating for the saving of a penny was the more contemptible as the market boats about the vessel had milk in abundance for sale. However, as the passage to Syra only occupied from six o'clock of the evening of Saturday to four o'clock next morning, these inconveniences were of short duration, and forgotten as soon as over.

Syra has a fine harbour, and the town has a very pretty appearance, built upon terraces rising steeply over one another, while in the centre of the terraces rises, higher than all, a sugar-loaf peak, with houses, as in the other parts—house over house to the very top, which is crowned with a church. The houses are of various colours, white the prevailing, but others pale yellow, brown, ochre, pink, with windows and jalousies bright green. There are no streets visible

in this view, and in the sunlight the town looks like a town made of cardboard, such as one sees in a diorama ; while at night—and we saw it to advantage, as we left the harbour after sunset and without a moon—the terraced city, with its thousands of lights from the open windows, made the hill look as if covered with as many twinkling stars.

Our change of residence from the Greek steamer to one of the large Austrian Lloyds fleet was a delightful transition. We left Syra at half-past seven o'clock on Sunday evening.

On Monday morning early we passed round the most southern point of the Peloponnesus, with the Isle of Cythera on our left, once sacred to Venus, now cared for by no one, and under our protection, in charge of a guard of thirty soldiers. This portion of the voyage was very beautiful—among islands or coasting, the sea of

the deepest blue, and the distance from shore to shore in some places not exceeding the breadth of the Rhine in its widest parts. We still kept on, close to the coast, and passed so near that we could look into the Bay of Navarino—a name that will be remembered as long as perhaps any other name in history. Here the combined fleets of Great Britain, France, and Russia annihilated the Turkish fleet, and practically effected the independence of Greece.

Some statesmen at the time, and some statesmen since, have called the destruction of that fleet an “untoward event,” but I believe there are few in the present day who entertain the opinion that the Turkish empire can either sustain itself from within or be sustained from without. The Turks are themselves under the influence of fatalism, and believe that their days are numbered. No people can regenerate themselves who

despond. Their villages are becoming depopulated—their recent cruelties to Christians, still continuing, although not on so great a scale as formerly, are brewing a thundercloud for them. Reforms are hopeless. They cannot reform themselves unless they cease to be Turks. The problem therefore to be solved is, not how to sustain them, but who is to succeed them. Constantinople was founded by Christians. It is their legitimate inheritance. It will not be necessary to regain it by violence. Commerce and civilization will effect what would not be justifiable by, nor worth, bloodshed.

Whatever opinions may be entertained, or might have been entertained, as to the expediency of not destroying Turkish power, in reference to the balance of power, there never can be a second opinion that the destruction of their fleet at Navarino was a punishment sternly called for, and justly

inflicted, for lying, deceit, and treachery; and that the European name, and more especially that of Britain, has since commanded a respect in the East it had not commanded before; and that Admiral Codrington, for the course he took, must ever merit our gratitude. The signing of the armistice between the Turkish and Egyptian fleet on the one side, and the allied Christian Powers on the other—the meanness of the Mahometan commander in breaking his pledged word—the noble trust of our leaders in relying on the sealed promise of the Mahometan Admiral, and not stooping to watch him—the deceit of the Turks in stealing out of Navarino during the armistice—the indignant pursuit of them by Admiral Codrington with one line-of-battle ship and two frigates—the junction of Ibrahim Pacha, who broke the armistice as well as the officer under him—the single line-of-battle ship of England, with her two

attendant frigates preparing to engage, and driving the whole Turkish fleet back before them—the base treachery of the Turks in firing into a boat with a flag of truce, and killing one of our officers and some of the crew—the shooting of the pilot sent with a second flag of truce to the Turkish admiral's ship, with the destruction that came promptly down upon this combination of deceit, lying, treachery, and murder, will ever make the battle of Navarino (20th October, 1827) an event for us to be proud of, and a lesson for Easterns to remember with just fear.

“Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the
mind

Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd social
the wind;

And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
Their watchword—humanity's vow.

Not a sea boy that fought in that cause but mankind
Owes a garland to honor his brow.

Nor grudge by our side, that to conquer or fall,
Came the hardy, rude Russ, and the high-mettled
Gaul:

For whose was the genius that planned at its call
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave;—but the star of success over all
Was the light of our Codrington's soul."

CAMPBELL.

Greece abounds, perhaps, with a greater number of fine harbours than any other part of Europe of equal extent, and among its largest may be reckoned Navarino.

Those who have seen Killiney Bay, near Kingstown, Ireland, will have a pretty good idea of it if they suppose a promontory to sweep round from the foot of Bray Head, at a distance of five or six miles from shore, until it finally approaches the northern headland of Killiney Bay, and leaves a narrow passage into it. What increases the resemblance to Killiney Bay is, that almost in the centre of Navarino, on the hilly ground behind, rises a tall sugar-loaf mountain, and on the left, as you look at it from the sea, is the mountain ridge resembling Bray Head.

On Tuesday morning, 10th instant, at an early hour, we reached Corfu. In the evening we were at a musical party at the palace. Sir H. Stork's attention and affability made all feel at home. The palace is a fine building—the hall particularly well-proportioned, with a long double row of Doric columns supporting it, and the reception-rooms beautifully decorated.

It was an amateur concert, and went off admirably,—Greek and English ladies took part in it. All must have been pleased, for the guests did not separate until after twelve o'clock. The concert began at half-past nine o'clock. Between two and three hundred were present; and the dresses and addresses of the ladies were just such as we see at home,—muslins and silks—blues and whites—crêpes and crinolines, and winning

“wiles

Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.”

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th.—At ten o'clock we started, in company with a kind friend of ours, Dr. Carroll, 9th Regiment, for the Pass of Pantaleone, about thirteen miles from the town, and one of the favourite drives for strangers.

It is a beautiful drive, occupying about three hours and a half, for a great portion of the latter part of the way is up a winding road of short turns to gain the pass. It affords a magnificent view of the greater part of the island, which lies like a hollow basin under you—circled round by a ridge of hills. This immense plain is a valley of verdure, from its groves of olive and fig trees, and further rendered still more beautiful by the numerous cypress trees, like tall green pyramids scattered over the landscape, out-topping all other trees. On reaching the pass don't let your coachman stop there: let him drive down a distance of about two miles to "The Oak." This is

the largest oak tree, I heard, in the island. Beside it is a spring of delicious cold and clear water running from the rock. Near the oak is a Cypress, the tallest, greenest, and best proportioned I have ever seen. It would seem as if Cypress and Oak had each sent its best tree to contest for superiority. The Oak is at once grand from its size of trunk, gnarled arms, and breadth of foliage; but the Cypress, from its beautiful proportions, does not give an idea of its size until you go close to it, and then, to your astonishment, you find that, with outstretched arms, you cannot compass more than two-thirds of its trunk. All around are clumps of wild myrtle, jessamine, and tall Mediterranean heaths; and directly under the oak tree, and beside the cold spring, is a round stone table, with a granite flag for top, and a seat cut out of the soft native rock beside it.

A neighbouring farm-house supplied us

with two chairs; our wine, soda water, and grapes were laid in the running stream to cool; our sandwiches on the table, the Oak gave us shade, and the journey gave us appetite, and we sat and enjoyed ourselves, wishing that we had our friends at home to share our enjoyment. We spent two hours here with the oak shade over head and the olive grove around—and an olive grove in Corfu is beautiful, for its foliage is a rich green; and the trees are allowed to throw out their naturally graceful extended branches, not pollarded as they are in other places. They make, in consequence, a rich forest of shade, over head, while their bare stems do not interfere with the extended view beneath.

We were, however, not alone. Every few minutes Greek girls, carrying large jars on their heads or backs, came through the forest paths to fill their jars at the spring. Others came with flocks of goats and sheep, with the

tinkling bells announcing their approach before they were in sight. The goats disdained to drink unless from the spring as it issued from the projecting groove in the rock, and waited until the Greek girl stopped the stream with her hand ; then the goat, standing on its hind legs, and resting its fore-feet on the projecting ledge, drank from the source. Now and then a patient donkey, with its large wooden saddle, passed, laden with every variety of article. The Greek girls wore white dresses, wide sleeves, blue skirts, and generally red belts ; and on their heads a flat framework, covered with a thick white linen or calico, which depended for some way down the neck and shoulders, as a protection from the sun.

Nearly all, young and old, carried the never-ceasing distaff and spindle, with which they are for ever at work while tending their goats and sheep. There appeared now other visitors on the scene—two fat,

but active, merry pigs, in charge of two little Greek girls. The pigs seemed to know the spring well. Immediately on approaching it they rooted in the channel through which the water ran off until they made it muddy to their pleasure, thus evincing a taste altogether different from the goats, and then lay down in perfect content, while one Greek girl dashed her pig's face with water, and another carefully washed her charge all over. The pigs then rose, and did what I never saw pigs do before, wagged their tails with delight, and set off to join their more active companions, the goats and sheep. A beautiful little lizard, with its piercing diamond black eyes, and intelligent look and nimble movements, paid our table a visit in the midst of our repast. I have reserved for the last, and they deserve no better place, the Greek men. On our arrival a party of men and boys placed themselves on a bank just overhanging the

spring, and never once took their eyes off us the whole time we were there—lying or squatting on the sod and smoking, the very impersonation of laziness : not one ever stirred to assist a Greek girl to fill her water jar, or place it on her head or back.

We left at half-past three o'clock ; and, as the sun sank, the view became more beautiful in lights and shadows, and the verdure greener ; and, for the first time, I had a view of the graceful and gorgeously crested Hoopoe in his native haunts.

Here must end all my praise of Corfu. The soil is of the best quality, but, with the exception of a few patches of garden ground and some vineyards in the neighbourhood of the town, principally cultivated by Maltese, there is scarcely any culture, I may say none.

The olive, on which they bestow no care, appears to be their whole dependence. The country is otherwise as wild as Nature left it

at the creation. The fruits brought into Corfu—figs and peaches—are of the worst quality.

The women mind the goats and sheep while the men lie among the trees smoking, with their long guns by their side, to shoot any infatuated little bird that strays near them. I saw one plough at work, such as was used, I believe, in the days of Homer. You can form a tolerably good idea of it if you imagine a handspike with a wooden shovel at one end, dragged along by a pair of diminutive oxen, while the man holds the other end, labouring to control its movements, as it shuffles along now this way now that way. I inquired if it were not possible to introduce an improved plough. I was told that the invariable reply of these islanders is, "We have got on well enough as we are, and we may as well remain so"—the usual reply of the advocates of standstill, and opponents of reform

and improvement in all ages and in all parts of the world.

A paper hunt is a favourite amusement both at Corfu and in Greece. The meet being fixed upon, and a huntsman selected, the next thing is to find the game—and this consists of one of the party carrying a bag of paper cuttings, who gets fifteen minutes' "law" and sets off, dropping the papers as he goes—occasionally doubling, occasionally allowing some interval to elapse without dropping any, so as to "lose the scent" and make the puzzle greater, and choosing his course as he likes. At the end of the "law" the party set out in full cry, and then the sport consists in following the drag by the eye, detecting the doublings, and picking up the scent again. The duty of the huntsman is, of course, to lead if he can, and to call up the hunt when the drag is again found.

The next morning was given up to pre-

paration for departing, and two hours or so to driving to the One Gun Battery, so-called, as there is neither gun nor battery, but a beautiful view of an inlet of the sea and Ulysses' ship in the mouth of it. (Vide the "Odyssey" for what happened to his ship.)

There is an annoyance in leaving Corfu which I am surprised is tolerated—the annoyance of passports. I have been through Austria and the German States when they had cause for the strictest *espionage*, but I never experienced in them the amount of questioning and cross-questioning put to me in the police-office at Corfu—Why the members of my family mentioned in my foreign passport of ten years ago were not with me?—where I came from, where I was going, where I intended to go after I arrived at Ancona? Then a passing to and fro from one office to another—a supervision of papers issued in one office at

another, then a charge of two shillings and twopence, and a receipt in Greek—which I subjoin as a curiosity—and, finally, a *visé* from the Italian Consul.

Greek receipt for price of passport :—

Αὐξων Αριθμὸς

Διεύθυνσις τῆς Εκτελεστικῆς Αστυνομίας.

Περμυρα Τῇ 12, 9, 1861.

Εθεωρήθη παρ' ἐμοῦ σήμερον τὸ ὑπ' ἀριθμὸν, 1875,
ὑπὸ χρονίαν 31, 8, 53. Διαβατήριον ὑπὲρ
τοῦ Dr. Corrigan.

Ο Διευθυντῆς,

Παραλαβὴ

Τῇ 12, 9, 61.

Ελαβον τὸ σχετικὸν δικαίωμα σελληνίων δύο και
δηναρίων δύο.

Ταμίας.

I am told that even a British officer of the garrison has to provide himself with a passport. We can now travel through France, Italy, Belgium, and Prussia without a passport, and it is surely time that this absurd anomaly in Corfu were abolished—of a passport being given to us, by those who owe the protection of their lives and liberties to us. The watch-dog does not ask permission of the sheep whom he protects, to go to and fro as he desires.

In the evening we had a fine moonlight streaming brightly on the peak of St. Salvador, the highest mountain in Corfu; and on the opposite side, eight or nine miles distant, wild Albanian hills. At twelve o'clock on Friday night we left Corfu for Ancona. For about three hours the Adriatic, as far as the horizon extended on the west, was an almost continuous blaze of sheet

lightning, with occasionally a zig-zag of forked lightning darting from a cloud to the sea, and a rumble of distant thunder. The play of lightnings held us fascinated on the deck, until a heavy plash of rain drove us down. We arrived at Ancona on Saturday morning, 14th instant, and left by vetturino for Rimini, also on the sea coast, at one o'clock. Our route was a good, level road, along the sea-beach nearly the whole way; and parallel with the road, and between it and the sea, is the railway now in progress, which will be available in a few months. The country is well cultivated,—large fields in tillage, the sowing of corn and ploughing going on all around; the fields large, scattered planting, and gently sloping hills, and moderate fences, principally drains,—what we would call a fine hunting country. Every farmhouse was surrounded with its well put up stacks of corn, each

stack having invariably down its centre a pole, like a long scaffolding pole, projecting some way above the top. The complexion of the people had suddenly changed from what we saw in Greece and at Corfu. No longer sallow—they were merely browner in skin than with us, but with ruddy cheeks. They were dressed, too, as men who dressed for work, not for pantomime. Their dress was the wide-awake felt hat, short round jacket, and trousers of our own peasantry ; and except for the browned cheeks, you might imagine yourself among the most comfortably-clad, cleanest, and most industrious of our own country people. It is scarcely necessary to observe that a vetturino generally asks about three times as much as he finally takes, which will be still above what he ought to get. We reached Rimini at one o'clock at night.

SUNDAY, 15TH INSTANT.—After church, at eight o'clock in the morning we left for Forli. The country from Rimini to Forli can only be described as a continuous garden in the highest state of cultivation. Hedge-rows, rows of mulberry-trees, vines trailed from tree to tree, good farm-houses, and an industrious and thriving people. Oxen are employed for almost all farm-work. They are very pretty, cream white, with jet-black tips to their horns and tails.

At twelve o'clock we passed through Cesera. The town was crowded with the people of the country around, who had come into prayers. There must have been some thousands, for our way for perhaps a mile through the town lay through streets so thronged that we could only proceed in a walk. I never saw a better class of country people, either as to dress, cleanliness, or looks. No beggars in this part of Italy. We reached Forli at two o'clock, and re-

mained there for the rest of the day, as it was too late and we were too tired to set out for Florence. Forli is a small town, with a small park, nicely laid out, for the people, where a military band played in the evening. It was crowded. We looked into the churches, but the only thing I saw worth noting was the following inscription on a mural tablet, not very complimentary to the charms or the tempers of the fair sex of Forli :—

“ Pietri * * * *
qui cœlebs. agens.
A lvi. M ix. D xiii.
decessit in pace.”

MONDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER.—We left Forli by diligence at twelve o'clock for Florence. This drive is very long, fourteen or sixteen hours, but it is very beautiful and pleasing, nearly the whole way lying through winding ravines, with a river run-

ning at bottom—the country well-wooded, and cultivated from the deepest part of the valley up to the hill-tops. As the sun sank the full moon rose, and about eleven o'clock at night we reached the crest of this spur of the Apennines, and began to descend, with such frequent and short windings, and through ravines so circled with steep hills that it was frequently a puzzle to guess in what direction our way out lay. We soon got into the valley of the Arno, and reached Florence at five o'clock on the morning of the 17th instant.

TUESDAY, 17TH, WEDNESDAY, 18TH.—
We gave Tuesday to the Exhibition, which had been opened formally by the King, Victor Emmanuel, on Sunday, 15th instant.

We were rather disappointed with the Exhibition, but this, perhaps, arose from the incomplete state in which it was. Painters were at work, dust flying about,

wagons laden with heavy cases driven across the great middle hall — confusion almost everywhere. The design is, however, well adapted for the purpose. Great scope of exhibition is attempted, for it includes everything—fruits, flowers, shrubs, melons, potatoes, pumpkins, and beaux arts. The fruits exhibited are very fine, and the pumpkins of enormous size. Of the “beaux arts,” the sculpture pleased us most. The paintings, all modern, rather disappointed us.

I will not, of course, take up space or time with Florence. Its beauty of situation and scenery—its treasures of fine arts, are too well known to need description ; but if you have not taken a walk through Florence by moonlight, there is yet something for you to see—the narrow streets, the quaint, high, overhanging cornices : one side of the street in dark shadow, the other as bright as day, with a whiter light, and

where moonlight and shadow meet, the lines of light and shadow as sharply cut as if ivory and ebony met—as if light and darkness never blended ;—old buildings with overhanging barbasettes, and contrasted with these, coming out in the white moonlight, the bright and varied colours of the modern buildings. But in the course of your evening stroll, turn your steps into the Piazza del Duomo, and on the south side of the Piazza lean against one of the pillars which stand beside the statue of Brundeschi, with the full flood of moonlight on the Campanile while you are in shadow, and I think you will find it difficult to tear yourself away. I left the pillar several times, and again and again went back to it. The exquisite proportions of the square tower, the varied colours of the marbles composing it, its great height—nearly 300 feet—its standing alone—so that your eye takes it all in together ; the

exquisite twisting traceries and mosaic workings upon it, and the deep blue sky all round and above,—as if it were set in a frame—make it in my mind one of the most finished architectural beauties I have ever looked upon. It is thoroughly Italian. It has none of the severe and stern simplicity of Grecian architecture, but it has a beauty of its own ; and so exquisite are its proportions that you cannot persuade yourself of its great size, nor that the statues that adorn it are larger than life. It seems an exquisite piece of cabinet marble or ivory work, that one would wish to transfer to the interior of a Titan palace.

CHAPTER IX.

“To swaddle infants whose young breath
 “Scarce knows the way.”

HERBERT.

FLORENCE SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE—HOSPITAL SANTA
 MARIA NUOVO—HOSPITAL SISTERS—FOREIGN AND
 HOME SCHOOL ARRANGEMENTS—ADVANTAGES OF
 A GREAT MEDICAL SCHOOL TO A CITY—VERY LARGE
 HOSPITALS—DISADVANTAGES OF—DETAILS—FEVER
 —INFANTS, SWATHING OF—ART OF EMBALMING LOST
 —HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE ABROAD AND AT HOME
 —RESTRAINT—CLASSIFICATION OF POOR.

THURSDAY, 19th.—Rambling about.

FRIDAY, 20TH.—I gave up the greater
 part of this day to visiting the hospitals.

Florence is better supplied with hospital

relief for its poor, in reference to its population, than either London, Paris, or Dublin, having one hospital, Santa Maria Nuovo, with 1,000 beds. I spent some time at this hospital.

The sick are attended by nurses dressed like our "*Sœurs de la Charité*;" but, on inquiry, I found that they were all from the same classes of society as servants, and that they are not bound by vows, but only by the regulations of the Sisterhood as long as they remain in it. They are supported partly by the community to which they belong, and partly by the hospital.

There is great importance attached to the efficient maintenance of the Clinical School of Medicine—the expense of the museum and the salaries of the officers connected with it being defrayed by the State, and in return all the preparations, drawings, and records of cases are public property. In Dublin, and I believe in London, all this is

left to the chance of the medical officers doing it at their own expense, and the result is that some hospitals have museums and clinical records in them—some have none whatever. Sometimes these important elements in teaching are attended to for a few years, then the physicians and surgeons who did attend to them, having, by some years of such attention, obtained their object, viz., eminence in their profession, incur no further expense, or are succeeded by others who have not the same zeal, or do not possess the same pecuniary means. In other instances, these collections, being private property, are sold, and they are lost altogether to the clinical school of the city.

In London, I believe, the immense endowments of some of the great hospitals enable the governors to build schools and maintain museums from the public funds.

The importance of a high character in its medical schools is of more importance to a city than many are aware of. I shall notice here only its importance in a financial point of view.

The Medical School of Dublin now numbers about 1,000 students annually—850 attending medical classes, and 150 exclusively hospital pupils. Computing each student, at the lowest calculation, as expending in maintenance, clothes, books, &c., £100, there is an outlay in Dublin of £100,000 annually, of which not more than £15,000 is received in fees by the Professors and Schools of Medicine in the city, so that the trading community—shopkeepers, lodging-house keepers, booksellers, &c.—are benefitted to the amount of £85,000 annually. I fear it will be difficult for Dublin, under present arrangements, to continue to hold the high position it has hitherto occupied as

a medical school, considering that the facilities of traveling are now so great that places which a few years since were out of the reach of students, are now within the reach of nearly all at trifling expenditure of time and money. The loss will fall on the community, not on the profession.

Accustomed to consider a hospital as one of large size that contains perhaps 150 beds, St. Mary's, with its 1,000 beds, was, to my eyes, a gigantic establishment. The wards are of enormous size. Four wards meeting in a centre, and therefore really constituting one great ward, contain about 300 beds. This arrangement, although suitable in some respects for the hot season, is not adapted to meet the cold of winter, nor does it, I think, afford the same degree of isolation and comfort that can be commanded in smaller wards. There is, however, a medium necessary, for very small wards are

most objectionable on sanitary and other as important grounds. The diet is on a liberal scale and of the best quality, including beef, mutton, fowl, fish, wine, &c.

I went minutely through the whole kitchen department, which is exceedingly well arranged, the great hot hearth being in the centre, so as to allow of several cooks working together, instead of its being at one end, as generally in our kitchens, to afford as little accommodation as possible.

When the meals are ready they are placed in small trucks, having at bottom hot wood ashes, and are thus conveyed hot to the patients' bedsides.

In some minor details the arrangements do not seem as well carried out as in our hospitals. Many of those appliances that are requisite for patients' personal comfort are not at hand, and when I asked how these were provided for, I was told there was

such an abundance of attendants that a patient had only to call out for whatever was required. But a patient with sore throat cannot call out audibly the length of a great ward ; and even if all patients could call out, hospital sisters are not always angels, and will sometimes tire of frequent appeals for drink or assistance. Dust and cobwebs may be allowed to accumulate where the eye will not immediately catch them, while admiration is bestowed on polished halls, frescoes, and statuary.

A gentleman accompanied me in my visit who was connected with the government of the hospital. He asked me was I not greatly pleased with the floors, the cleanliness, &c. My reply was, passing my foot across a ventilator under the head of a patient's bed, and lifting it for his inspection, with a large, thick cobweb covering my shoe. I could not sacrifice candour to politeness. There were some other

matters I could not approve, but, on the whole, in this great hospital, though there might be somewhat to amend, there was much to praise. The inspection of it, as well as of many other similar institutions, however, convinces me that it is only the professional eye, trained in the practice of details for years, that is competent to detect shortcomings, and amateur visitors may be led through, blindfolded, thinking all the while they see everything.

There were several cases of fever—they were all what is technically known among us as typhoid (not typhus) fever. Their practice does not coincide with ours, but this is not the place to say more than that the mortality shocked me—being thirty per cent., not far from the mortality in our worst visitations of cholera. Lest I should be mistaken in my note, I put my question a second time in this form—"Suppose 100

patients in fever enter the hospital, do 30 out of the 100 die?" The reply was, "Yes."

My next visit was to the wards where the babies were, and I was astounded to see in the nineteenth century, the unfortunate little creatures swathed tightly round in a spiral bandage from shoulders to toes, so as to resemble a carrot in shape. I could not refrain from observing that I thought such a practice was, in the present day, only known among the Esquimaux. I learned to my surprise that not only is this barbarous practice permitted, but that some of the faculty recommend it on the ground of its making, as they say, the spine straight, and that it is continued for four or five months after birth. I ventured to observe, in reply, that where Nature gave every young animal a propensity for kicking and sprawling about, Art must be wrong to bandage up lungs, stomach, and limbs, and

I could not refrain from, perhaps a little maliciously, adding, that I never saw a finer collection of curved spines of all ages than I saw in their museum.

An observation was made in the course of our conversation by one of our party, who coincided in my view, that so wedded were the people to this habit of tying up their infants, that even if a law were introduced the women would not obey it. This reveals one of the great features of superiority in our constitution and country over many Continental kingdoms. We leave much to public opinion—they would do everything by law; and if they became convinced tomorrow in Florence that it would be better not to swaddle infants, they would send the “Polizia,” about to superintend babies’ dressing.

In visiting the museum I saw specimens of the art possessed by Professor Legate, and lost at his death twenty years ago, of

preserving portions of the human body remaining exposed to the air, and a polished table composed of the same materials. I am very glad the art has been lost, for there is nothing either useful or ornamental in it, in my opinion.

My next visit was to the Hospital for the Insane, St. Bonifacio, and to a hospital in the same building for invalids and incurables.

There are no private asylums for the insane permitted in Florence. This hospital contains, I think, about 600 inmates, divided into three classes—first, second, and third. Those whose relatives can afford to pay the highest rate of remuneration are in the first class, and have indulgences not provided to the others. All are paid for, either by relatives or by the community sending them.

The inmates were well clad and well fed, and clothing, bedding, and apartments clean.

But this is all I can say in praise of this establishment. It is badly situated, being in one of the main streets of Florence. There is no sufficient space for open air or work. The building is ill-designed—a horrid array everywhere of iron gratings; the sleeping-rooms, with square-barred openings into them, exposing the inmates, male and female, to the gaze of visitors.

I was anxious to see this asylum, as it was one of the earliest in which the system of restraint was abolished, but I am sorry to say it has sadly retrograded. One of the first objects that pained me in my examination was a weakly-looking young man under restraint. On his shoulders, and extending some way down his arms, was a cape of hard, thick leather, which had been let down over his head; this, secured below, prevented his raising his shoulders. Round his middle was a thick leather strap, secured with an iron screw; to this were attached

handcuffs, in which his wrists were confined. Attached to the front of the seat of the wooden chair on which he sat, was an inclined plane, in which were holes at intervals, and through these, cotton straps were passed and tied on the under side of the inclined plane, securing his legs to it as we see patent pens and pencils secured on a pasteboard for exhibition in a stationer's window. I asked the particulars of his case. He had been five months ill, and had been for the last two months secured—confined as I saw him—because he had attempted his own life, or been violent to others, I am not quite sure, and it matters not which. It would have been a mercy to this poor fellow to have placed him in a six-feet square wooden box, such as holds a wild beast in a traveling menagerie, with his food through the bars, and some straw for a bed. He could then, at least, lie down, and would at last become docile, for even a

wild beast is the more savage the more he is tortured and restrained. And this, I was assured, was a successful case, likely to turn out well, and an example of the advantages of the treatment by restraint. I could not refrain from observing, that in my opinion, in the case before me, the necessity for the continuance of such restraint for two months was a full and satisfactory condemnation of the system.

The next patient I saw under restraint was a man secured in bed by arm-straps, body-straps, and leg-straps, stretched and tied on his back, as we sometimes see St. Laurence represented on a gridiron in a painting of his martyrdom; but in addition, there was stretched over this man, about a foot above his body, a strong web net, firmly strapped from side to side on the railings of his bed.

I saw in the sick ward a very young man, neither sick nor violent, secured in like

manner as the other, with body-straps, not permitting him to turn his body, with straight waistcoat, with legs in like manner secured to the foot of the bed. I was informed he was epileptic—that he had once broken his arm in an epileptic fall—that he had an attack the night before, and that he was thus secured lest he might have another.

“Then on this principle of preventive management this patient is to be always under restraint?”—“No.” But I received no satisfactory explanation as to what was to regulate its termination.

In one day-room I reckoned eleven or twelve of the men under restraint, with leather muffs on their hands and handcuffs on their wrists, fastened by iron rings to a leathern belt round the waist, secured behind by an iron screw, which projected at least half an inch through an iron plate against the spinal region. I asked to have the strap loosened, and through all the

clothes the skin was reddened by the working against it of the end of the iron screw. Lying or sleeping on the back, or even leaning against the back of a chair, was impossible with such an apparatus, and an accidental blow or push on the back would drive the projecting point of the screw against the back, causing pain, or more serious injury.

In every day room there were one or more of the restraint chairs, such as I have already described. This institution has greatly deteriorated from the time when it was distinguished for the introduction of kindly and non-coercive treatment of the insane. The transition will, however, not be so much wondered at when it is brought to mind that there is a tendency in the generality of persons having the immediate management of the insane to use restraint. It saves them trouble—manager, officers, and keepers may enjoy ease and sleep when

a patient is strapped, muffed, or handcuffed ; and complaints and remonstrances may be represented as the ravings of delirium. There is no class of human beings more to be pitied, more liable to be ill-treated, or requiring more safeguards for their protection than the insane.

We must not, however, see the mote in our brother's eye and be blind to the beam in our own. While these pages are going through the press, a coroner's inquest has been held at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, near London, one of the largest in England, and frequently adduced as a model asylum.

I shall make the extracts as short as possible. Fuller particulars will be found in the report of the inquest, held January 1st, in the *Standard* newspaper, of January 2nd, 1862.

Matthew Geoghegan, whose death was the subject of inquiry, was "imbecile—troublesome, not violent."

The jury having viewed the body, which pre-

sented a shocking sight from the bruises and sores, the following evidence was taken :—

Catherine Geoghegan, his wife, on visiting him, found him with a bruise extending down his cheek, one of his eyes closed up, both his hands cut as if a piece had been gashed out. The keeper said he fell against the coal box.”

Evidence of H. Bone, a bricklayer, at work on a drain in the asylum, on the 20th November. “I looked in at the window; I saw him (Jones) kick the patient two or three times—the patient lying on the ground. He then got a stick, and beat him with that about the back. He put the stick back, and brought out the fire-shovel. He beat deceased with it about his back. * * * He drew him into the middle of the room by his legs. * * * He next got on him, and walked forwards and backwards upon him. * * * Took hold of his legs, and dragged him to the doorway. * * * Twisted him to get him into the corridor; after which he twisted him round by the heels. * * * Took him by the head, and knocked it three or four times on the stone floor, and kicked him,” &c.

Levick, labourer to last witness, corroborated all above, with addition, that “Jones jumped on deceased’s chest.”

Bruises were found on his body corresponding with the heel of the boot. The shovel, an ordinary fire-shovel, with a long handle, was here produced, and was certainly a formidable weapon.

This unfortunate man was not removed to the infirmary until 3rd December, thirteen days after the receipt of the injuries.

It is impossible, in my opinion, to read the account of the whole transaction, including brutality and neglect, without coming to the conclusion that no effort was made within the institution to bring the ruffian, Jones, to justice, and that but for the accident of the bricklayer being at work and looking through the window, this horrible outrage would never have seen the light. How many similar may never have come to light? A long and sad experience, with the information I acquired when engaged on a commission to inquire into the state and management of lunatic asylums, has convinced me that it is tempting human nature too much to consign to any staff within an asylum the sole supervision and care of the inmates; that *esprit de corps*, corruption, terror, or fear,

will screen a delinquent, that committees of visitation and periodical inspection are insufficient, and that the only safeguard for the unfortunate inmates will be found in the daily visits of a medical officer from without, in every other way unconnected with the asylum, whose duty it should be to inspect every inmate confined to bed under restraint or alleging ill treatment.*

My next visit was to the hospital and institution for the reception of infirm and incurable cases ; and as the problem of management and classification of our own poor population is at present engaging consideration, it may not be amiss to notice the arrangement here.

There is, first, the poorhouse for the reception of the able-bodied, or those out

* These views I embodied in a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, July 3rd, 1858 ; printed by order of the House of Commons, 22nd Feb., 1859. Time has strengthened my conviction.

of employment ; and the same rule applies in Florence as with us—that a single member of a family will not be admitted. Those who happen to get sick in the poorhouse are treated in it.

There is then the large hospital establishment, open for the reception of all from without, labouring under temporary sickness or accident, with sections for small-pox and skin diseases.

There is, thirdly, a separate institution for the reception and support of all infirm and incurable cases of all ages. If the family of an inmate received into this institution have means they must pay for the support ; if not, the commune or electoral division from which the patient comes, pays.

We must, in our country, I believe, come finally to some arrangement on similar principles ; for an experience of years has, I think, now proved, beyond all doubt, that

indiscriminate mixture in our workhouses has been attended with deplorable moral results. And of all departments of a poor-house the hospital department is that which will ever bid defiance to all attempts to prevent indiscriminate admixture, and which, by associating together—for all are subject to the same diseases and accidents—the moral and immoral, virtuous and vicious, honest and dishonest, must ever be the most demoralizing in its influence.

CHAPTER X.

"It scarcely seems a day
Since first I tuned this idle lay."

SCOTT.

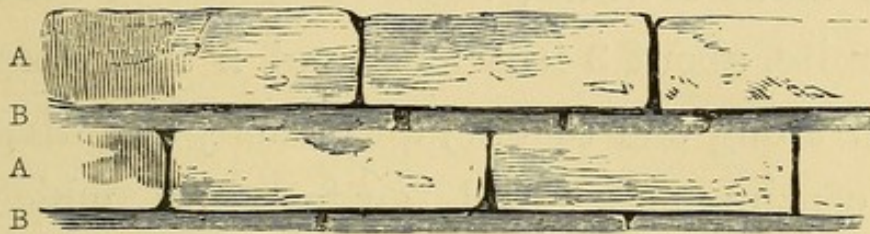
GENOA LA SUPERBA—MARBLE LIONS—PAVEMENT—
STREET TRAMWAYS—MONT CENIS—TUNNEL—ST.
JEAN DE MAURIENNE—WARM SALT SPRINGS—CULOZ—
LYONS — "LE GRAND HÔPITAL" — "SŒURS HÔS-
PITALIERES"—INTERNS—VICHY—PARIS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND.—We spent this day in "Genoa la Superba," but made our stay very short, as we had been here more than once before. The city deserves the distinctive appellation conferred on it—or at least did deserve it—from the grandeur and material (marble) of its palaces. We rambled for a few hours over it. In front

of the cathedral are two colossal crouching lions, of white marble, looking very fierce. They excited, at first, admiration, as I contemplated the heads and manes, but a moment afterwards a feeling of the ridiculous extinguished all my admiration; for the artist, who knew little of zoology, had sculptured the tails of the animals coming out in front from between their hind legs, which, as everyone knows, is an indication of fear; as the proverb says, "like a dog running away with his tail between his legs," and gives an inexpressibly ridiculous incongruity to these otherwise fine statues.

There is a very ingenious contrivance for maintaining roughness of pavement in Genoa in all those parts of the streets where the street has any inconvenient slope. The ordinary pavement is like that of London and Dublin—blocks of hard greenstone laid in parallel layers; but on ascents, or where there is greater danger than usual of horses

slipping, the pavement consists of alternate layers of the hard stone and narrow layers of baked tile; and as the tile and stone, from their different degrees of hardness, wear unequally, there is thus always preserved a continuously rough surface.



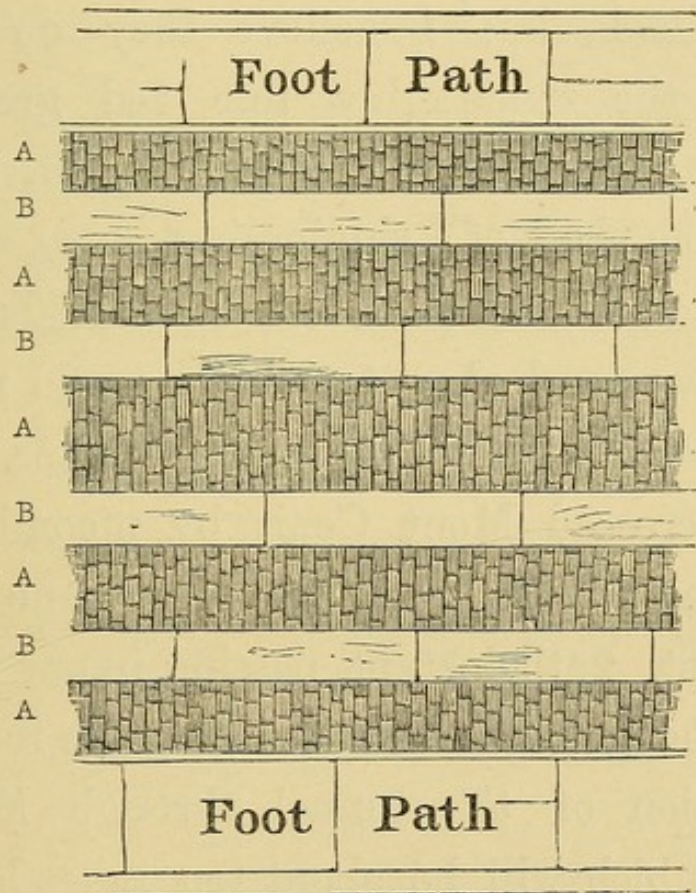
A, Thin layer of baked tile interposed between the layers of the ordinary paving blocks, B B.

Art has here copied Nature—not a bad instructress. In the construction of the elephant's tooth there are alternate layers of enamel and bone, which, being of unequal degrees of hardness, always wear unequally, and thus continuously maintain a rough surface for grinding.

In observing on this form of pavement I may also notice a kind of tramway used for

a long period of years in the streets of Turin, and other cities of Italy, which appears to be well adapted for its purpose of facilitating traffic, and which seems to be free from all the objections urged against iron tramways in streets. These tramways are made of thick, massive blocks of hard granite, about 3 feet long and 2 feet wide, laid along end to end, and thus presenting a continuously level surface, on which wheels run as smoothly as on the best iron way. There is a double line in every street, the rest of the street being paved; and this flag tramway, being perfectly level with the pavement, presents no obstruction whatever to vehicles of all kinds running on and off it. If a quick-going vehicle overtake a slow-going cart on it, the former passes on, and, gaining the front, takes up again the stone tramway. The breadth of the tramway, about 2 feet, enables all vehicles, from the handcart to

the widest omnibus, to make use of it. It is surprising to see the ease with which heavy carts and heavily laden handcarts with vegetables and fruit, are drawn or pushed along it in the morning, while in the busier portion of the day the more rapid going vehicles avail themselves of it with equal



A, Pavement. B, Tramway.

advantage, and pass one another with facility.

It seems to me to be well worth a trial in some of our own cities.

This form of tramway is available for all streets, whether wide or narrow.

Descriptions of the palaces and public buildings of Genoa are to be found in every Guide-Book, but I believe they do not notice the remarkably fine red granite pillars at the railway station, of great size, with each shaft of a single piece.

We left at half-past 5 o'clock for Turin, which we reached at 10 o'clock ; and next day, 23rd September, set out for Lyons.

We crossed Mont Cenis by moonlight, and reached St. Jean de Maurienne for breakfast, 24th instant, passing in our progress the gigantic works in progress in the excavation of the tunnel through Mont Cenis, which will be about ten miles long. The mouth of the tunnel is high up in the

side of the mountain, and, in the distance, looks like a large fox burrow. At St. Jean de Maurienne, in a beautiful valley, are warm salt springs, now scarcely known, and running to waste in the river. In future years this valley will probably become a favourite summer residence and watering place. The hills around it are very picturesque, and behind and overtopping these rise higher peaks, with glaciers, reminding one of many parts of Switzerland.

The railway from this to Culoz unfolds beautiful scenery, narrow valleys, then wider champaign country ; and, in the distance, the rugged and peaked snow-covered ranges of the Alps. For some miles, in addition to this, the railway skirts a picturesque lake. We reached Lyons that evening, where we remained next day, 25th instant.

I took this opportunity of visiting the great hospital of Lyons, which contains

1,400 beds. One ward alone contains 120. It appears to me that this scale of accommodation is too great for any one institution, and that our own is a better arrangement, of having a smaller number of beds and a greater number of hospitals.

The appearance of so very extensive an institution has an imposing effect on ordinary visitors; but when the practised professional visitor examines into details for which he alone is competent, there are many of them that might be amended.

I fully coincide with the observation of the late Sir James McGrigor, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, that we have little to learn in the way of improvement in our own hospital details.

The system of nurse-tending in the great hospital at Lyons, as well as in other large hospitals in other parts of the Continent,

observed upon at Florence, is one that has much to make it commendable, but which would not be applicable to our country.

The sick are attended by "Sœurs Hôpitalières," who are women from the ranks of life from which our own nurses are usually selected ; but they embrace the life from a religious motive. Their salary is small. They are not bound by vows, but may leave the community at any time if they desire to change their mode of life. Some devote their whole lives to this occupation. When aged or infirm they are supported for the remainder of their lives in the institution. Some of them, after a probationary period in the hospitals, become "Sœurs de la Charité."

There are twenty interns, or advanced students, in charge of the patients, who are boarded and lodged, and receive each 300 francs—£12—per annum.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—We left Lyons by train, and reached Vichy in the evening our way lying in the centre of France, through its mining districts, and a splendid agricultural district, which we had not seen before. Everywhere enterprise, industry, and activity, collieries and steam-engines—new lines of railway in progress—the country, rolling hills or great plains bounded only by the horizon, or by very distant mountains—wide pasture lands, fields of great size, hedges, and timber trees, and farmhouses of the best description, many of them in size and style deserving the name of chateaux. We arrived at Vichy at eight o'clock—the celebrated watering-place where the Emperor had spent part of the summer, and one of the sights of the place now is his reception-room, bath-room, &c. Vichy forms no exception to the general description of French

watering-places. A park, which looks very fine in a picture, of about 300 yards long and perhaps 200 wide, planted with trees, and in which the visitors promenade every evening, while a band plays,—ten or twelve springs of water, a different one, of course, for every ailment—a great bath-house, and hotels or boarding houses of two storeys high, with the least possible amount of space for rooms, with the thinnest possible partitions to separate them, and presenting altogether a very striking resemblance to the screen houses which make their appearance periodically in our Christmas pantomimes.

The waters are certainly efficacious in some of the ailments for which they are intended. They may be all divided into two classes—the alkaline and the chalybeate. Of the former, the water of the spring of “The Celestins” is the most

agreeable. They all contain carbonic acid, which makes them more palatable than many other mineral springs.

There is a very large establishment in Vichy worth a visit, where the "Vichy salts" are prepared to be sent to all parts of the world for internal administration, as well as to be used in baths.

The establishment of "Allegre and Laus-sedat" is worth a visit, to see the process of forming relieves by deposition of carbonate of lime. Sulphur moulds are placed on shelves over which water, from a natural well, holding carbonate of lime in solution by excess of carbonic acid, is allowed to drip. In about four months the mould is encased in a deposit of perfectly white carbonate of lime, resembling the purest marble, and of the finest texture. This is carefully pared at the side, and the casting is then easily separated from the mould.

"You would like now to know our opinion of Vichy ;

I don't know what she means, but * * * * says 'tis like 'Queechy.'*

The entertainment at breakfast is 'How do you do?'

"What well are you drinking?" and 'Pray, how are you?'

They seemed much surprised when I told them I drank

All the waters of Vichy from pump, well, and tank.

The course takes some weeks, but beginning at seven,

I finished them all between ten and eleven. †

* "Queechy," thought by some to be a stupid book.—*Printer's Devil*.

† In doing this I acted on the principle followed out in the evaporation of the waters to obtain "Vichy salts." All the waters from all the wells, tanks, and pumps indifferently are boiled down together to furnish the salts, with the exception of the spring "Les Celestins," which is not used, as there is not enough of it to be spared for the purpose. Thus the consumer of the exported Vichy salts and lozenges has the advantage, as I had, of swallowing all the waters together, and allowing his stomach to select at discretion.

To 'Montagne Vert'* next, to look through a
longuevue,
And to pay for the peep, like great fools, twenty
sous.

We're long enough here, so we hope to go straight
To 'Cher Paris' to-morrow—we leave this at eight.
I must stop writing now, though I've much more to
say.

For the garçon is knocking, and calling out 'Thé.'"

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—We reached Paris at
five o'clock, P.M., having left it on the 22nd
August, and thus made our tour to Athens
by the Mediterranean, and back to Paris by

* "Montagne Vert" is the great excursion of
Vichy, a drive of four miles, through cheese and
dairy farms to a gate, where each visitor pays ten
sous for liberty to walk up through a stumpy vine-
yard and potato field, to a small ugly turret, two
storeys high, on top of which there is, on a rusty iron
stand, an old ship telescope, which "La Portière"
focusses, and then desires you to look, and when you
say that you can see the face of the clock on Cusset
Church, three miles off, she screams with delight—at
your folly in paying the ten sous.

the Adriatic, in thirty-eight days. We shall long remember our tour to Athens with delight, and with gratitude to our many kind friends, who, almost at every step of our way, spared no trouble to afford us instruction and pleasure, and we cordially wish,

“To each and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.”

THE END.

