

# FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WANDERING STUDENT

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During 1915 and 1916, Professor Scott was holder of a travelling scholarship from Princeton University, and spent much time in Greece, where he worked in connection with the American School at Athens. In the intervals of antiquarian research, he kept a diary, some selections from which are here published on account not only of the perennial interest of the places described, but of the specially tense conditions under which the writer viewed Greek life in those years.

THE EDITOR.

*Athens, October 24th, 1915.*

THIS afternoon I went out to the Zappeion Park and sat down on a bench to watch the crowds go by. Here is truly one of the most beautiful spots in Athens. The sun was warm. On one side was the gleaming white stadium. On the other was the Acropolis, the sea, and the giant columns of the temple of Zeus. I ask nothing better than to sit there and watch all that bustle and life. Every sort of bright, beautiful or grotesque costume was to be seen. There was song, too. These people break into song and dance on the least provocation. Above all brightness, however, is the dark shadow of the war. One sees the shadow in an anxious look here and there. One sees it in the many refugees from Asia Minor, and from Constantinople, who sit on the streets in groups and beg; who, in fact, live, move and have their being in the streets, there being no other place for them. The one topic of conversation is the war.

There is much discussion in the papers here over the best course for Greece at the present time. Should Greece go in with the Allies, or should she remain in armed neutrality? The decision is one that means everything to her. Some papers have several editions a day, full of arguments *pro* and *con*. The citizens collect in groups on the street to discuss the situation.

I was complaining yesterday to the American Consul of the difficulty of getting reliable news. Things happen so rapidly, too. The other day Greece repudiated her treaty with Serbia. That will be a blow to the Allies. The Consul told me that the Anglo-French forces landed at Saloniki (the ancient Thessalonica), on October 3rd. Venizelos offered a formal protest only. The country felt it could offer only a passive resistance. Many papers

pointed out Belgium's fate, and foresaw a forceful occupation of the country by the Allies if Greece dared resist actively. Poor Venizelos was forced by the king to resign three days after. The Germans seem to be bringing pressure to bear upon the king. Some say his wife has much to do with it, for she is the sister of the German Kaiser. From what I have seen of her, I think she wears the trousers. The Greek people love the French, and would never take up arms against them. Venizelos is greatly disappointed, for he feels Greece should abide by her treaty with Serbia. In his farewell speech he made the statement that great nations may regard treaties as scraps of paper, but that for smaller countries such a course would be suicidal. When Zaimis accepted the premiership, he announced that Greece would observe an armed neutrality. This worries the Allies at Saloniki.

*November 4th.* The Zaimis Cabinet resigned to-day. We wonder whether there is a chance for Venizelos to get back. It is well known that the Germans offered Greece a part of Southern Albania as a price for her armed neutrality. England offered to cede Cyprus at once, if Greece would help them out.

*Patras, November 6th, 1915.* Our boat for Itea, across the Gulf of Corinth, is to leave at 10 p. m. this evening. If it is on time it will be a miracle, for Greek boats are always late. Patras is a modern city, that is, in the Levantine sense. It is fairly large, for it has a population of 38,000. We find nothing of interest here except a church, which is the burial place of St. Andrew who is the city's patron saint.

*Delphi, November 7th.* Our steamer was late, as usual. It came into the harbour at 3 o'clock in the morning. We put in our time at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and wrote and read until the vessel's arrival. We hired the usual small boat and were rowed out to the steamer. In all Greece I have never seen a steamer come up to a quay. On boarding, we went down to our cabins, but found them so close that we decided to spend the rest of the night on the top-deck. W——lay down on a bench to snatch a little sleep, while I sat up to watch the sea and stars. It was a perfect Mediterranean night. The stars seemed suspended but a short distance above us. There was a glorious "rosy-fingered" dawn that made of the Corinthian Gulf a sea of opal. Toward morning it grew cool, and I sat upon the engine-room ventilator to keep warm. At Itea we were taken off again in a small boat. Upon landing, we found that there were two landaus waiting to convey us to the hotel at Delphi! We had telegraphed for one, but not for two. The livery-man thought that two Americans

surely needed two carriages, and said we had ordered two. He attempted to force us to pay for both, a crowd collected, and an officer of the peace interfered. This is where our knowledge of Greek was put to good use. It was not classical Greek, either. We finally took one carriage, and after a long drive of seven and a half miles we arrived at Delphi. We asked the innkeeper to produce his telegram. At first he said it was lost, but when we threatened to go to the Hotel des Etrangers across the way, he succeeded in finding the lost message. Thus we proved the liveryman a lawyer, and paid him for the one carriage. Our carriage was drawn by three horses, and we flattered ourselves that we made an impression upon the natives when we came in at full gallop. The landau evidently had a history, for it bore the crest of an English family.

The road from Itea to Delphi is magnificent. We were told that the French built it. As we left Itea we saw before us a mighty mass of mountains culminating in Mount Parnassus at an altitude of 8,100 feet. The view grows more and more sublime as one winds up the mountain. Below, in the plain, is a great forest of olive trees swaying in the breeze. From time to time one catches a glimpse of the indigo waters of the gulf. To the south, in distant Achaia, we made out the shining peaks of Erymanthus.

After lunch we took a nap of an hour, and then went out to gaze about us. Delphi is a beautiful solitary spot among the mountains. Well was it chosen by the Greeks as a holy place. There is something awe-inspiring in the great cliffs and wide sweep of the valley. We are the only guests at the hotel. Since the war began there have been no tourists.

*November 8th.* We spent to-day wandering among the ruins of the old temples and treasury-houses. I sat down on a block of the ancient temple of Apollo, and looked out over Delphi in all its desolate grandeur. The ruins are out of sight of the modern town. There was not a living thing to be seen, save an eagle wheeling aloft. I tried in imagination to restore to these dry bones their ancient life and glory. At my back, high up, was the stadium where the foot races of the Pythian games were run. Below, the great amphitheatre. Below that, the great temple and many smaller ones clustered around it. Still lower, the priests' houses and gymnasia. To the left was the Castalian fountain, flowing from the half-closed jaws of two enormous mountain peaks, the Phaedriades, rising a sheer 1,000 feet above Delphi. In the noon-day heat I could fancy I saw a sacrificial procession advancing to the temple,—the priests in white and followed by a thousand rams

with snowy fleeces and gilded horns. All about were thousands upon thousands of statues in bronze and marble, with many a tripod among them. There must have been a forest of statues here. The Romans plundered Delphi again and again. Nero alone carried off 500 statues to Rome. Pliny, who saw Delphi in the latter part of the first century of our era, after it had been exposed to plundering raids for several centuries, said at least that he could count 73,000 statues still standing!

Delphi was of paramount importance for some centuries to the whole Greek world. It was of religious importance, for it helped to crystallize and give expression to the Greek conscience. It was of commercial importance, because it directed through its priests the emigrations of the Greeks and the colonizing of far away lands. It was the world's first emigration office. There, too, we find Europe's first banking centre, for persons or cities could deposit money in the treasuries under the care of the priests, and they could also borrow funds on interest. There must have been great wealth stored up in this place. We have some idea of it when we read in history that the Phocians, in the Sacred War (355-45 B. C.) seized some 10,000 silver talents,—in American currency, about \$14,000,000.00 for war expenses. It was of political importance, for the five priests acted as a tribunal for arbitration among the various States, being thus the germ of our modern arbitration commissions. It was of artistic importance, for it awarded prizes for poetry, thus, in a way, anticipating the Nobel prize for literature.

We have decided to leave tomorrow. We shall have to rise at 3 a. m., and try to catch the post wagon to Itea, where we shall embark for Athens.

*November 9th.* We rose at 3 a. m. The innkeeper did not appear. I had scarcely finished dressing when I heard the post-wagon pass. W——hurriedly buckled on his knapsack and ran out to see if he could get the man to wait for us. I followed in a few minutes; but since W——had taken our one candle, I was left to find my way out of the hotel in the dark as best I could. When I arrived at the post-office, they had already gone without me. It was an appallingly dark night, and raining hard. I stumbled about among the stones and in the mud of the narrow, sloping streets. Finally I found what I took to be the road back to the hotel, judging rather by the feeling of the ground to my feet than by sight. After going over it for some distance, I found it to be the wrong road. The wild dogs became suspicious, and came down on me. I filled my pockets with stones and kept them off

until dawn. Then I found my way to a café and had a good drink of brandy. The Greeks in the country rise very early, and the village cafés are soon open. When I got back to the hotel I was informed by my good host that he could not afford to keep one guest, except at double prices. Since I am not rich, I came here to the Hotel des Etrangers, where I write this. Mine host here was only too glad to receive me. I shall rise tomorrow at 3 a. m. again, and ride on horseback to Itea, a ride of two and a half hours. The view from the balcony of my room here is marvellous. The red roofs of Itea are clearly visible, and beyond is the sea. This is a famous old inn. The host has name-books dating back to the early 19th century. I found many interesting signatures. One was that of Bayard Taylor, who was here on April 18th, 1858, with Mr. M. Braisted. The following remarks are under the name:—"I slept here one night, and had an agreeable reminiscence of a winter in Lapland. The people are worthy of admiration. Guide, Francois Vitalis." Another interesting name is Carlos VII, King of Spain, who was here on December 29th, 1876.

Times are very bad now in Greece. The host's wife and children are in rags. He begged the shoes from my feet for his children. I sleep in the only bed in the house that has not been sold. If an American wishes to see how far a little will go and how wasteful we are, let him come to Greece.

*Athens, Wednesday, Nov. 10th.* I went to sleep with difficulty, for it was bitter cold, owing, I suppose, to the elevation. At 3.15 in the morning I awoke with a start. There was a wild storm outside, but I decided to go anyhow; for if I waited for the weather to clear among these mountains, I might wait for some days. The innkeeper never awoke. I pounded on his door, but without result. Finally I pushed open the door, and found him and his wife and four children asleep on the floor, huddled together and rolled in blankets and rugs. He thought I ought not to go, because of the storm, but my mind was made up. He hurriedly prepared me a breakfast and lunch to take with me, and went out to get the mule. He had made arrangements the evening before with a man who was to come at 3 o'clock, but who never put in an appearance. Soon he came back saying that the muleteer refused to go, on account of the storm. I told him to find another, so he sent his wife out to hunt up another muleteer. She came back with a boy and his mule. So I set off, mounted on the mule and protected from the rain by a shepherd's cloak and hood which the innkeeper's daughter lent me. These cloaks are made of a strong camel's hair cloth, and cover the person from head to foot. The

boy carried a small lantern in one hand, and guided the mule with the other. We did not take the new road, but followed a shepherd's path down the mountain side, since it was a quicker way. Part of the time the path was the bed of a mountain stream, stony and slippery. When about a mile from Itea, I heard the boat whistle, so I jumped down from the mule and ran along beside him. We reached the harbour in time for me to be rowed out to the steamer which was just under way. The boy asked three francs for his services, and I gave him six. The voyage to Piraeus and Athens was uneventful. It is going to take a couple of days to get over that mule ride; the beast had a back of cast iron.

*November 18th.* I met Venizelos at the American Legation the other day. He is a very tired looking man, with a pale complexion and a soft voice. He speaks English well. Smiled when I tried to say something to him in Greek. He loves cards. They tell me he and Mr. Droppers, the American Minister, play together a great deal. If it is poker he plays, he had better think twice before sitting down with an American. That's our game. Venizelos predicted that the British would win the war. He said that since Germany was not able to win the war at the very beginning when her enemies were comparatively unprepared, we can't suppose she will win now when England has had time to gather her forces together. Nobody appears to agree with him just now. There are rumours that Kitchener will be here in a few days.

*November 20th.* Kitchener of Khartoum arrived to-day. I went down to the Royal Palace this morning and took my stand near the gates, so that I might get a good look at him. He had a military bearing, but his face seemed lined and tired. He stayed in the Palace for some time. There were vast throngs of people about the Palace. It seemed to me that half the city was there. Whatever the Greek Government may think of Kitchener, the people respect him. I saw hundreds of people uncover when he appeared. To the Greeks, he is the world's greatest military figure. The Royal Guards were drawn up outside the Palace. They were quite picturesque in their white kilts and black shoes, with big red pompons at the toes. The papers say that things must be going badly for Great Britain in the Near East, or Kitchener would not be here. He is certainly Britain's greatest general. There are signs that things are not going well with the Allies. Yesterday the news arrived that Rumania is thinking of joining the Germans. Greece has augmented her army. France and England have been trying to get some assurance that they will not be attacked if they have to fall back into Greece from Serbia.

*March 13th, 1916.* W—and I left Athens this morning for Vari. We took the electric car to Old Phaleron, and walked thence to Vari. Phaleron was the most ancient of the ports of Athens. To-day, it is a bathing resort. There is a fine beach, and plenty of white sand. The road to Vari ran along the seashore, winding in and out with the little bays and projections of coast. There are some beautiful seascapes. The whole of the coast from Athens to Sunium is wild and deserted now, save for a few small villages. In ancient times it must have been thickly populated. When halfway, we stopped to eat lunch and to drink the best part of a bottle of Samian wine. Both lunch and wine were carried in knapsacks on our backs. Of all the many wines we have tried in Greece I like best the Samian and Aeginetan, both sweet, and the resinato, a sour wine, to which has been added a kind of resin. This latter is a good stomachic.

We reached Vari that afternoon. It is a wretched little village, without an inn of any kind. We hunted up a guide and visited the Cave of Pan. This cave is not large, but it contains some interesting ancient carvings. One was the relief of a man with a mallet in one hand. There was also the seated figure of a man, with an altar and several inscriptions. We were kindly received at Vari. We found a room for the night in the home of a priest, who belongs to the Monastery of the Angels in Athens. Before retiring for the night, W—and I went down to the seaside, where we finished the lunch we had brought with us and watched the sun go to its rest. When we returned to the house, we found that the priest had provided a meal for us and we were obliged to eat another supper for fear of offending him. Two others ate with us. We had garlic and greens, black olives, eggs, goat's milk cheese, halvás, black bread and wine. Our going off to the seashore had given him the idea that we were afraid, and at frequent intervals he would say, "me phobasthe," "me phobasthe," "don't be afraid," "don't be afraid." We were called "lordi," "lords," and addressed as "tou logou sas," "your honour." He had sent word out in the meantime that we were there, and asked for a loan of blankets and pillows. Soon we had quite a collection brought in from different houses of the village. These were spread on the floor, and we lay down to sleep.

*March 14th.* This morning the priest offered us bread, coffee and koniak, a kind of strong brandy. The Greeks eat even less for breakfast than the French, and will do a hard morning's work on a demi-tasse of Turkish coffee, a bite of black bread, and a swallow of brandy. An American gets weak on this diet. I

suppose a Scotsman is the only foreigner, besides a Frenchman, who can bear up under it. We set out on foot for Kamereza, which we reached in the afternoon. We spent the rest of the day visiting the mines, for all about this region are the famous ancient silver mines of Laurium. These mines were worked at a very early date. In fact, it seems the Phoenicians worked them. The ancient Greeks took an enormous amount of silver out of them. These mines were State-owned in the olden times, and in the time of Themistocles each citizen received ten drachmas a year from them. Themistocles persuaded the citizens to apply the income to supporting a navy, which they did. These mines were one of the main reasons for Athenian naval supremacy, and therefore an important factor in the development of the Athenian Empire. They were worked by slave labour. A good slave, if pretty well treated, could live three years in them. The smoke from lead mines is very poisonous; and since there was as much lead as silver there, the slaves must have suffered much.

The metal sought in ancient times was silver, and there seems to have been much of it. By the first century A. D., they were pretty well worked out. They are extensively mined to-day, but there is not much silver taken out. The modern companies (there are several Greek and French companies) work them for lead, manganese, copper, iron and zinc.

I had obtained a permit to visit the mines from the Athens office of a French company, so that we were well received when we presented ourselves. We were given miners' clothing and helmets, and a guide who gave us each a miner's lamp. We went down in a cage for about 300 feet, as far as I could make out, and then set off through a series of galleries cut in the rock. These ancient shafts and galleries extend for miles in every direction, and some have not been explored in modern times. We first examined the modern part. The ore is put into small cars, and pushed along tracks which lead to the elevator shaft. All actual mining is done by men, but women load and push the cars along the tracks. The director of the mines was a very pleasant Frenchman, who explained that the employment of women was partly due to the fact that Greece had mobilized many of her men. I expressed some doubt about women having sufficient strength for such work. He smiled, and pointing to an enormous chunk of ore asked me to lift it. I did my best, but could not move it, although I can lift as much as the average man. He called a big buxom peasant girl who was passing and asked her to lift it, which she did with apparently little effort.



The guide then took us down into the bowels of the earth to visit some of the ancient cuttings. Some of the cuttings were made nearly twenty-five centuries ago. After walking for some time we came to long, narrow galleries where only one could pass comfortably at a time. At intervals in this gallery were niches which were used to hold the lamps of the ancient miners. The director later gave me a lamp which he had found in the mine. I looked at it curiously. It was made of terra-cotta and broken. If this poor little lamp could talk, what would it tell us of a slave condemned to the mines for life, toiling day by day in the heavy air of the tunnels, and lashed if he failed to bring enough ore? At the end of a tunnel we were shown part of a skeleton which had been uncovered not long before. Some poor creature of long ago had been buried by falling earth and rock.

Several of the present day companies do not mine under the earth at all, but just work over the scoria left by the ancient miners. There are hills all about, with trees on them, and one is surprised to learn that they are heaps of scoria put there long ago. There is enough scoria lying about to supply modern smelters for many years.

We walked on, this same evening, to the town of Laurium, or Ergastiri, as it is sometimes called. This town has furnaces for smelting ore, and is on the sea. It has a population of about 11,000 souls. We found an inn and went to bed weary and foot-sore, for we had travelled far on foot.

*March 15th.* We rose at 6 a. m. The sky looked rainy, but we set out on foot to visit the temple at Sunium, which is eight miles from Ergastiri. The site of the temple is one of remarkable beauty. It is even awe-inspiring. It is built at the edge of a bold promontory, hundreds of feet above the sea. All about us was the most utter solitude and the most profound silence. There is a most glorious view over the sea. To the north-east we saw the mountains of Euboea. Before us lay island after island, fading away into the distant blue waters of the Aegean Sea. On the other side we could make out the citadel of ancient Corinth through our glasses. There was not a living thing to be seen, save a few seagulls.

The temple was built to Poseidon, god of the sea, in the time of Pericles. It is of white marble. Nine columns are still standing on one side, and two or three on the other. This white temple gleaming in the sun must be visible far at sea. The promontory was fortified in ancient times, but we could not find any ruins of fortifications. History says that about the year 400 B. C.

a gang of slaves escaped from the mines at Laurium and seized the forts. Poor fellows! It was one desperate dash for liberty. They were soon overpowered.

Lord Byron loved this wild spot. I recalled some of his rather rhetorical verse:

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,  
Where nothing save the waves and I  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep.  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die!

We walked back to Ergastiri. There is no road, but just a faint path leading over pine-covered hills and along solitary cliffs by the side of the sea.