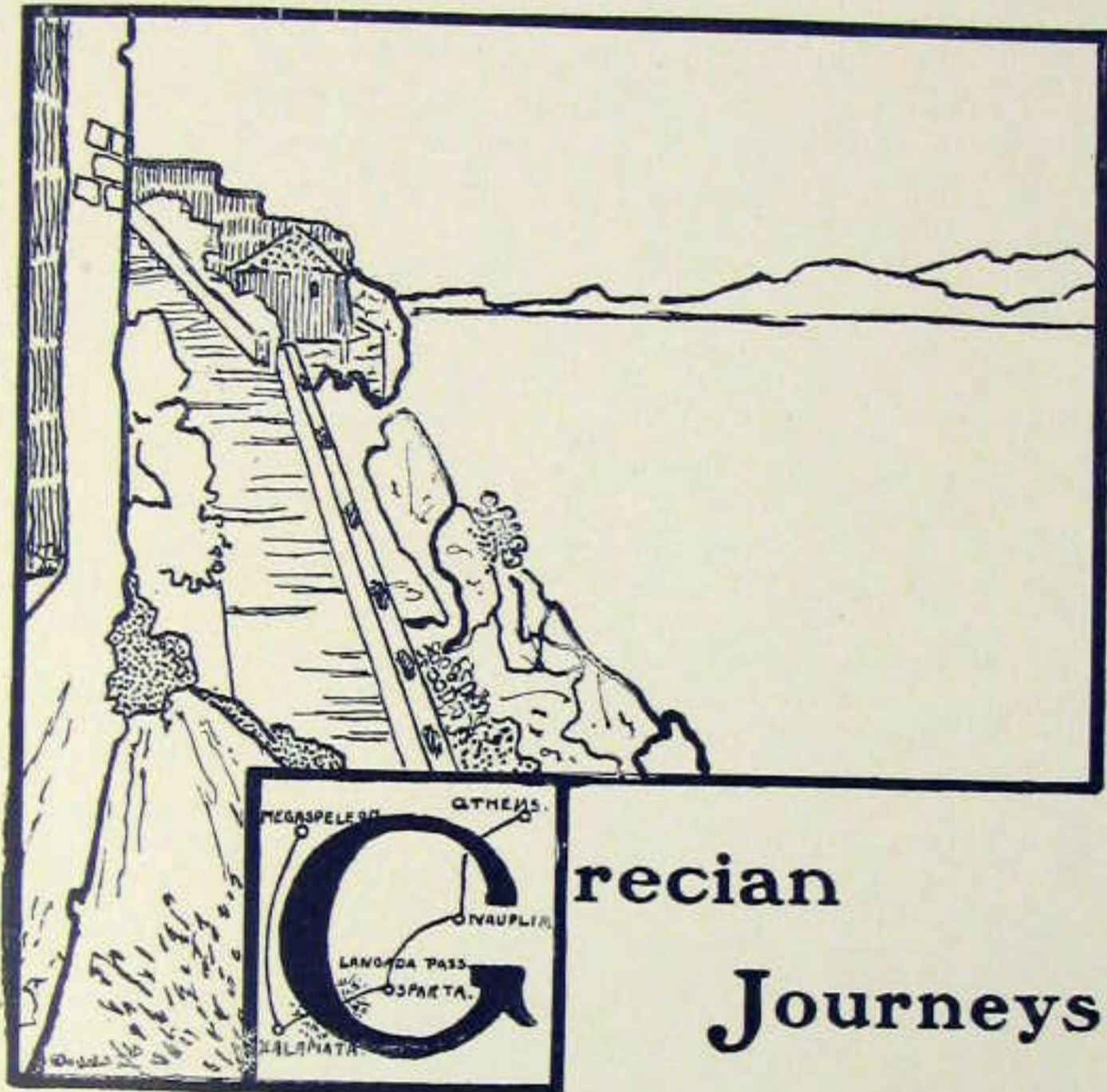


AN ARCADIAN SHEPHERD

GRECIAN JOURNEYS

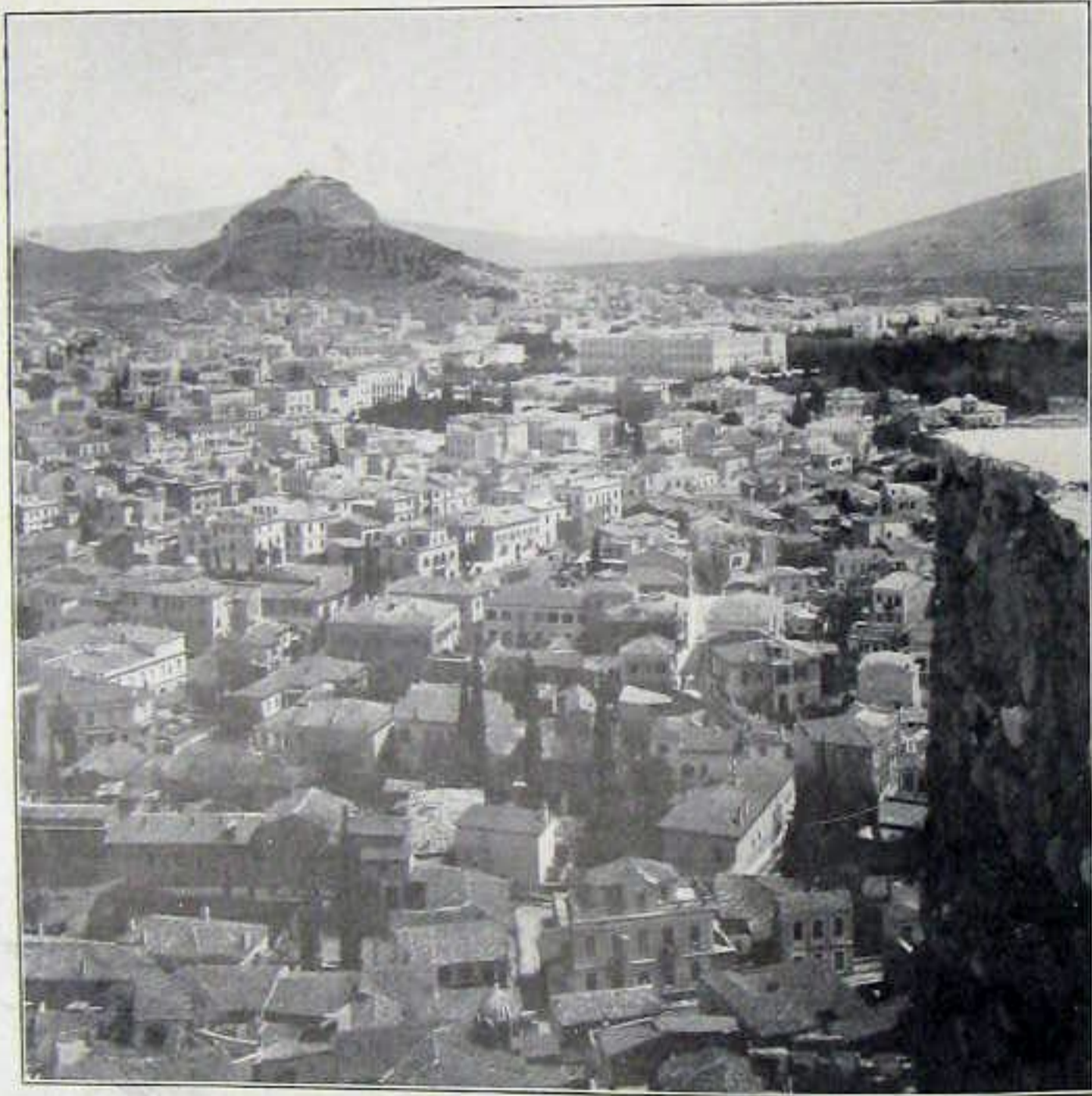


GREECE has long been considered as a field for classical research, as a subject for the historian and scholar, or as a mine of antique treasures to be opened only by the picks of learned archæologists.

But Greece is more than this. It is a delightful field for travel of the rambling sort, a fascinating subject for the mere chronicler of picturesque experiences, and a mine of interesting surprises which may be worked with profit and with pleasure by any one possessed of an eye for beauty and a love of travel ; the capital required for the opening of this mine being not learning but appreciation.

We have been taught to think of Greece as a land of dusty ruins, a land whose past completely overshadows its present, a land to be viewed only by the scholar steeped in classic lore, and from the heights of erudition.

To the modern traveler, however, Greece will reveal itself as it appears to those who lay aside the telescope of his-



ATHENS IN 1896

tory and scholarship, focused so accurately upon antiquity, and look instead through the broad window of travel.

While it is only too true that the "Glory that was Greece" has passed away, the Beauty that *is* Greece remains.

The usual starting-point for a tour of Greece naturally is Athens. Let us find ourselves upon that classic height



THE PIRÆUS

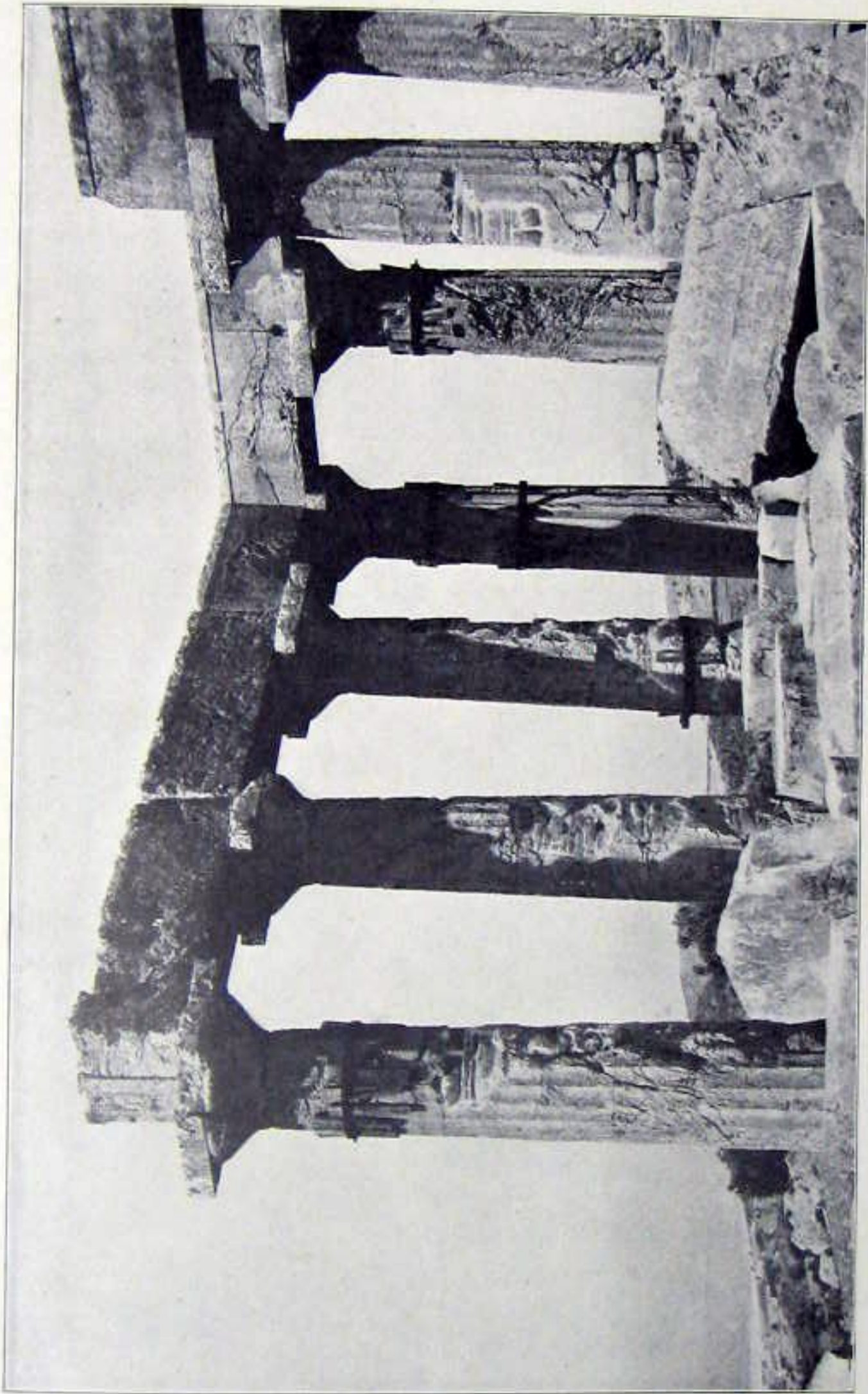
the Acropolis, whence twenty-five centuries — and more — look down upon a city once the very heart of the ancient world, and even to-day one so fair and beautiful that we can scarcely credit her great age. Athens seems to draw from the arid yellow soil of Attica the sap of everlasting youth, which preserves upon her cheek, so often rudely buffeted by the barbarians of many lands and many epochs, the bloom of eternal freshness, and enables her to smile away the wrinkles of time, and to laugh back at the glaring sun, saying, “Thou thyself, O Apollo, shalt grow old and dim, yea, thou and thy glowing chariot the sun, ere I shall fade!”

Athens, however, is not to be our theme; we are to choose a field wider even than Attica; but first let us go to the port of Athens, to the thriving, modern-looking town familiar to the tourist as the Piræus. It has been called by a

French author "deplorably American;" but as it prides itself upon its commerce, this is perhaps a compliment. To-day, as in ancient times, the harbor is alive with ships, and the dust upon the four-mile road leading hence to Athens has, owing to the constant traffic, scarce a chance to settle. At the Piræus we engage a little boat and tell the skipper that we wish to sail across the gulf to the island of Ægina. The Greek looks blandly at us and repeats, "Ægina," and then shakes his head. A friend who knows a little modern Greek comes to our rescue, and with a smile the boatman answers, "Oh, *Egg-ee-na*" and we begin to realize that a certain command of college Greek does not in all respects prepare a man to visit Greece. The modern Greeks speak of Thermopylæ as "Termopeelee," and as we go onward, we find that in a thousand other cases they disregard the arbitrary pronunciation of the scholastic world.

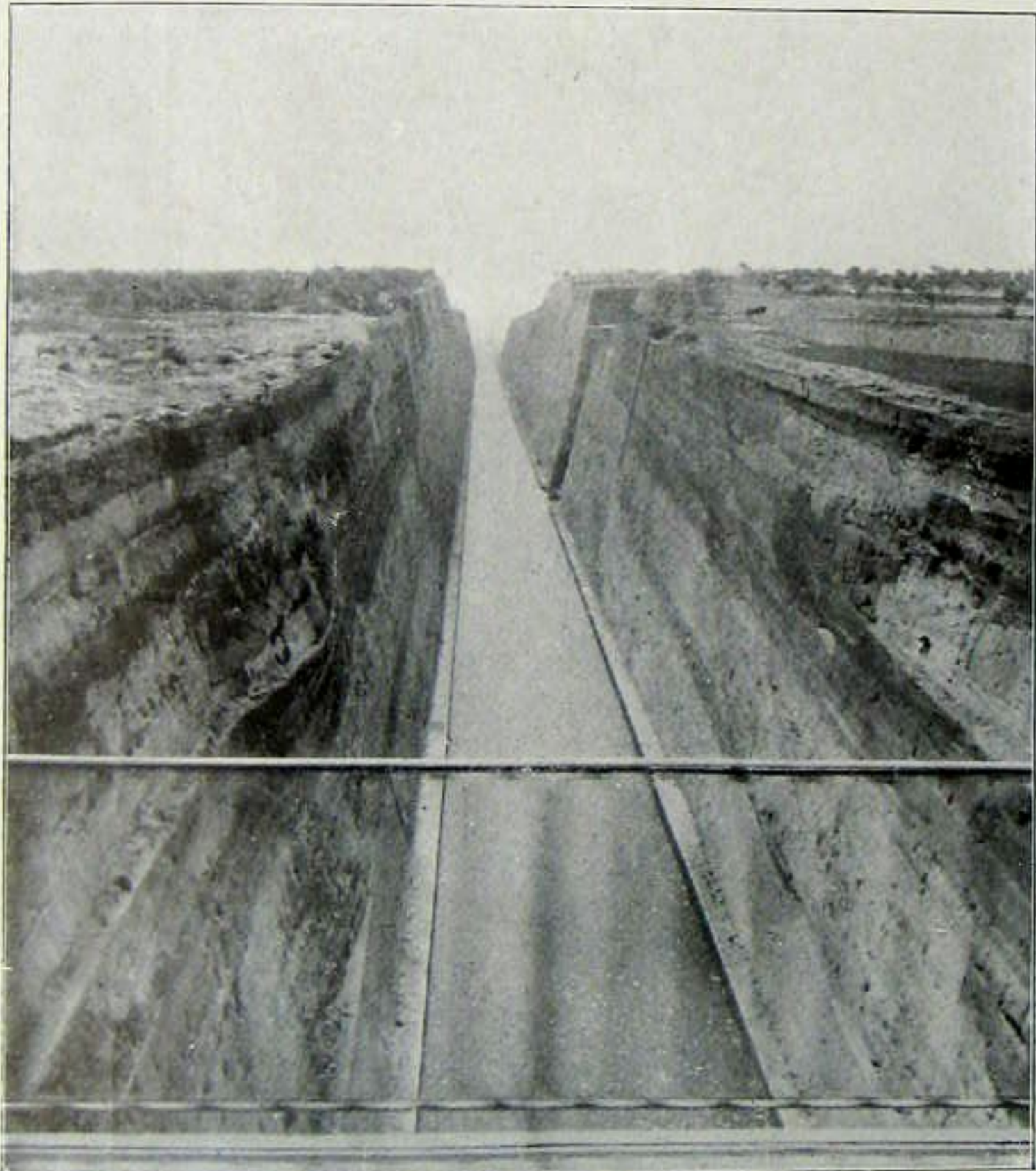


ÆGINA



AN ISLAND SHRINE

Ægina was the home of the richest and most enterprising merchants of the old Greek world ; merchants, whose fleets traded in far seas. It cost Athens many years of warfare to subjugate this hostile state, a mere island but a score of miles away and within sight of the Athenian Acropolis. Strange, is it not, to find the Greek world geographically so small ? But these small states were mighty, in another sense ; for when presently we pass the isle of Salamis, we remember that the fleets of little Ægina bore themselves bravest of all in that great naval battle of antiquity. These



CANAL OF CORINTH



CORINTHIANS

waters, over which graceful little ships are to-day gliding peacefully, are red now in the sunset glow as on that awful day when they were dyed in Persian blood. You have all read the story of that fight, and know how, after the Greek defeat at Thermopylæ, the Persians entered Athens, while the Athenians took refuge in their ships here in the straits of Salamis. We have read how the great Persian fleet bore down upon them; how Xerxes, the haughty leader of the Asiatic hordes, sat throned upon a promontory to survey at ease the annihilation of the blockaded Greeks; and then how, urged on by Themistocles, the Athenians and their allies resolved to conquer or to die, and how they did not die but conquered gloriously.

A tragic poet has left us a word-picture of the scene:—

At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock, but soon their multitude
Became their ruin ; in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dext'rous all around,
Till the ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn
And the rough rocks with dead ; till in the end
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
Then black-eyed night shot darkness o'er the fray.

Next day the Persian army on the land withdrew in hot retreat, and the victorious Greeks returned to rebuild their ruined Athens in new splendor.

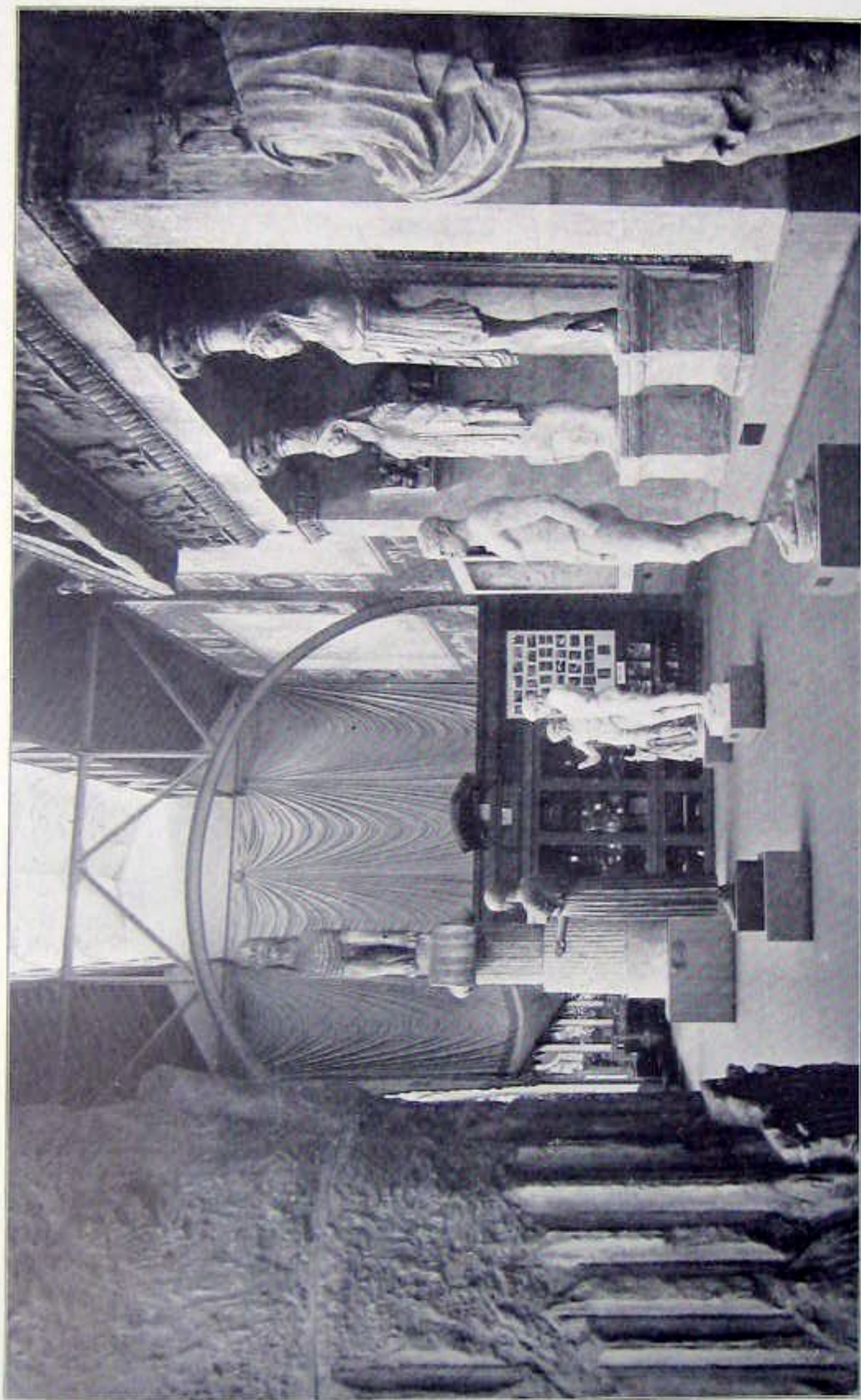


PROFESSOR RICHARDSON AT CORINTH

But, as has been said, Athens is not our theme; our journey is to be around the Peloponnesus, the great peninsula of Greece. The great *island*, rather let us say, for the Peloponnesus has become an island. The Corinthian canal now joins the waters of the Ægean Sea and those of the Corinthian Gulf, and severs the land of the Athenians and Thebans from that of the Messenians and Spartans. Work on the canal was commenced by the ancients, and the modern workmen began their digging where the slaves of Nero, centuries ago, laid down their tools.

As our train creeps slowly over a high bridge, almost two hundred feet above the waters, it may be noted that the canal is three and a half miles long, and at the water-level one hundred feet in width. A very



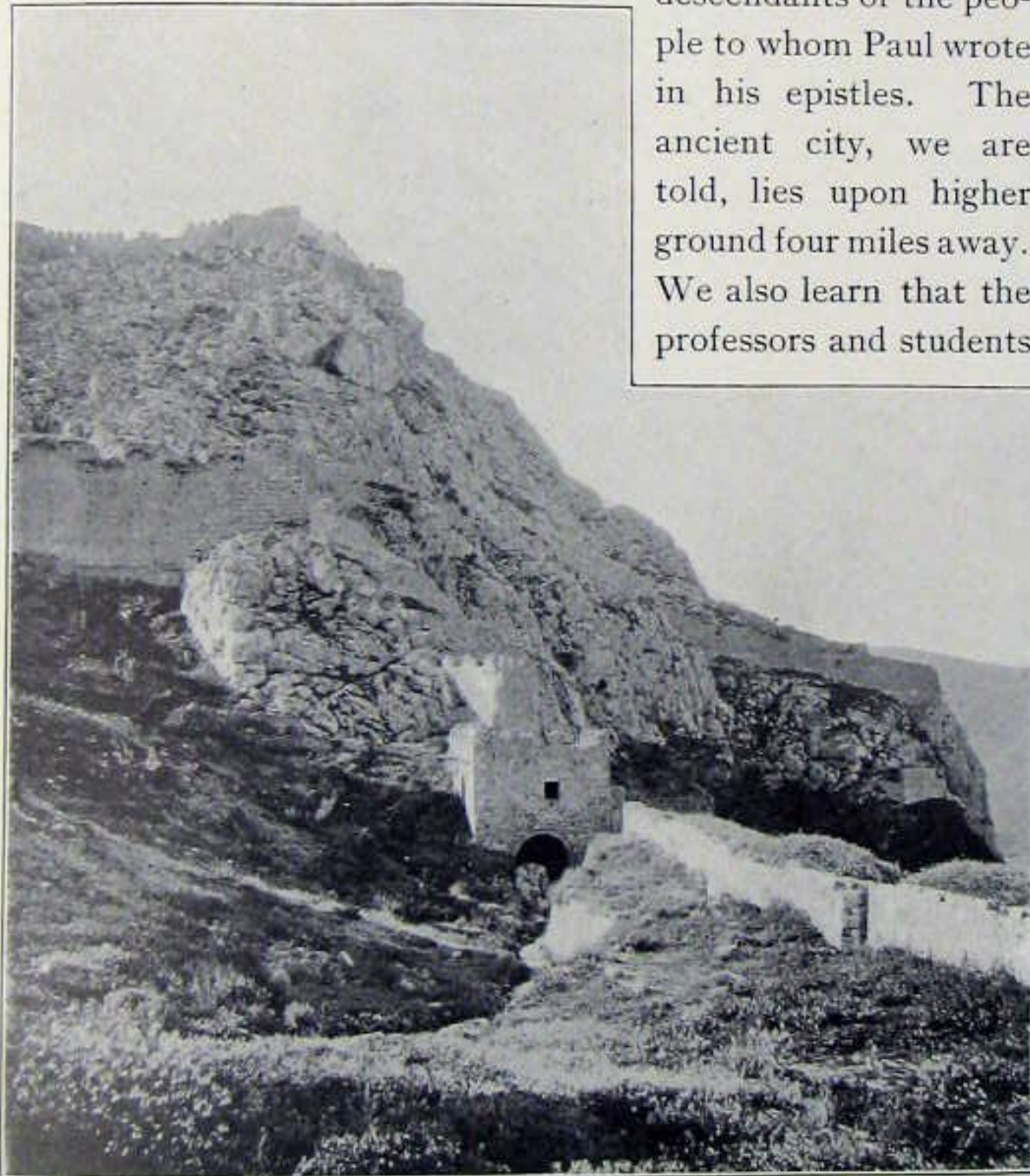


DELPHIC EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

grave defect is that its walls are almost perpendicular, as frequent cavings-in attest. One day we walked through the canal along a narrow footpath there below ; and I assure you that the promenade was not a pleasant one. Evidences of recent landslides were everywhere conspicuous, while yawning cracks gave promise of the impending fall of other sections of the unsubstantial walls.

A mile or two beyond we reach the modern Corinth, in aspect a large, straggling village in whose streets we behold

descendants of the people to whom Paul wrote in his epistles. The ancient city, we are told, lies upon higher ground four miles away. We also learn that the professors and students



ON THE ACRO-CORINTHOS

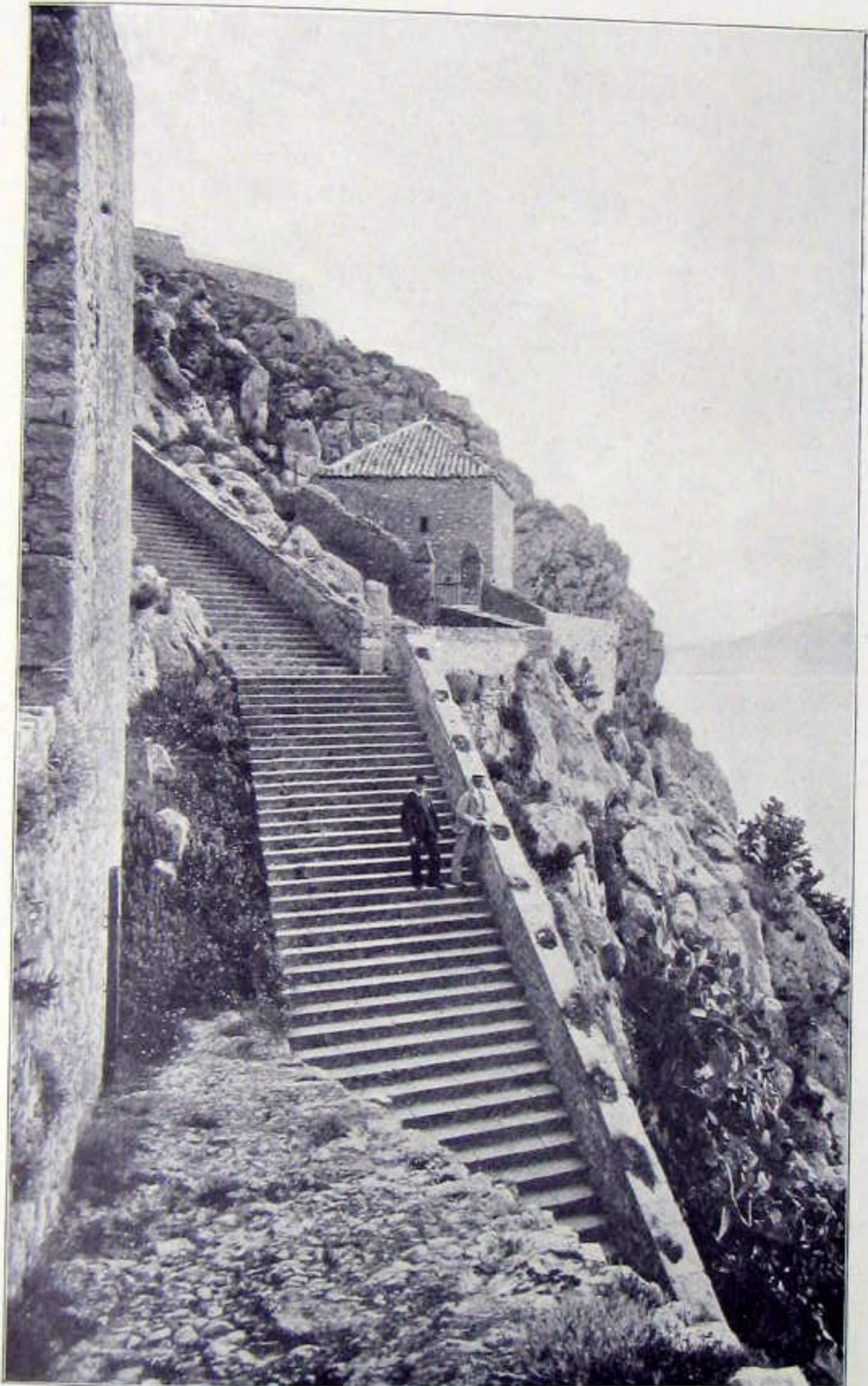
of the American Archæological school of Athens are now conducting excavations there, the first serious ones ever undertaken on the classic site.

Accordingly we make our way to the little village which stands upon the grave of the buried city. We are welcomed by Professor Richardson, the director of our school. Under his direction and that of the American students, a hundred or more laborers are working lustily as if preparing to defend the place against a siege. We see here only a small part of the



THE FISHERS HAUL THEIR NETS

scene of operations. Almost every street in the village has been turned wrong-side-up. Our learned men in Greece are there looked upon with as much horror as are the directors of a gas-company at home, being possessed with the same mad desire to dig up everything! But here the citizens are paid for all annoyance caused them; employment is given to five-score of villagers, and, moreover, the school is unfortunately under contract to fill up the trenches when they have satisfied themselves as to the general topography of ancient Corinth. As he leads us toward other diggings, the Professor tells us that with only a few meager thousands of dollars they



STEPS OF THE PALAMIDI

can hope to do little more than locate the public buildings. This knowledge, however, will enable them to work to good advantage, when, thanks to the rich man's generosity, they shall find themselves prepared to buy out the inhabitants and uncover the entire site. The French have just spent two million francs at Delphi, and their wonderful discoveries there have made the abode of the Oracle a glorious monument to the intelligence and lavishness of France. Why shall we not likewise resurrect a city here in Greece, and thus repay the debt of gratitude which we, with every civilized nation, owe to the learning and art of ancient Greece?

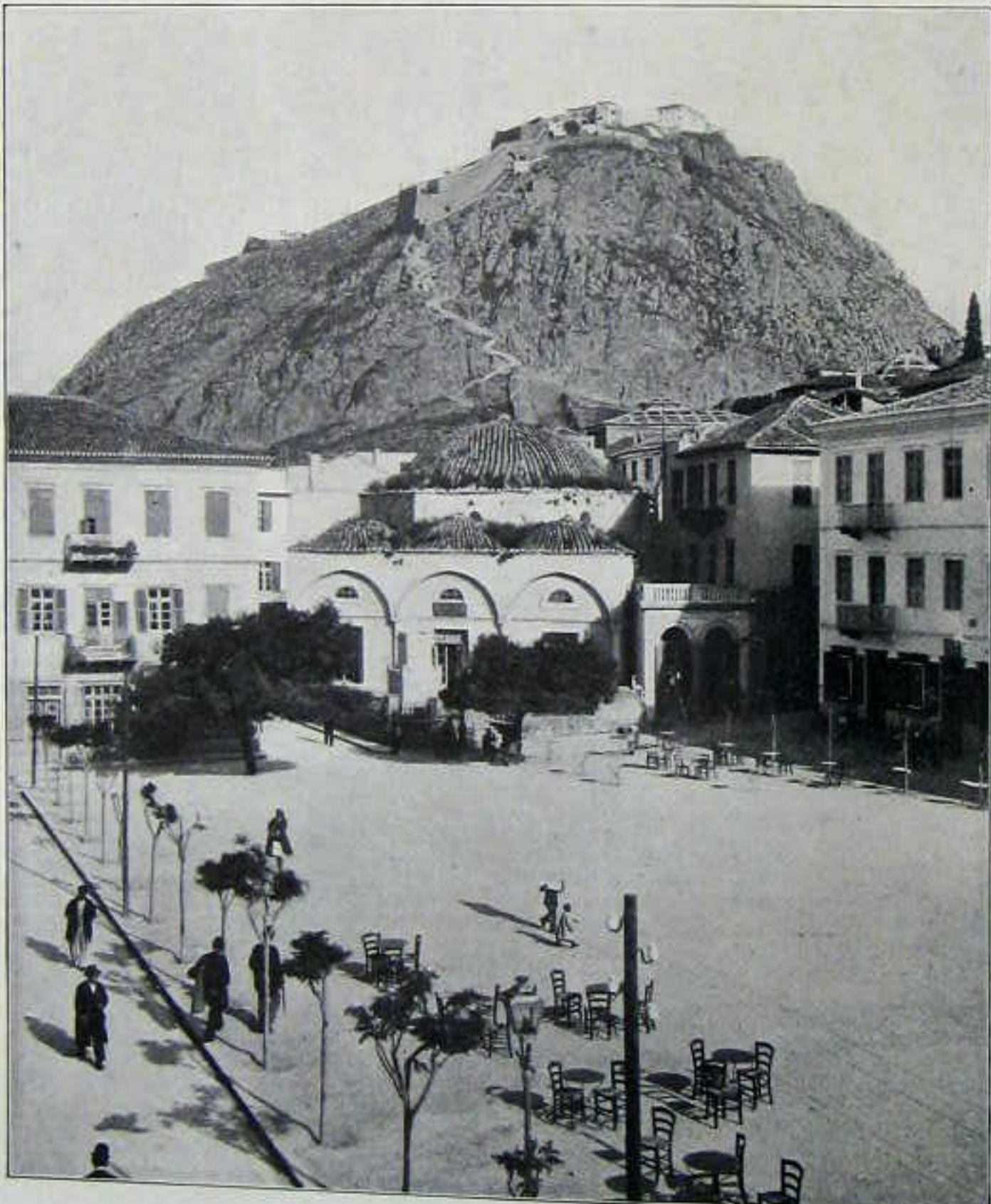
Until this work was begun, all that was visible of Corinth was a group of stone monoliths twenty-one feet in height and six feet in diameter. Short, fat, and very comfortable



NAUPLIA

in appearance, they typify the sleek and prosperous merchants of that city of shopkeepers in the midst of which they stood. Strange, is it not, that the only columns standing now in Corinth are not Corinthian but Doric?

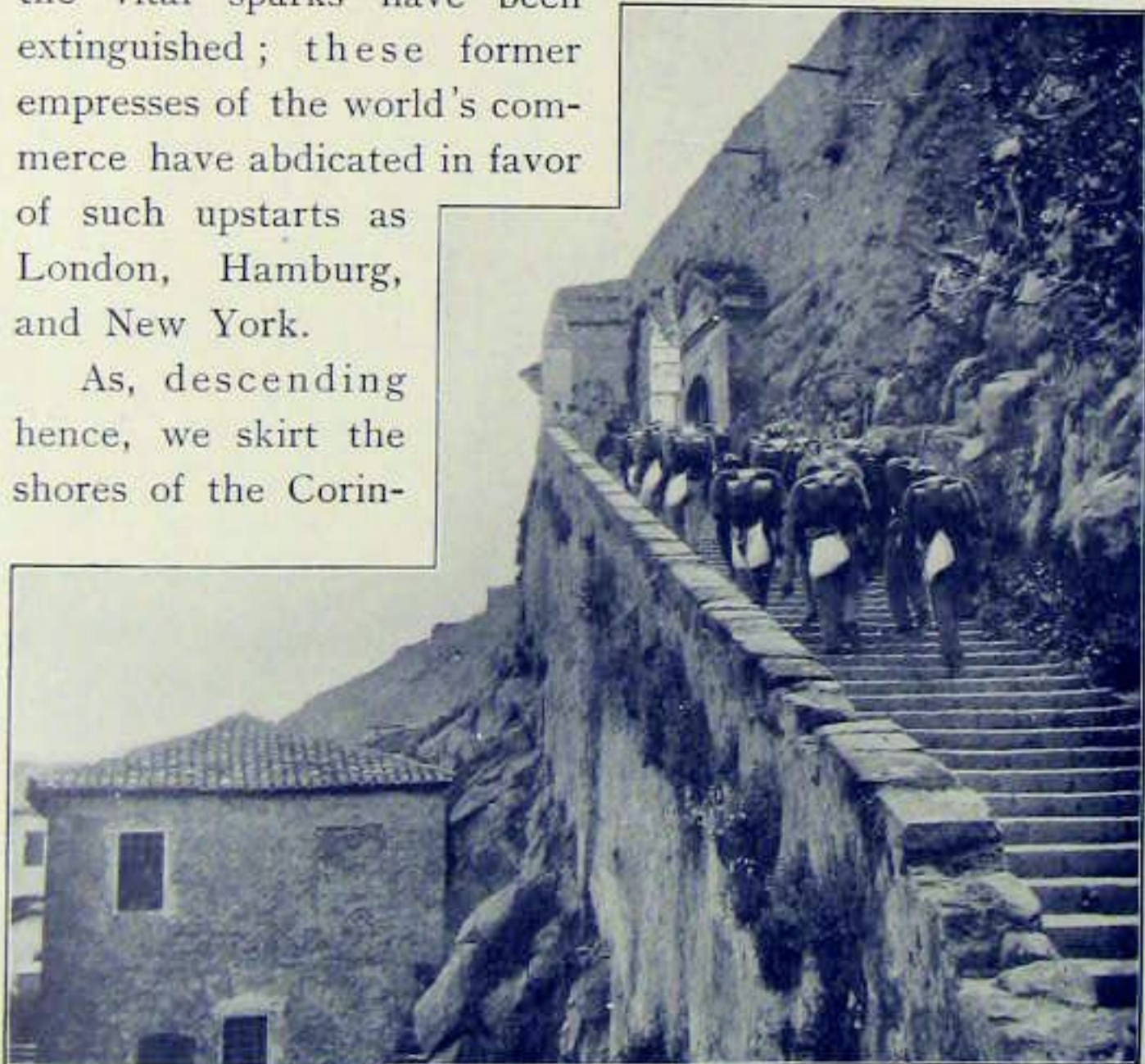
From the rocky summit of the Acro-Corinthus, Athens itself may on clear days be plainly seen. The ascent is long and difficult, and although fortune does not favor us by granting us unclouded distant views, we are repaid for all



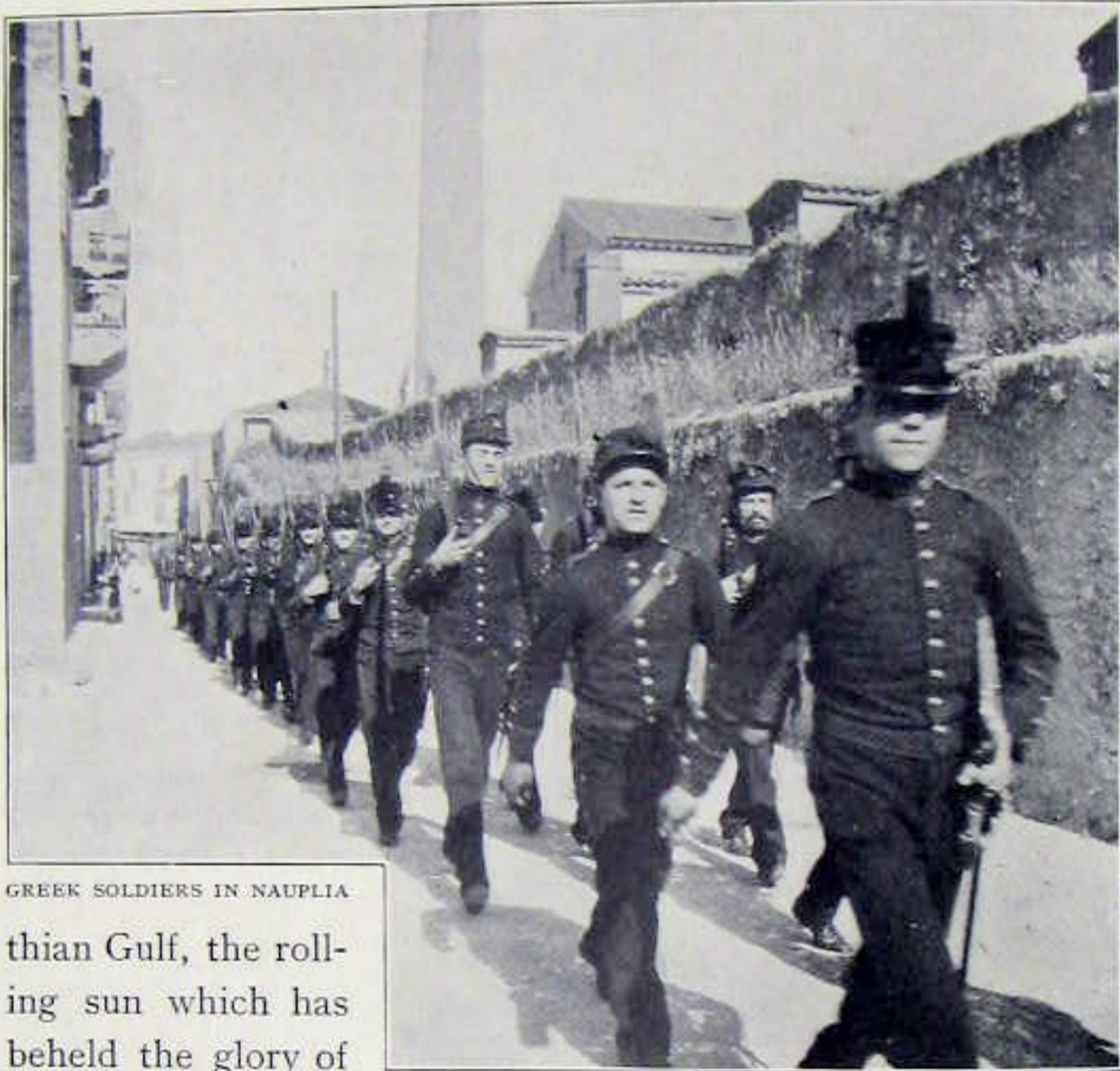
THE PALAMIDI

our labor by the sight of the ruin of a wonderful Venetian stronghold which caps the summit and extends its walls in great confusing zigzags down the slopes, on every side, as if they would embrace the whole of the stupendous rock as Venice strove to embrace within her jeweled arms the medieval world. Most impressive is it to look down from these battlemented walls, evidences of the power of Venice, upon the shattered temple which tells of the supremacy of Corinth, likewise a great commercial city, and to realize that the glory of both has passed away. True, the lovely, delicately tinted shell of Venice still floats upon the placid lagoon waters. True, a collection of hovels around a stately temple still bears the name of Corinth. But the souls have fled, the vital sparks have been extinguished; these former empresses of the world's commerce have abdicated in favor of such upstarts as London, Hamburg, and New York.

As, descending hence, we skirt the shores of the Corin-



"DEVELOPING MAGNIFICENT LUNGS"



GREEK SOLDIERS IN NAUPLIA

thian Gulf, the rolling sun which has beheld the glory of

the past and the abandonment of the sad present, sinks unconcernedly to rest; the fishers haul their nets and sing their songs; the waters lap the shore; while from the land there comes the plaintive wail of a shepherd's flute—a sound which on this shore and at this hour thrills us deeply. And my companion, an American Philhellene, repeats in subdued tones four lines which give with exquisite simplicity this picture of the land:—

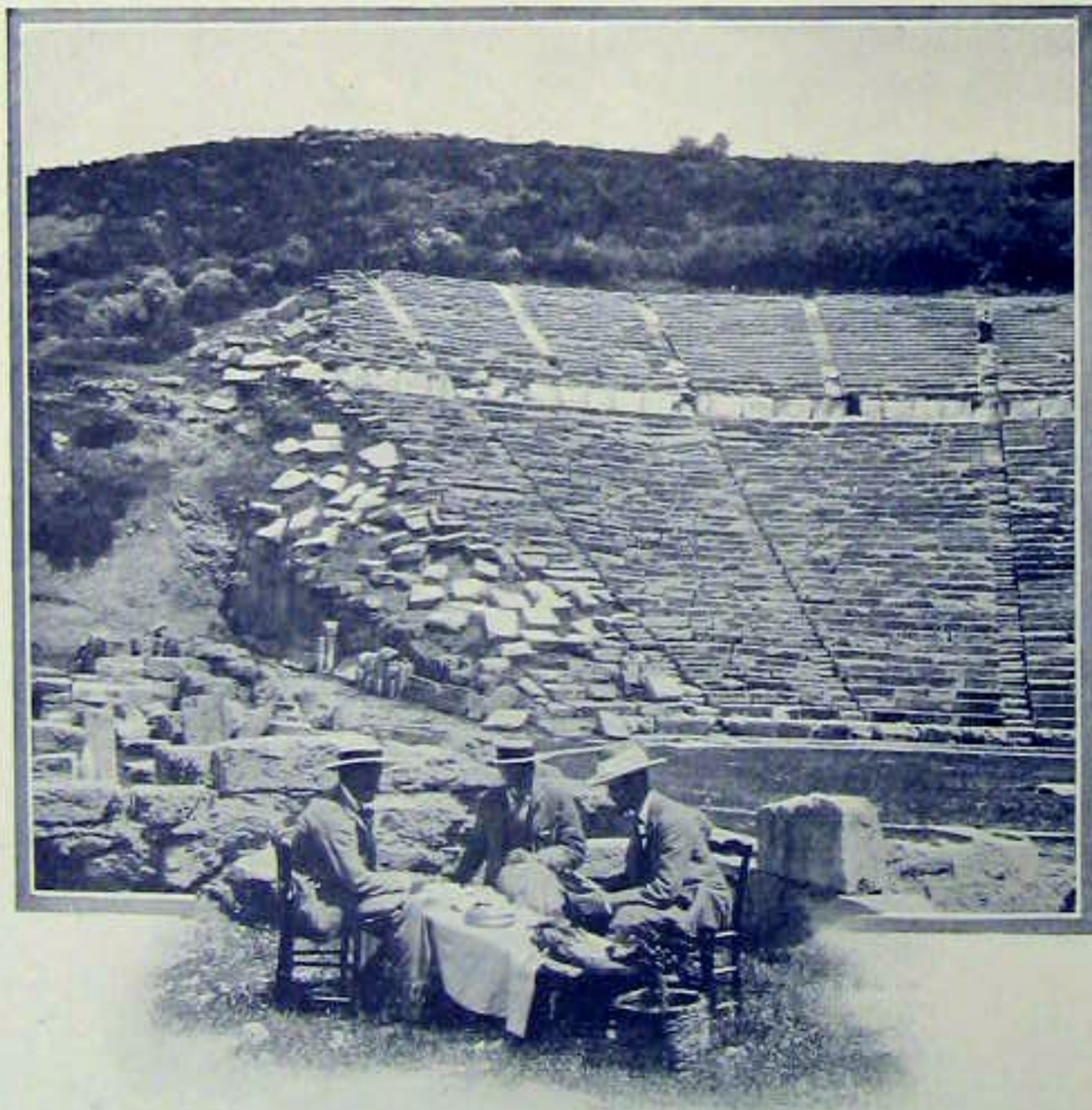
A shepherd's pipe,
A sense of peace,
A long sweet silence,—
That is Greece.

Next day we travel southward to the headwaters of another great fiord of Greece, the Gulf of Argolis. It is

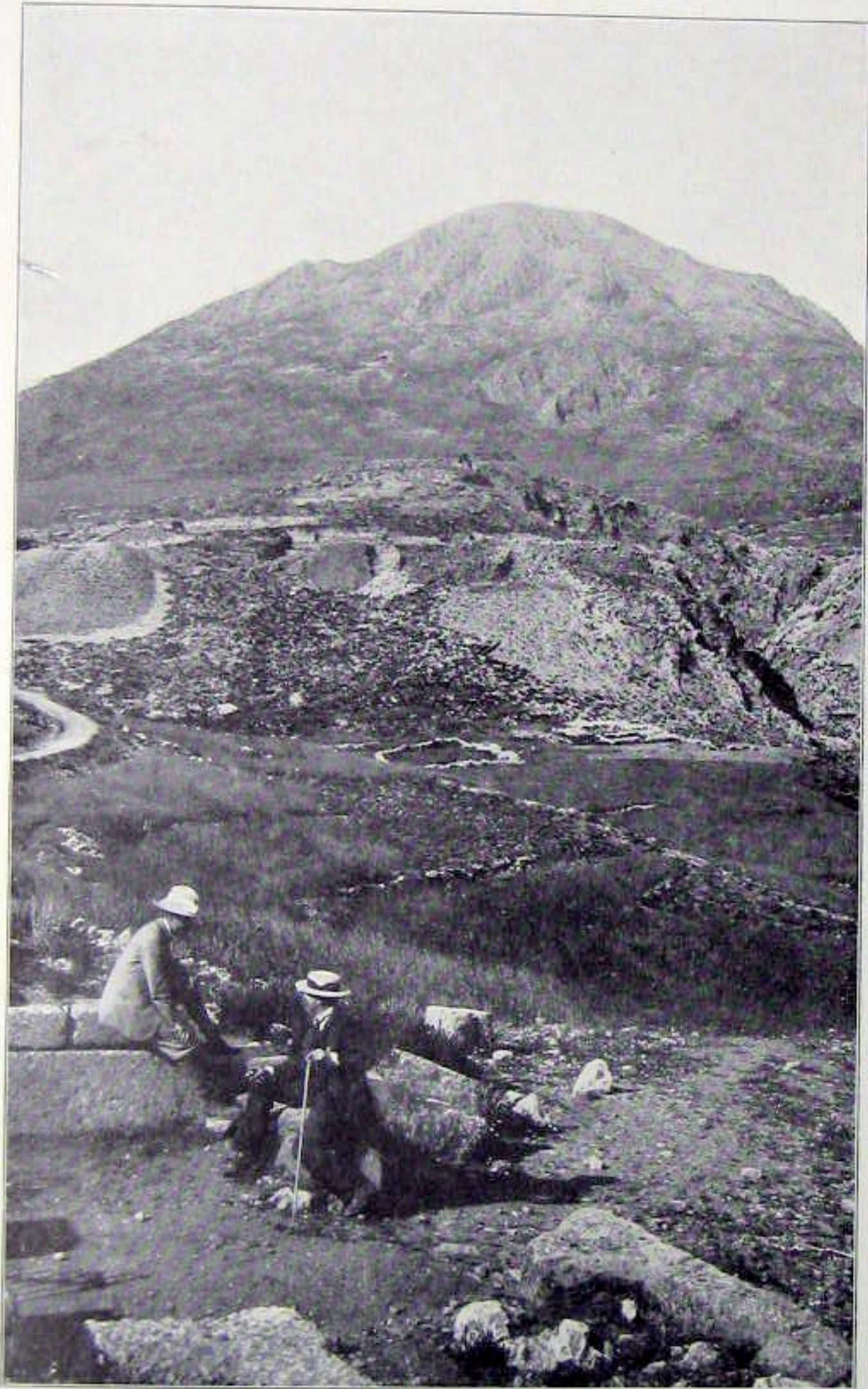
not possible to journey far in southern Greece without touching suddenly one of those many long graceful arms with which the blue sea holds the Peloponnesus in her fond embrace. Our journey brings us in turn to the shores of five splendid gulfs, each of which bears an immortal name and the stamp of an eternal beauty. The city there below us is known as Nauplia, and it was in ancient days the port of Argos and Mycenæ. Hence Agamemnon sailed to conquer Troy. In the distance loom the mountains of Arcadia, which we are soon to cross, while on yonder tiny island is the solitary abode of the sole public-executioner of Greece, who there seeks shelter from the scorn of his fellow-men.



The elevation from which we view the lovely site of Nauplia is known as the Palamidi, a fortress built by the Venetians and the Turks and reached by one of the most astonishing stairways in the world. Only a fraction of its interminable ascent can be included in the angle of the lens, so steep it is and so tortuous are its windings. From a favorable point about sixty steps may be counted ; the entire stairway is composed of eight hundred and fifty-seven, or fourteen times as many as are visible to us. Far above are the walls and towers of the fortress, now used as a prison ; but we found it difficult to pity the prisoners, for they had naught to do but to look upon one of the loveliest panoramas on all the Grecian coast. Rather more to be pitied are the soldiers of the garrison, for every day they are marched many times up and down these deadly stairs. A period of duty on the Palamidi of Nauplia must either develop mag-



THEATER AT EPIDaurus



MYCENÆ

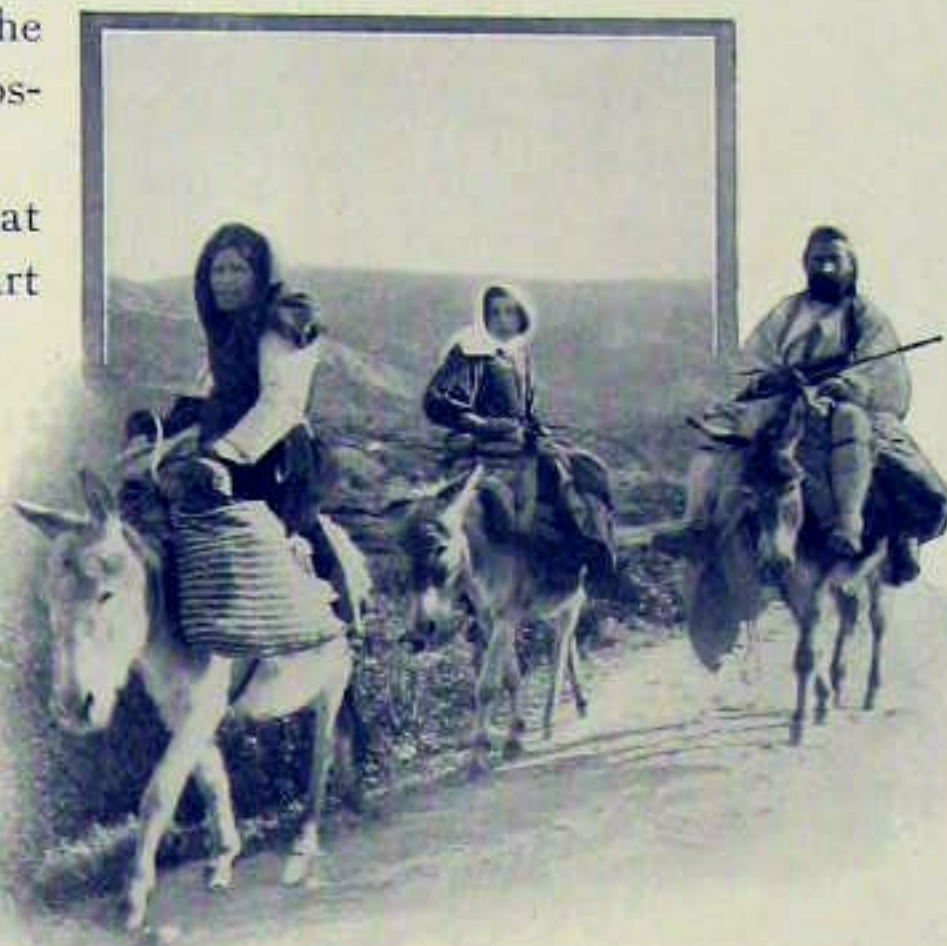
nificent lungs or send the soldiers gasping to the hospital.

Nor must we forget that Nauplia has played its part in modern history; it was the seat of the first government of free Greece, when for a brief period John Capo d'Istrias was president of the ephemeral republic. Moreover, when, as a result of an international conference, Greece was

made a kingdom, and a Bavarian prince selected by the foreign powers was sent to become its ruler, it was here that the young King Otho landed, in 1833, to begin his reign. Here, also, thirty years later, he ended it; for, returning

from a tour of the continent, the unpopular king was advised by his people not to come on shore, but to continue his travels and make room for a monarch more congenial to them.

King Otho's successor, King George



RETURNING FROM MARKET



PEASANTS

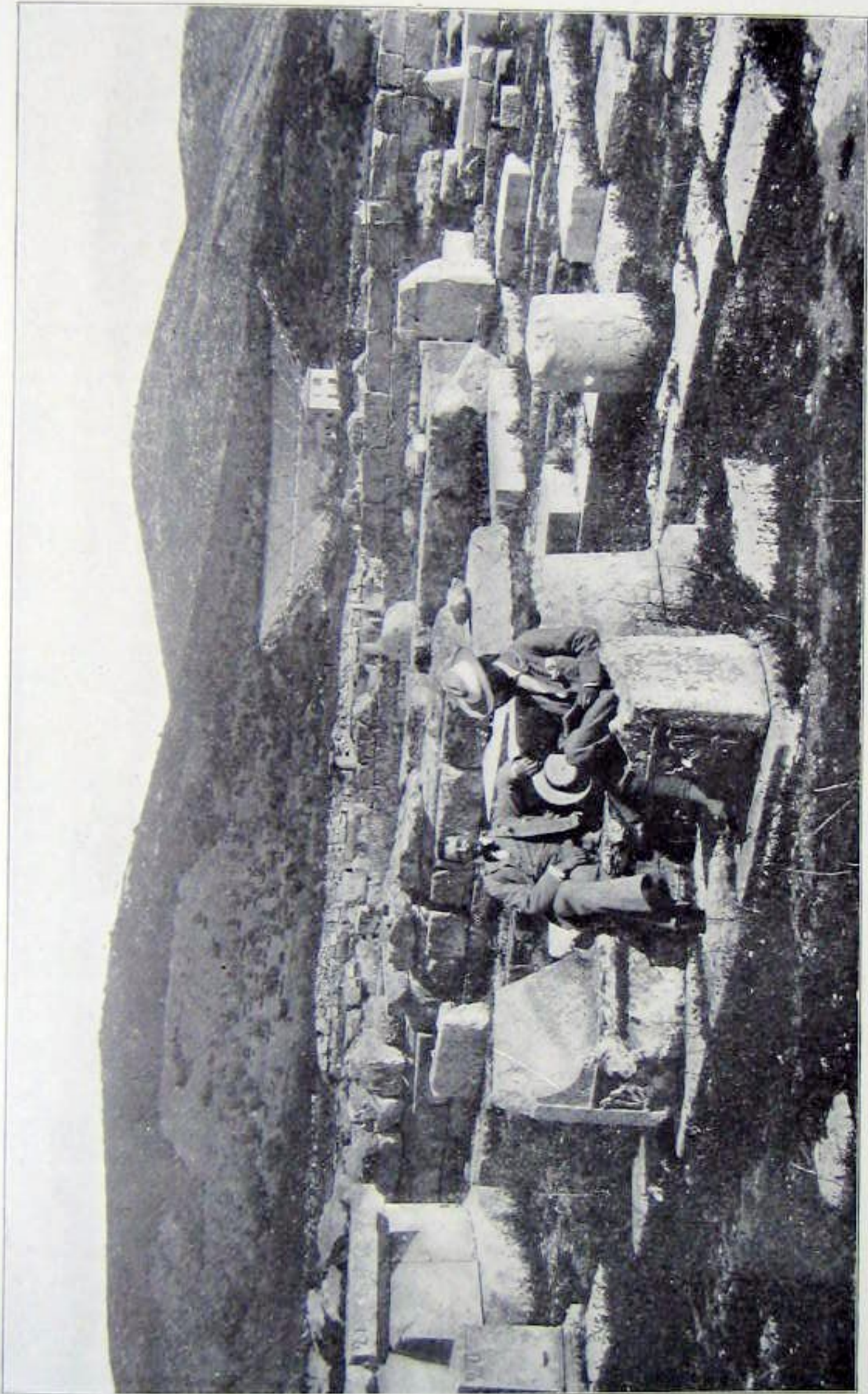
was not the first choice of the Greeks. They would not elect one of themselves as king; so democratic are they by nature that no Greek will admit the right of another to rule over him. But a king being essential, the people by an almost unanimous vote chose the late Prince Alfred, brother to the Prince of Wales. Unfortunately, England was bound by treaties with the other powers not to sanction the election of any of her royal line to the throne of Greece. Prince



DR. SCHLIEMANN'S RESIDENCE IN ATHENS

Alfred therefore put aside the crown, and it was offered to the second son of Denmark's king, brother to the Princess of Wales. In 1863, he was crowned king of the Hellenes. Between the king and his people there are no orders of nobility.

There are two excursions from Nauplia which every traveler should make. The first is to the sacred Sanatorium at Epidaurus. A drive of five hours brings us to ruins



AN ANCIENT SANATORIUM

which mark the site of the great temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing, who performed here in ancient times miraculous cures. Pilgrims came hither from many distant lands, bringing their maladies and ailments, their offerings and prayers, and, those who were of a practical mind, their bedclothes and provisions. As we rest on the marble seats where patients of old used to sun themselves and discuss their sufferings and hopes of cure, we remember that there were no doctors here, no scientific treatment. The god



THE MUSEUM, ATHENS

visited the pilgrims in their dreams, and prescribed the remedies, which were administered with the assistance of the priests next day. Inscriptions found here tell us of lame men who arose and ran after those who had stolen their crutches, of the man who came hither with no hair on his head but with plenty on his chin, and who after a prayerful sojourn of a single night departed with a hirsute halo, rivaling that of any modern musical phenomenon.

While we view the splendid theater of Epidaurus, where the patients were amused and instructed, we recall a most astonishing treatment that was given to a bow-legged man. The patient was ordered to lie prostrate on the ground before the temple; then a four-horse chariot was driven over him, until his legs were straight!

The fees were often large. A blind man on being cured refused to pay the exorbitant price demanded. The priests in most businesslike fashion immediately deprived him of sight.

And as we return toward Nauplia in the coolness of the evening, meeting many peasants coming from the weekly market held in town to-day, my learned friend, discoursing



HALL OF THE MYCENÆAN TREASURES

about Epidaurus and its cult, assures me that sometimes in those old days, as at Lourdes to-day, the worshipers held all-night vigils, standing before the temple with prayers and invocations; and that at rare intervals, in the exhaltation of the moment, the expected miracle was performed, and one or two of the multitude apparently cured, departed, praising the god. And as another group of peasants march past at a swinging pace, pursuing their long shadows, driven before them by the retreating sun, my friend, turning to lighter



CONTENTS OF A MYCENÆAN TOMB

things, reads me the translation of a prescription found at Epidaurus. It is as follows: "Never give way to anger; submit to a diet of bread and cheese and lettuce, of lemon boiled in water and milk with honey in it; run much and walk barefoot before bathing; take a warm bath with wine in it and give a drachma to the bathing-man; rub yourself with salt and mustard; gargle with cold water; finally—and this is all important—make sacrifices, and do not forget to pay the fees before departing." The patient so advised certainly deserved relief even if he received it not.

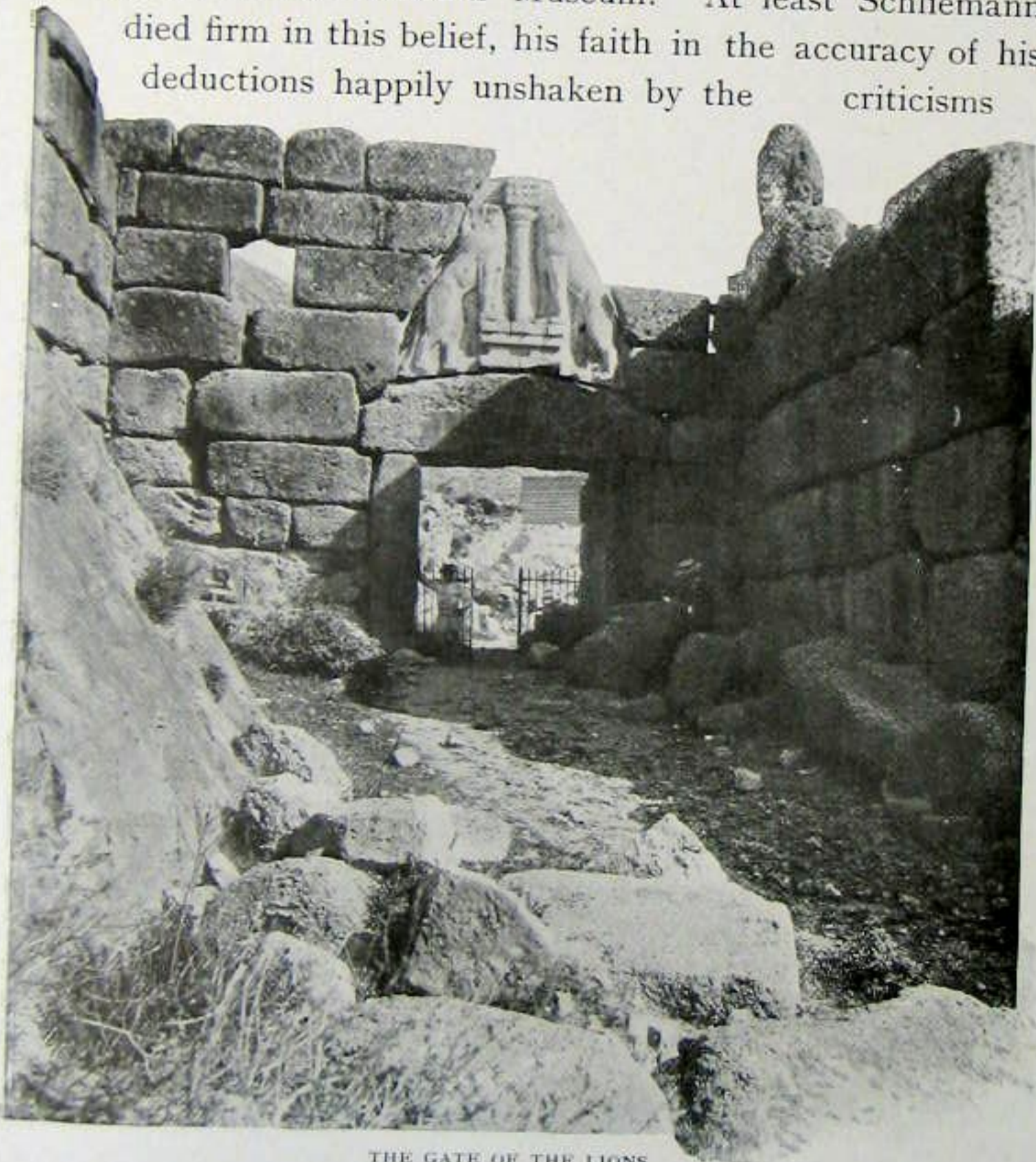
The second excursion is even more interesting than the first; it is to the scene of the most remarkable archæological discoveries ever made in Greece, to Mycenæ, where Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, unearthed some twenty-three years ago a prehistoric treasure of vast intrinsic worth, and revealed to us a civilization more than antique,—a civilization of which the modern world knew practically nothing until it was disclosed by the spade.

But before we approach more closely the scene of his excavations, let us recall a few facts concerning this man himself. Dr. Schliemann's life was in a certain sense a romance. Born to poverty, he died not only rich in this world's goods, but rich in the thought that the dearest objects of his life had, despite all difficulties, been successfully accomplished. As we stand before his palatial resi-



STREET TOMBS

dence in Athens, let me ask you to imagine him when he was a little boy beginning life in a grocer's-shop, but animated by a resolve to make a fortune, in order to spend it in a search for the cities of which he had read in the poems of Homer. This in itself is remarkable. How much more so is the fact that the grocer's-boy not only made the fortune, but actually discovered and uncovered Troy. And not content with this he sought and found Mycenæ, the city of Agamemnon and the tomb and the golden treasures of that legendary king — treasures which are now enshrined at Athens in the National Museum. At least Schliemann died firm in this belief, his faith in the accuracy of his deductions happily unshaken by the criticisms



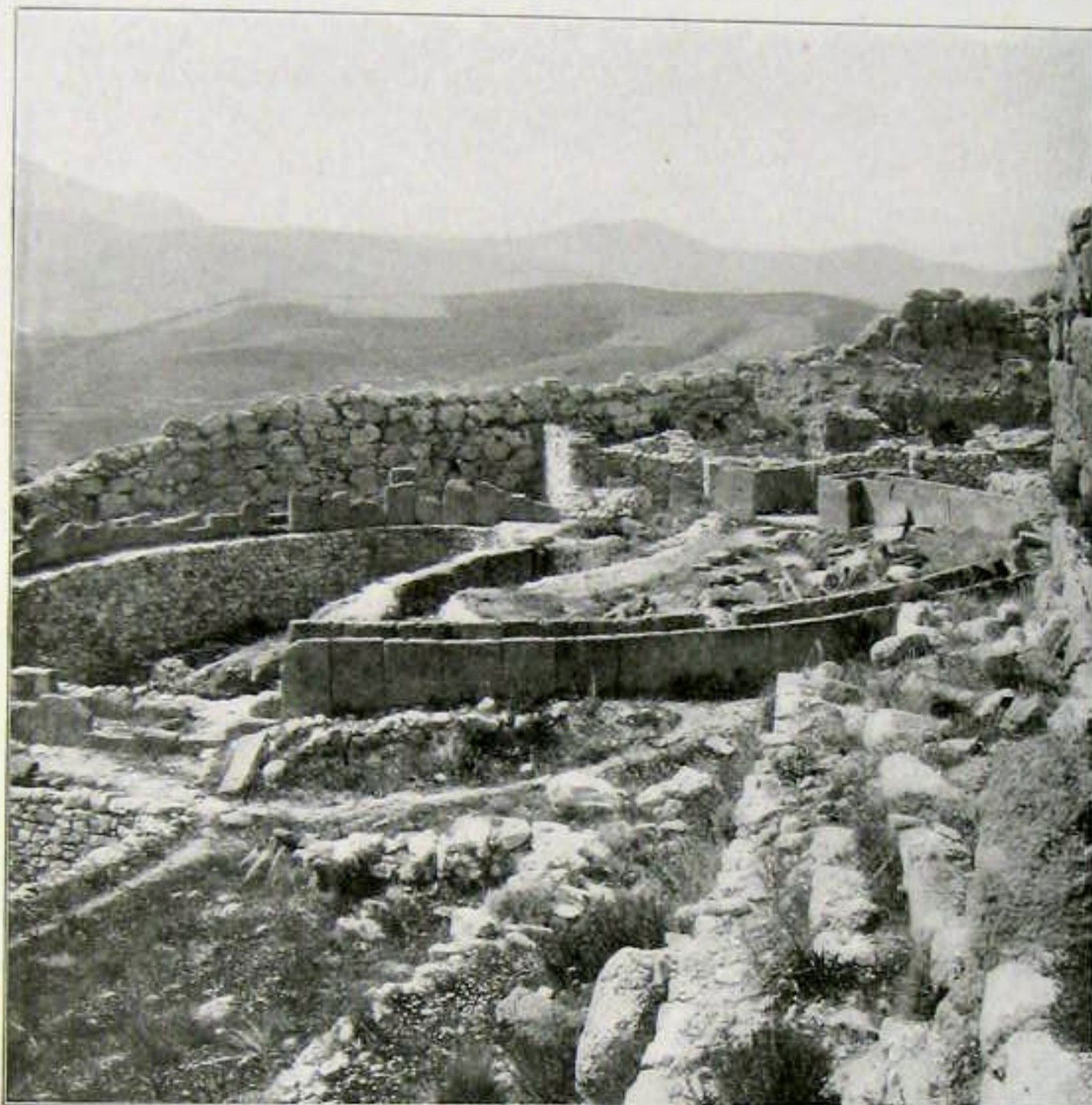
THE GATE OF THE LIONS

of more learned but much less successful archæologists. It was in 1871 that Schliemann dug the first trench at Troy. Having laid bare the site of King Priam's capital, he came to Greece to seek the city of Agamemnon, the conqueror of Troy; and, as before, success crowned his endeavor, and the fruits of his labors at Mycenæ are now the most precious possessions of the National Museum.

I defy the most hardened traveler to traverse this room listlessly. The Schliemann treasures possess a power of attraction which is irresistible. These cases are filled with ornaments in pure gold. The mere bullion value of the metal exceeds \$20,000, but the objects fashioned of that prehistoric gold are also of priceless artistic value. Exposed to our gaze are ornaments of gold which were made not later than twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ.



INNER SIDE OF MYCENÆ GATE



SITE OF THE FIVE TOMBS, MYCENÆ

Some authorities affirm that these bits of handiwork were new when the beginning of the Christian era was as far in the future as it is now in the past; thus giving them an age of almost four thousand years. And these things are not mere scraps of metal. Here we may see gorgeous diadems bristling with golden leaves, richly decorated with strange designs; ear-rings and pins and pendants and gold rings of curious design, bronze swords, upon the blades of which we may still discern hunting-scenes, figures of men and lions all inlaid in gold; and, more numerous than all, bright disks of the yellow metal, each one about two inches in diameter, like gigantic spangles adorned with a more than archaic

pattern hammered out by the hands of goldsmiths belonging to a race of which we have no definite knowledge.

And what purpose did these things serve, you ask? That question is quickly answered if we stoop and look into the lower section of the central case. Here we see extended on a bed of pebbles the mortal remains of two of the unknown but princely beings, who in some remote period of our world were buried at Mycenæ. They were arrayed in regal magnificence, appareled for the grave in



EN ROUTE TO SPARTA

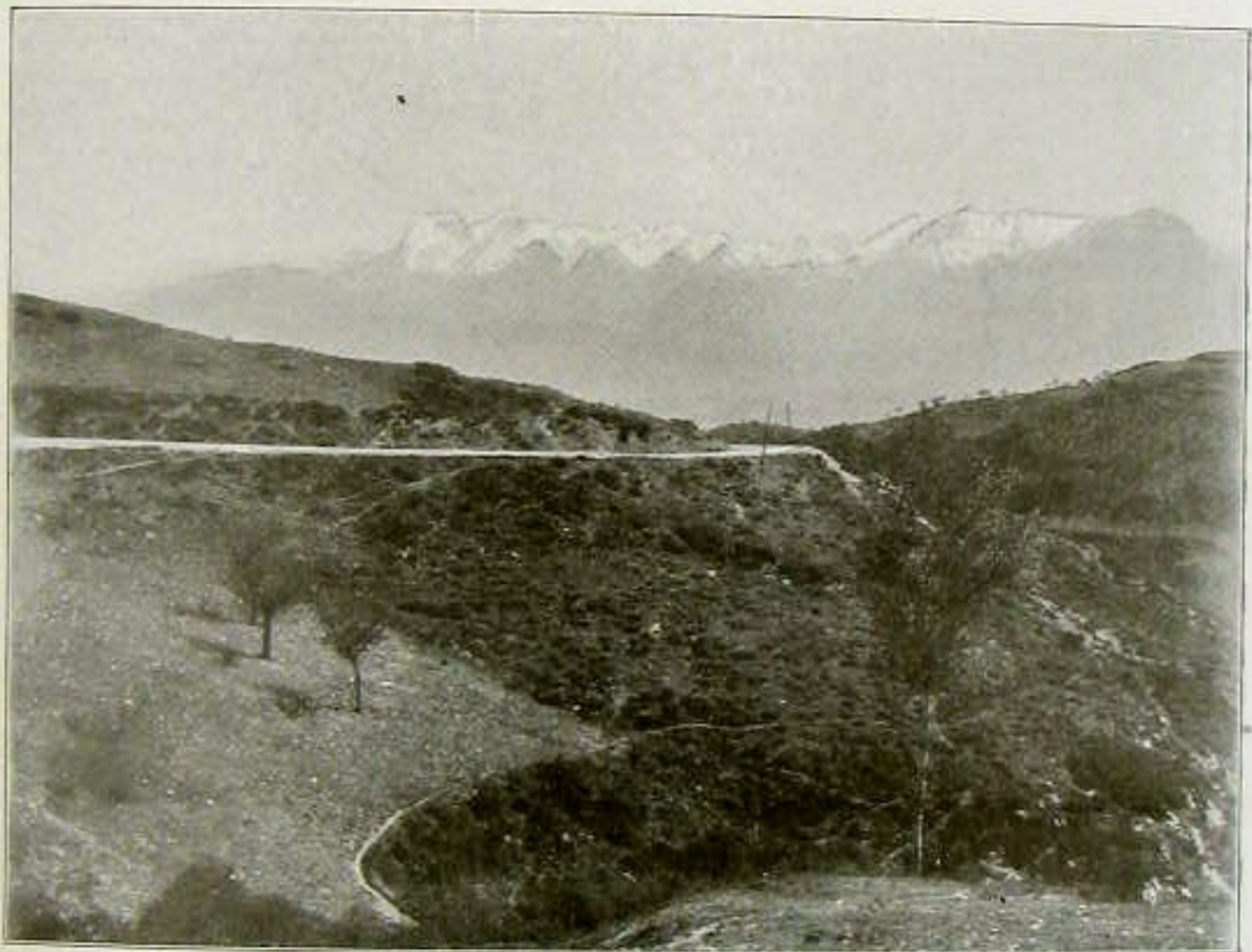
splendid robes, all glittering with disks of gold, the heads surmounted by those delicate artistic diadems of gold, the hair retained in ringlets by spirals of pure gold, the fingers weighted with intaglio rings of gold, and, strangest thing of all, the faces, those old, old faces before which a subject nation trembled in the dim, dim past, were covered each with a sheet of beaten gold, very pure and thin, which had been molded to the features and formed a mask of gold. This mask lies to-day in an adjoining case, a grinning carica-



TIRYNS

ture of this unknown king, this king whom it so pleases us to christen Agamemnon. Here also are the jars and vases, containing food and drink and offerings for the dead. And all these things are placed here just as they lay in the Mycenæ tombs when these were opened.

And now to see the place where all these things were found. Schliemann was not without a most emphatic indication that the abandoned Acropolis of Mycenæ well



TAYGETUS FROM THE SPARTAN HIGHWAY

deserved investigation. Long before he began his operations there, the now famous gate of the lions had been discovered. In fact, it had never been completely buried; and who, looking upon so impressive a ruin, would not at once divine that this was not all — that something of even vaster import must lie concealed within the precinct guarded by those headless, prehistoric lions, which in design and pose speak of an unknown art. Schliemann was seeking the unknown. Here was a hint which, emphasized by the allu-



IN MODERN SPARTA

sions of ancient writers, was too strong to be disregarded. With a force of several score of men, Schliemann and his wife began to dig, hopeful of much, but scarcely daring to hope for so impossible a reward as that which awaited them.

Let us pass through the gate and enter the agora, or meeting-place, where in 1876 Dr. Schliemann brought to light that curious double circle of upright slabs, upon which horizontal slabs were placed, forming a circular bench as for the sittings of an assembly. Then, digging deeper, he came upon archaic tombstones with reliefs of hunting scenes and warriors in chariots. Deeper were found pieces of pottery, arrow-heads, bone buttons, and then, deeper still, twenty-one feet below, some scattered skeletons. Then at last,

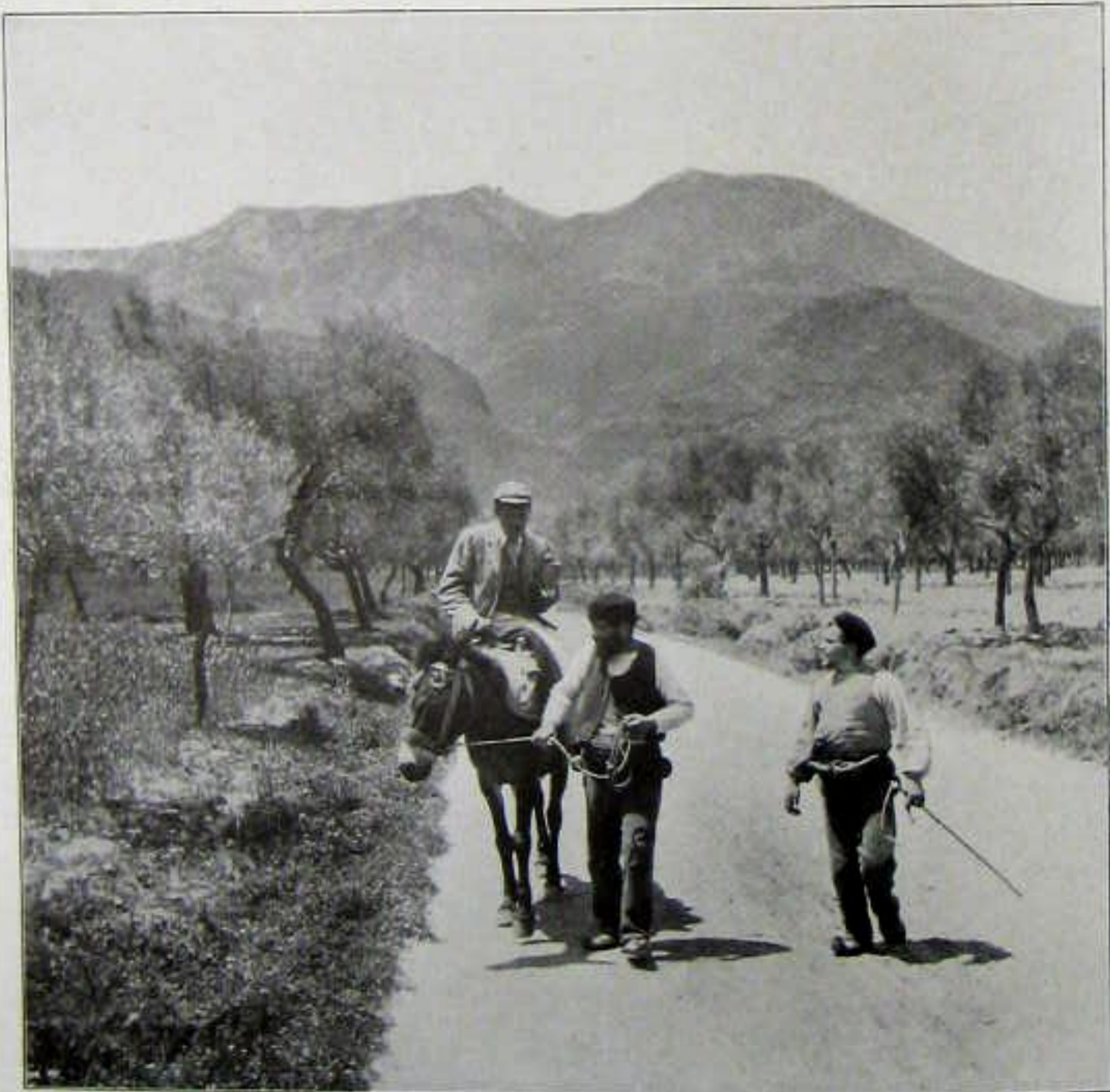
hollowed in the rock itself, were five shallow tombs, containing fifteen bodies, buried with all that unheard-of lavishness and splendor, covered with ornaments, diadems, masks, breastplates, all of solid gold; and, surrounded with innumerable precious vases, objects in alabaster and in ivory, inlaid daggers and many golden cups of rare design.

Homer spoke of Mycenæ as a city "rich in gold;" tradition made it the home of the conqueror of Troy. Can we blame Schliemann for believing that he had discovered the tombs of the Royal House of Agamemnon? It has been, unfortunately, the graceless task of scholars to destroy this romantic hypothesis. The royal dead have been proclaimed nameless. In history the nation to which they belonged is masked as were the faces of its princes in the tomb. But the names of Schliemann, Troy, and Mycenæ will be inseparable.



" AGOYATIS "

arable while history endures. Nay, one more name must be added, that of Tiryns, a city which lay not far from here and which has been brought back to us by the same archæologist. Here we at last understood the term "Cyclopean walls," for these walls were built by the Cyclopes, and worthily do they sustain their reputation for massiveness and grandeur. We are now in one of the covered passages of the fortress of Tiryns, where the prehistoric builders produced the effect of the arch long before the principle of the arch had been discovered. The walls were nowhere less than twenty feet, in some places fifty-seven feet in thickness. The smallest blocks employed in the construction are



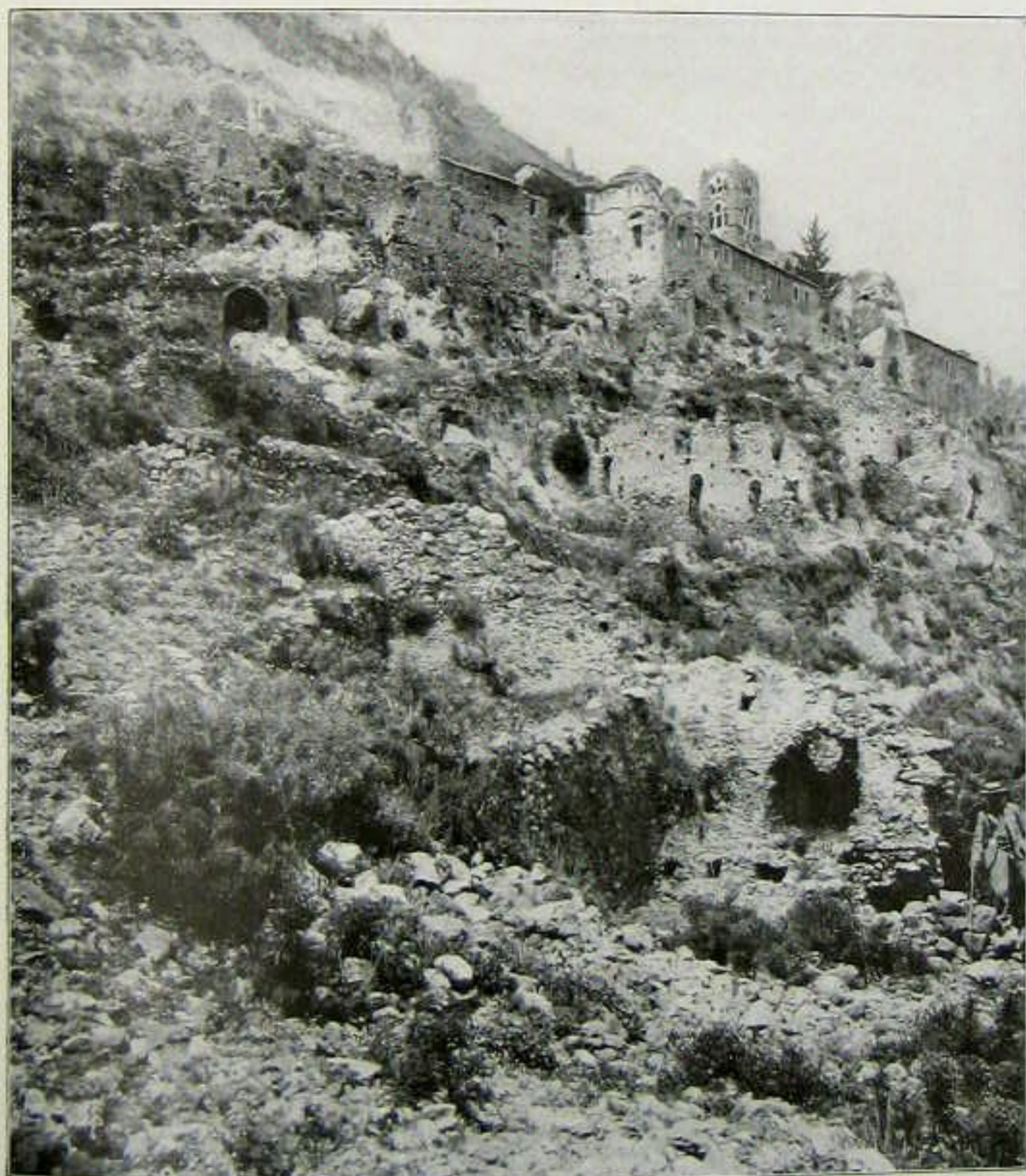
THE VALE OF SPARTA



THE APPROACH TO MISTRA

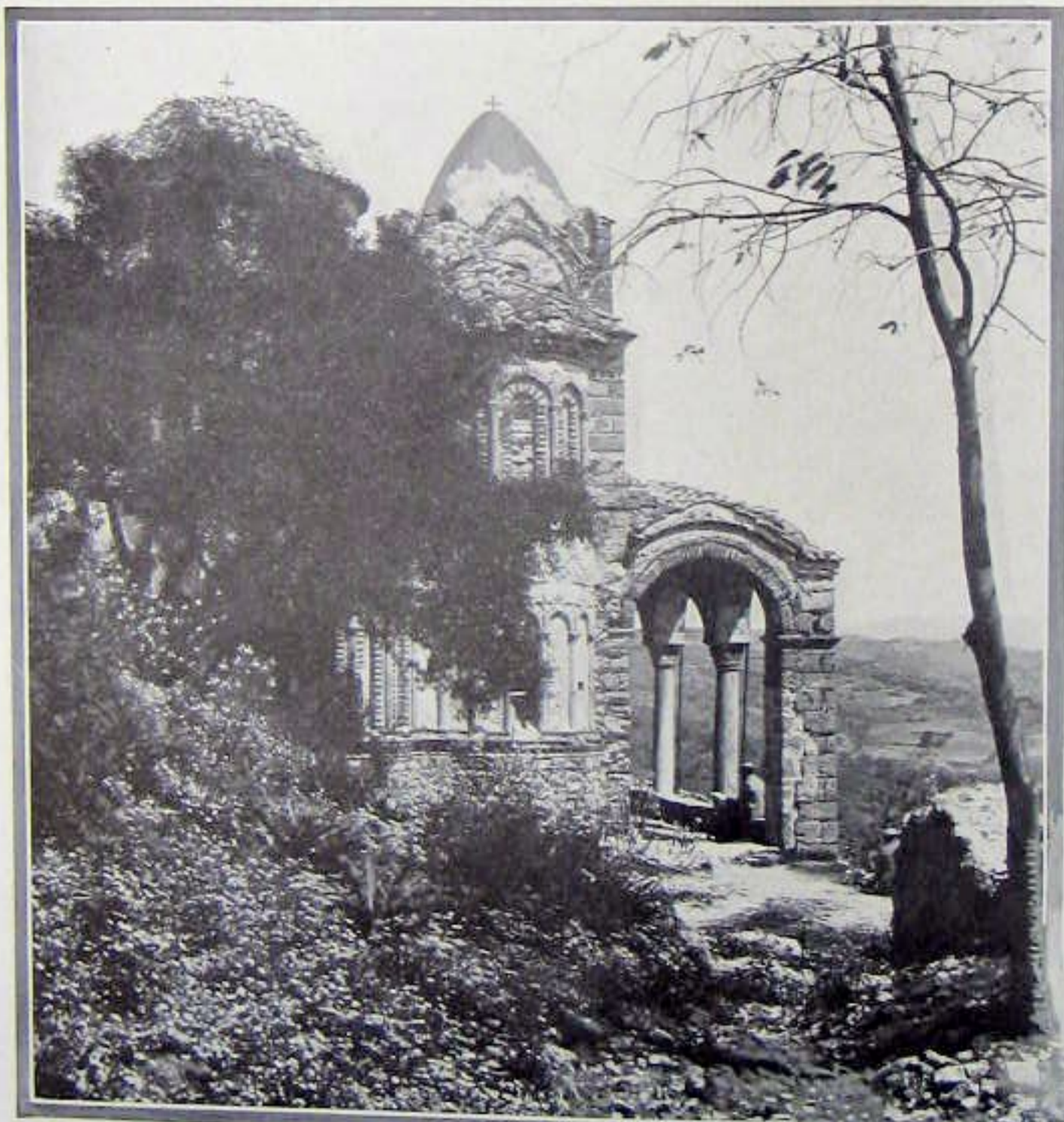
from six to ten feet long, and weigh from three to thirteen tons. And the knowledge of all these things, the dainty treasures of Mycenæ and the imposing masonry of Tiryns we owe to the efforts of the man who, while yet a mere boy, declared that he would find the cities that had been immortalized in epic verse by Homer.

Bringing our minds down from the mythic and heroic to the classic age, let us set out for the land of Lacedæmon, and find ourselves en route for Sparta, the city of Leonidas. We have now left railways behind us and are in an almost

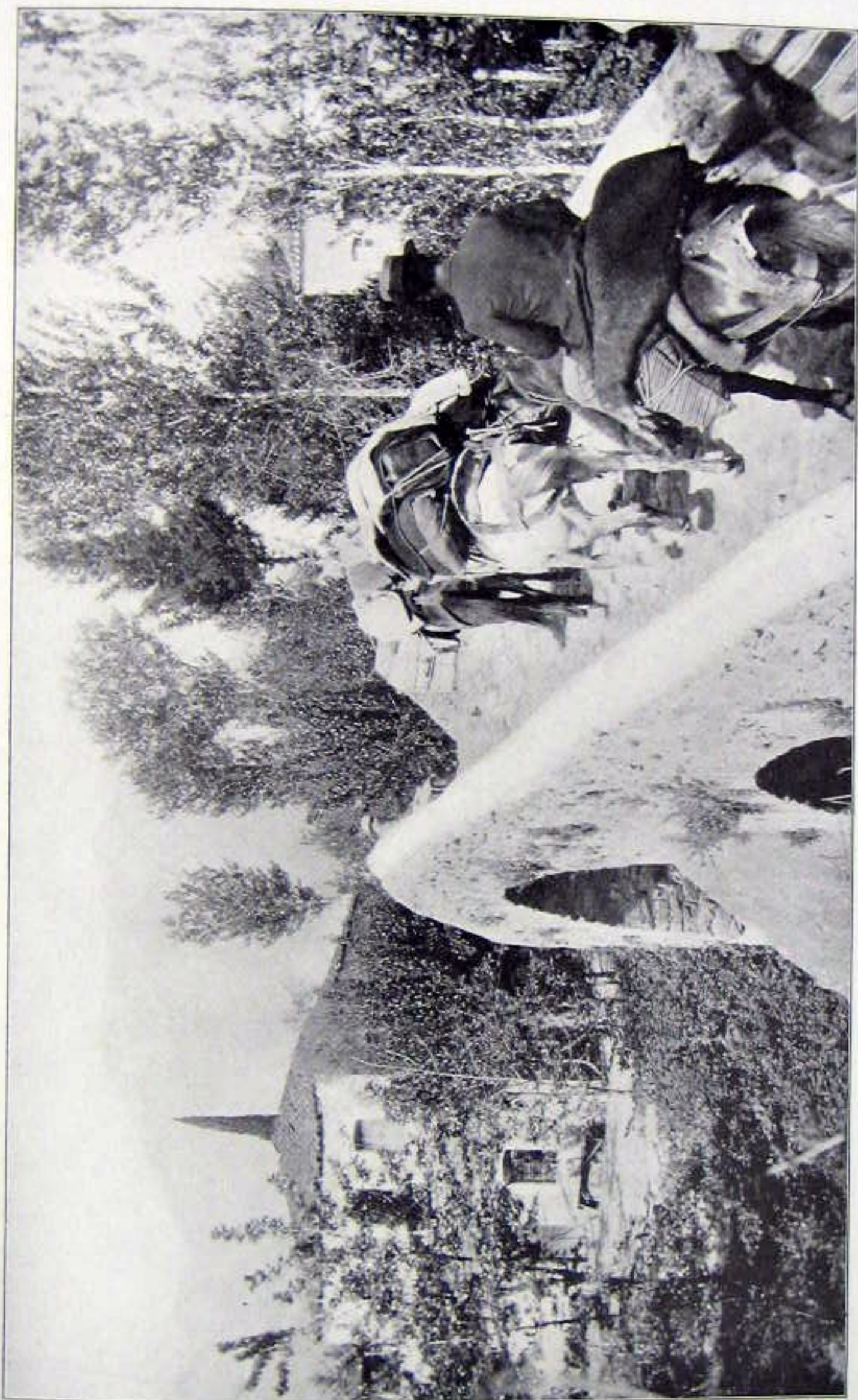


MISTRA

untraveled region. Fortune has favored me with two ideal companions for the journey. One is the young English author, whose first book, "Dodo," brought him immediate celebrity. An ardent archæologist also, he spends much of his time in Greece, studying old antiquities and seeking new ones if the phrases may be permitted. He is now traveling far around the Peloponnesus for the third time, his object being to correct upon the spot the manuscript of a new book, a story of the War of Liberation, the Greco-Turkish war of three score years ago. The other companion of our wanderings is an artist who comes, commissioned by the

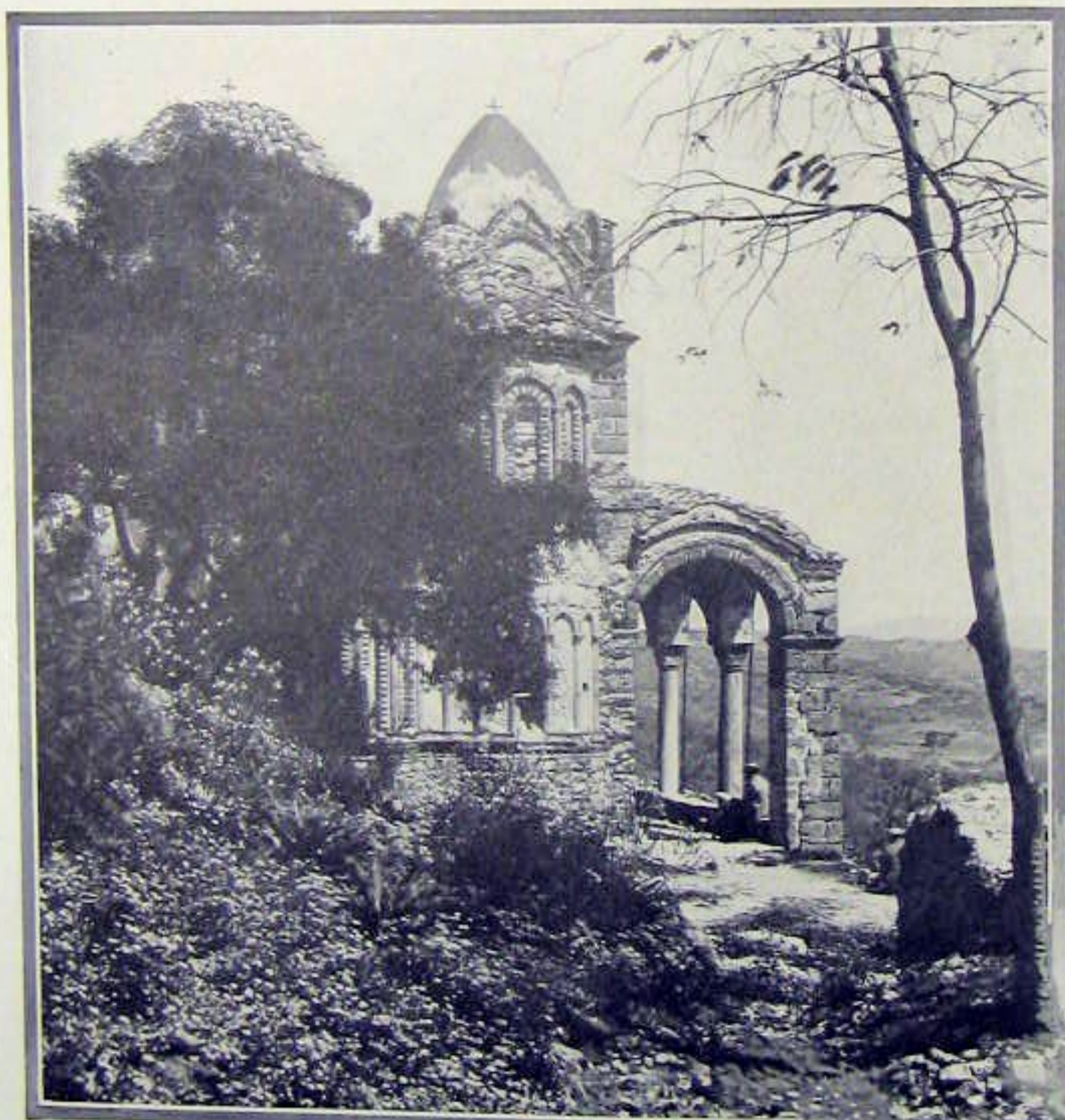


THE ABANDONED CHURCH AT MISTRA

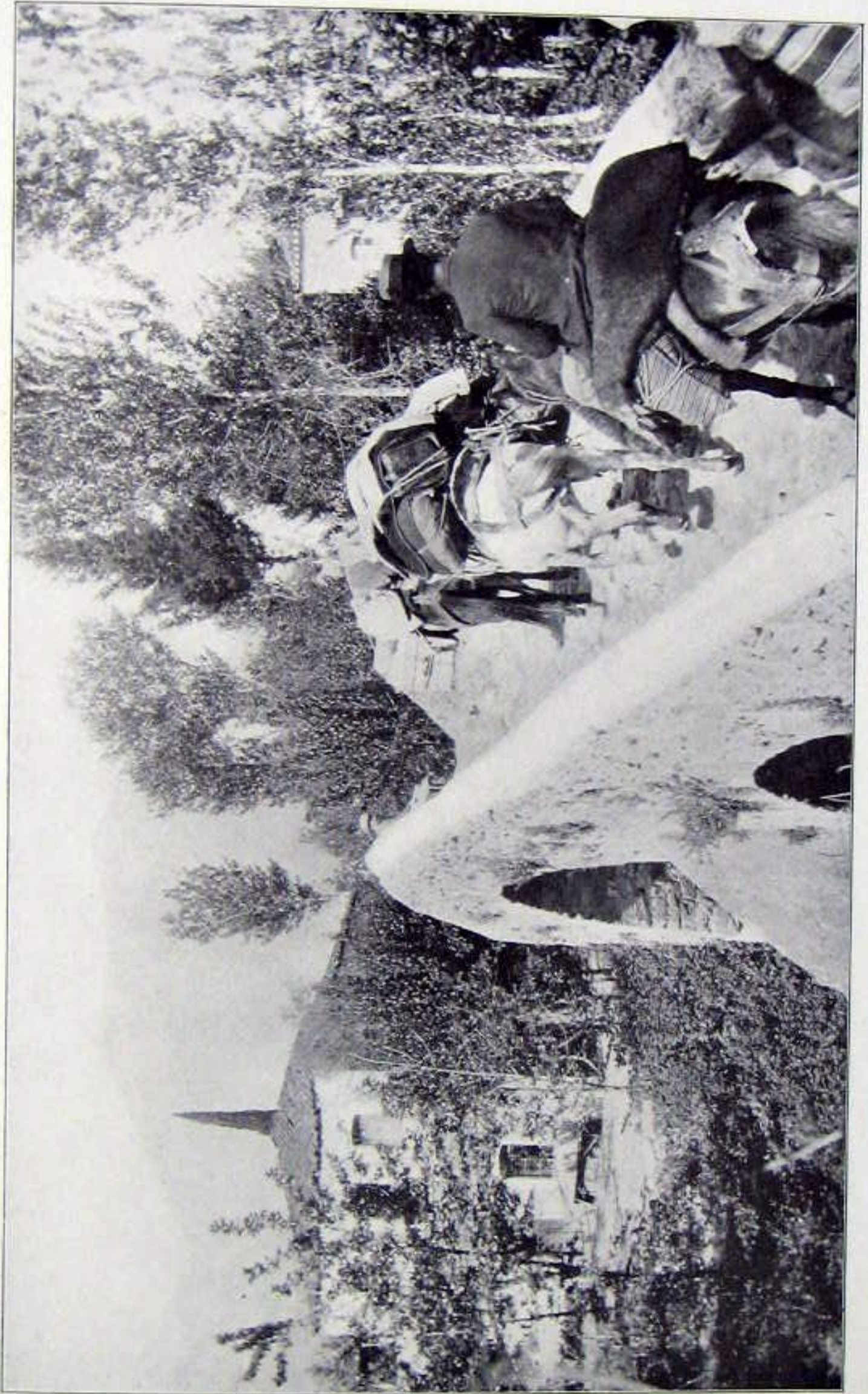


LEAVING SPARTA

untraveled region. Fortune has favored me with two ideal companions for the journey. One is the young English author, whose first book, "Dodo," brought him immediate celebrity. An ardent archæologist also, he spends much of his time in Greece, studying old antiquities and seeking new ones if the phrases may be permitted. He is now traveling far around the Peloponnesus for the third time, his object being to correct upon the spot the manuscript of a new book, a story of the War of Liberation, the Greco-Turkish war of three score years ago. The other companion of our wanderings is an artist who comes, commissioned by the



THE ABANDONED CHURCH AT MISTRA



LEAVING SPARTA



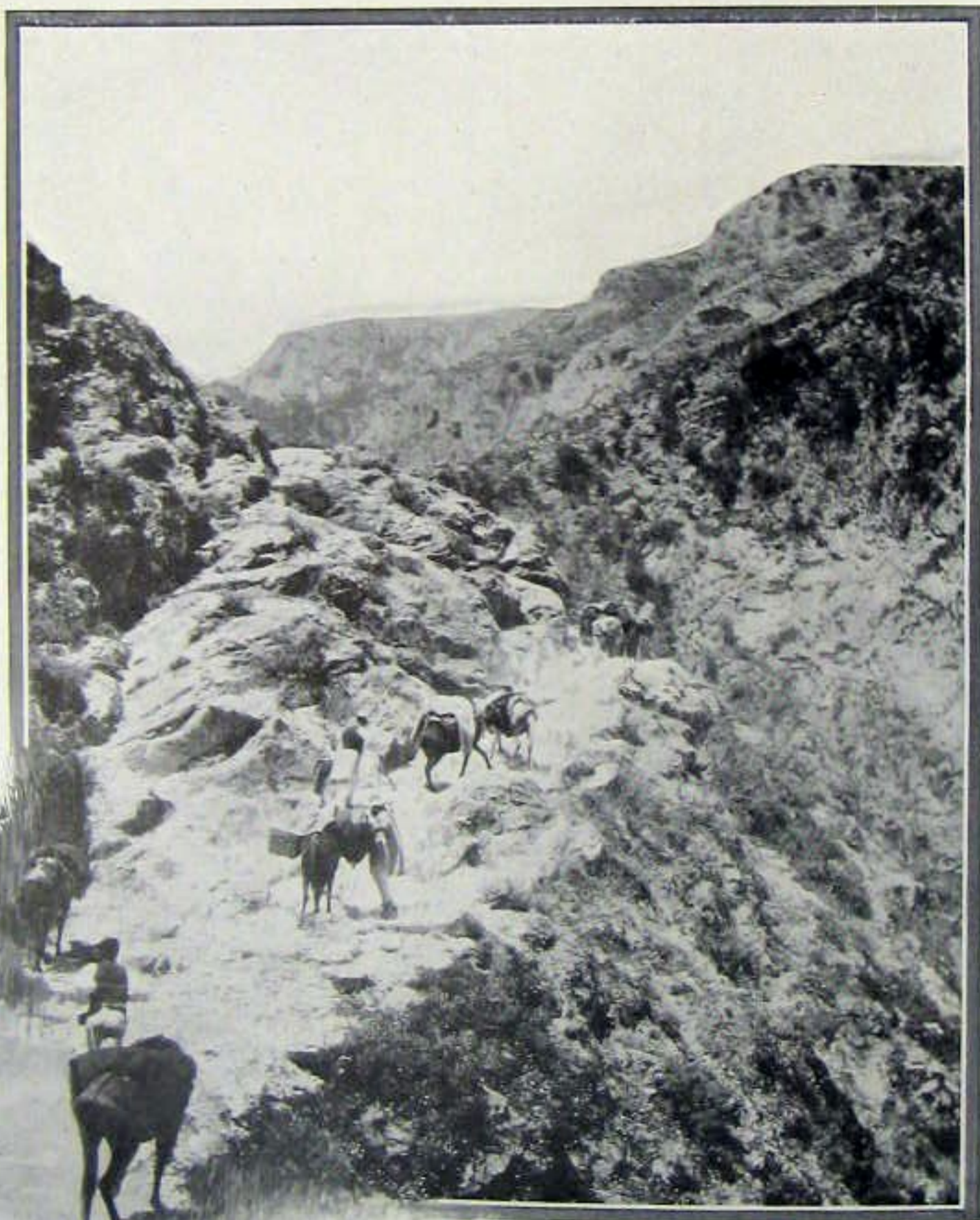
publisher, to illustrate the author's work ; and thus you see why these two are for me ideal companions. One knows the country and the language perfectly, and is well versed in history ; the other, with the artist's eye, is always looking for the picturesque.

Modern Sparta is a town so commonplace and so devoid of antique remains that we shall care to recall only the main street, where one morning we made the acquaintance of the ponies, mules, and men destined to accompany us upon our long caravan expedition through the mountains to Arcadia. The author and the artist are already mounted ; at the left is Mr. Charles Papadopoulos, our dragoman-in-chief ; next to



SUNSHINE AND DESOLATION

him is our cook, a rather soiled and seedy personage, Gregorio by name (whose culinary skill atoned for his unkempt appearance), and in addition to the dragoman and the cook and eight sturdy mules and ponies, we have in our train five Spartan guides called "*Agoyatis*." They are the owners of the animals, and their services are included in the daily pittance paid for the use of mule or pony. For



ON THE LANGADA TRAIL



THE LANGADA

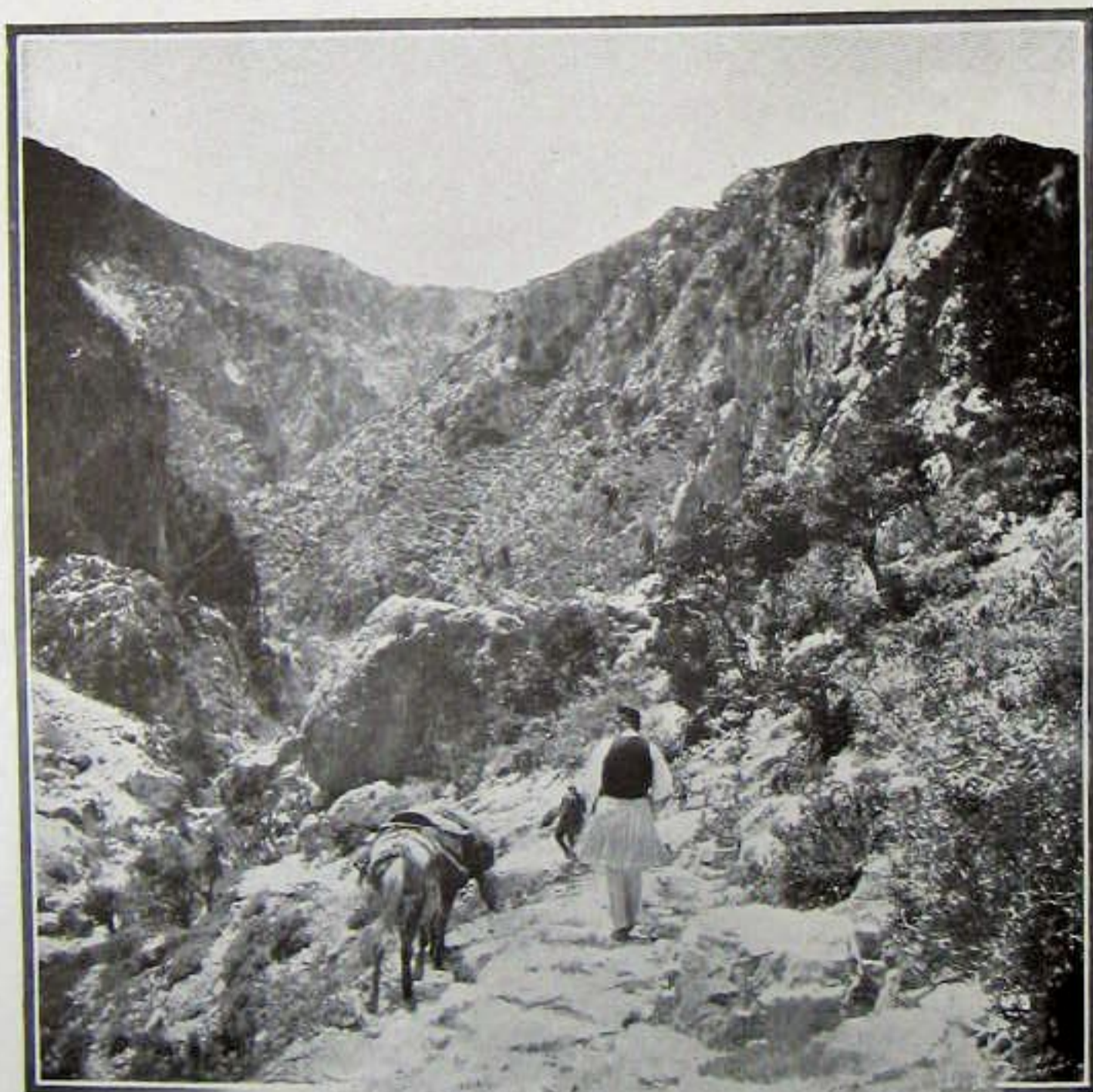
many days these agoyatis are to follow and serve us, scrambling after us on foot over rocky roads, from twenty to ten miles a day.

Before we set out across the mountains with these modern Spartans, let us look upon the land in which they dwell, the Vale of Sparta. To the westward rises the splendid mountain range of old Taygetus, its highest peak almost eight thousand feet above the sea, its slopes still flecked with snow. Taygetus forms indeed a picture of Spartan ruggedness; but what of the land itself? Its fertility and beauty dispel a historic illusion.

We have been taught to think of the Spartans as a race of sturdy mountaineers, inhabiting a barren alpine region,

where the soil was sterile, and where warriors were bred amid the frowns of nature. With what surprise, then, do we discover that the Vale of Sparta is the richest, most productive, and most beautiful in all the Peloponnesus!

But on the slope of the mountain that walls this paradise we find one of the most desolate scenes in Greece—the abandoned town of Mistra, the vague form of its crumbling fortress crowning a jagged spur of Mt. Taygetus. Mistra was founded by the Franks six hundred years ago; but many other conquerors of Greece have in time held sway at Mistra. The Byzantines drove out the Franks, the Turks in 1460 ousted the Byzantines. Then Venice for a time



IN THE GORGE



SPARTAN RUGGEDNESS

until in 1821
independence

came to Mistra of the sack of Kalamata. Whereupon the Turkish population fled hence in terror. Ever since a curse has been upon the town ; an earthquake cracked its walls and laid low its structures, and Mistra is doomed to everlasting neglect and ultimate annihilation by the elements. The walls are crumbling away, so that we scarce can say where the natural rock ceases and where the masonry of man begins ; all is merged in a confusing mass of grayish desolation. Mistra, apparently, is fading into the rocky wall to which it has been clinging for six hundred years.

A mountain range, of which Taygetus forms a part, separates the territory of the Spartans from that of the Messenians. Not far from Mistra the mountain range is cleft asunder, as by the stroke of some prehistoric Roland, and

was mistress ;
then again it
was the Turks,
when the cry of

was raised in Greece, news



THE INN AT LADHA

it is through the mighty gorge created there that we are now to make our toilsome way. The Greeks call this defile Langada, which means "*the* gorge," for there is none equal to it in Greece. All day our laden mules struggle up and down a rocky trail, so rough in some places that progress is almost impossible, in other places so steep and slippery that even the sure-footed mules seem to lose their innate contempt of danger, hesitate, try to turn back, and almost shake with fear.

The limitations of photography prevent an adequate representation of the rough and awful nature of this gorge. As compared with the reality, my pictures are like scenes from some soft sylvan vale. Beauty, indeed, is to be found in the Langada, but beauty of a grim, stern sort; no gentle prettiness is there to mask the angry face of nature. On-

ward and upward slowly, half the day; then, after the cruel, winding path has lifted us four thousand feet above the sea, we begin a downward journey more difficult and dangerous than the ascent.

Here, indeed, is Sparta as we have imagined it; here the Spartan youth were trained in hunting beasts, that later they might better fight with men. And as we journey, it is not necessary to remind us that bravery was held the highest virtue by that sturdy race. When a Spartan boy won honors at the Olympian games, the prize awarded him by his own people was the post of danger in the next battle to be fought, an eagerly desired reward among a people whose chief glory lay in war. The Spartans also held matrimony



THE CUISINE



THE LADIES OF LADHA

in great honor. We are told that there were penalties imposed on men who married for the sake of money, on those who married late in life, on those who mis-married, and finally on those who did not marry at all.

Again, Spartan boys, although they treated with respect most aged men, would not rise or give place at the approach of old men who had never married.

No young man, they said, need rise for one who has no sons to return the courtesy in after years.

The day begins to wane while we are still high in this mountain region. And accordingly we halt at a village called Ladha, where the thoughts of my English companions turn toward tea, for it is five o'clock. Every day religiously at the stroke of five the author and the artist begin their devotions, and the incense of the fragrant tea-leaf rises from the shrines, or groves, or from the wayside inns of Greece.

Meantime the rooms we are to occupy are stripped of all doubtful furniture, the floors are washed, the cobwebs dusted down. Then our apartments are refurnished with our own belongings, beds and bedding, rugs and chairs and tables.



THE MOUNTAINS OF MESSENA

Thanks to the care of Papadopoulos we sleep in peace, a rare experience for the traveler in Greece; and thanks to the culinary skill of Gregorio, we dine supremely well, likewise a rare experience. The traveler who does not take a cook with him into the Peloponnesus should leave also his appetite at home.

Early next morning we resume our journey toward the valleys of Messenia. The scenery en route is marvelously wild and beautiful. To the left lie the unconquered regions of the Maniotes. Herodotus speaks of that long peninsula, as "the rugged nurse of liberty." Even while all the rest of Greece was under Turkish rule, the Maniotes were prac-



KALAMATA



AT THE WELL.

tically free. They hurled perpetual defiance at the Turk, who never really conquered them. As for tribute when they did occasionally consent to pay it, a Maniote warrior thrust at the trembling tax-collector a little purse of golden coin suspended from the point of a naked sword. There also the vendetta flourished and with a fiercer zeal than that of even the Corsicans the Maniotes avenged their family wrongs.

Our route, however, leads us into more peaceful territory; and early in the afternoon our caravan enters the busy modern streets of a thriving seaport town, the present capital of old Messenia, the town of Kalamata. For all the architecture tells us we might be in Italy or Spain or southern

France. It is the fate of busy towns to grow each year a little more like every other busy town, until in time commerce and progress will have banished all variety and set a common stamp upon every country in the world.

We note in all the towns the

absence of women in the streets, a

reminiscence of the times when the Turks ruled Greece. On festal days, however, the peasant women of the surrounding country appear in their brilliantly colored dresses, with yellow handkerchiefs upon their heads to indulge in the mild pleasures of the dance. Mild indeed; for dancing in Greece does not mean what it means to us. The women all join hands,

and one man leads the dance, one beau for forty belles. He



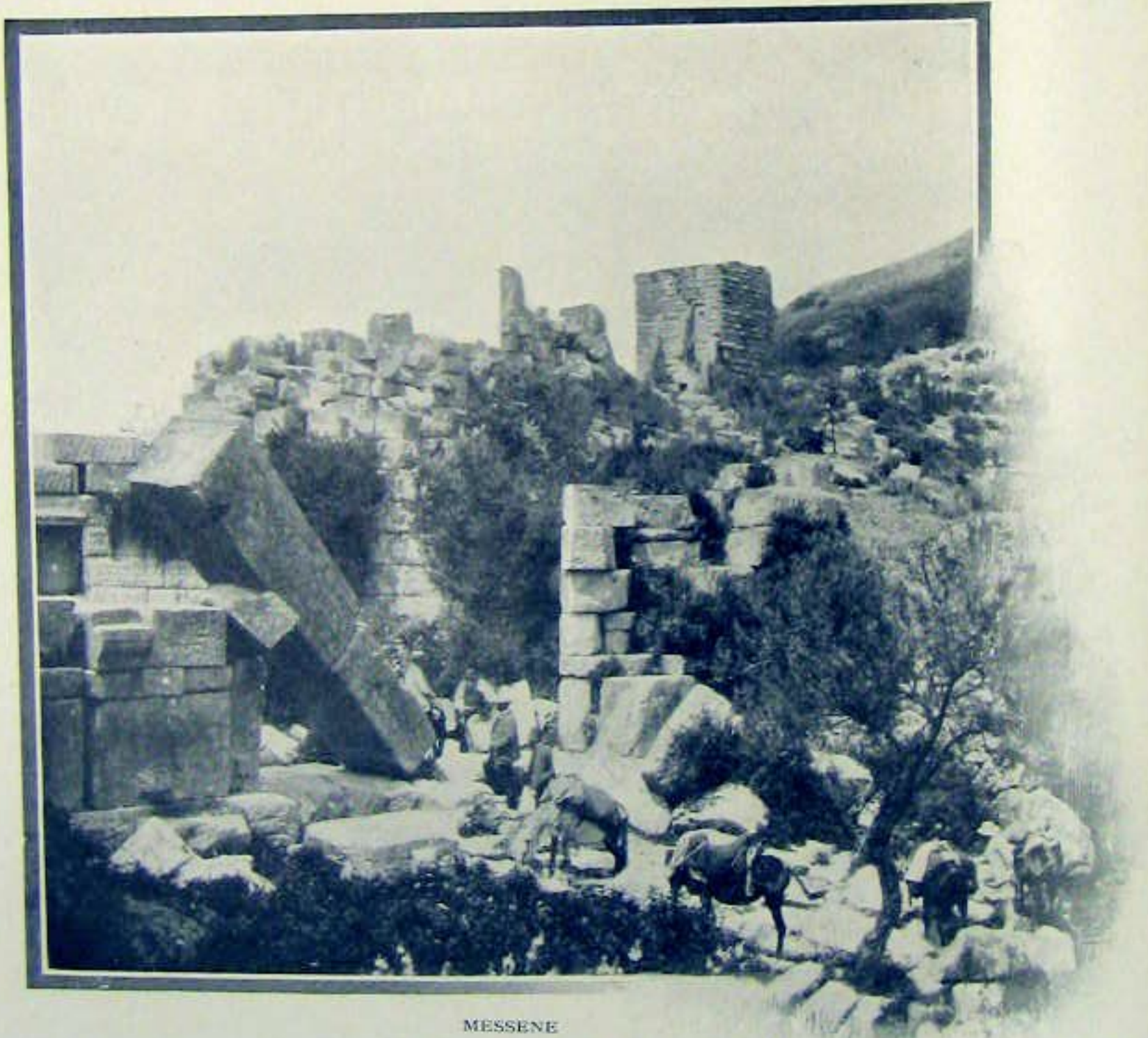
DANCING CHILDREN



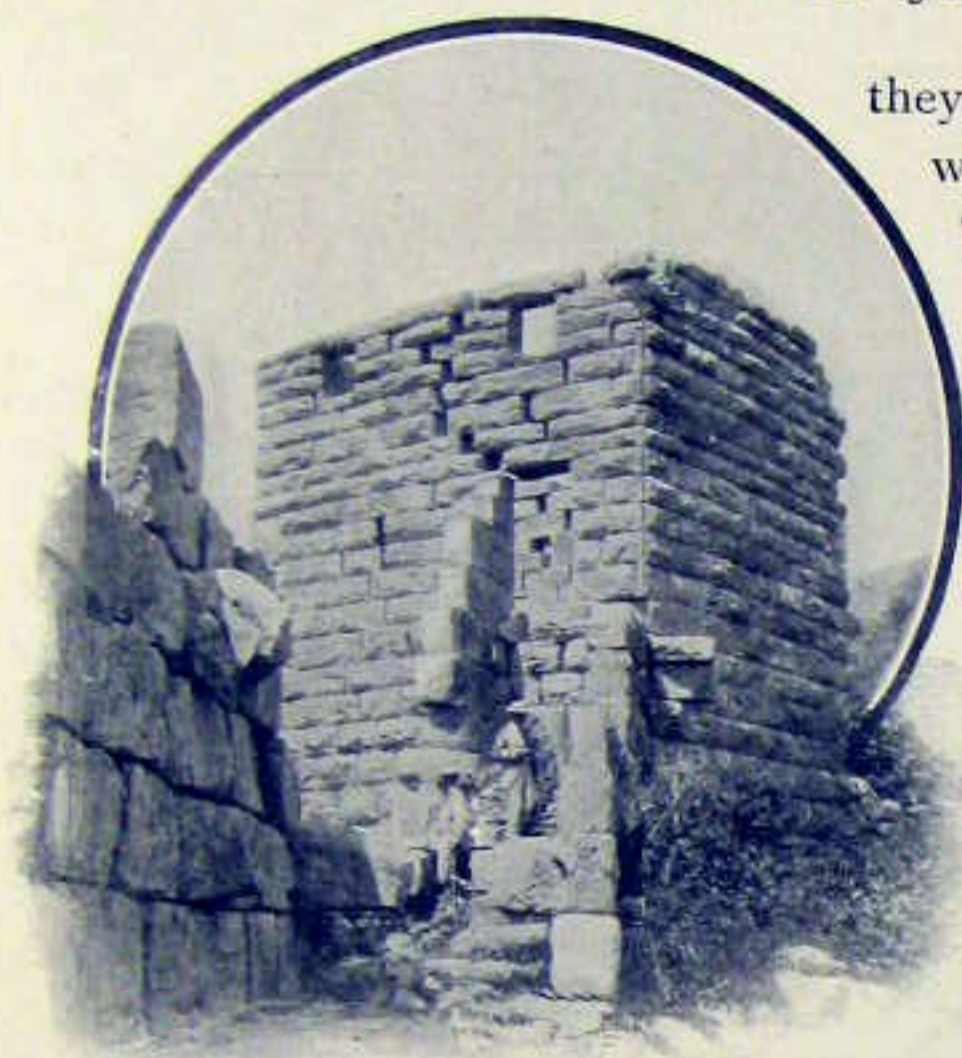
A GRECIAN DANCE

may not even touch the hand of the fair charmer nearest him, for she modestly extends to him a corner of her kerchief. Holding this gingerly, the leader of the Adamless cotillion begins to cut all sorts of capers, leaping, springing, turning, hopping, while the docile flock of débutantes follows him as he moves slowly on in curves or circles. Even the children seem to find much pleasure in this demure mode of tripping measures.

One day as I sat resting on a hilltop, looking off upon the sea, I heard behind me rhythmic footfalls in the grass, and turning, discovered a happy band of children dancing, as it appeared, upon the summit of the world. As they danced,



MESSENE



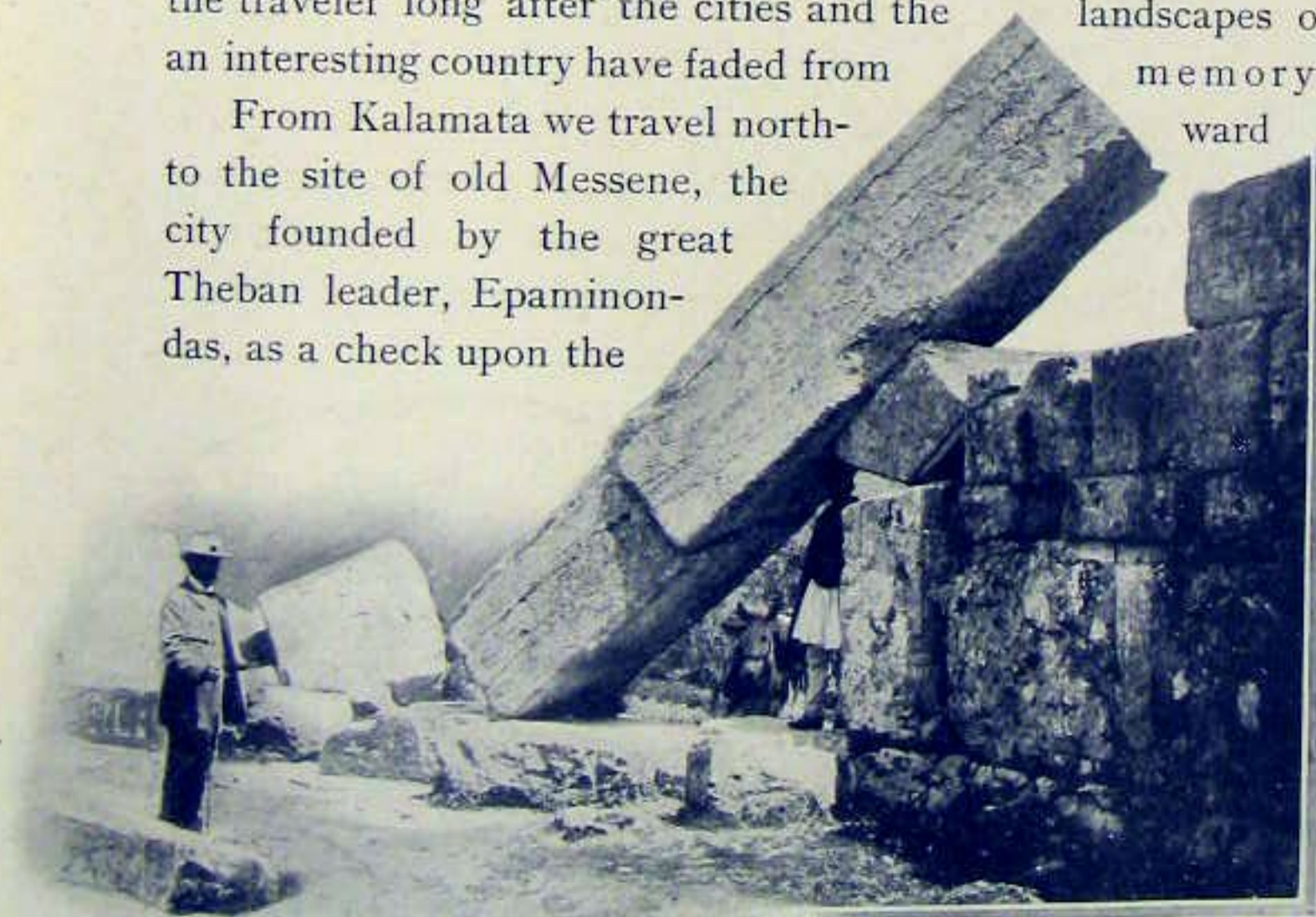
ANCIENT MASONRY

they sang a song, the words of which I could not understand. They circled round me a number of times, politely eying me; and then after the dance was ended, one little girl approached and said, "Xenon (a stranger)?" and I answered, "Yes;" and then she said sweetly, "Oristi, Kiri (please take this, mister)," and handed me a little bunch of flowers, which she had

gathered on the hill. Incidents like this are remembered by the traveler long after the cities and the landscapes of an interesting country have faded from memory.

From Kalamata we travel northward to the site of old Messene, the city founded by the great Theban leader, Epaminondas, as a check upon the

landscapes of memory.
ward



THE ARCADIAN GATE



ARCADIANS

power of the Spartans. The work of his builders was indeed well done; even to-day the walls and towers of dull gray stone are in many places well-nigh intact; and although the city itself has long since disappeared, these gates and towers that stood round about it now promise to last another score of centuries. We are to enter, through this gate called the Arcadian Gate, a land which, by name, is familiar to us all, "Arcadia." But,

alas, Arcadia is not Arcadian, nor is it even called Arcadia, for the Greeks now pronounce it Ar-kay-deé-a. As a well-known author has remarked: "There is no name in Greece which raises in the mind of the ordinary reader more pleasurable or more definite ideas than the name Arcadia. It has become indissolubly connected with the

charms of pastoral ease and of rural simplicity. The sound of the shepherd's pipe and maiden's laughter, the rustling of shady trees, the murmuring of gentle fountains, the bleating of lambs, and the lowing of oxen,—these are the



OUR ARTIST IN ARCADIA



ARCADIANS

images of peace and plenty which the poets have gathered about that ideal retreat. There are, however, no images more historically false, more unfounded in the real nature and aspect of the country. Rugged mountains and gloomy defiles, a harsh and wintry climate opposed to intelligence and culture, a poor and barren soil, tilled with infinite patience; a home that exiled its children to seek bread at the risk of their blood, a safe retreat for bears and wolves, this is the Arcadia of old Greek history!"

How, then, we ask ourselves, as we endeavor to make friends with a group of scowling inhabitants, did this false

notion of Arcadia and Arcadians gain such universal recog-

nition? Mahaffy, in one of his very charming books on Greece, sets forth the origin of this poetical conception of the land.

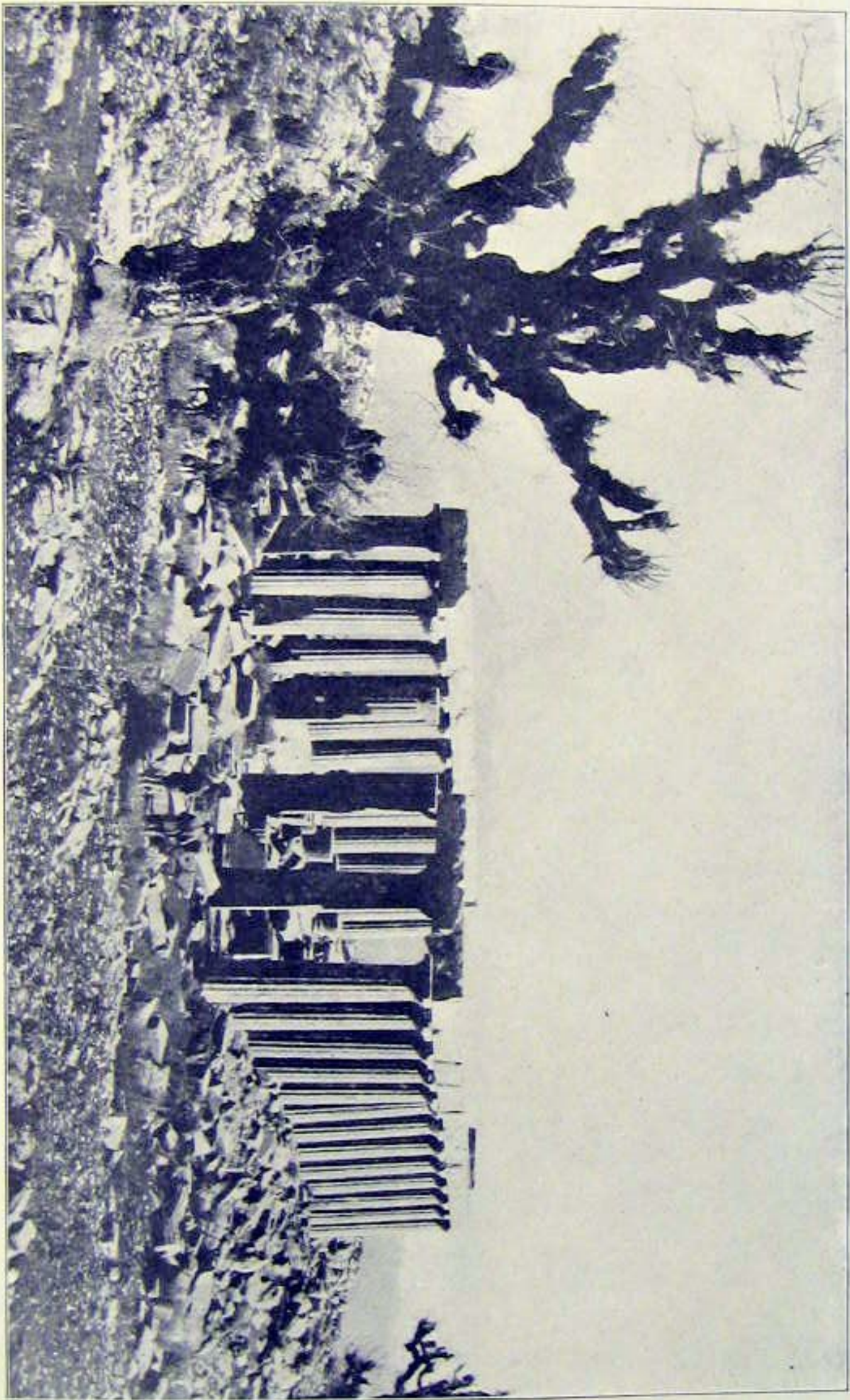


He assures us that he finds in literature no trace of this poetical Arcadia until the year 1500, when it was created almost instantaneously by an Italian writer. The poet Sannazaro, in consequence of an unrequited passion, exiled himself from Naples and wandered for a long time in the wilds of southern France. There he immortalized his grief in a pastoral medley of prose description and idyllic complaint, and called the book "Arcadia."

This book won instant popularity and ran through sixty editions. Although it was written in the year 1500, in France, and by an Italian, it really created the imaginary home of innocence and grace which has ever since been denoted by the name Arcadia.



A TEMPTING NOON-DAY NOOK



BASSAE

Crossing this unhappy land, cursed like many a poor mortal, with a reputation too good for it to live up to, we boldly assault the mountain wall upon the north end, and after a long scramble up one of the steepest mule-trails in all Greece, after climbing skyward through cold and mist and rain for many hours, we at last behold that to see which we have climbed and suffered: the famous temple of Bassæ.

There is in Greece no scene more impressive than this ruin amid the mountain solitudes, rising from the gray rocks like a thing to which the earth itself had given birth, a

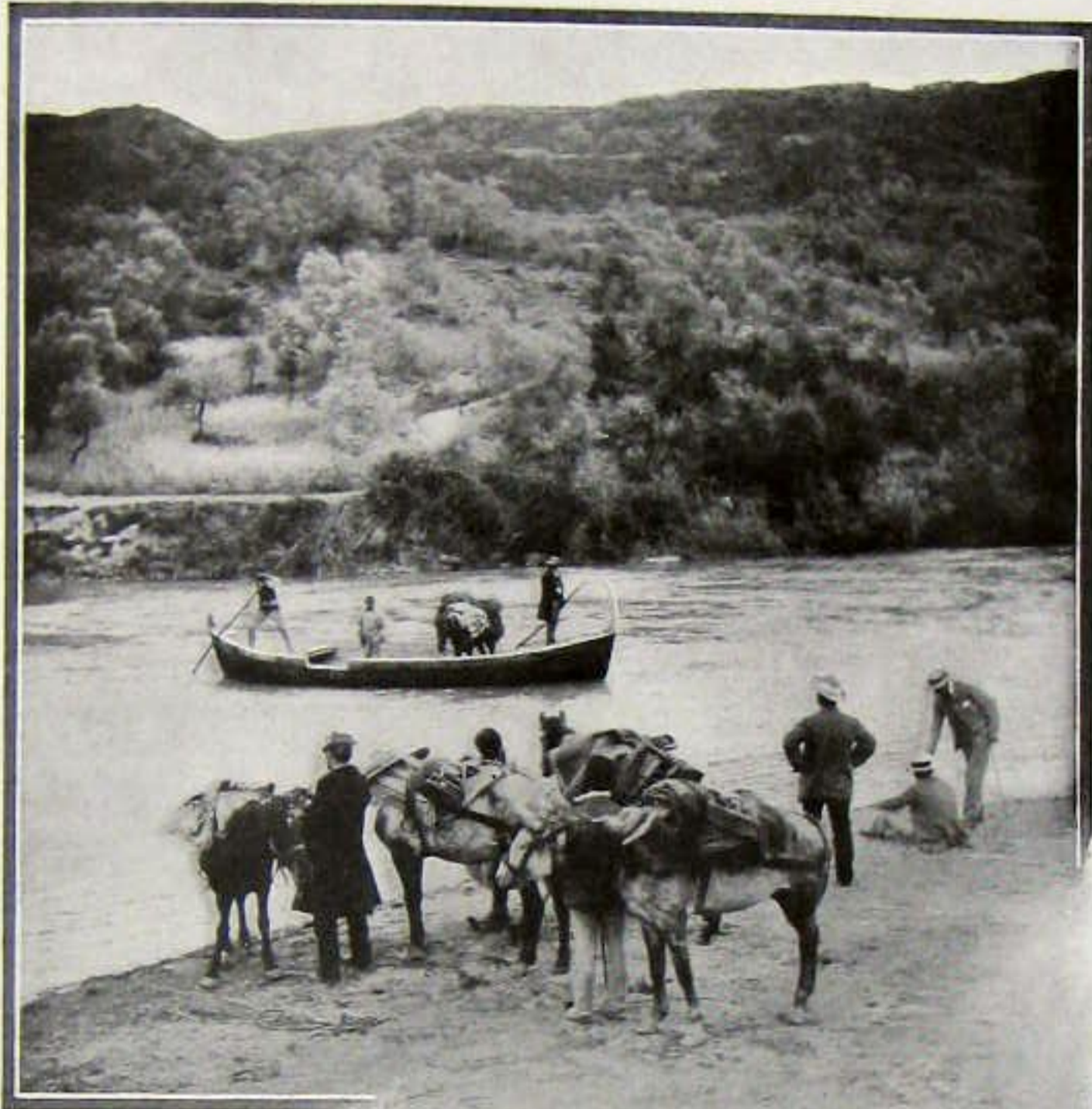


ANDRITZENA

natural product of this grim, sterile soil. Its only guardians are the ancient oak-trees, its only worshipers the infrequent travelers, pilgrims to the shrine of art. The sculptures of the frieze which formerly adorned this temple, were, in 1812, carried off to London, like so many other precious stones of Greece. But even ruined and despoiled as it is, the temple of Bassæ well rewards its pilgrims. Its situation is unique in grandeur. Although we are now far inland, in four different directions blue sea is visible. To the west the Ionian Sea, to the south the Messenian Gulf, a little to the east the Gulf of Argolis, to the north the Gulf of Corinth. On clear days all Greece is like a map spread out for examination.



PREPARING FOR A START



ALMOST LIKE TRAVELING
IN MOROCCO

But at the time of our visit the mists close in around us. Even here are signs of industry. This rocky soil all round about the temple has actually been plowed, grain has been planted, and some sanguine farmer hopes to reap a harvest even from the rocks. This, the last Arcadian scene, completes our second disillusion. We found Sparta a land of milk and honey. We find Arcadia an alpine wilderness.

A tiresome downhill scramble brings us again into a populated region, and before nightfall we are comfortably

housed in the picturesque village of Andritzena. The narrow street, the overhanging eaves of houses sadly out of plumb, the tiny shops like niches in the walls, the red fezzes on the heads of skirted citizens,—all these things are evidences of the recent presence of a Turkish population,—now, fortunately, gone forever.

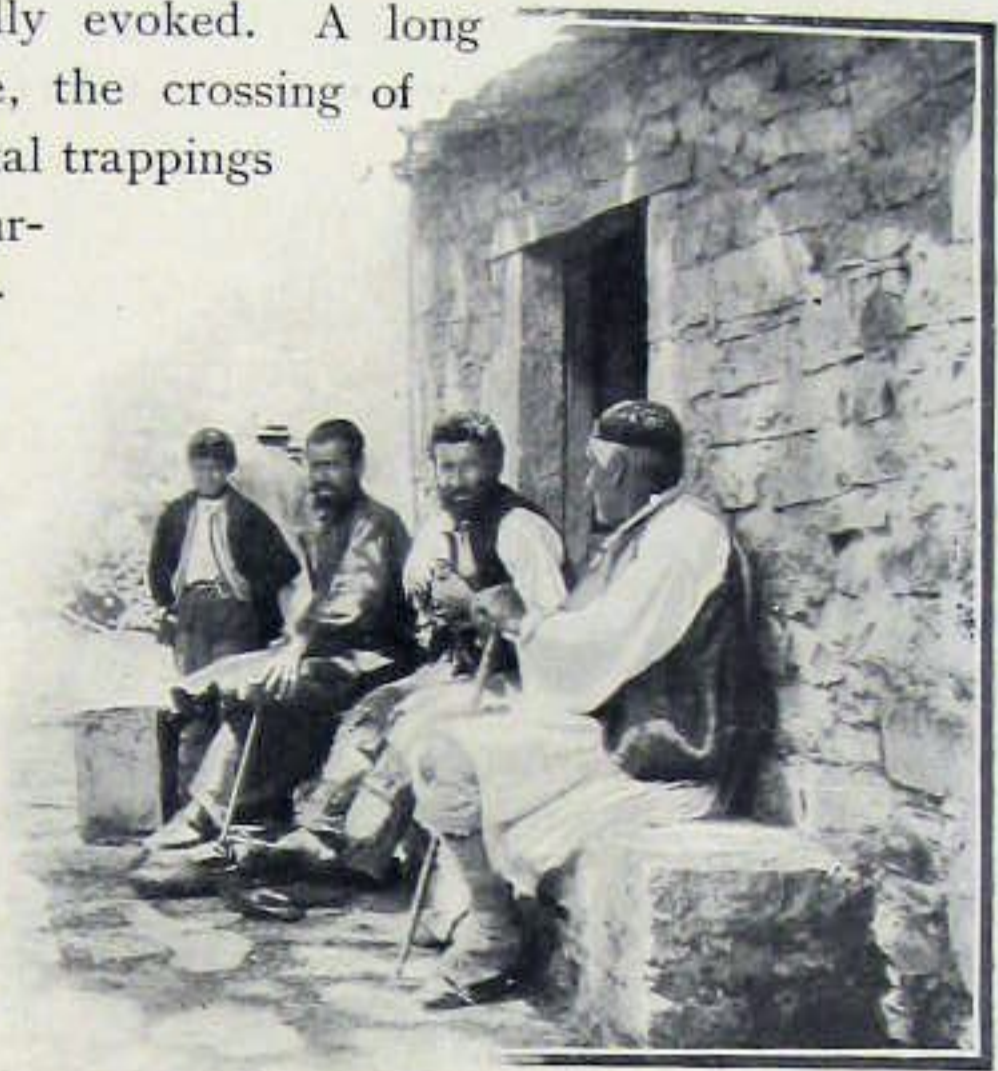
Here at Andritzena we bid farewell to our Spartan guides and animals, engaging in their stead another company of Agoyates and a caravan of ponies for the continuation of our journey northward.

Greece probably has never been likened to Morocco ; yet every day during the course of our expedition through the interior of Greece, souvenirs of the land of the African



AN AWKWARD LANDING

sultan were vividly evoked. A long day in the saddle, the crossing of a river, the Oriental trappings of the beasts of burden, the monotonous songs of the Agoyates, the ever brilliant sunshine, the sense of infinite freedom,—all these things carry our thoughts back to the Moorish Em-



BY THE ROADSIDE

pire, whose track-

less plains, and bridgeless rivers, and crumbling cities possess so great a charm. But the



MAY-DAY CROWNS

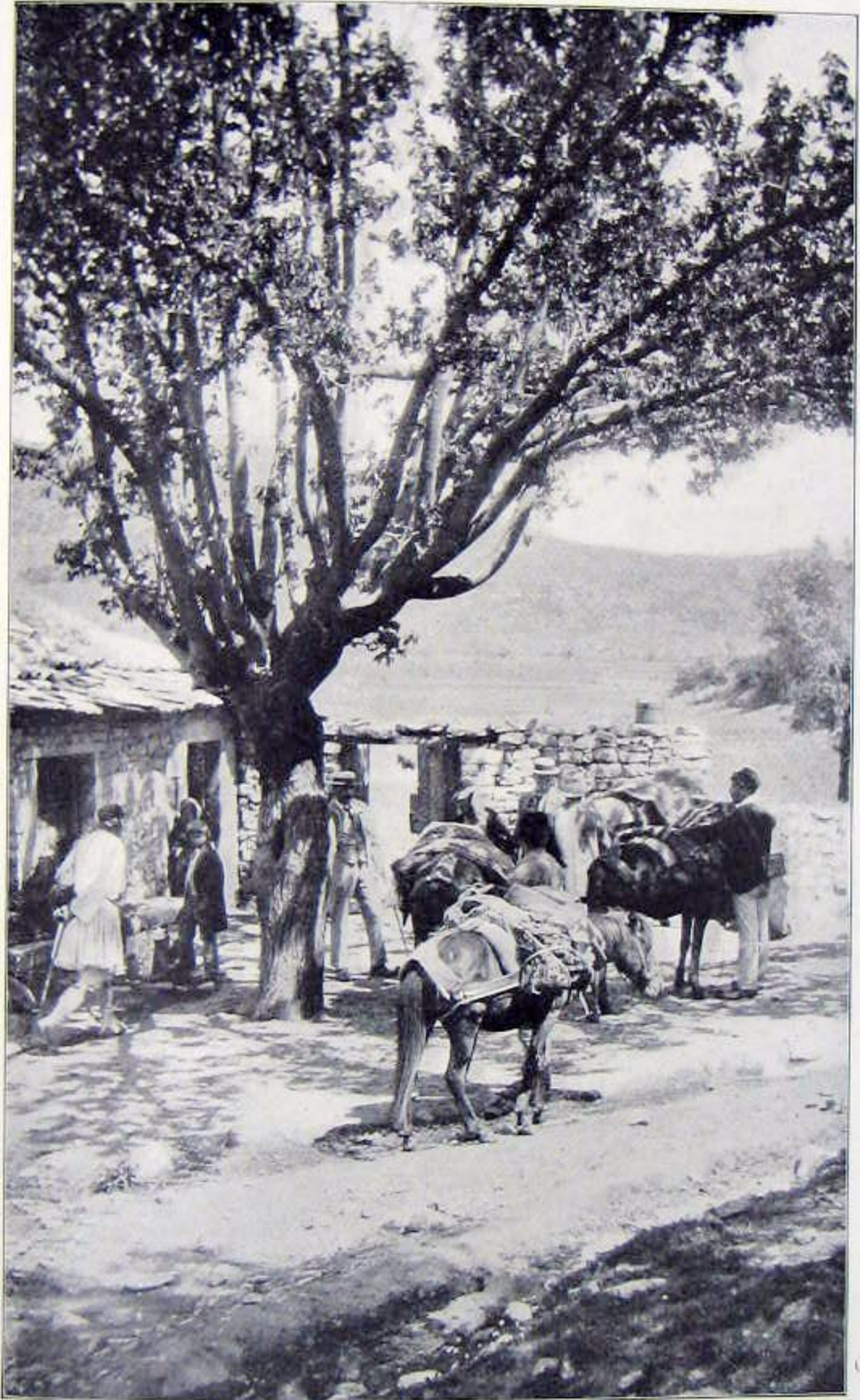
Moslem atmosphere is wanting ; here, for a hundred reasons, we cannot forget that we are in a Christian land.

On May day we are charmingly reminded that the month of Mary has commenced. In honor of the festival of the Virgin Mary, the entire population decks itself with flowers. Even common laborers wielding picks and shovels on the new military road have not forgotten that the month of May



SUNDAY IN A VILLAGE

has come. We find them toiling beneath a burning sun, amid the dust and glare, but on almost every head there is a diadem of roses. Was I not right in saying that modern dress is fatal alike to Greek dignity and beauty? These same men seen in native costume would appear as splendid specimens of rustic humanity. Unfortunately, the rising generation is inclined to follow strange gods and strange tailors, and the fine old costume is worn only by the aged.



A "KHAN"

After the passing of these old fellows and their contemporaries, the national Greek dress will be seen no more save in museums or at masquerades. The new generation, dressed like apes in graceless coats and baggy trousers, will then congratulate itself and prate of progress.

We made our noonday halt by invitation at a delightful house where the innate courtesy of our hosts and their unaffected pleasure in entertaining us added a relief to the simple fare provided. Such are the Greeks of the old régime. Less picturesque are the Greeks of the new régime, those who have been caught up by the wave of modernity that has swept across the land. Their houses and their



A MODERN RESIDENCE

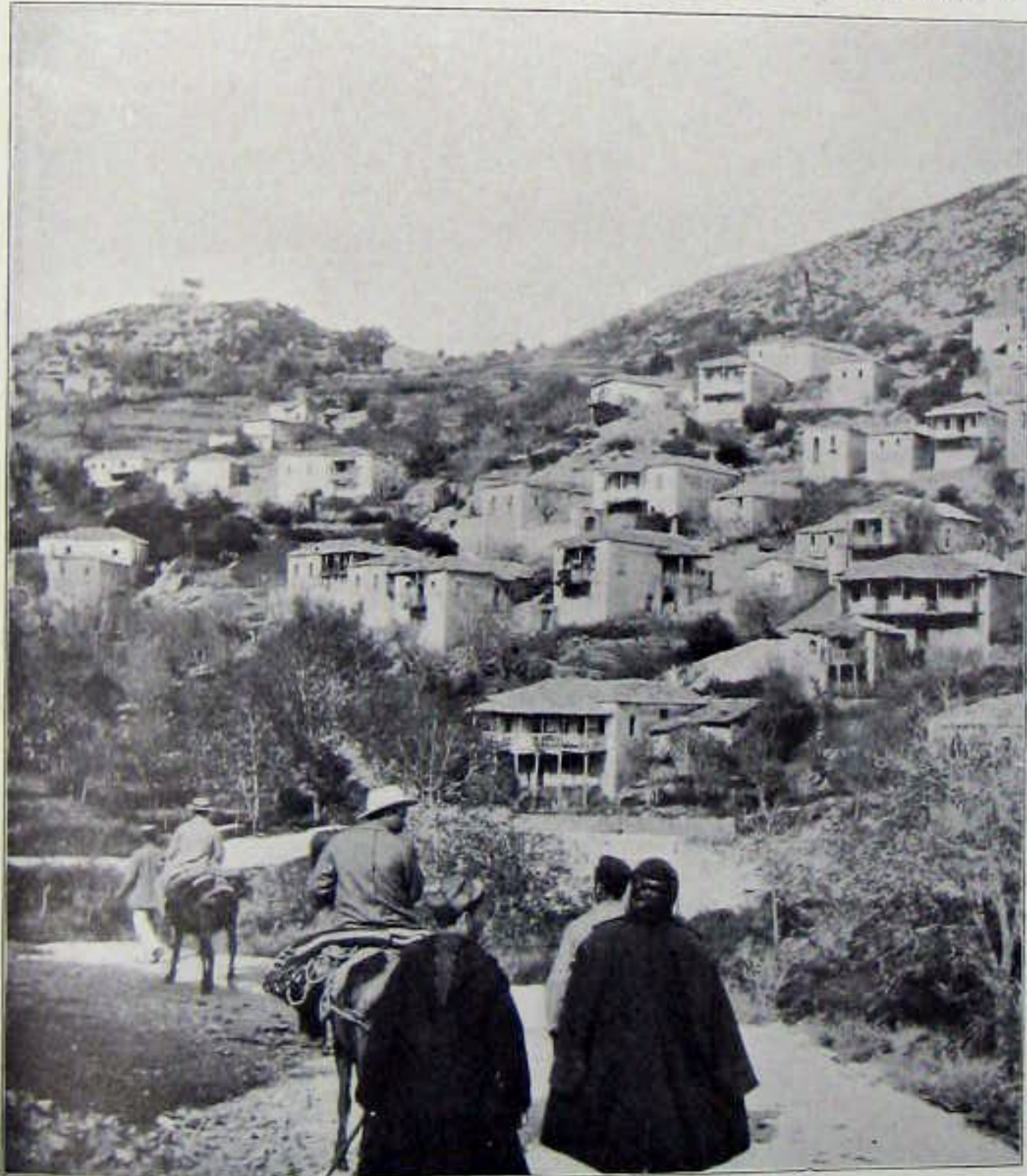
dress reflect the commonplaceness of to-day. Only once did we accept hospitality for the night. The house, though new, was essentially Greek. My diary for that date contains the following war-report: "Pitched camp at 10 p. m., assured by local authorities that the enemy had been driven from the neighborhood; therefore no powder was used. Were attacked at midnight; enemy's loss, seven killed,



A GROUP OF PROMINENT CITIZENS

three wounded. Our injuries slight, but very irritating." Orders issued to Captain Papadopoulos not to credit assurances of optimistic friends in future, but to pepper the enemy regardless of the feelings of our hosts. Thereafter we eschewed the hospitality of local notabilities and lodged in wayside inns or "khans," as they are called, where, without hurting the host's feelings, we could turn his house wrong-side out, dust it off, scrub it down, refurnish it with

our own household goods, and then enjoy both cleanliness and picturesqueness, two things most difficult to reconcile in Greece. We dine in luxury, our *chéf* preparing every night a dinner better than those served in hotels at Athens. We drink the native wine. It is always strongly impregnated with resin, giving it a peculiar flavor, but we learned to like it well, and called for it whenever we halted at one of the roadside inns or resting-places. At first the stranger thinks this resined wine abominable. It is said that an English bishop, after swallowing his first glass of native "rezinato,"



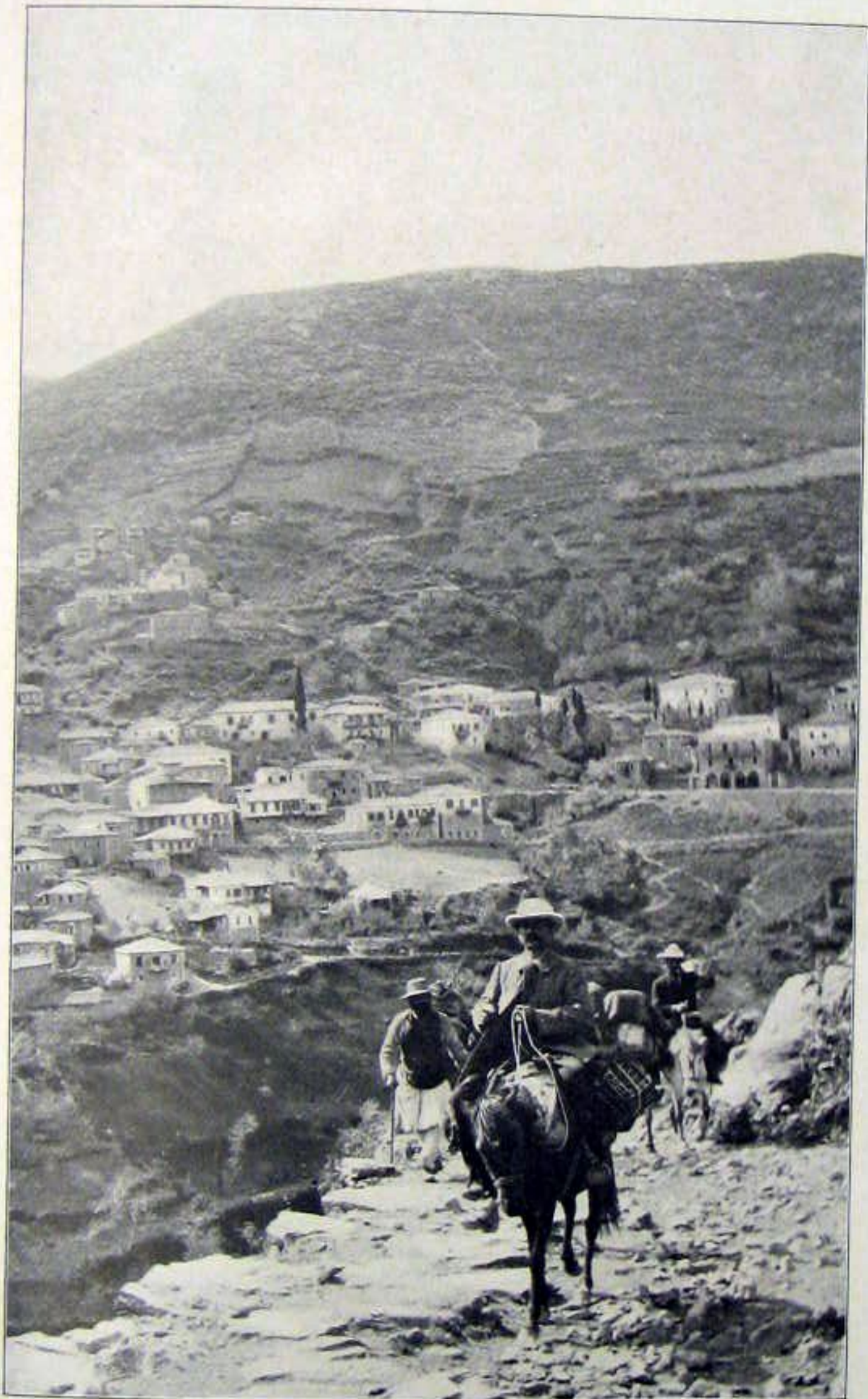
WE ARRIVE AT SUNSET

assured his host that his mouth was so puckered out of shape that he would not be able to speak the truth for a month. Another traveler affirmed that drinking rezinato was like licking the side of a freshly sawed pine plank. One good American imported a barrel of his favorite brand of rezinato. When it reached the Customs Inspectors in New York, the



A ROADSIDE REST

officials were at a loss as to the nature of the contents. They tapped the barrel to investigate, and as a result the American paid duty on a cask of turpentine. But let the ignorant scoffer spend a month in Greece, and rezinato will become to him as delicious as the nectar of Olympus, and ordinary wines will appear flat and tasteless. Greek mastica,



WE DEPART AT SUNRISE



too, we find deliciously cooling and grateful in the course of the long hot days. But all wine, all meat is good to him who travels as we do, who sits to eat and drink in the tempting noonday nooks along the way.

Here is Arcadia indeed, Arcadia as we have dreamed of it. We have often rested in the shade of splendid plane-trees, but nowhere have we found a nobler one than that which with its wide spreading branches, one day roofed our banquet hall. It was hollow, and in its trunk a sort of grotto had been formed, a grotto with walls of wood, and a floor of rocks, held firmly by the sturdy

WE MEET PRIESTS EVERYWHERE



MASTICA

roots. A little streamlet issues thence, for a fine spring of cool, clear water has burst forth within this curious grotto, forming a minute cascade and a tiny pool, in which the face of some fair nymph must surely have been daily mirrored, ere we moderns came to frighten her away. Then in a recess there is a broad, low, natural couch covered with fine green moss, soft and luxurious; and because the English author owns an Arcadian shepherd's cloak, he claimed the right to take his midday sleep there in the tree, holding that he, wrapped in that shaggy mass of coarse gray wool, harmonized far better with the pastoral scene than we who wore the more ugly garb of this convenient century. And for two hours or



HERE IS ARCADIA AS WE
HAVE DREAMED OF IT

more we slumbered there, lulled by the music of the unique little spring, nor were we eager to depart when we awoke. Fortunately, it is impossible to make haste in Greece. When we find ourselves at night eighteen or twenty miles from our starting-point, we feel that we have done a very good day's work. Although Greece is one of the smallest countries in Europe, it seems to us—as it seemed to the ancients—a land of vast extent. Railways have not annihilated distance; they have only taught us to forget it. What they have annihilated is the romance of travel.

A few years more and Greece, compactly girded by rails of steel, will lose her charm; then there will be no more noonday naps in places such as this, no more sunrise departures from awakening villages, no caravaning away through orange and lemon orchards, or along delicious byways deep in shade; the traveler will hear no more the music of those tiny bells upon the ponies' necks, those bells which play a sweet, clear little melody, each bar of which, while seeming but a repetition of that already tinkled, is never



PEACE

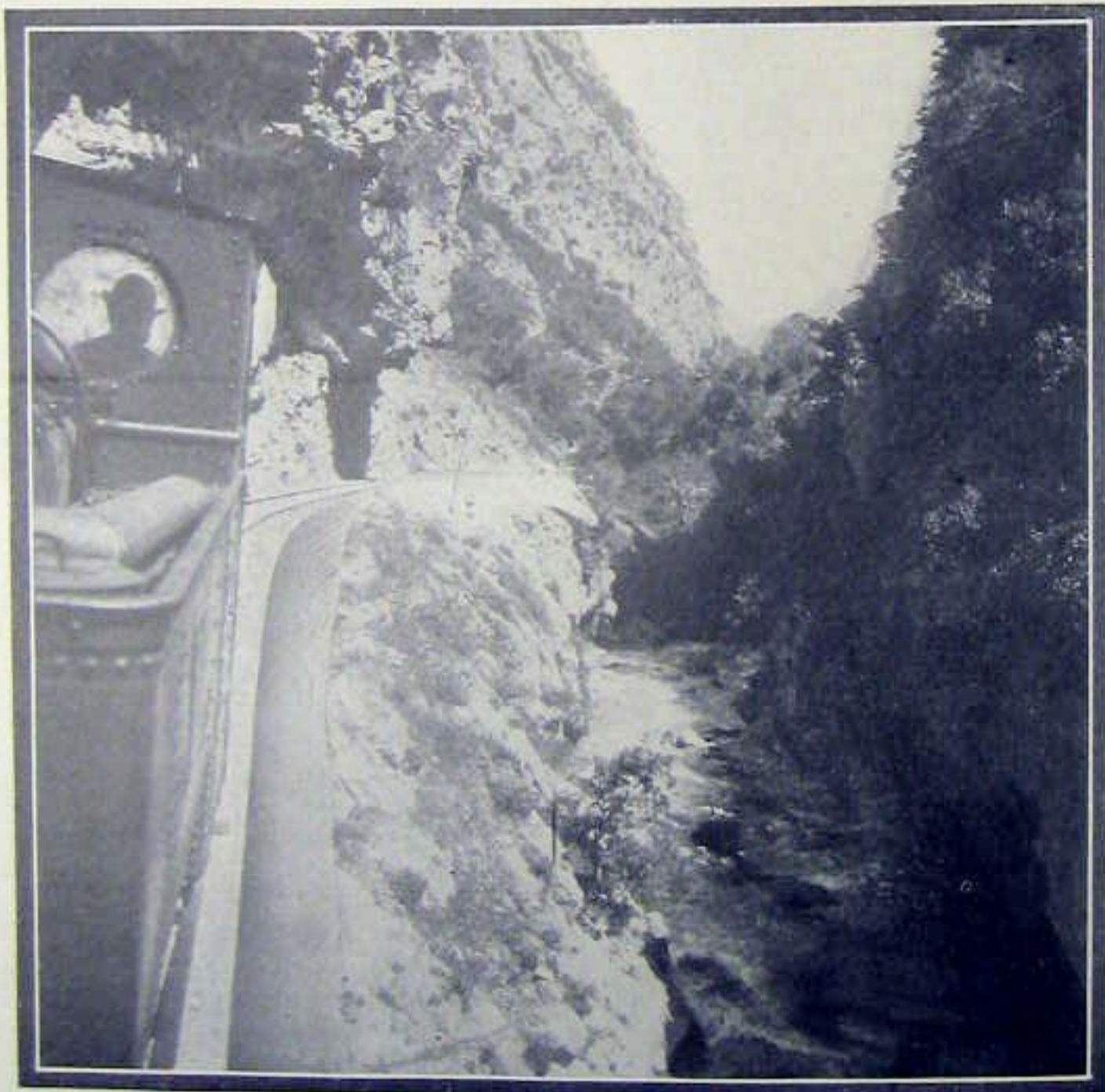


A HAPPY FAMILY

quite the same. Thus we jog on for many happy days, sometimes on foot, sometimes on pony back, where we sit astride, aside, or facing backwards, as best suits our mood.

Thus for weeks we traveled, free from care and from discomforts and as happy as mortal man can ever hope to be. At last, one regrettable day, we reach a railway on the shore of the Corinthian Gulf. There we are to await a train. Near by we find a modest inn, where we lunch in company with a dear old priest, who falls asleep over the glass of wine in which he drank our health.

The priests of the Greek Church are encountered everywhere in Greece. Their long black robes, their curious black hats, are seen in every crowd; no street scene is



RAILROADING IN GREEK GORGES

complete without them; even in the interior, far from villages and cities, we meet them every day, sometimes tramping, sometimes seated in majesty upon a burro or a mule, but always clad in black, always long-haired and long-bearded, always dignified, but ever ready to exchange a polite greeting, to ask us of our journey, and ever eager to know our nationality. At the mention of America a look of interest comes into their eyes, "Ah, yes," they say, "America; that's where the great athletes come from." Greek priests live nearer to their people than priests of other churches; they are usually poor, receiving no salary, but reaping in the way of offerings from one hundred to two hundred dollars a year. Many rural priests are farmers and sometimes those in towns keep shops, for many of them, as you know, are men of family and must support the wife and children. Only the monks and bishops are debarred from matrimony.



EN ROUTE TO MEGASPELEON

But having seen these holy men at large, we must make them a visit in their historic stronghold, the largest and most populous of all the monasteries in the land, the Monastery of Megaspeleon, one of the most remarkable monastic structures in the world. To reach it we must travel first by rail up through the Diakofto gorge; and I assure you that this railway-ride is not to be a common one. We are to



THE GORGE GROWS WIDER AND WILDER

ride by rail in places where a mountain-goat would hesitate to risk his shaggy skin. It has been well said that modern Greece lacks the necessary, but consoles herself with the superfluous. What need is there of a railway in this gorge of Diakofto? What profit can there be in operating it? And to both questions we may answer, "There is none." This road, one of the costliest per mile of any ever built, leads whither? To a miserable mountain village. It trans-



ROOM ONLY FOR ROAD AND RIVER

ports what? A score of peasants every day, and every week perhaps a dozen tourists. A locomotive and one car suffice for the daily traffic. The speed never exceeds five

miles an hour, while on the steepest portion of the line where cog-machinery is used, progress is barely perceptible. Our car advances with a series of jerks, each one of which lands us a few inches nearer heaven. The car is crowded, hot, the windows are full of heads. While looking out on one side, we miss some splendid vista on the other. Then when we enter tunnels, the puffing locomotive belching out steam, hot air and gassy fumes fills the rock's cavern and the car itself with a deadly atmosphere; and when the train emerges, we find ourselves half suffocated, gasping for breath. The windows are then thrown quickly open, and all heads are thrust far out at risk of being bumped against the rocks, while our scorched lungs draw in selfish haste a cooling breath.



THE TRAIL TO THE MONASTERY



A VERTICAL VILLAGE

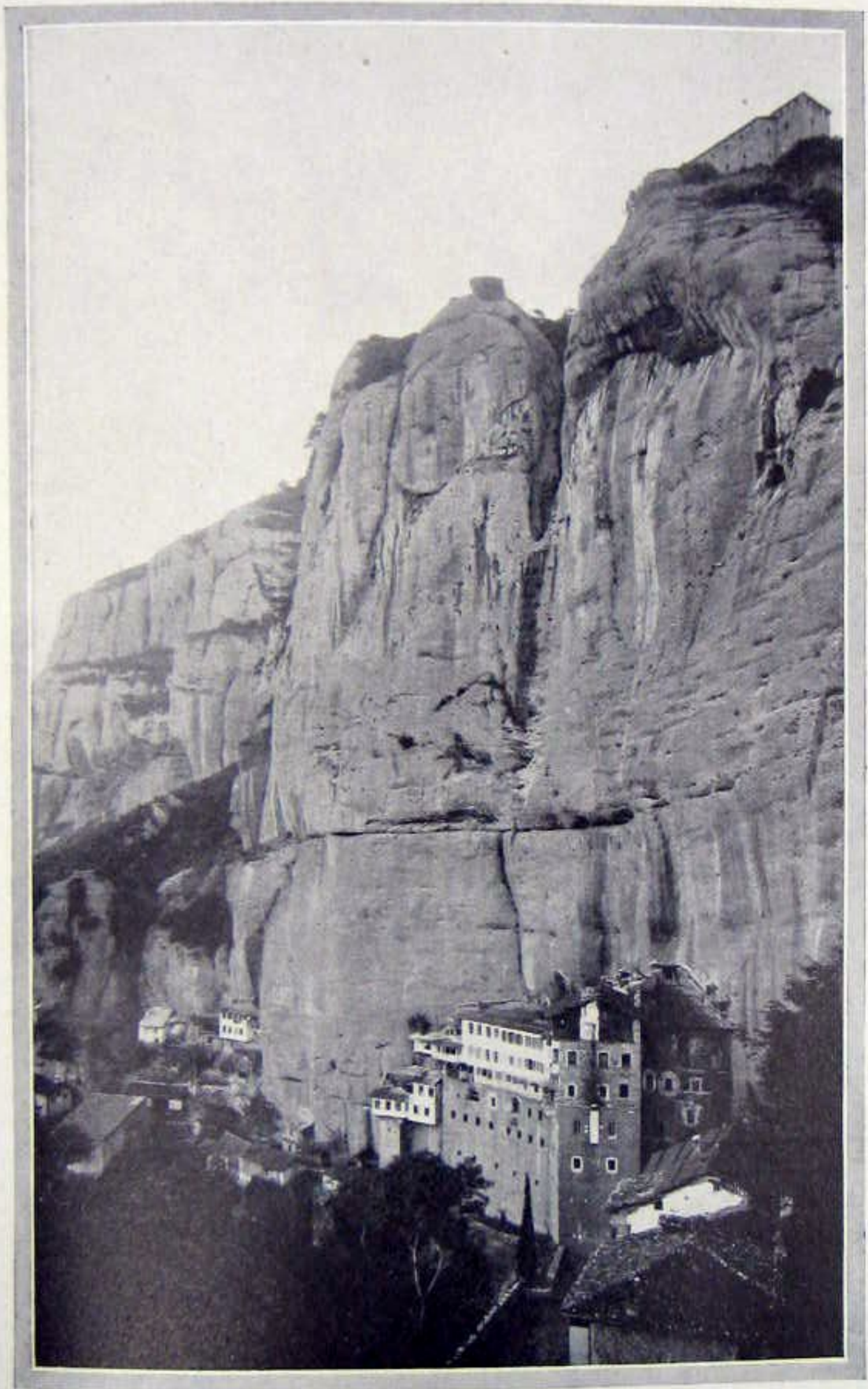
This ride soon became intolerable, and as our destination is only seven miles away, we decide to follow the example of a trio of American tourists who resolved to finish the trip on foot. So when, some moments later, the train stops to catch its breath, we leave the car, which with its stifling victims plunges into another of those awful tunnels, and continue our railway journey after the manner of the tramp, whose mode of travel is certainly the most delightful, when distances are short and scenery imposing. As I have said, this railway runs where goats would fear to travel. Certainly, it would be a very enterprising goat that would select his pasturage upon the sheer walls of this gorge, where it

narrows to a mere crack, in one place not more than ten feet wide. Yet the road of steel has dared to pass this spot; and we, taking advantage of this path, created by the foolish expenditure of millions of Greek drachmas, walk leisurely and comfortably through the rocky wall, across a little bridge of steel, beneath which the foaming torrent rushes, then through another tunnel, whence we emerge into the upper section of the gorge, where it is



MEGASPELEON

wider but even wilder and more picturesque. Here, however, we behold only the results of Nature's efforts to impress us; we are now to see how man, as if not satisfied with the results achieved by Nature, has created, in the name of religion, at the extremity of this gorge a Picture of the Impossible, a picture so remarkable in detail, so imposing in ensemble, so utterly unlike anything that we have ever seen before that I do not know how to describe it in words, nor do I feel that even pictures will suggest the



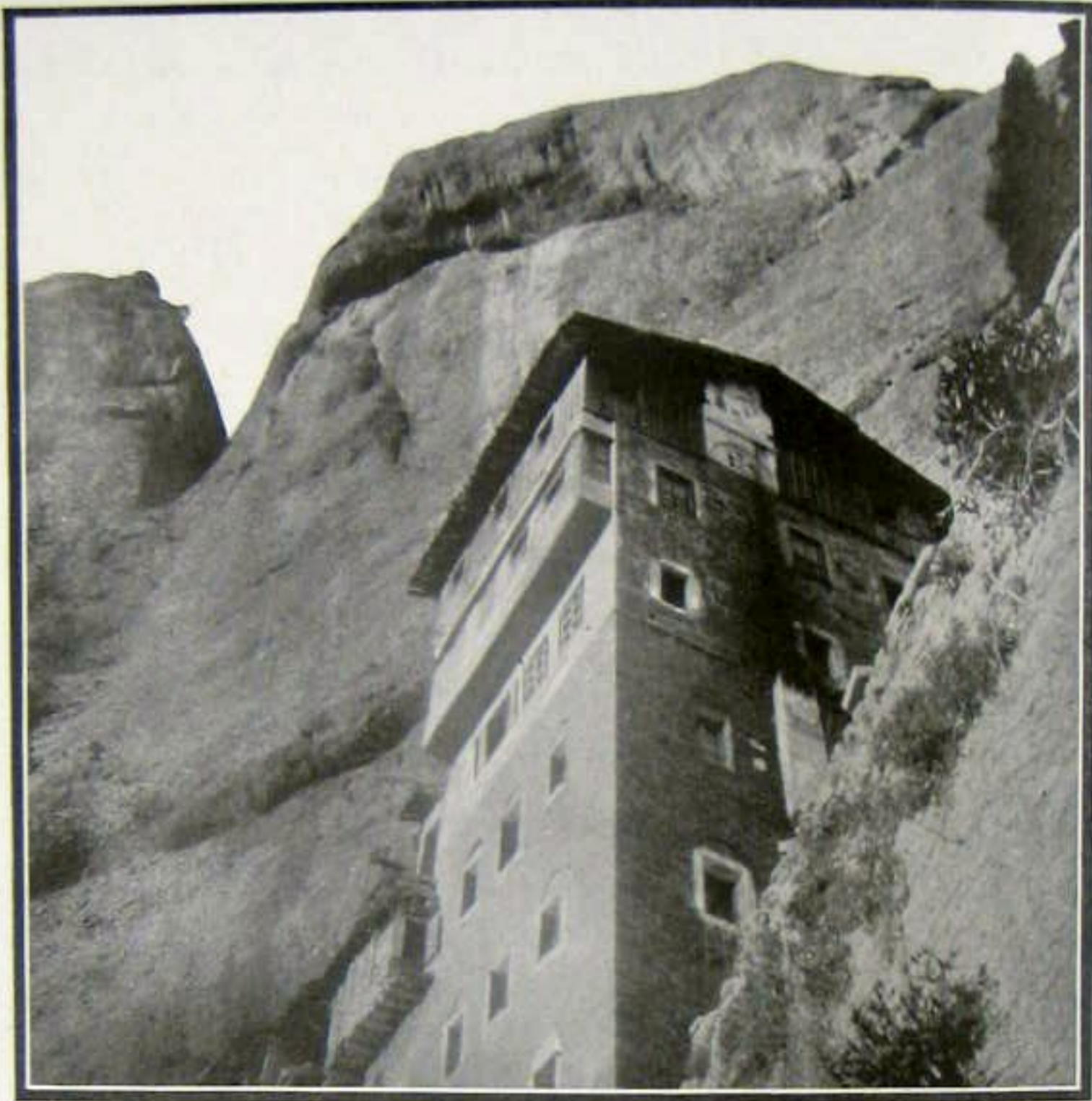
THE MONASTERY AND THE CLIFF OF MEGASPELEON

atmosphere of mystery, of medievalism, and above all, the atmosphere of *impossibility* which envelopes the Monastery of Megaspeleon.

The ascent which presently commences prepares us for the strange and unexpected. We leave the winding railway and the river and climb by a zigzag path up through a chaos, where the frowning gray and yellow rocks are masked in part by fresh green vegetation. A monk returning to the monastery guides us upward. Looking down, we see the path unwinding below us, like an immense ball of yarn, which rolling down the slope has formed a confusing series of loops and curves and angles.



THE CELLAR WALLS



AN UPWARD GLANCE

A moment later and a sudden turn reveals to us an unexpected sight. We see what seems to be a village surrounded by gardens and tiny fields and vineyards ; but all this is not as it should be, for it occupies a vertical and not a horizontal plane. Can it be possible that while we have been prisoners in the gorge, the center of gravity has been shifted from its accustomed place, and that farms and houses no longer remain peacefully on level ground, but rise and stick themselves upon the face of upright cliffs? We grow dizzy as we try to count the little terraces ; at every turn we discover high up on yonder wall more and more buildings, miraculously clinging to the rock or wedged in crevices and fissures.

“So that is Megaspeleon!” we exclaim. “Not yet,” our guide replies; “a moment more.” Another turn. “Yes, that is Megaspeleon.” Were we not out of breath with exertion, wonder, and surprise we should undoubtedly inquire, “How came it there?” “What holds it there?” “Why doesn't it fall off?” “Who lives there?” and, above all, “Why has the world of travel never heard of this before?”

I am convinced that there are very few, even among those who may be called chronic travelers, who would not look blankly at you when you ask them, “Have you been to Megaspeleon?” We felt like discoverers as we approached this imposing pile, this relic of the greatness of Greek monasticism. Behind it a rocky wall reaches skyward for a thousand feet; from the foundations of the structure there descends a giant staircase, a series of narrow terraces, on which are the farms and gardens of the monks. The monks apparently have less need of plows than of parachutes!—for should a pious



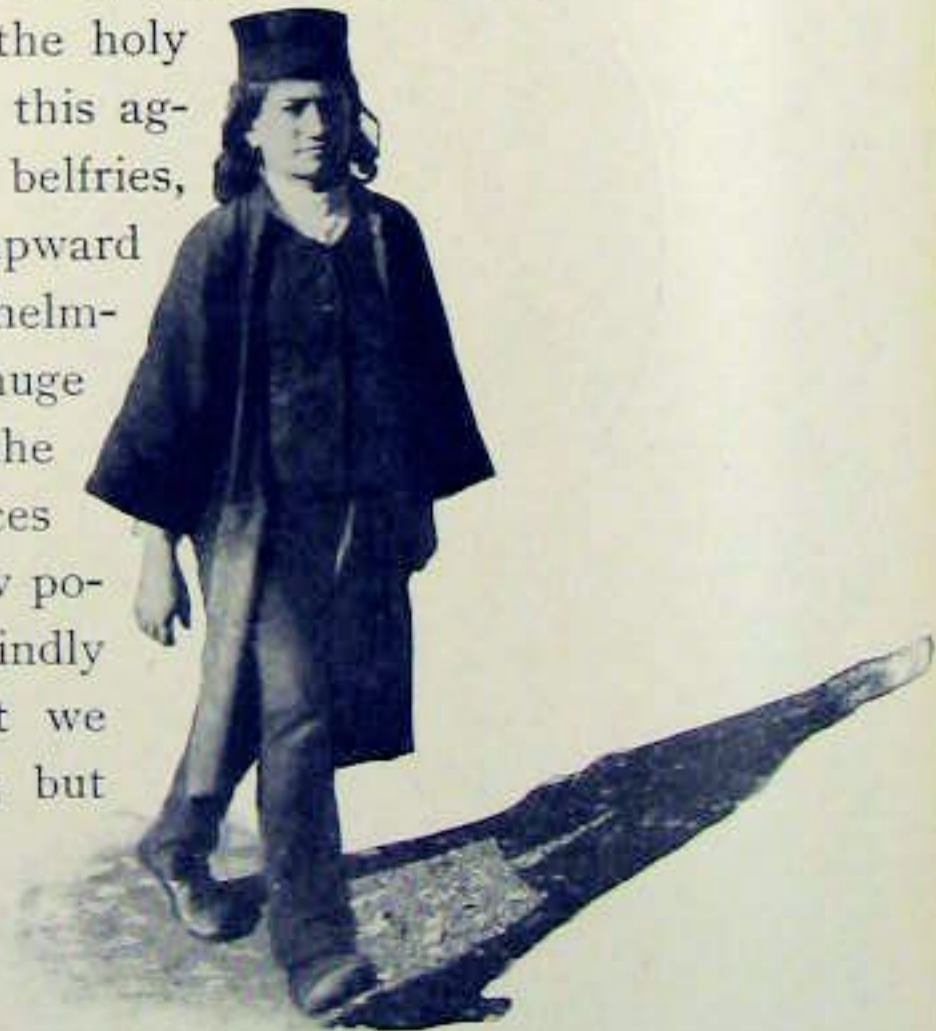
FISHERMEN FROM THE GULF OF CORINTH



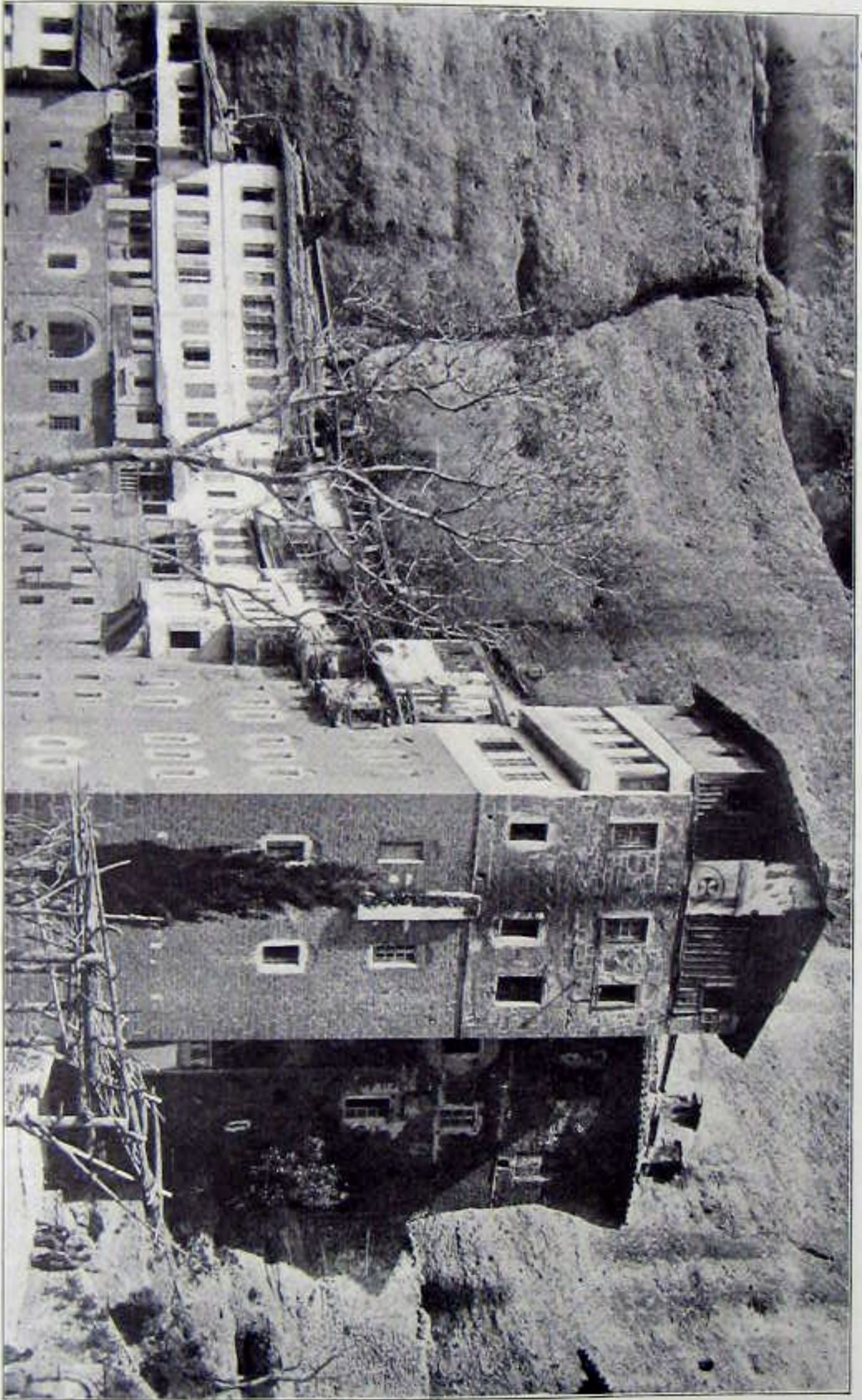
MONKS OF MEGASPELEON

farmer ever step across the boundary line of his own plat of ground, he must fall forty feet or more before it can be charged that he has trespassed on his neighbor's soil.

And as we draw still nearer, we count the stories of this medieval skyscraper. Beginning at the top and counting downward we discover in all eleven stories. Six rows of cheerful windows pierced in the façade of the superstructure, five rows of gloomy openings in the grim supporting wall below. Here, then, is a building with a basement five stories deep, the windows of its lowest story overlooking mountains of no inconsiderable size. And all this, the growth of several centuries, is only the mask of Megaspeleon, for Megaspeleon means the "Great Cave." The real Megaspeleon, the great cave itself, the holy of holies, is screened from view by this agglomeration of cellars, dormitories, belfries, cells, and chapels. As we glance upward at the monastery, the effect is overwhelming. The cliff soars above it like a huge thunder-cloud of solid rock. From the innumerable windows, curious faces now peer down upon us. We bow politely to the monks, they with kindly gestures bid us welcome. At first we can discern no place of entrance; but following the narrow path we reach at last a sort of esplanade or terrace, a level space much



A NOVICE



THE ABODE OF MONASTIC CALM



IN THE BELL TOWER

larger than we thought could possibly exist in such a place as this. We are very cordially received by three or four old fathers, after which they considerably leave us to ourselves. And we have need of rest, for the approach to Megaspelon has resulted in great

physical fatigue and greater mental perturbation. It takes the traveler an hour or two to collect his senses, to convince himself that he is not dreaming, that these startling things are real, and that he is living, not in the ninth or tenth, but in the nineteenth century. Meantime, rooms in the great house on the right have been assigned to us, and the freedom of the kitchen granted to our guide and cook. Then later two or three old monks come out to welcome us in the name of the Higoumenos or abbot. Fine old fellows, every one of them. Here at last we find the old Greek type, men of imposing dignity, with long gray beards, long hair, long robes, and an air of superiority that is full of kindness, simplicity, and supreme contentment.

What is the world and all its modern marvels to these men? They are assured of shelter, food, good company, and peace; what more could a sane man desire? Life with us is a fever; with these old monks it is a peaceful dream,—