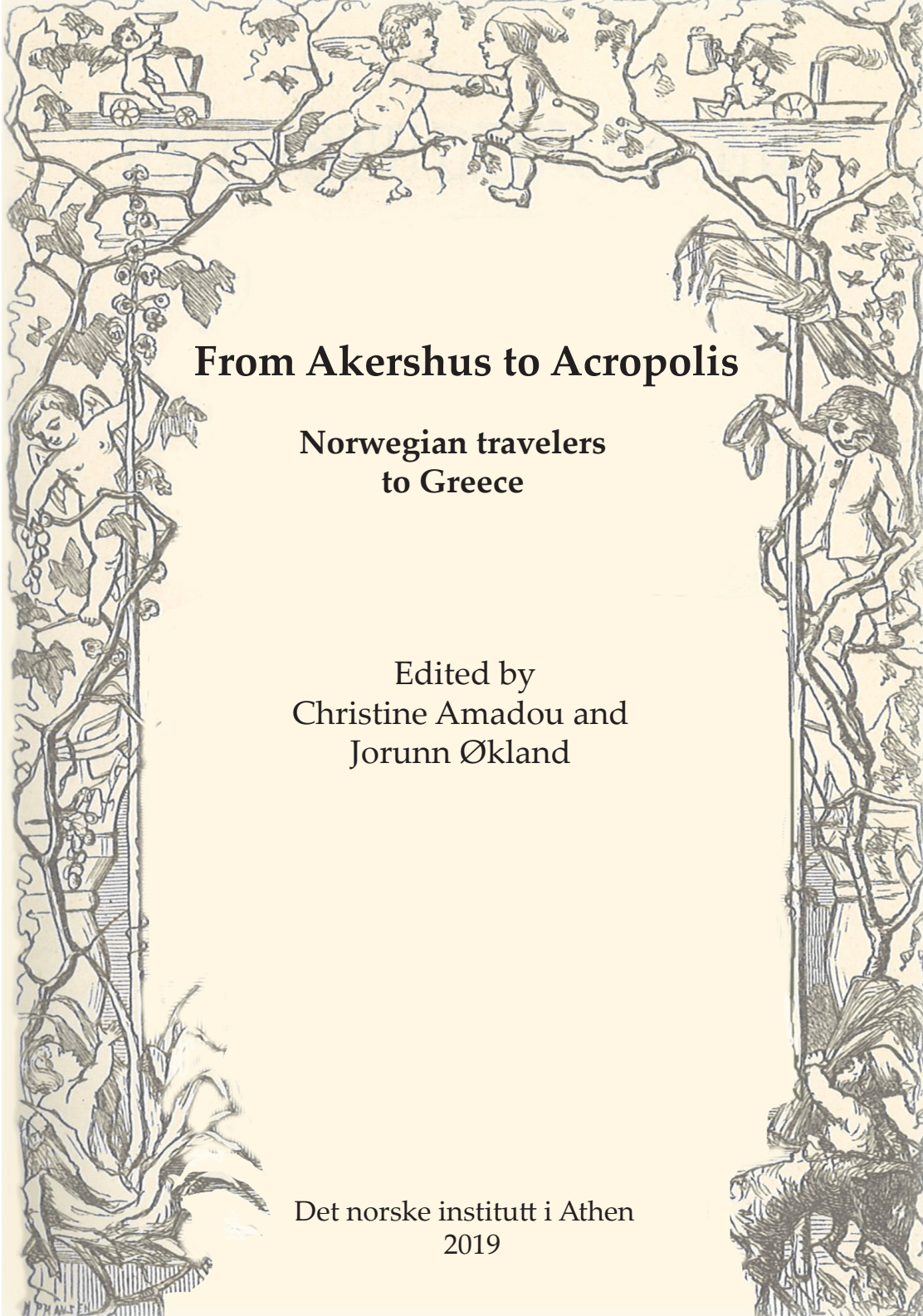

From Akershus to Acropolis

Norwegian travelers to Greece

Edited by
Christine Amadou and
Jorunn Økland

Det norske institutt i Athen
2019

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The excerpts are from the following books:

Christian Gottlob Bugge, Fra Grækenland. Kristiania: H.J. Jensen, 1860.
44-48 and 250-251

Ingvald Undset, Fra Akershus til Akropolis. Kristiania: Cammermeyer, 1892.
1-11 and 90-97

Carl W. Schnitler, Reise i Grækenland, glimt av Italien. Skildring av landskaper og kunst.
Kristiania: Gyldendalske bokhandel, 1922. 1-5 and 103-104

All translations from Norwegian are by Brian McNeil.
The translation from Greek is by Delia Tzortzaki.

Mathilde Bonnevie Dietrichson's drawings are from
Lorenz Dietrichson, Fra min Vandringstid, Christiania : J. W. Cappelen, 1876. 1, 143, 153, 197

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Preface

It is a pleasure to publish this collection, selected from accounts by early Norwegian travelers to Greece, as a contribution to two larger events:
Mainly, the celebrations of the 30th anniversary of the Norwegian Institute at Athens. But it is also a contribution to a collaborative project involving all the Nordic embassies and institutes in Athens, as well as the Nordic Library: The Nordic Narrative in Athens: Greece through the eyes of the travelers from the North.

The current collection connects the two by presenting short excerpts from accounts by early Norwegian travelers specifically. For a long time, Norwegian visitors to Greece have come and still come to enjoy the Greek philoxenia, as also the Institute itself has done for 30 years.

Please note that the travelers of the 19th century were neither THE earliest, nor the first known Norwegian travelers to Greece: In the early 13th century A.D., the Icelandic historian and poet Snorri Sturluson writes in his *Heimskringla*, the history of the Norwegian kings, that the later king Harald Hardråde (mid-11th century A.D.) travelled to *Miklagard*/Constantinople and advanced to commander of the Emperor's life guard (during the reign of Emperor Michael IV, Paphlagon). Harald, however, was only one among numerous "væringer" in the Emperor's guard; in fact it even went under the name Τάγμα των Βαραγγίων for a while.

The period covered in this collection, is a second large wave of travelers in the same direction: Included are the travel reports by 19th and early 20th century Norwegian travelers Christian Gottlob Bugge, Ingvald Undset, Mathilde Bonnevie Dietrichson and Carl Schnitler. Mathilde Dietrichson's report came in the form of a series of drawings, which constitute the illustrations in this collection. This second wave of Norwegians travelling to Greece was conditioned

upon historical developments preceding their visits: When, in the 18th century, the Ottoman Empire decided to slightly soften its previous isolationism, a steady and gradually increasing crowd of travelers from Northern and Western Europe followed their dream and visited Greece for the first time. The "Grand Tour" soon became well established as a genre of its own - a must for young aspiring men (and some women) of the higher classes who wanted to present themselves as educated, experienced, "well travelled", enlightened – but to venture further from France, the Alps and Italy all the way into Greece, was still in the 19th century relatively novel and brave. The Norwegians presented in the current collection arrived after Greece had gained full independence. This is significant, and will be further explained below.

In the 21st century, travel literature of the 17th-20th centuries has grown into a large research topic of its own. This literature provides one key to understanding how modern Greece became "integrated" into Europe before, during and after its struggle for independence from the Ottoman Empire, and it demonstrates how northerners reconnected with the matrix of European civilization as they imagined it, on contemporary Greek soil. Many of them felt that they knew the place already, through books and studies of ancient Greek literature and art. So in between descriptions of monuments, spectacular nature, and references to ancient Greek authors, the travelers also express great surprise to meet contemporary Greeks since they do not at all look like ancient marble sculptures.

When the travel literature of this period has grown into such a large research field today, it is partly because of what this literature betrays about the travelers themselves, and the cultures they travelled *from* (in our case North-Western Europe):

- their understanding of race, continuity and art, which led them to assume that ancient sculptures of deities must to such an extent have been naturalistic copies of human models that they expected the Greeks of their own time to look like white marble statues: white, tall and unblemished. A couple of centuries later, we are generally more aware of the extensive painting of ancient Greek marble sculpture, and through the work of scholars such as Robert Garland, more conscious of what people on ancient Athenian streets must have looked like in a society without modern hospitals;

- their understanding of the West and/versus the Orient. This led to particularly intense speculation in the travel literature, on the extent to which the Greece of their day was "Oriental" and the extent to which it was "European";

- their understanding of the hierarchy between empires and their colonies. In this respect it is important to note that Norway and Greece shared an overlapping, 400-year, colonial history. They declared a preliminary form of independence only a few years apart (1814 and 1822, respectively), followed by full independence only at a later stage (1905 and 1830, respectively). Thus, unlike most of the North and Western European travelers to Greece in this period, most of the travelers presented in this collection travelled *from* a country that was still only semi-independent, Norway (with its own Constitution but whose ruler was the King of Sweden), *to* a country that had already reached full independence, "Hellas". Thus the country represented not only origins and past glory, but also the future dream for the Norwegians. Perhaps is it significant in this context that Norwegians chose simply to transcribe the endonym *Ελλάδα* when Norwegian eventually took shape as the country's official language? The Latin root "graec-" formed the basis for the official name of the country in other European languages. Maybe the shared colonial past played a role when the more commonly used Latin exonym was rejected in favour of the term the Greeks themselves used? In any case, our old travel reports, e.g. that by Bugge, still uses the Danish "Grækenland" rather than Norwegian "Hellas", since Danish was the official language of Norway through the colonial period, and after 1814 the basis for the formation of the official ("Norwegian") language of the new nation state.

Today, these and many further issues are raised by the old travel narratives. For this collection, Christine Amadou has done the selection of representative reports and illustrations. Together we hope that by offering representative excerpts and images, we will whet the curiosity for even further investigations into Norwegian travelers and cultural exchange in a historical perspective.

Athens, 20.02 2019

Jorunn Økland
Director, Norwegian Institute at Athens
Professor, University of Oslo

Introduction

From one periphery of Europe to another: It may not seem obvious that two of the youngest European nations, Norway and Greece, should have contact with each other in the nineteenth century. But the Norwegians knew Greece: Greek history and language were part of the classical curriculum. In the new capital, Christiania, neoclassical buildings demonstrated Norway's belonging to the common European culture that had its source in Greece.

Scholarly knowledge and architectural models came to Norway through philhellenic movements in German-speaking countries. But when a few Norwegians were adventurous enough to travel to Greece on their own, they did not go "the German way", but via Italy. Italy was normally the final destination for "the grand Tour," the *Bildungsreise* to the antique land: Like other men from the Northern countries, the Norwegian travelers went to Greece from Rome. They first learnt Latin, then Greek: They went backward into ancient history.

As we celebrate thirty years of official Norwegian scholarly presence in Athens, we present some excerpts from four Norwegian travel reports on Greece. They represent a large time span and four different types of travelers; but through their eyes we also see some common features and, perhaps because they came from so far away, original observations and reflections. The first of them is the young student Christian Gottlob Bugge (1835-1863) from Trondhjem in the North of Norway. Bugge was born in 1835, and when he had finished his classical studies in 1858, he went on a long voyage "to the south". He ended up in Greece, and sent a series of travel reports to the newspaper Christiania-Posten. In 1860, the texts were collected and published as a book: *From Greece/Fra Grækenland*. The young candidate spent three months in Athens, then visited several parts of Greece (the Cyclades, Attica, the Saronic islands, the Peloponnese, the Ionian Islands), often in quite uncomfortable ways, like a modern backpacker.

Our next traveler is the archeologist Ingvald Undset (1853-1893), who visited Greece in 1882, as part of a tour to Italian and Central European archaeological sites and museums. Undset was a specialist in the Northern European Iron and Bronze Ages, and he went as far as saying that "modern archaeology was born in the north". He visited Greece with the professional's curiosity and systematic thoroughness. For example, he spent several weeks in the newly built museum of Olympia, drawing and depicting buckles and other small metal items in his notebook. Undset travelled with a younger colleague, Anton Ræder, and his visit was possible thanks to a grant from the Norwegian state. His impressions from Greece were collected in the book with the beautiful title *Fra Akershus til Akropolis/ From Akershus to Acropolis* (Akershus being the old, royal castle in Oslo), published first in 1892, then in a shortened version in 1925. Undset's contributions are illustrated by illustrations from his notebook.

One of the rare women going to Greece from Norway, was the painter Mathilde Bonnevie Dietrichson (1837-1921). She travelled to Asia Minor and to Greece in 1869 with her husband, the art historian Lorenz Dietrichson. In 1876 he published the two-volume work *Min vandringstid/My wandering years*, where part of the second volume covers the visit to Greece. The book is dedicated to "My faithful and bold companion on small travels as well as on life's long travel". Some of Mathilde Dietrichson's illustrations are presented here as independent reports and impressions from the travel to Greece.

Our last traveler in this collection is the art historian Carl W. Schnitler. He undertook several journeys to southern Europe, and his report from Greece is found in the book *Reise i Grækenland, Glimt av Italien/Travels in Greece, Glimpses of Italy,* published in 1922. Schnitler went to Greece at a time when travel facilities and accommodation were better than for the poor student Bugge and for the hard-working scholar Undset. One may certainly call him a Romantic. He gives descriptions of the nature, of the ruins, and not the least of the effect they have on him. We find only a few anecdotes about food and folklore, and nearly nothing about his encounters with people.

How did these four travelers, with their different backgrounds, who visited Greece at three different historical moments, depict modern Greece? How did they experience the gap, a *topos* in travel literature, between the idealized antiquity and the *de facto* reality of Greece? Whom did they meet, and how did they relate their contact with the scholarly milieu in Greece?

The following extracts from the four travelers are organized in three thematic parts: The encounter with Greece: Here, Undset and Schnitler employ many of the common *tournures* from philhellenic travelers, but with their personal touch. Undset presents his personal scientific agenda together with the exalted testimony of actually being in the mythical place. Schnitler also describes the magic of setting his foot on Greek soil. For him, this has the golden colour of an almost mystical experience (Schnitler also cites Ernest Renan's "Prière sur l'Acropole" on the front page of his book). In his conclusion, also presented here, Schnitler uses the image of travel to the ancient land as a pilgrimage, but ends up with the expression of a wish: Would it be possible one day for the Scandinavians "to have academic organizations down here that investigate the value that these ancient stones contain, and make use of them for their own national culture"? "Or are these just fantasies by the light of the moon"?

In the second part, we will investigate how these travelers met modern Greece and their perspective on contemporary Greek culture. As a young "backpacker," Christian Bugge is the one among them who seems the most interested in the "living Greece". He had learnt Modern Greek quite well, and in his description of his visit to Amphissa in the Phocis region (he uses the old name Salona, in use until 1833), he relates his encounter with three young boys. He presents their dialect and his political discussion with them. But he also gives us a glimpse of ethnographic observations. Here, Bugge is the only one among the three writers who compares Greek and Norwegian popular culture, when he compares the boys' song with the Norwegian traditional song "Eg ser deg utfor Gluggen".

The scholar Undset shows curiosity and interest in Modern Greek culture, but he also reproduces many of the commonplaces of Northern travelers use to reflect on their disappointment when they do not meet "the ancient Greek types" in the streets of Modern Athens. When Carl W. Schnitler writes about his visit to Greece forty years later, he openly discusses the choice the visitor has to make: Should he describe contemporary Greece, as did the Swedish Count Hugo Wachtmeister, who "asks whether it is the landscape that has changed, or the men of old who have told tales in their descriptions of nature"? Or should he watch everything "through romantic-tinted spectacles"? Schnitler chooses the latter path: "If therefore, someone will say: 'I am traveling with a greater interest in the Greece that once existed and it its dead past, rather than in the way it lives today, and I will accordingly give myself the evil name of 'romantic' – well, I will agree with him."

The last theme of our extracts is the meeting with other European visitors in Greece. Here we have Undset's unique report of his many visits to Hein-

rich Schliemann's magnificent town-house in Athens, and his descriptions of Schliemann as a person as well as an archaeologist. This ambiguous, and nuanced, portrait deserves to be known by German and Greek scholars. But forty years before Undset, even the young Christian Bugge writes about other "Europeans" he met, namely the Austrian painter Karl Rahl (1812-1865) and his "hunt for ancient Greek physiognomies in Athens." Bugge also met the neoclassical architect Theofil Hansen, in whom he discovers a half-compatriot, since the father of the Hansen brothers was from the Norwegian town of Drammen.

These four travel reports (three in writing and one in picture format), in all their differences, are part of Norwegian of Greek history, and not the least of the history of the relationship between the two. An example of how the reports engendered further exchange between the two countries, concludes this volume: It is a translation of a review of Undset's book published in the Greek newspaper *Hestia* (January 15, 1889). The review demonstrates that writings by the Norwegian travelers were also received, read, and further discussed in Athens. The review thus represents one more turn in a very rich history of cultural exchange between Norway and Greece.

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«Feet on the Greek soil»

Ingvald Undset:

So now, I was to come to Greece too! I was to set my feet on the classical soil of Hellas and see the Acropolis, with the most glorious ancient remains in the world!

To visit Greece was not in fact a part of my plan for that particular journey. My plans for study were rather definitely restricted, and considerations of time and of money forbade me to deviate greatly from them, if my studies were to lead to any solid result. I had now traveled through the whole of Italy for the best part of two years, and I had mastered the prehistorical archaeological material that was available. The plan was that a visit to Sicily would round off Italy, before I set out for central Europe.

But there was so much that drew me over to Hellas: not only a longing to see this oldest home of the flowering of culture in Europe, but also the hope of finding much instructive material for my special studies. I knew for certain that there were in fact no collections of prehistorical material in Greece. In Italy too, it was above all the latest prehistoric or protohistorical period that had been the principal object of my studies and interests, especially the first half of the millennium before Christ, when the Italian culture which develops into full bloom later on, in the classical period — is first established, and takes form under continuous oriental influence. But there must be new material to be found in Olympia that would shed light on this development. This material, which had not yet been studied in this context, came from the huge and still unpublished findings of bronze objects brought to light in recent years in the great German excavations. Besides this, there were the findings from the Dipylon cemetery near Athens, which had not yet been published integrally. And Schliemann's rich findings from the tombs in Mycenae were kept in Athens — findings that had opened up completely new horizons for archaeological research in the classical lands, going far back into the second millennium before Christ. […]

The ancient ruins in Athens are not nearly as numerous as in Rome, nor are they scattered over such a wide area. Besides this, Athens has nothing to offer from the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. It is therefore clear that the ordinary kind of traveler, who only wants to go from place to place to "see everything" that a guide book says is worth seeing, will be finished with Athens in a few days, while he will need to spend weeks in Rome. The ruins in Athens are largely concentrated on and around the Acropolis. Here, as in Rome, a large part of the territory of the ancient city now lies waste and unbuilt upon; but one im-

mediately has the impression that Athens was never such a huge metropolis as Rome. But I understood at once what a German colleague in Rome had said to me, although I did not believe him at the time—namely, that when one comes to Athens, Rome and its monuments will fade away in one's memory!

Every cultivated visitor will be moved and inspired on the Acropolis. The only possible reaction to the rows of Doric columns on the Parthenon and the Propylaea is to be captivated by the impression of pure beauty that is imparted by these simple, rectilinear, noble structures. Everyone will be entranced by the light Ionic grace of the Temple of Athena Nikê and the Erechtheion, and feel the attraction of the calm beauty of the Caryatid Porch. And the fine features are so nobly emphasized by the lovely material, the Pentelic marble, on which time and light have bestowed a remarkably warm, golden color, so that it almost seems to be have been gilded. And the air is so indescribably full of light under the clear, dark blue sky. Seen from a little distance, these marble columns shine almost as if they were on fire, standing there in their colors against the background of the dark blue sky. All this is utterly indescribable!

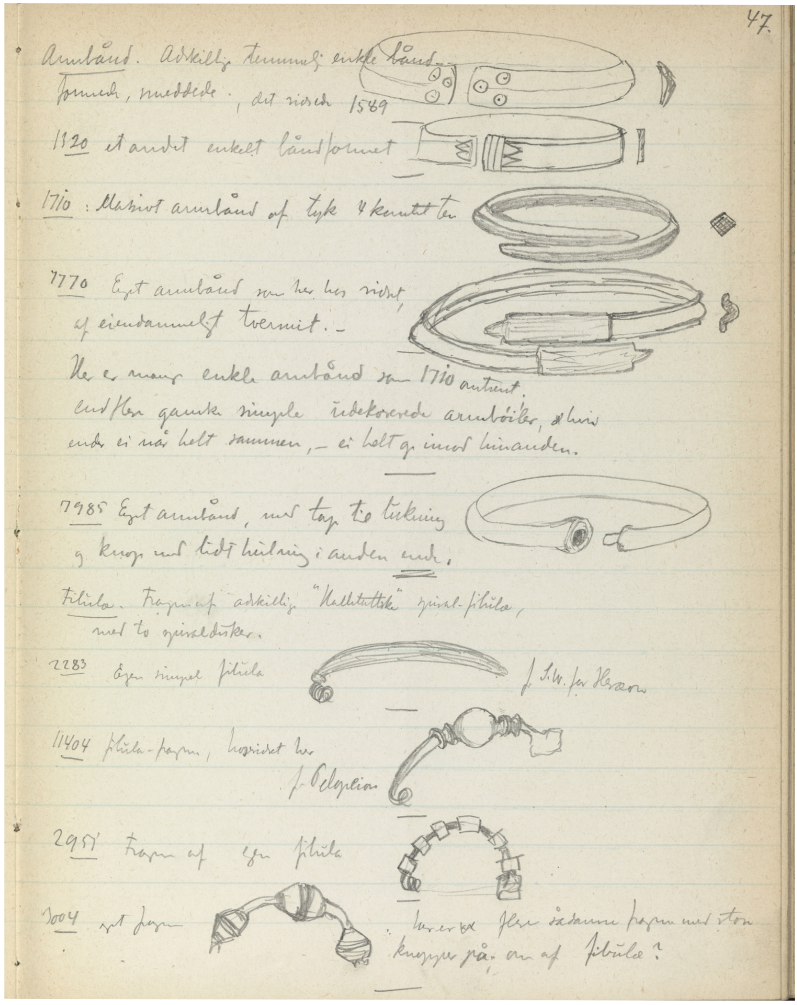
The entire surface of the fortress summit is full of remains of statue bases, and everywhere on the rock one can see the traces where statues stood. One looks with great interest at the rectangular surface that once bore Phidias' majestic bronze statue of Athene, the protectress of the city, a colossal figure that towered up into the sky, high above all the temples of the city. Its shining helmet and the gilded tip of its spear were the first thing one saw of Athens when one came to the city from afar. If one walks around up here, one can still see that the surface of the fortress rock, which looks so strikingly level from a distance, is not really so smooth. And one begins to notice how much skill has been used to level the cliff on the top and to make its slopes steep outside the walls. One notices that there are large unfinished sections at certain points inside the walls.

No strong imagination is needed here. One can easily picture to oneself how things looked when everything was in its splendor. One need only close one's eyes, and one seems to see the Panathenaic procession moving from the Propylaea up between the army of bronze and marble statues and going around the Parthenon to enter it from the eastern façade: the Parthenon frieze, this wonderful relief from the hand of Phidias, which everyone who has eyes and is interested in beauty remembers from casts or from drawings, is brought back to life here before one's mind's eye and glides past, with its lovely groups of young men and women.

Here in these surroundings, one gets a reverent understanding of that happy cohabitation between gods and beautiful human beings, which the brilliant artists of antiquity saw in spirit and held fast in marble.

As I stood there, I could not help thinking about how these ruins could exercise such a captivating power over me. Why should I feel such a deep joy and happiness over what I saw here? Were not these merely dead stones from a long-dead world? And was it only because "dead" words about these stones had been taught to me in my childhood that I now came to feel such an enchanting joy in this place? After all, I was full of interest in contemporary life and its reality out there in the world of work and at home. And indeed, I was not untouched by modern resentments against the dead languages taught in school, nor by the arguments that a complete change was necessary in the contents of our general education.

But I could not long remain in doubt about why I felt that these ruins and this long-dead world concerned me personally, and why I felt that here was an ancient capital city for the whole of civilized human life! I realized clearly that all this made such an overwhelming impression, not only because these ruins were so beautiful, or because these remains of the creations of a glorious art lay here in the midst of such a fortunate and beautiful nature, surrounded by this rich light and these colors in the air, on the land, and in the sea. No, all this had power over me because I could not for one moment be unaware that this art was the loveliest flowering of the culture that had taken as its conscious ideal the harmonious development of the beautiful human personality. I knew that this culture had belonged to the oldest free society of human citizens; it was here that the concept of political freedom was born, and it was here that for the first time, free citizens had lived in a free state. It was here that the higher interests of the spirit were first developed and cultivated. Accordingly, what was done here had become the foundation of all subsequent civilization, and that is why every educated person felt here that one had come, not to a place that was foreign and that did not concern him, but to the cradle of the development to which he too felt happy to belong to an ancient capital city that he too felt to be his own, and to which he felt such a debt of gratitude.



Undset's notebook from Olympia
NB (Nasjonalbiblioteket) Ms.4º 858:27. Undset, Ingvald. Etterlatte papirer. Studiereise i Italia inferiore ed orientale samt Grækenland 1883.

Carl W. Schnitler:

When one steps ashore onto the soil of Crete, or sails up past Cape Sounio — or drops anchor at Piraeus, and then stands, one hour later, on the Acropolis in Athens, one does not have the usual experience that one has when coming to a foreign land. It is, of course, true that one ought to look at this country and at the persons we meet in the same way that one looks at every other country and people. And yet, it is only human — at least, if one is a historian — that one uses one's eyes in a different way, one that is somewhat more open to moods, than in any other place. For the moods that move in oneself at such moments are not every-day moods. Most of the days in one's life are indifferent, colorless, or bad. For the greater part of the time of our life, we are not living. We count the pendulum strokes of eternity. But very rarely, brilliant golden days occur, days that radiate with their own deep splendor throughout the rest of one's life. One such day is the day on which one sets foot on the soil of Greece. And the landscape over which one's eye travels… every individual one meets, and every column shaft one's foot bumps into, automatically finds its place in the light of the dream of beauty and of the immortality that is one with the name "Hellas." […]

All truths change or become worthless over the course of the millennia, even the religious truths. Only beauty lasts. Only great art is eternal. There is art that is so profoundly human, so comprehensive and simple, that it is valid for all times for an entire race. This is the case with the Greek form of beauty. Even the age of iron constructions, motor cars, and "applied art" bows its head before it, and attempts to find the way back to its simple, clear, sublime objectivity.

This is because European culture is unthinkable without Greek culture. This is why the Acropolis is a sacred place. And it is bathed at night in the splendor of all the glory and mysteriousness of the sanctuary.

All the nations go on pilgrimage to Athens and to the Acropolis, as to their spiritual origin, and they have academic organizations down here that investigate the values that these ancient stones contain, and make use of them for their own national culture. But we Scandinavians are missing here — as in so many other places. We do not yet understand that the classical is just as necessary as the national language and everything that is connected with it. It is certainly necessary for us to get through the language question and to acquire for us, as a nation, the autonomy and power that flow from the language. But if we are to develop a culture that has authority — and, above all, that has style — we must go through antiquity, so

to speak. Through academic emissaries and a purposeful work in the university and the school, we too could come to share in the simple and broad humanity that is classical antiquity's greatest value, and that we are so desperately short of.

Could something like this happen?

Or are these just fantasies by the light of the moon?

Descriptions of Contemporary Greece

Christian Bugge:

There is in fact a kind of competition between Athens and Syros, with both cities wanting to be the first in the kingdom. I met several groups of pupils, walking like a body of soldiers under command, with their teachers at the head. It seemed that foreigners were a rare sight here; at any rate, we were the object of an unconcealed curiosity, even on the part of the finest ladies in their silks and crinolines.

Syros was connected to Athens and Constantinople a few months ago, through a telegraph, which is, however, not yet opened for private correspondence. Some young Austrians were sent over as telegraphists. I looked at the new telegraph station with one of these Austrians, whom I had got to know in Athens. A shabby wide shed is its temporary location. While I was there, several telegraphic dispatches from the government in Athens arrived, and were scarcely understood by the telegraphist, who had no knowledge at all of Modern Greek. He did not even make use of the Greek letters, but wrote them down in the usual Latin script. The government is probably reluctant to employ Greeks for this work, since it is precisely those qualities that are so necessary for a telegraphist — silence and discretion — that are one of the weakest aspects of the Greek national character. […]

We took the path that passes high up under the mountain and far above Chrysó, and leads down to Salona. The weather was glorious, and in the fresh, transparent mountain air, our three young, speedy post-boys competed with one another in singing their songs, which echoed from the mountains. As I listened, I caught several strophes of these melodies, which are cheerful though monotonous, and had love as their subject. One was about the unsuccessful wooing of a "Graekópula" (a Greek girl) by a "Turkópulos" (a young Turkish man). The suitor was supported by her mother, but the girl's answer was a determined "no," and every strophe ended with the refrain:

"I don't want him, I don't want him!"

Another song began with words that strikingly resembled our own song

"I see you out there in front of the hatch, my dear sweet friend!"

It began thus:

"I saw your black eyes
and your red cheeks, my girl,
through the hatch."

The boys had lost both their parents while they were still young, and they were full of lamentations about the education they had not received. They had not had the chance to learn to read and write, since they had been obliged to earn their bread by working from a very early age. When there was some expression in their language that I did not quite understand, they always said: "*We could not speak as one should; we are like animals; we could not speak properly.*" They presented themselves modestly as Rumeliots (inhabitants of Rumelia, the common name that is usually given to the Greek mainland), and *farmers* under the *Hellenes* and *city-dwellers*. The latter spoke "Hellenish," but they spoke "Rumeliotish," that is, the simple, uneducated dialect, as opposed to the language spoken in the cities. Albanian is not spoken and understood at all in these regions. Moreover, they were not in any way oppressed by the feeling that they were ignorant; they spoke in a cheerful and lively manner about this and that. The subject of politics also came up. The rumors about war had reached even these remote valleys, although in a much changed form. Here, they took the form of gloomy rumors about an uprising that had broken out in the capital, Athens. I told them that the reality was different, and on a larger scale: it was a question of the European great powers, and how small and unimportant Hellas was in comparison to them. My post-boy then cried out with a delightfully modest and humble expression, provoked by the feeling that his fatherland was unimportant: "*Yes, we are like a mouthful of lettuce!*"

And precisely this little "lettuce" would be far too strong a temptation for Russia's greedy appetite! We passed by several shepherds with their flocks, and the sounds of their flutes (*flogerá*) were melancholic and sad among the mountains. This region was barren, wild, without any trace of human dwellings. Succulent oleander bushes grew here and there along the mountain brooks. Their sweet-smelling red flowers were not yet in bloom. In some places, pomegranate trees had put down roots in the stony, ochre-red cliff soil. After riding for more than three hours along the steep southern slopes of Parnassus, which stretch out in a straight line, we arrived down on the north-western part of the Crisean plain. This is cultivated, especially with luxuriant fields and vineyards; lower down towards the sea, most of the ground is covered in olive groves. The blood-red anemones, "Adonis' blood," stood out in an utterly beautiful manner against the light-green vegetation, like large, heavy drops of blood poured out over the fields. The grapevines had just put forth their first leaves. Their fragrance spread far and wide, and their flowers were white-green. A winepress is built at the front of every vineyard, and the grape juice flows down from it through a hole into a subterranean cistern.

Around 11 o'clock, we reached Salona, the ancient Amphissa, the capital city of the Ozolian Locrians. It lies deep within the north-eastern part of the plain, right at the foot of the level ascent of the Coraz, which towers up with its snow-clad peaks several hundred feet above Parnassus, and is only a quarter of a mile away from its south-west corner. This is one of the country's larger and more prosperous towns, with between seven and eight thousand inhabitants. The houses are fairly respectable, some with several stories and windows, but most of them are built of clay. The town is surrounded by gardens in bloom. A steep height that towers over the town is crowned by the picturesque ruins of a mediaeval fortress, partly built on the foundations of ancient walls that mark the Acropolis of the ancient city. These ruins, and the name itself—officially, the town is now once again called Amphissa—are all that remains of it. A plentiful spring flows down at the fortress rock, and it bubbles up in many wells in the town. The streets were lively and full of idlers and of handworkers, who sat with their work under the open sky outside the houses, as is usual in the south. Since we had brought no recommendation with us here, we asked in the Greek manner, without shyness, for the Demarch (the town bailiff). He soon appeared and kindly saw to it that we and our mules got rest and refreshment. The people were amazed at our very unusual adventure, since we were traveling without a guide and a dragoman, who are otherwise accustomed to be milord's constant companions.

Ingvald Undset:

I shall not attempt to give detailed description of modern Greek life or of the classical remains, many of which we were able to see. But our visit was too short to enable us to get to know the new Greece and its people more closely, and there are so many excellent descriptions of Athens' ruins that I shall not repeat here what the reader may know very well from other books. Our stay of a few weeks was extremely interesting. Although I spent most of my time working in the museums, I received fleeting impressions of the external physiognomy of the city, not only of the ancient ruins, but also of the modern European capital and of the contemporary national life down in the old part of the town, in the bazaar and in the small streets, both up towards the Acropolis and down towards Hermes Street. We saw the same open-air life here that we had come to know in the other Greek cities, where trade and commerce, as well as spending time together and discussing seemed to be most people's primary occupation and interest. The colorful oriental garments; the many vivacious people; all the motley life between the small houses and booths, between which

groups of ancient columns, blackened and broken, rose up; or the picturesque little Byzantine churches, with many fragments of ancient architecture and stones with inscriptions inserted into their walls—all these images were extremely picturesque and characteristically oriental. We were struck by the fact that the entire race here in Athens looks different from what we know as the ancient Greek types. There were indeed handsome, vigorous men to be seen, but none of the pure, regular types that we call Greek. The people seem to be a somewhat degenerate, crippled race, with angular, irregular features. There were not so many women to be seen on the streets, and we have nothing to relate about the modern Greek beauties, because we saw none. We saw many students up at the University, some of whom were good-looking. They looked particularly fine when (as many of them did) they wore their new national costumes, with dazzling white sleeves and fustanella, colored, gold-braided trousers and waistcoats, and a saber at the belt; I do not know if these students were members of a patriotic youth organization.

Modern Athens has its greatest importance as a capital and a royal residence. It is only in the last two generations that the city has grown to any size, and its population does not yet amount to 100,000 persons. In earlier centuries, and in the Middle Ages, it is said to have been almost deserted for a short period. Now, the new urban districts look very splendid; and the newly planted alleys of trees and the monumental buildings that wealthy Greek patriots have built and given as a gift to their fatherland make an important contribution to this splendid appearance. These buildings include an astronomic observatory, the university, the academy, the polytechnic college, and several institutes of higher education. The most striking of these buildings, although perhaps not the most beautiful, is the academy, which was paid for by the Greek-born Baron Sina in Vienna, and was erected by the Danish Viennese architect Theophilus Hansen in Pentelic marble in the classical style, with a consistent polychrome decoration with a rich application of blue, red, and gold. It was very interesting to see these accoutrements (of which only faint remains can be detected on the ancient architectural remains) applied here consistently on a marble building in the classical style. It looked rich and splendid in this dry and infinitely sunny air. It is very different from the glorious parliament building in Vienna, built by the same architect, but unfinished. Its main forms are like those of the academy in Athens. On my last visit to Vienna, the polychrome decoration had been carried out only as an experiment on a few parts of the building, and I do not know if it has since been completed. But I recall that when I saw it in Vienna in wintertime, under a gray sky heavy with clouds, my immediate im-

pression was that this decoration would not look well for very long under the weather conditions north of the Alps, with snow and sleet and the smoke from coal fires in a modern European city.

Portrait of Ingvald Undset as a young man
Foto: Omenta, Miron B./NTNU Universitetsbiblioteket 0001
Henrik Mathiesen

Carl W. Schnitler:

It may perhaps happen that one is caught up in ecstasy on seeing many things that one would pass by indifferently in every other country. The imagination, and the splendor that comes from a great past, beautify reality and the present day. Some people would say that one is lying to oneself. In February and March this year, the *Svenska Dagbladet* newspaper published a series of letters from Count Hugo Wachtmeister about his travels. He writes that he attempted to describe Greece as it is, not as it ought to be in virtue of its past. He speaks ironically of the archaeologists and the others who travel with Homer and Plato on their brains, and with their ideas about the glories of ancient Hellas. He asks whether it is the landscape that has changed, or the men of old who have told tall tales in their descriptions of nature. He cannot conceive of a country that is more scrawny and poor, a land that is more hopelessly uniform with its sterile rocky deserts, its wastelands empty of human habitations, and its cities devoid of life, of traffic, and of every trace of comfort. With laudable self-knowledge, he does indeed go on to say: "I have in the meantime recognized that I was unworthy. It all seemed dead to me—incomprehensible."

This, then, is the effect Greece has on one who is not burdened down by historical knowledge either of the country or of the classical spirit and art, and who can, at the very least, be suspected of seeing everything "through romantic-tinted spectacles." Despite this, his words have a salutary freshness and a lack of affectation; but one cannot avoid wondering why such a man undertakes a journey to Greece, rather than choosing any other European or American territory, where he is certain of finding both luxuriant smiling nature and luxury hotels. Greece is particularly short of luxury hotels.

Sentimentality about ruins is, of course, a vulgar phenomenon. It often creates a false pathos, with which every average tourist likes to equip himself. On the other hand, one may surely affirm that it need not in the least be an affectation when one records, as one of the great high days in one's life, the day on which one entered through the Propylaea and set one's foot on Athene's sacred fortress ground.

For some people, the act of seeing this land, its monuments, or the historical points at which Europe's destiny more than once has been decided, has no significance, and it communicates no vital values to them. It is very unfair to mock them for this.

There are others whose primary interest is in the people that lives today on the soil of ancient Hellas—in Panhellenism and in other political and ethnographical problems. This is because, over the course of the millennia since the days of the Persian Wars, the clash between East and West has been harshest in this furthermost south-east corner of our part of the world, and it is precisely today that we are experiencing the latest waves in the perennial struggle between the peoples of the Orient and of Europe. This is a struggle between the European culture, on the one hand, which grew up in this precise place and that put forth here its earliest blooms, more beautiful than in any other place, and on the other hand, the Oriental view of life that can never be ours.

And finally, there are those who believe that the culture that came to birth on this soil two and half millennia ago is a highpoint in what the whole of humanity in East and West has brought forth, and that classical antiquity possesses values of human wisdom and of artistic form that are not tied to one particular place, but that are eternal and belong to all humankind. For them, experiencing the classical, the Greek landscape is something else and something more than historical romanticism. And to see Greek art on the soil out of which it grew is more than an abstract aesthetic enthusiasm with no value for the present day. This is because classical antiquity is as alive and valid today as when it was created. It is perhaps more valid today that it ever was. Europe is out of joint, and the constructive power, the lofty rest that is present in antiquity contains something of the healing and resignation that our time needs. As long as European culture lasts, it will never be "finished" with antiquity. We neither can nor should imitate it, and we achieve nothing by turning ourselves into classicists. But we can never appropriate too much of its spirit and method. Thanks to its affirmation of all that is human, its deep-rooted autonomy, its sublime simplicity, clarity, and feeling for form, the period of its flowering seems to us like an unattainable golden age that radiates all the more strongly against the background of a Europe that even then was more or less held captive in a state of archaic barbarity.

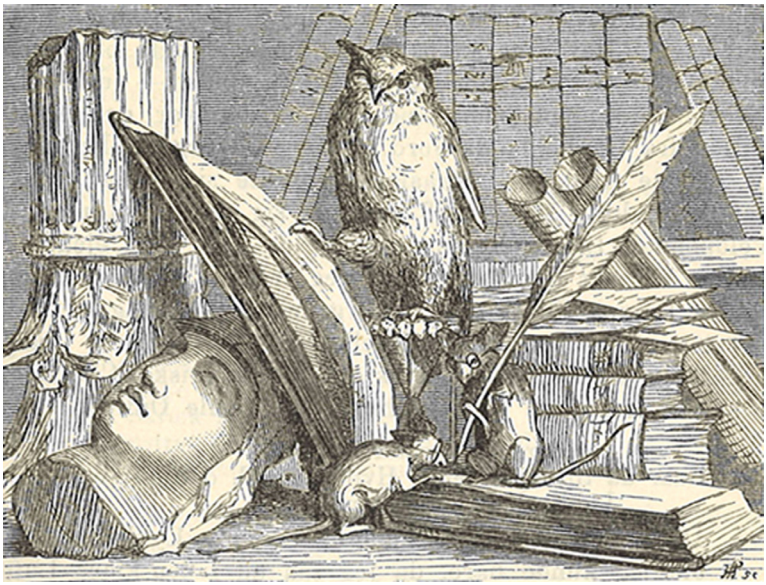
Accordingly, if the main point of one's journey is art, one is (so to speak) compelled to be a venerator of the past and an enthusiast in this country, where almost all the artistic monuments of any value are remains from the past. And that in turn means: from the classical past. There is some Byzantine church art and secular architecture, as for example in Mistra, but otherwise there are few monuments from the middle ages, and those that exist are not particularly striking. The exception is Salonika, which Greece is allowed to keep hold of as the last remnant of its dream of a Great Hellas. But there is no Renaissance art.

It is on this point that the historical development of this country diverges most strongly from that of Italy. There are some Franco-Byzantine and Venetian castles and fortress sites, which basically appear to be from recent centuries. I could not discover any significant modern art at all, neither in architecture nor in pictorial art. Most of the few recent monumental buildings in Athens have been erected by foreigners.

It is classical antiquity, and not least the landscape, that capture one's attention and one's imagination and never let them go.

If, therefore, someone will say: (I am traveling with a greater interest in the Greece that once existed and in its dead past, rather than in the way it lives today, and that I will accordingly give myself the evil name of "romantic") —well, I agree with him.

Scholarly encounters



Christian Bugge:

Wednesday, 16th March

We left Syra this morning on the Austrian Lloyd Company's steamship Mahmudie and returned to Athens. This steamship plies the Lloyd Company's route between Syros and Piraeus, taking on board post and passagers in Syros from the larger steamship that lands once a week at that place, on its route from Trieste to Smyrna and Constantinople. Since we had left our passports in Athens, it was not without considerable difficulties that we were able to get a ticket. There were several passengers who came on board from the *Europa*, and I made several interesting acquaintances among them. These included a young American classical scholar, Mr. Bliss from Saint Louis, and the famous painter, Professor Karl Rahl from Vienna, who had been sent there by Baron Sinas in Vienna to paint a portrait of the King and the Queen. He was an elderly, jovial man with the genuine *Gemütlichkeit* of a southern German, and he united warm sympathies for Greece with a thorough education in the classics. As a portrait painter, he had studied in depth the ancient Greek types of face in the rich collections of portrait busts in Germany and Italy.

Besides this, thanks to his reading of the works on the modern Greeks' nationality by the learned historian Fallmerayer, he had imbibed a great deal of this professor's skepticism about the provenance of this people from the ancient Hellenes. He was extremely interested now in acquiring certainty with his own eyes about the correctness of Fallmerayer's views, and he really went on a hunt for ancient Greek physiognomies in Athens. It is, of course, true that the opinion of such a man on this subject must have a rare weight, and I found it not unimportant, when we later often spent time together in Athens, to hear him present the results that he had arrived at by observing on the lanes and streets the facial type of the race that is alive today. After convincing himself through the evidence of his own eyes, he assured me that he could no longer have a shadow of doubt, *as far as the Athenians were concerned:* they were not descended from the Greeks. In the whole of Athens' population, he had scarcely found ten or twenty classical profiles. The formation of the face pointed incontrovertibly to a dual origin: the broad, blunt, or flat nose, the thick lips, and the broad faces with protuberant chins indicated the Slavic race, and the prominent forehead, the crooked aquiline nose, pointed chin, and the oval form of the face indicated the Albanian race. This, of course, is only a judgment about

[1] He is still living in Athens, and at the present time (1860) he is engaged in decorating the Hall of Columns in the University, erected by the Danish Professor Christian Hansen, with fresco paintings of scenes from ancient Greek history. This too is being paid for by Sinas.

the Athenian or Attic population. The latter is very mixed, and has absorbed many foreign elements; this is something that one can know beforehand, and something that the evidence of one's own eyes quickly convinces one of. Indeed, there is no longer any shadow of doubt that *the entire population of Attica is entirely Albanian*; and the more educated Greeks themselves admit this. But it is equally incontrovertible that the ethnic groups on the islands and the coasts of Asia Minor, and perhaps to an even higher degree in the more remote valleys in central Greece, are *completely different*. Later on, I myself had the occasion to convince myself of this.

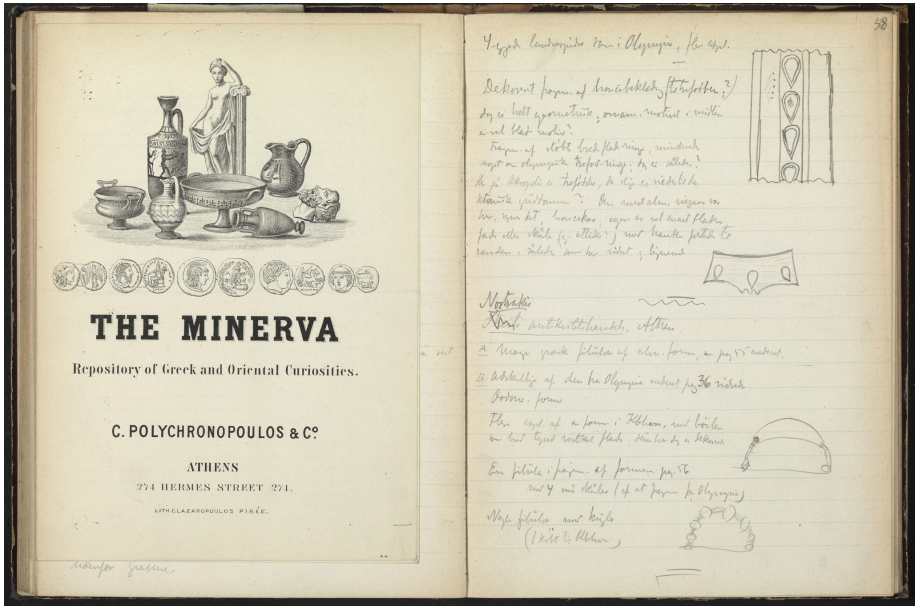
In addition to Professor Kahl, I made perhaps an even more interesting acquaintance in his companion, the Danish architect Theofil Hansen, who, like his older brother, Professor Christian Hansen, seems to be sufficiently well known to the Norwegian public. While the older brother was busy on a plan for our Parliament building, the younger brother was employed in Athens in sketching the plan for a grandiose "Academy of the Sciences." The Greek emissary in Vienna, the millionaire Baron Simon Sinas, whom I have mentioned above, has with a truly princely generosity contributed the financial means for this project. I was, of course, doubly interested in this noble artist, of whose skill in Athens I had already heard so much—and whose brother has won fame there through glorious monumental buildings, in the Greek university, constructed in the noblest style, in the beautiful French Academy, and so on—because, in him, I met a half-Norwegian (his father came from Drammen) with whom I could talk in my native language. His contacts with me later were both instructive and interesting. Of all the architects alive today, Hansen is recognized as the one who has penetrated most deeply, with an artistic consciousness, into the ancient art of building, and he puts its principles into practice in his own works with a rare expertise and an acknowledged geniality.

Ingvald Undset:

Visiting Heinrich Schliemann

On one of the first days of my stay in Athens, I visited him in his marble palace on the University Boulevard. I had met Schliemann and his wife at an academic congress in Germany a few years earlier. I learned that Virchow had written to him to say that he could expect me in Athens, and that he had recommended me very warmly. I was therefore now met with the most exquisite friendliness; that same evening, Schliemann returned my visit in my hotel and told me that he was always at home to me. The porter and the servants had been given orders to let me in, whenever and wherever I wanted; his library and his collec-

tions were always open for me, when I wished to work there. His wife also let me know that they ate breakfast at half-past twelve and dinner at seven o'clock, and that for as long as I was in Athens, there would always be a place set for me at their table, whenever I had the time and the inclination to come. I enjoyed this exceptional hospitality as often as my studies in the museums permitted me to do so, and I spent many highly pleasant hours in this splendid Trojan house, with this remarkable man and his endearing wife.



Undset's notebook from Athens
NB (Nasjonalbiblioteket) Ms.4º 858:27. Undset, Ingvald. Etterlatte papirer. Studiereise i Italia inferiore ed orientale samt Grækenland 1883.

Schliemann himself is a small, inconspicuous man; his face is neither really beautiful nor attractive; his expression is almost uncomfortably nervous, almost grumpy; there are lines around the mouth that denote will-power and energy. But one need not spend much time speaking with him, before one has the impression of an interesting and singular personality.

His most striking characteristic is his exceptional enthusiasm for the Homeric age and for his own studies, which seek to shed light on this age by means of excavations. He can, of course, quote the whole of Homer by heart, but he reads the texts again and again with the same joy. He has also read extreme

ly widely and knows the whole of ancient Greek literature; but one soon notes that he is not himself a classical scholar, and he has largely taken over the results of academic studies of classical antiquity. His critical faculties are small, or at any rate restricted in their development by the enthusiastic way in which he reads and thinks. His knowledge is very wide, and he is still—as he always was—unusually industrious and hard-working. He also possesses a surprising memory. But he did not acquire his prodigious knowledge in a planned manner, nor is it structured. It is not his own intellectual possession in such a way that one could call him a genuinely learned man. He is not a man of science in the proper sense of that term. Besides this, his critical faculty and his judgment are not sufficiently developed. His knowledge of languages is surprising; that is to say, his mechanical ability to learn foreign languages and to be able to speak them. He reads, writes, and speaks more or less all the European languages, even Swedish, Finnish, Polish, and Russian, as well as Turkish, Arabic, and many others. At home in his house, Greek is spoken all the time; but if a foreigner is present, he or she can choose the language. As I have mentioned, English has become his second mother tongue. He himself writes his books in English, and has other persons produce the German and French editions.

I worked for several days in his large library, and thus had the occasion to make interesting observations about his studies. The works that are most highly esteemed and regarded as the most fundamental in the academic world of classical studies were the least used works here; he had nearly everything that had been published recently about classical antiquity, but while the strictly methodical works from the German philological school were often unopened, he had read with great precision everything in French and English; these books were often popular and half-dilettantish legends. He was excessively one-sided both in his studies and in his interests; he was not so interested in anything that was not related, either closely or more distantly, to the Homeric past and to his own studies. Indeed, in his naïve enthusiasm, this past and his own studies and investigations were meant to shed light on what was central and most important both in the study of classical antiquity and in scholarship as a whole. I had to smile when we talked about recently published works in archaeology, and he would sum up his verdict in a statement such as: "That book is of no use now; I have found nothing in it that I could quote!" I received many compliments about my most recent monograph: "Your book is a most excellent and valuable work. I the book that I am about to publish, I had to quote it six times!"

These peculiarities and irregularities in his academic formation are explained, of course, by his strange life story and by his special intellectual abilities. His

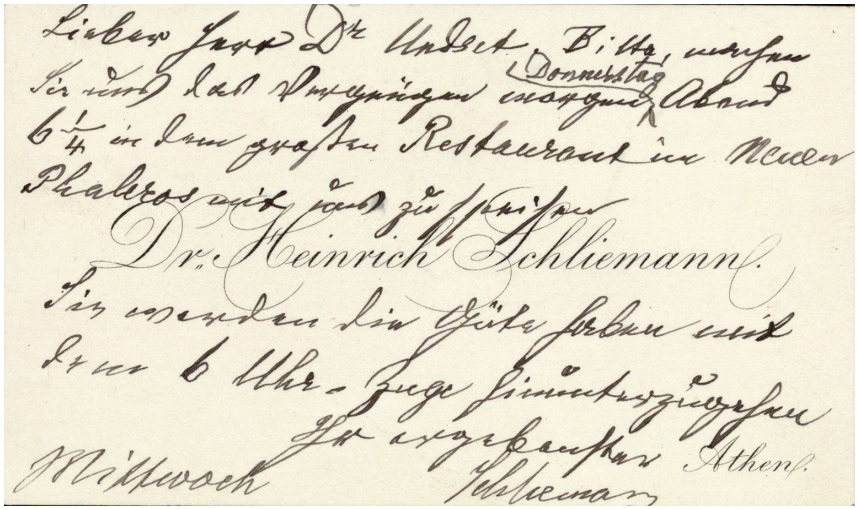
greatest ability is certainly his enthusiasm for the idea that took up its residence in him when he was only a child, the idea that became a plan for his life, and that was realized in the course of a long and exceedingly industrious life. This enthusiasm has filled him, and fills him now, to such a degree that he regards the rest of existence, with the most beautiful and happy naivety, as less important. He must have been a capable businessman, since he was able to earn such an enormous fortune in less than twenty years. Even now, he can envisage earning money. Although he has spent huge sums of money on his excavations, he has always organized his capital in such a way that his wealth has constantly increased. He has earned large sums with his books, which always appear simultaneously in London, Leipzig, Paris, and New York, that is to say, in four editions. And he impressed upon me with all seriousness that a scholar must see that he earns money with his books, for what he puts into them is his capital. He therefore advised me urgently to see to it that my books did not appear exclusively in German editions; he said that one earned most money with the American versions. I was completely in agreement with him that, for a scholar, money is the most necessary means of all, in order to reach the goals one sets for oneself. But I could not believe that the books of just any author would have the same success in America as those books that had such a celebrated name as Schliemann's on the title page.

It would be both foolish and unjust if one were to judge Schliemann in his relationship to scholarship by applying to him the same criterion that one would apply to a normal scholar. It is absurd when he is simply dismissed by calling him a charlatan and a fantasist, an academic impossibility, etc., as we often heard in the years immediately following his first publications. At that time too, in much of what he wrote, there were things that called for a strict judgment; his books contained expressions of contempt for other men and their work, and dismissive judgments in matters where he himself lacked competence. As time has gone by, this characteristic has vanished in Schliemann. If one wishes to judge him now, one must regard him as an exceptional case, as a phenomenon —and that is what he is. It is truly phenomenal when a young boy decides to carry out huge scientific investigations, but then recognizes that enormous sums of money will be required, in order to do so. He then begins by working until he is a millionaire, and after he has become a millionaire, when he is fifty years old, he begins to study, so that he can make use of his resources to promote his academic ideals. A just evaluation of Schliemann would therefore be admiration of his enthusiastic energy and of his genial enthusiasm, which has performed such exceptional services to scholarship. A just evaluation would acknowledge these services with a profound feeling of gratitude for such a unique selflessness and willingness to make sacrifices.

Some years after the blow of fate that I have mentioned above, when Minna, whom he had loved as a child, married another man, Schliemann married a Russian woman, who however died young. In 1870, at the beginning of his Trojan excavations, he married his present wife. She is an Athenian, much younger than him, and she is just as enthusiastic about Homer as he is; she has taken part with him in all his excavations. For all who have been fortunate enough to get to know her, she is the greatest attraction in his house. She is a beautiful and remarkably witty woman; her linguistic gifts are almost as great as his, but otherwise she is much superior to him in her intellectual abilities. It would not be easy to find a more delightful lady, with a finer intellectual formation, anywhere in the world, and she has made his splendid marble palace in Athens an exceptionally refined and comfortable home, which remains unforgettable for the stranger who has been so fortunate as to get to know it. They have two children: a daughter, Andromache, who was a twelve-year-old girl at the time of my visit and showed signs of becoming a lady like her mother, and a son, who was six years old at that time, the golden-haired Agamemnon, a captivating but terribly coddled boy. Schliemann lives a happy life in this home, with his enthusiasm, his studies, and his delightful family. As a child, he prayed to God that he might learn the Greek language, and here it has become his daily tongue, in which he speaks, not indeed with Minna, but with his dear Sophia and his little Andromache. And little Agamemnon, whom he has with him every day, is surely no less dear to him than "that king of the Mycenaeans" in Homer.

When Schliemann first lived in Athens, his situation was not entirely comfortable, with the Greek scholars on the one side and the patriots on the other. Those with an academic formation continually repeated those harsh verdicts about him that the German philological criticism had been obliged to utter about his first publications; and the patriots saw in a foreigner's enthusiasm for the Homeric past, and in his desire to be a Greek, something like an unjustified invasion among them, and they met him with indignation. However, after the verdict on Schliemann in Germany changed its character to some extent, the Greeks too changed their attitudes towards him. Now, they spoke of him almost with pride, and they took pleasure in visiting him. During the winter after my visit, I read in the newspapers long accounts of a great banquet that he had given in his house, attended by the highest Greek circles, with Their Majesties at the head. There had been more than 1,200 guests. At the time when I was in Athens, he gave a smaller *fête littorale* (party on the beach) with dinner in the bathing hotel in Phaleron. His villa down there was not yet completely finished. I myself was invited, as were the German, English, and American diplomats and archaeologists who were resident in Athens, as well as some trave-

lers; it was a pleasant and fine little feast. Schliemann himself was in Phaleron early each morning; I heard that he rode down there at 5 o'clock every day and oversaw the builders who were working on his villa. After taking a sunbath, he returned to the day's work in his study.



Schliemann's invitation to Ingvald Undset
Heinrich Schliemann/NTNU Universitetsbiblioteket Thorvald Boecks brev- og autografsamling

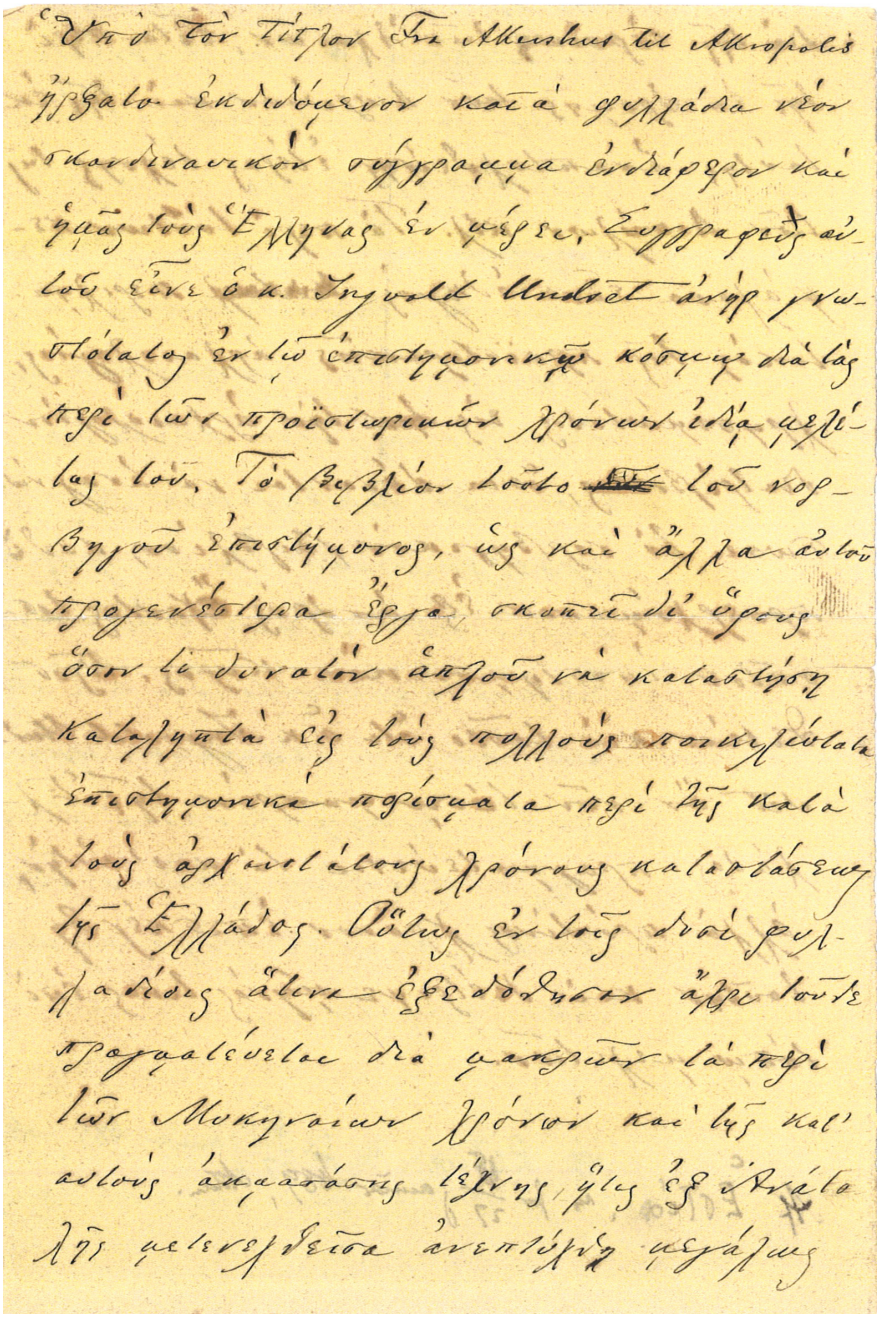
I remember so clearly the last evening I spent with Schliemann in Athens. At the end of the evening or at the beginning of the night, we always spent an hour on the flat roof of the house; this time too, we walked up and down there, Schliemann, his wife, and myself. It was an enchanting night in early summer; the air was so pure and cool after the hot day; a weak moonshine allowed us to glimpse the city at our feet, but above all, the glorious contours of the mountains that form a garland around the Attic plain. In the foreground, we saw the sharply cut rock of the Acropolis with the row of columns in the Parthenon. Far out on the sea, we saw the gable-shaped mountain tops of Aegina, with the mountains of Argolis behind them. Our conversation was about human beings' fate, and the plans they make for their lives. My own thoughts found their best expression in something that Mrs. Schliemann said to her husband: "Heinrich, even if your Minna turned out to be called Sophia, your life is an adventure story—except for the fact that it is true!"

Translation of Greek review of Undset's book
(see original on the next pages)

A new Scandinavian scholarly edition titled *Fra Akershus til Akropolis* ("*From Akerhus to Akropolis*") has recently been published in the form of a series of chapters. The aforementioned publication is partly also of interest to us Greeks. Ingvald Undset is the name of the writer, a man quite reputed amidst his peers for his studies in prehistory. The book of the Norwegian scholar, along with his previous work, aims at publicising contemporary views on the life and doings in Greece during ancient times. The terms he uses are simple so the laymen can grasp the essence of his writings. In the chapters already issued, Undset discusses the art of the long lasting Mycenaean period which, brought from the East, flourished due to the spirit of the Achaeans. Undset also discusses the coming of the Dorians and the consequent development of another kind of art connected to [sic] Dipyloi *[in all probability the writer of the review refers to the famous geometric Dipylon vases excavated in Kerameikos in the 1870s]*. Those chapters constitute a brief guide to prehistoric archaeology invaluable to all archaeology researchers who are able to read the Norwegian book, written by a person with such a scientific calibre. Finally, we should also bring to one's attention that Ingvald Undset, who, in principle, studies Greece from afar, has recently visited the country and spent time advancing his writings *in situ*.

Journal Hestia, 15 January 1889

Handwritten copy (probably by Ingvald Undset himself) of the Hestia review



διὰ τῆς ἐξουσίας τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, εἶτα περὶ τῆς ἐπιδρομῆς τῶν Δωριέων καὶ τῆς ἐκ ταύτης ἀναπτυχθείσης ἰδίας τέχνης τῆς τῶν Δωριέων κτλ. Τὰ περὶ τούτων κεφάλαια εἶναι ὁδηγὸς ~~[illegible]~~ περιληπτικὸς τῆς προϊστορικῆς ἀρχαιολογίας, χρησιμώτατος εἰς ~~τὰ~~ τὴν ἀρχαιολογίαν διατρίβοντας, ὅσοι δύνανται νὰ ἀναγνώσωσι τὸ νορβηγικὸν βιβλίον, καθὸ προερχόμενον ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἔχοντος τοσοῦτον ἐπιστημονικὸν κῦρος. Προσθετέον καὶ τοῦτο ὅτι ὁ κ. Ingvald Undset ἂν καὶ τόσῳ μακρὰν τῆς Ἑλλάδος πραγματεύεται τὰ κατ' αὐτήν, ἀλλὰ πρὸ τινος χρόνου ἐπεσκέφθη ταύτην καὶ διέτριψε μῆνάς τινας ἐπὶ τόπῳ μελετῶν.

Af Ἑστία, nr. for $\frac{15}{27}$ januar 1889, Athen.