

GENNADEION NOTES, III

ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON

(PLATES 38–55)

IN late June, 1809, two Englishmen boarded at Falmouth Roads the packet boat Princess Elizabeth bound for Lisbon, the first stop on their Grand Tour. Even though they had much in common—age, friendship, education, membership in the aristocracy, and future greatness—, yet in fact they were a study in contrasts. The younger, who had just attained his majority, was fine looking, high spirited, imaginative, passionate, a rising poet; the other, two years older, was plain, cautious, lack-luster, respectable, a coming politician. The one had qualities that made the English fear the worst; the other was the epitome of English propriety and could be trusted with the cares of a nation. Nothing makes these differences more immediate than the record of their diverse reactions to the start of this journey.

George Gordon, sixth Lord Byron, was ablaze with the excitement that attends those about to discover new worlds.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo 's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal 's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time 's expired.

* * *

Now we 've reached her, lo! the Captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
“Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 't is hardly three feet square.
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?”
“Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill.”
“did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I 'd 'scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon packet.”

As for John Cam Hobhouse, his soul was not so easily carried away and he noted drily in his journal:

Byron and I left England on June 26, and arrived after a rough passage, at Lisbon on July 8. We put up at the Buenos Ayres Hotel, where a Mr. Bulkely charged us 13 per cent. for changing our money.

From Lisbon this oddly matched pair sailed to Gibraltar, Sicily, and then to Malta, where, in a stay of slightly less than three weeks, Byron "was seized with an everlasting passion" for Mrs. Spencer Smith. Hobhouse, with his usual composure, merely observed: "My friend Byron fell in love." Despite the outward calm, it was probably a relief for all when they sailed for Greece, where they took their first steps on Greek soil amid the "currant grounds" of Patras on September 26. Later that same day a little before sunset, they glimpsed "a town called Messalonge." But it is not my purpose to rehearse the details of their trip. The facts are prosaically recorded by Hobhouse in his *A Journey Through Albania*, the feelings lyrically recreated by Byron in his *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

They were not the first Westerners to travel to Athens. Pride of place goes to Cyriacus of Ancona, a tireless merchant-antiquarian, who described his arrival in Athens on April 7, 1436, with a brevity reminiscent of Caesar: *Athenas veni*. In the following days he avidly studied the monuments, copied inscriptions, and in addition to other sketches made one of the Parthenon, the earliest preserved drawing of that building.

Whether Cyriacus' journeys would have been widely imitated under other circumstances, we cannot know, for the spread of the Ottoman empire into Europe changed the situation, and it was not for over two hundred years, until the 1670's, that travellers became a commonplace in Greece. By this time the French and English had consuls in Athens, and the Capuchins a monastery; thus they could supply most of the needs of the voyager thirsting for knowledge and still relying on God. One of these was George Wheler, English gentleman, later Anglican parson in payment of a vow for a safe return. He and a French doctor, Jacob Spon, travelled together, and their twin journals gave the West its first intimate view of Greece. Another visit of special significance was that made by an artist known to us, but not to his countrymen, as Jacques Carrey. He was limner to the Marquis de Nointel, French Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and he made a series of unique drawings of the sculpture of the Parthenon a scant twelve years before its destruction by the Venetians late in the evening of Friday, September 26, 1687.

The 18th century saw an increase in the number of travellers. One was John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, who came to Athens in 1738. His later activities were of a different kind, and his detractors claim that his capacity for vice was only equalled by his incapacity for administering the Royal Navy. The former gained him the sobriquet Jemmy Twitcher, the latter, according to the same critics, a unique

place in the annals of mis-government. Yet in common with the wealthy and powerful of his day, he was an energetic patron of the arts, one of the earliest members of the Society of the Dilettanti, and a subscriber to the first volume of *The Antiquities of Athens* by James Stuart and Nicholas Revett. This young and very talented pair made the journey to Athens on their own initiative but with the support of their fellow members among the Dilettanti, and between 1751 and 1753 "measured and delineated" the ancient monuments with a skill unsurpassed before or since. Their work and experience contributed in no modest way to a revival of interest in the forms of classical architecture.

From the early 19th century I name three travellers, chosen not only to illustrate that Hellenism and curiosity about Greece were international, but also because these three were gifted men and their drawings constitute a discerning record of the Athens Byron knew. The first was an Englishman, Edward Dodwell, who commemorated his visits in the first decade with a lively journal and a superb printing of hand colored engravings; the second was a German, Baron Otto Magnus von Stackelberg, who was in Athens with Byron and not only painted the landscape and monuments but also the people and their dress; and the third was a Frenchman, Louis Dupré, an inspired student of David, who in 1819 travelled from Yannina to Athens and recorded whom and what he saw with exquisite charm and subtlety.

These and many others were the predecessors and contemporaries of Byron and Hobhouse on the road to Athens, a way that led to a cramped, dirty, walled village of 10,000 souls who had lost their freedom at the time of the fourth crusade. Little did Byron realize the role he would play in regaining that freedom as he saw Athens for the first time in the afternoon of Christmas day, 1809.

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Like any traveller past or present, Byron and Hobhouse gained their first all-embracing view of the city of Athens from part way up the slopes of Lykabettos. Plate 38, a is a record of what they saw (more particularly what Hobhouse saw since he is probably the author of the sketch): a walled town lying three-quarters of a mile away dominated by the rock of the Acropolis, its table-top still crowned by the Parthenon. Below is the town, no more than perhaps fifteen hundred buildings, houses and churches merging into a single flat pattern, only the minarets of a few mosques providing a contrast more welcome to the visiting artist than to the local inhabitant. Between the houses and the wall is open ground, in places two hundred yards wide, used for the growing of cereals. On the outskirts of the town are the remains of two ancient temples, to the left and beyond the wall, the Olympieion, to the right and just within, the Hephaisteion, known erroneously to Hobhouse the one as the Temple of Hadrian, and the other as that of Theseus. In the distance they saw with enviable clarity Piraeus with its ports, the bay of Phaleron, the isles of

Salamis and Aigina, and the hills of the Northern Peloponnese that border the Saronic Gulf.

The smallness of the town can be best appreciated by considering the map of Athens made from an original survey by the French Consul Fauvel and published for the first time in 1807 (Pl. 38, b). Familiar modern streets and landmarks lie outside the circuit wall, for example Omonia Square, the Parliament Building, Queen Amalia Boulevard, the Street of the Apostle Paul, and the Theseum Square. Within the wall, instead of streets laid out according to some regular plan as in those parts of the city built after 1834, when Athens had become the capital of the new Kingdom of Greece, there was an irregular network of roads and lanes, most of them narrow and winding, which survive virtually unchanged in the oldest quarter of the city, the Plaka. Byron and Hobhouse entered this warren from the north through the Egripo Gate, the successor to the classical Acharnaean. From there they went directly to their lodgings, a house with a view of the Theseum located a little more than one hundred yards from Monastiraki Square, its place taken today by No. 14 St. Thekla Street.

Hobhouse briefly describes the rooms that he and Byron engaged for a stay of ten weeks.

- . . . we occupied two houses separated from each other only by a single wall through which we opened a door-way. One of them belongs to a Greek lady, whose name is Theodora Macri.
- . . . Her lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, opening into a court-yard where there were five or six lemon-trees.

He might have added that the adjoining house was also part of the Macri estate and that Theodora's sister-in-law, the widow Tarsia Macri, lived there with her three daughters, one of whom Byron was to raise from obscurity. By 1827 both houses were lying in ruins, victims of the Turkish siege of Athens. Even so, our knowledge of this well-patronized hostelry is not dependent solely on the literary notices of early travellers. We also have a simple pencil sketch made in late 1810 or early 1811 by William Haygarth (Pl. 39, a), author of a poem on Greece quite eclipsed by that of his friend and fellow collegian Byron. We see a modest house of three levels, the lowest probably for storage, perhaps even on occasion for animals, the highest with the latticed windows for living. The main doorway is entered from a spacious court-yard boasting a well on the left side, to which the man in the center is hastening to fill his amphora, and on the right a grove of fruit trees, into whose shade the lady spinning will shortly walk. A suggestion of other walls and buildings completes the picture.

From this house Byron and Hobhouse set out every day to contemplate "the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlasted the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers." The earliest British travellers had perhaps been guided in the same quest by the panorama of the city and its monuments prepared by the Capuchin monks resident in Athens about 1670 precisely

for the use of tourists. Plate 39, b is a copy in crayon made in 1687 of that unique drawing. Despite the vagaries of scale and arrangement, a certain architectural naiveté, and a rolling landscape more reminiscent of France than Attica, it is a rewarding document to study. Here is Athens before the violations of the Venetian Morosini (1687) or of Haseki the Turk (1778-1796), two of the chief plunderers that Hobhouse had in mind. Here are monuments that later were to suffer ruin or even total destruction: near the center the Parthenon complete with roof, minaret, and, were we to see it, a west pediment almost full of sculpture; in the lower right hand corner the Temple on the Ilissos and the bridge leading to the Stadium; and at the foot of Lykabetos the remains of the ornamental gateway to the reservoir at the end of Hadrian's aqueduct.

Some of these losses Byron and Hobhouse soon discovered as they made a tour of the modern town, the circuit wall (which Hobhouse "walked round . . . at a brisk pace in forty-seven minutes"), and the monuments that lay beyond. The surviving part of the entrance to the reservoir, far from being in its original place on Lykabetos, now crowned one of the seven gateways in the wall, its new position in the Mesogea Gate being finely recorded by Edward Dodwell (Plate 40, a). Two large blocks formed the jambs, a third even larger, the lintel, its form declaring that it once stood as architrave and frieze alongside an arch, its inscription that it was from the aqueduct begun by the Emperor Hadrian and finished by his successor Antoninus Pius. Just within the wall is a Turkish fountain nicely placed to greet the traveller arriving at Athens from Kephissia or Marathon. Beyond are some of the houses of Athens, and in the background is the confining mass of Mount Aigaleos. As in all of Dodwell's best drawings, the scene is brought to life by the happy and natural inclusion of a variety of people variously engaged: the farmer driving home his donkeys, the old man and his family at the fountain, and the proud, mustachioed young man outside the gate, colorfully dressed, idly taking his pipe.

The wall, of which the members of this gate are so unexpectedly a part, was built by the hated Voivode Hadji Ali Haseki, Turkish overlord of Athens at the end of the 18th century. Faced by an invasion of brigandish Arnauts in the spring of 1778, Haseki threw up this thin circuit. The undertaking took slightly less than one hundred days and was performed in a manner strongly reminiscent of that earlier wall-builder Themistocles. The whole population was mobilized and no remains from antiquity were to be spared if of any use. In the quarter near the Mesogea Gate, in addition to the façade of the reservoir, the bridge leading to the Stadium and the Ionic Temple on the Ilissos were among the monuments sacrificed for defense, and of these Byron and Hobhouse could find no vestiges. We owe our knowledge of them to earlier travellers, particularly to James Stuart and Nicholas Revett, who not only sketched their general appearance, but also made measured drawings of their several parts. Plate 40, b shows the bridge as it was about 1750, even then a ruin con-

spicuous for its three arches set on piers. At the far left is one end of the Stadium; the columns of the Olympieion appear on the far right with the Monument of Philopappos above on the skyline; and in the center, seen through the middle arch, is the Ionic Temple that Haseki also destroyed. In Plate 41, a the viewpoint is reversed. The temple is the center of attention, while the bridge forms part of the background. It takes but a glance to realize that the ancient building with its delicate columns and elegant mouldings has been rudely converted into a church, and that it now lies abandoned in danger of further decay. Whatever the divinity worshipped in classical times, as a church it was known as St. Mary's on the Rock, and it was here that the Marquis de Nointel in 1674 had his chaplain say a Catholic mass, an act that gave the Athenians an excuse for considering this long derelict church polluted and no longer fit for the service of Orthodoxy. St. Paul would have surely smiled at such cunning.

Like Dodwell, Stuart also took care not to isolate the ancient monuments from the modern world about them. But unlike Dodwell, he was not always successful in creating that bond between the people and their landscape that makes their juxtaposition appear so natural. The scene at the bridge is unsatisfactory for this reason. The shepherds, their women-folk, even the sheep and goats, seem too well mannered, too dressed in their Sunday best "for conducting homewards the flock, which is lodged for the night under the same roof with the rest of the family, the number of wolves . . . rendering such precaution necessary." The two musicians, far from reminding one of simple peasant types, look more as if they might be Don Giovanni and Leporello relaxing with some female members of the chorus. As for the ludicrous and apparently naked figures on the bridge, it is comment enough to draw attention to them. The hunting group passing the Ionic Temple, on the other hand, provides a happy contrast, for here Stuart is entirely successful, particularly in his handling of the pack of lean and spirited dogs eager for the scent. It is also a pleasure to meet the Voivode unconcernedly riding the black horse with fiery eye. This was Hassan Aga, who "delighted in archery" and whose "greatest random shot was 1753 English Feet."

Despite the destruction done for the sake of Haseki's wall, the visit of Byron and Hobhouse to the "City of Hadrian, not of Theseus," was nevertheless worthwhile. Of the Temple of Olympian Zeus finished by Hadrian, sixteen fluted Corinthian columns still stood, an impressive sight as Hobhouse makes clear: "The solitary grandeur of these marble ruins is, perhaps, more striking than the appearance presented by any other object at Athens." Louis Dupré in the latter half of April, 1819, caught this grandeur in his luminous study of the Temple (Pl. 41, b), where neither the eminence of the Acropolis nor "le ciel pur de la Grèce [resplendissant] de son éclat matinal" can claim a glory greater than that of the Olympian Zeus. And because of the majesty of the place, it is no wonder that after Zeus' departure people

of other faiths came here to worship. Some chose to gather in the shadow of the columns, like these Turks listening to their imam, who exhorts them from the top of his white marble mimber. By contrast, at least one Christian preferred the tops of the columns, and above one of the architrave blocks are the remains of the cell on which this Athenian stylite did his "aerial penance," to quote Gibbon's happy phrase. Today the Christian remains are gone; so also in the Mohammedan pulpit; and, as if to balance the score, on the night of October 26, 1852, a "perfect hurricane, blowing south-south-west, and accompanied by sheets of rain" brought down an Olympian column, the central one of the group of three that stood apart.

Perhaps one fallen column was sacrifice enough; perhaps the neighboring monument was impervious to such windy threats. Whatever the reason, the Arch of Hadrian, less than one hundred yards from the Olympieion, stood foursquare to the hurricane, even as it has to the onslaught of wheeled traffic and the insults of discriminating travellers. Though Dodwell considered it of "so flimsy a fabric," the Arch has clearly inherited something of the undying personality of its builder, who is here proclaimed the equal of Theseus as a founder of Athens. When Byron and Hobhouse passed through the Arch, it was no longer the entrance to a new world, but one of the gates in Haseki's wall at the very edge of the old town. They saw it with earth covering the base, the arched gateway partly filled with a wall pierced by a rectangular door, the partition in the central niche of the upper storey preserved only in fragments, and with the right hand niche obscured by some Christian remains. This is how it appeared in the sketch by Charles Cockerell (Pl. 42, a), one of Byron's Athenian companions in the winter of 1810-11, the man with whom he drank a glass of port on April 22, 1811, his last Attic night, as Cockerell was about to leave for Aigina and archaeological fame, and Byron for home and a place on Parnassos.

Had Byron and Hobhouse wanted a vantage point from which to look over Hadrian's suburb from the Arch to the Stadium, they would have found one near at hand, the Capuchin monastery built in 1669 around the Choregic Monument of Lysikrates and destroyed in the first years of the Greek War of Independence. Byron himself described the view from here in a letter to Francis Hodgson dated January 20, 1811. "I am living in the Capuchin Convent, Hymettus before me, the Acropolis behind, the Temple of Jove to my right, the Stadium in front, the town to the left; eh, Sir, there's a situation, there's your picturesque!" These "agreeable prospects" he had from the galleries that are prominent in the background of Stuart's peaceful sketch of the hospitium and its garden as they were in the middle of the 18th century (Pl. 42, b). Between then and the first decade of the 19th the appearance of this haven, in which the needs of the early travellers were so well met, changed little: to be sure, the vegetable garden gave way to a grove of orange and lemon trees, and another monk, one not necessarily so like a study of St. Jerome, now contemplated his predecessors; but the arms of France still heralded the entrance to the chapel

on the left, and on the right the partly immured Lantern of Demosthenes, as it was also called, still marked the fusion of two faiths.

The inclusion of the Lantern within the fabric of the monastery had little effect on the segment that Stuart saw from the garden. On the inside, however, the situation was otherwise. There, several of the upright slabs between the columns had been broken through, revealing that above the rectangular base the circular monument was hollow. Though not a large space, the Capuchins found a use for it, as Dodwell's accompanying artist Simone Pomardi makes clear (Pl. 43, a). Here is the superior of the convent at work in his library, which, according to Hobhouse, was separated from the rest of the building "by a curtain of green cloth." Occasionally the friar allowed others to use his closet, as on Thursday, February 22, 1810, when John Galt, one of Byron's earliest biographers, was granted the privilege: "I have no less a pleasure, at this moment, than writing in one of the oldest and most elegant buildings in Europe." At that time Byron and Hobhouse were living with the Macri family, but when Byron returned to Athens in the middle of the summer of 1810 without his companion, he and his party took up residence in the convent, where "we have nothing but riot from noon to night." In spite of such frivolities, while in these monastic lodgings Byron was able to compose *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva*. Is it too much to imagine that the "good padre" paid as much respect to Byron as he had to Galt, and that at this very desk he wrote these lines of enchantment that describe the coming of a Grecian spring evening?

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!

The Monument of Lysikrates was treated as an isolated monument by the early travellers, although in fact it had once belonged both spiritually and physically to a sophisticated group of buildings at the southern edge of the Acropolis, all associated with the "performing arts." The remains of this Lincoln Center unrivalled in the ancient world have always been best seen from Museum Hill, with the Monument of Philopappos at the viewer's back. Here Byron and Hobhouse stood, and the latter remarked that "a picture taken from this spot, would comprehend all the south-west of the city." About a year later, one of Byron's many Athenian acquaintances sketched such a picture (Pl. 43, b), Baron Otto Magnus von Stackelberg, who first came to Athens in late September, 1810. On the right in the distance is Mount Hymettos, at its foot the line of the Ilissos, nearer the city the Olympieion, the number of its columns unnecessarily reduced, and the Arch of Hadrian, its gateway hidden by Haseki's wall. In the center this wall joins the earlier Turkish defenses of the south slope, the Serpenzé here largely made up of the rear wall of the Stoa of Eumenes, with its conspicuous single row of arches, and the impressive ruins of the

Odeion of Herodes Atticus, standing in places to a height of over eighty-five feet. A cascade of battlements closes the gap between the Odeion and the Propylaia, the latter overshadowed by its tall Frankish tower. In contrast to the entrance bristling with hostility, the Parthenon still looks at peace despite its wounds, still capable of lifting up the Acropolis, an impression of bouyant life that Stackelberg has well caught. To the left of the Propylaia is a Turkish mosque and cemetery, the west slope a burial ground for the "faithful" who garrisoned the Acropolis in the Sultan's name. One final comment is due the flock with its shepherd, who is as muffled in garments as Hesiod's farmer in the Lenaeon month. This group may not have been part of Stackelberg's original scene, but put there by his publisher, who found some of the landscapes "trop nus" and to enliven them distributed "cà et là quelques figures avec goût."

Today a view of the south side of the Acropolis from Museum Hill would also include the Theater of Dionysos, but in Stackelberg's time the Theater, along with the Odeion of Pericles, was lost, as is clear from Dupré's sketch from beyond the Olympieion (Pl. 41, b). Of the Odeion nothing at all was visible, while the Theater was represented only by the "circular sweep of the seats, indented into the side of the hill" and "barely perceptible" below the level of the Monument of Thrasyllos, the church of the Panagia Spiliotissa, already missing a statue and sundial but not yet a victim of a Turkish shell. In addition, there was a slight hollowing of the earth covering the auditorium. These clues were noted by Hobhouse and the right conclusion drawn. Not so with every traveller. Some, like Stuart and Revett, tried to identify the Odeion of Herodes Atticus as the Theater of Bacchus.

While on Museum Hill Byron and Hobhouse inspected the prominent remains of the Monument of Philopappos, many parts of which Hobhouse found "covered, not to say defaced, with names of travellers. The name of an artist, Romaldi I think, who travelled with Mr. Dodwell, is, with unpardonable vanity, written up in half a dozen places." To another Englishman, John Fuller, Philopappos was for ever associated with another artist, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, Lord Elgin's artist and agent in Athens from 1800 until his death at over seventy in March, 1821, on the eve of the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence. Fuller met Don Tita, as he was known to his friends, in the last year of his life: "Day by day did this indefatigable veteran pass on the hill of the Museum; and his meagre figure, his drawing apparatus, and the large umbrella over his head, are as much attached to the spot in the recollection of those who have visited Athens, as the monument of Philopappos itself." Fuller was the last of the many English travellers who for twenty-one years had been welcomed to Athens by Lusieri, had profited from his infinite willingness to act as counsellor and guide, and who invariably discovered that he had made their visits "more agreeable." An earlier traveller with a similar experience was Byron. He came to know Lusieri well and to consider him an intimate. Surprisingly,

he was even able to show him Sounion: "During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium . . . , till he accompanied us on our second excursion."

Even as Byron and Fuller admired the man, so they praised his drawings, Byron declaring them "most beautiful," Fuller that "as a painter in watercolours he was of the very first class; the accuracy of his drawing, the delicacy of his finishing, and the brilliancy of his colouring, were quite extraordinary." Yet despite every advantage of talent, of a long residence in Athens, and of a longer life, both travellers agree that almost all Lusieri's drawings were unfinished, "like the supper remaining before him" the evening he died.

Byron and Fuller were unfortunately right; Lusieri's Greek drawings were found unfinished. But there is one exception and, strangely in view of Fuller's portrait of the kindly old artist still at work on Museum Hill, it is his finished study of the Monument of Philopappos, to this day the possession of the Earls of Elgin (Pl. 44). This unique work more than makes good Fuller's words. Here is a perfect counterfeit of the world of man and nature, in which Lusieri's command of detail, clarity of vision, and brilliance of tone have produced an atmosphere, a landscape, and a monument all but disturbingly real.

According to Hobhouse's *Journal*, the two travellers experienced still one more view of the Acropolis before they entered it, this time from the Pnyx, that celebrated "place of public assembly" opposite the west approach to the Acropolis. Haygarth made a sketch of this scene during Byron's second residence in Athens (Pl. 45, a). On the right is the speaker's platform, dramatically alive with light. How different is the rest, united in a single cheerless tone, a landscape without art. Even the Acropolis has lost its customary pre-eminence. Not only is it wedged into so shallow a space between Mount Hymettos and the Pnyx that its very mass is in danger, but its head is menaced by a cloudy nimbus and its feet are lost in shadows from which the Turkish gravestones emerge as if from mist. However unlike Athens his drawing may seem, however inept, yet it faithfully, if unconsciously, reflects Haygarth's view of Greece, a country in which even the greatest of the monuments would remain veiled in decaying gloom until illuminated by the rekindled light of freedom.

But O unhappy Athens! What new day
Shall burst the night of thy calamity?

After making a circuit of the city, Byron and Hobhouse were ready to inspect the Acropolis, now a fortress. Aware of the extortionate tendencies of the Turkish commander, they sent "the usual present of tea and sugar," and so bought the favor of the Disdar, whose reputation Byron did not spare as a result, "the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw." (Hobhouse redeems his character somewhat with the intriguing note that the Disdar's wife "was severely chastised by her husband, for

cutting off all her hair, which was red.") Having thus secured the privilege of admission, the travellers passed within the citadel's outwork through an entrance placed about the middle of the north side of the Acropolis at its base. Keeping this lower defense on their right (visible in the center background of Pl. 53, b), they made their way up to the crenellated fortifications that dominated the west slope. Their path of ascent led to a gate and passageway beneath the battery immediately south of the Beulé Gate. From there they proceeded to a second gate near the site of the present ticket office, where there was a guard of Turks. Continuing to the left, they next skirted the corner of the bastion that once supported the Temple of Victory, and advanced alongside a wall running from there to the Monument of Agrippa. Turning right at the end of this wall Byron and Hobhouse had their first view of the Propylaea, changed beyond imagination.

William Kinnard, one of the contributors to the Supplementary Volume of *The Antiquities of Athens*, has recorded with effective simplicity, yet richness in detail, the transformed appearance of the Propylaea sometime between Byron's visit and the beginning of the Greek War of Independence (Pl. 45, b). The main west façade with its central passage has been closed by a wall rising to a level just below that of the solitary capital still in place. Above, the presence of a battery of cannon is revealed by the swell of a muzzle visible in three embrasures. To the left the front of the Picture Gallery has been similarly walled and a column lost at the inner corner, while a heavy second storey awkwardly looms above the triglyph-metope frieze. The south wing, to the right, has suffered even more; centuries before, it had largely disappeared within the tall Frankish tower. Opposite, instead of the ancient bastion carrying the Temple of Victory, there is a new bastion for artillery, in its walls the two monuments it displaced. Between these two batteries climbs the pathway, and along it goes the Disdar, not Byron's "most impolite of petty officers," but a successor, a "venerable octagenary" accompanied on his left by a dervish and behind by a servant. They are about to pass the citadel's dungeon at the base of the tower, where the Greek occupant is being visited by two friends.

To see the back of the Propylaea, Byron and Hobhouse followed the same path as the Disdar and the water-carrier, passed through the last gate, and then made their way to the east façade and the famous gateways behind. Dodwell had earlier discovered the perfect place for a view of these remains, as well as of the Parthenon beyond, "from the summit of the northern wall of the Propylaea" (Pl. 46, a). In the foreground is the marble gate-wall, the terrace for the gunnery platform piled so high against it that of the original five doorways only three are visible, and of two of them little more than their lintels, this despite a height of twenty feet. In front are the columns, here standing free, their delicate outline susceptible of appreciation. In the distance is the Parthenon with an aura of majesty that no scars can hide, neither the loss of most of the north colonnade, nor the disfigurement of the west

pediment. But the sublimity of the aspect is not otherworldly. It is rooted in the Turkish present, in the crowd of houses belonging to the garrison, and in the lounging Disdar caught drinking a glass of forbidden wine, a part of Dodwell's supper.

There was scarcely anything between the Propylaia and the Parthenon to catch the travellers' attention, and so Byron and Hobhouse soon arrived at the west end of the temple. Here they contemplated the best preserved of the two façades, and saw examples of all the major sculptural embellishments still in place. Dupré's sketch of the Parthenon glowing red from the light of the sun is from the same position (Pl. 46, b). Steps, columns, fractured capitals; the wreck of an entablature, some of it cracked, worn by time and menaced by weed, even fallen; a pediment with broken line against the sky, place now for two figures only who seem to cower beneath their fragile shelter as if in fear of further devastation. Then the eye is led within, beyond the columns of the porch and the base of the minaret, through the door to the mosque built near the spot where Athens had worshipped Athena. Yet it is not this distant and saddening view that arrests, but the block above, the lintel of the great west door, its breached heart silent witness to the explosive force that almost destroyed the building's soul.

As Byron and Hobhouse realized the extent of the damage inflicted on the west façade, they must have cursed that Friday night when a shell from one of the mortars at last penetrated the roof and ignited the powder magazine within the Parthenon. In that convulsive moment was quickened beyond control the process of decay, which is without end. It links the early Christians, Latins, Turks, Morosini, and Lord Elgin, and it goes beyond, as Byron and Hobhouse knew too well. On February 28, 1810, "with Mr. Galt we went to the Parthenon to view more closely the bas-reliefs, two large pieces of which have fallen since our last visit."

Byron and Hobhouse purposefully, but perhaps sadly, inspected the rest of the Parthenon, even the cella where "all is desolation and ruin." Then "descending . . . to the north" they made their way "through a lane or two of white-washed cottages in ruins" until they came to the Erechtheion. Passing in review the ruinous east façade, which they feared might fall, and the north porch largely hidden behind masonry so that it might serve as a powder-magazine, they arrived at the southwest corner. Here their last view of the temple was that recorded by Dodwell (Pl. 47, a) in a colored engraving that reproduces with unhesitating line the firmness and complexity of the carved mouldings, but falls short of conveying the essential whiteness of the marble. On the left is part of the walled north porch, the low wall of stones on its roof further evidence of Turkish concern to protect the explosives within. Next comes the west façade, the loss of its pediment and the masking of its basement both robbing it of the stature it needs to unify the west side. Finally on the right is the Porch of the Maidens, only four still standing. One, at the northeast corner, had been missing for probably more than a century, while another, from the south front, had been taken down and replaced by a mortar pilaster less than a decade before.

Cut into this pillar Dodwell read and transcribed the taunting words ΕΑΓΙΝΟΣ ΕΠΙΟΙΕΙ, Byron and Hobhouse the more devastating QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI, HOC FECERUNT SCOTI. Within a month or two the poet was to translate this sentiment in his venomous attack on Lord Elgin contained in the opening stanzas of *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared.

Almost as if in an attempt to lessen the bitterness of this scene and the sadness of the Maidens, Dodwell has introduced a cheerful, possibly raucous, note to the left of the temple, where the gayly colored figures represent "the Turkish band of music, which plays in the acropolis every day at three o'clock." Certainly their presence is not justified by the angle of the shadows, unless it be that they have met for a rehearsal. Even for Byron and Hobhouse, this same part of the ramparts produced a moment of relief: "I have seen several Turkish ladies, on a fine day, . . . leaning over the battlements, to enjoy the amusing murmur that rises from the city below."

Chief of the monuments of that city below was the temple dedicated to Hephaistos and Athena but known as the Theseum. Set on a low hill in the open ground between the edge of the town and Haseki's wall, it was not five minutes walk from the lodgings that Byron and Hobhouse had taken. The latter described the building as "the most perfect ancient edifice in the world." This is an extravagant claim, and, while no drawing exists that can maintain it, that of Baron Carl Haller von Hallerstein comes very close. Haller first visited Athens with Stackelberg in the autumn of 1810. He quickly became one of Byron's friends, went on the trip that introduced Lusieri to Sounion, even agreed to make some sketches ("I have also a Bavarian Baron and celebrated painter taking views for me"), and was with Cockerell when they all said farewell over that last glass of port. Like Byron, Haller too died in Greece; unlike Byron, he was not taken home but buried in the Hephaisteion. It is therefore movingly fitting that he of all artists should have made a record of his own mausoleum that shows it to the best advantage (Pl. 48). With nothing else to offer a challenge, the temple is the cynosure of attention: the people stream to it; the town spreads out to it; and the peak of Mount Parnes crowns it with a gathering of clouds. Nor is it unworthy of such a concentration of interest, for Haller has made it seem so large in comparison with the inhabitants, their houses, even their hills, that it dominates all with regal ease. As for the occasion, it is Easter, 1811, a week before Byron left Athens for England, and Haller for Aigina. Dodwell's description of the same event a few years earlier is text enough.

At Easter the Athenians celebrate a festival and a dance near the temple of Theseus: some thousands of people fill the plain which is between the temple and the Areiopagos: Turks, Greeks, Albanians, and Blacks, were collected in one busy mass, and formed a gay and singular mixture of variegated costumes, the brilliant colours of which waved like a field of anemonies agitated by the wind.

Today much has changed: the crowds go elsewhere to dance at eastertime; Haller's grave can no longer be identified; the town has marched beyond the temple; and a challenger has arisen. A little more than a stade away the reborn Stoa of Attalos is as much a monarch on the east side of the ancient market place as the Hephaisteion is lord over the west. While the remains of the Stoa were less obvious in Byron's day, they were far from insignificant. Indeed, Dodwell found the wall at the north end full of interest. Not only did he describe it, "a high wall composed of twenty-five layers of marble blocks, crowned with a pediment, part of which still survives," but he also drew it (Pl. 47, b), probably in April to judge from the nesting storks, the oranges still on the tree, and the account in his journal. One may criticize Dodwell on several counts: for calling the building the Gymnasium of Ptolemy, a reasonable, if wrong, identification; for reporting that the wall is of marble when it is really of limestone; and for drawing the two women in front of the oven at too small a scale. But one can have nothing but admiration for his faithful rendering of "the high wall . . . with a pediment." Here is a work of such accuracy that almost one hundred and fifty years later it became a key document in the reconstruction of this end of the Stoa of Attalos, many of the highest blocks recorded by Dodwell having meanwhile perished. Considering the attention paid the "Gymnasium" by travellers both early and modern, Hobhouse's silence is the more disappointing, especially since he and Byron must have passed the ruins of the Stoa on their way to study the other antiquities close by or to visit the houses of their friends in the neighborhood. This omission, however, is probably not an act of criticism but one of carelessness, a failing displayed elsewhere.

For Byron and Hobhouse the antiquity nearest the Stoa of Attalos was the Gate of Athena Archegetis, called by them simply the Doric Portico. This formal entrance to the Roman market place was less than a hundred yards to the east of the south end of the Stoa "in the most frequented part of the town, and it is consequently difficult to make a drawing of it from the street." Haygarth, by taking his stand in January, 1811, within the Portico, may have avoided some of the trouble encountered by Dodwell. On the other hand, he had to settle for a partial view of the Gate from the back, whereas Dodwell, like Stuart, would have concentrated on the façade with the inscribed architrave, however much the columns may have been obscured by neighboring buildings. Yet Haygarth's drawing is not without interest, even if it lacks authority of line and a sense of style (Pl. 49, a). In the middle is the lane that comes from the Stoa of Attalos. As it passes through the Gate of Athena, it is bordered on the left by a low wall that separates it from the ruined Church of the Savior, on the right by a house, against which a shadowy figure stands characterless except for his hat, its curved outlines suggesting that the wearer is a Frank, the generic term for a western foreigner in Athens. Outside the Gate on the left is the mansion of Mr. Nicholas Roque, French merchant, one of those "who chiefly support themselves

by lending money, at an interest from twenty to thirty per cent., to the trading Greeks, and in a trifling exploitation in oil." Byron in particular was to enjoy the company of this family, which included a most talented daughter. On the other side of the street, in the house marked by the arched doorway, the French Consul had lived for many years, at least from the middle of the 18th century when the fountain house at the far end of the house had been rebuilt by the Consul Etienne Leouson. But sometime between September, 1806, and Christmas, 1809, the Consul Fauvel had left this house for his own, built almost midway between the Stoa of Attalos and the Hephaisteion. One vestige of the consulate remained, however, for Hobhouse noticed over the door "a bas-relief, representing Liberty with her spear and cap, encircled with a laurel wreath," a discredited coat-of-arms that reminded the travellers that republics other than Athens had lost their freedom.

The road that passed through the Doric Portico ended at the Tower of the Winds, and the traveller who took it found himself opposite its west side, according to Hobhouse "the only conspicuous part of the monument visible to those who are not within the courtyard of the house in which it is inclosed." There Byron and Hobhouse contemplated the sculptured relief of Zephyros, little, if any, changed since the time when Stuart and Revett had made their praiseworthy drawing (Pl. 49, b) and description: "He is here figured a beautiful Youth, with a pleasing and benign Aspect, and seems to glide on, with the easiest, gentlest Motion; he is the only one of those Figures represented without a Tunic or Vest; he is indeed entirely naked except his loose Mantle, the skirt of which is filled with Flowers." However agreeable and warming the nature of the west wind, it was not sufficient to dispel Hobhouse's coolness towards the Tower: "It is far from being a striking piece of architecture." As for the Winds, they "are of a very heavy kind of sculpture." While some may think these strictures too harsh, they must nevertheless be respected as personal reflections. On the other hand, Hobhouse's further statement that the Tower is "placed in an obscure part of the town, and very likely to be overlooked" is a blatant denial of the facts, and can be explained only as an unworthy show of prejudice. After this, it is perhaps not so strange that of all the well-known travellers who had the opportunity, a list that includes Queen Caroline of England, Byron and Hobhouse were among the few who did not attend a performance of the whirling dervishes within the Tower, for members of the Mawlawi order had taken over the building in the middle of the 18th century, and there held ceremonies every Friday, beginning shortly after midday.

Even if Hobhouse had witnessed the ritual turnings of the dervishes in Athens, it is very doubtful whether he could have recorded the event with as animating a degree of sharpness as that which marks the two colored engravings devoted to the "sacred ballet" of April 5, 1805, by Dodwell, another traveller whose attitude to the Tower was lukewarm: "It is more attractive by its singularity than its beauty." In the

first (Pl. 50, a) the spectator is outside the Tower looking in through the upper half of the original northeast doorway, which now bears the unmistakable signs of a Mohammedan house of prayer, on the sill the shoes of the faithful, above the lintel in Arabic the legend "there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." And it is this claim that the Turks within are chanting as they sit, the first comers on rugs of sheep wool arranged in a circle, the colorful diversity of their clothing matched only by the variety of their age and rank. Led by the chief of the dervishes, who has taken his place on the left in front of the mihrab, the niche that faces towards Mecca, they raise and lower their heads to an accompaniment provided by the two musicians on the right, who beat out a quickening time on hide-covered drums of copper. These are the opening rites in which all can join, performed against a white-washed background decorated with the symbols of the Moslem faith. In later scenes the action will become too excited for all but the dervishes, who on this occasion number no more than three or four.

In Dodwell's second drawing (Pl. 50, b) the stage is set for such a moment of frenzy. The circle of prayer has dissolved, general dancing is over, and two dervishes have begun their search for a god-posessed giddiness. This they hope to achieve by grasping each other's sash and then swinging themselves round with incredible speed. To encourage and unify their efforts, the chief has left the mihrab, removed his mantle and turban, and is already striking his large tambourine. This instrument skillfully used can make men's hearts beat faster, and the central position of the chief and his drum, no less than the shaft of light hitting both, declares that he has this power. Over the Evil Eye, however, he is no master, for the sun has also caught in its beam sixteen ostrich eggs. But of all this Byron and Hobhouse were to remain without experience until Friday, May 25, 1810, when in Pera they witnessed in another octagonal room a much more disciplined performance by dervishes wearing the traditional long skirt, which flowed about them in the shape of a cone as they turned. In some matters Athens was never to outshine Constantinople.

After the Tower of the Winds, only one more significant monument remained to be studied by Byron and Hobhouse, the Library of Hadrian situated about one hundred and fifty yards north of both the Tower and the Doric Portico. Of its once spacious gardens, enclosing porticoes, and handsome library, only that part of the wall at the west remained as convincing evidence of its former architectural nobility. And even here the travellers' view was far from unobstructed, as Joseph Thürmer's masterly drawing makes clear (Pl. 51). This study made in 1819 is remarkable not only for its wealth of observed detail, but more so for the artist's vastly sensitive rendering of different textures and of contrasting areas of light and shade. The spectator is very near Monastiraki Square. Before him is a lane crowded on either side by neglected houses of a mean sort, those on the left built against the Library's wall and concealing most of the shafts of six Corinthian columns linked to the wall

by a breaking architrave. A seventh is completely hidden by the dome of the Byzantine church. As for the sole surviving column with fluted shaft, instead of the entrance to the Library, it guards the entrance to the garden and residence of the Voivode, the walls and buildings of which, save for the Acropolis and the sky, fill the remaining picture and announce the Voivode's rule over Athens with greater directness than any order from the Porte. By covering the lane below with branches and thick foliage, those who live and walk there have won a shelter not only from the sun and rain, but also from this tyrannous presence.

Though Byron and Hobhouse saw the Library of Hadrian in the state later recorded by Thürmer, Hobhouse has nothing to say about it. Why this silence? The answer is simple, if a sad commentary on Hobhouse's memory. He confused the remains of the Library, sometimes referred to as a portico, with the formal entrance to the Roman market place, and the two became one, a "Doric portico . . . on the left hand of a yard attached to the Voivode's house." Hobhouse's confusion will win the sympathy of any traveller who has tried to see too much in too few days. Clearly, it is time to rest from monuments, and to consider the living people, without whom the antiquities have no vital meaning, and without whom Byron would never have returned to Athens.

For an introduction to Athenian life that guaranteed the travellers a memorable glimpse of the townspeople in all their diversity of race, language, creed, and dress, no better occasion existed than the weekly market. Here in the bazaar set to the east of the Voivode's residence, and in part over the ruins of its forbear the Roman market place, Byron and Hobhouse would have seen "Greeks, Turks, and Albanians . . . mingled together." The fascination that this scene had for the foreigner can still be felt in Dodwell's colored engraving of the "Bazar of Athens" (Pl. 52, a), the finest of his published views. In this masterpiece of detail, color, perspective, and design, there is so strong a sense of organic unity that it is the picture as a whole that evokes our highest praise, however much the pleasure of studying the individual parts—the bower hung with grapes; the negro satisfied with his freedom and "finery"; the Disdar away from his post relaxing with a pipe and about to take a coffee; two Greeks standing in serious conversation, the one on the right the Voivode of Salamis, the other "the agent of a foreign nation"; on the step of the porch opposite a Turk in pensive silence with his beads across his knees; unveiled Christian Albanians; veiled Moslem ladies; a street alive with the sounds of bargaining, of animals crying, of a musician strumming, and of a muezzin calling from the minaret that lances the sky, its Crescent hanging above a ruined Parthenon.

But Byron and Hobhouse were not content merely to observe the people of Athens. Some of them they got to know, so that Byron during his second visit was able to write to his mother: "Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc., etc., etc.: and without losing sight

of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others." One Turk whom Byron knew well was the Voivode of Athens, Suleyman Aga, "a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or table." On one occasion he invited Suleyman to his rooms in the Capuchin monastery: "The day before yesterday the Waywode . . . with the Mufti of Thebes . . . supped here and made themselves beastly with raw rum, and the Padré of the convent being as drunk as *we*, my *Attic* feast went off with great *éclat*." Unfortunately, no likeness remains of this worthy, "patently qualified," like his Theban friend, "for any club in Christendom," and we can do no more than imagine him sitting in the place of one of his successors, Mohammed Ruscien Effendi Dervis, who befriended Dupré in 1819 and sat for a portrait by him (Pl. 52, b). It is the study of a man whose face and hands, dress and surroundings tell of refinement and taste, whose turbaned symbol of rank, so easily worn, radiates power, and whose kingdom is as much a mixture of contrasts as the bulidings visible through the windows (included in Pl. 51): an ancient library, a Christian church, and a Turkish mosque. While it may be difficult to see Suleyman sitting cross-legged on this sofa with such clear-eyed dignity, especially if it be November 13, 1810, the day after Byron's supper, yet it is no easier to imagine Mohammed Ruscien astride the artist's folding chair that he so admired, which Dupré gave him as a parting gift.

Just as the Voivode has stood for the Turkish Athens that Byron knew, so it is fair to appoint one Greek to represent the many hosts who welcomed the poet and his companion. And the choice is easy, for there is only one Athenian whom Byron made eternally famous: Teresa Macri, "Maid of Athens." His relationship to her is delightfully told in a letter to his friend Henry Drury on May 3, 1810, the same day he succeeded at the second attempt in swimming from Sestos to Abydos. He is consequently in playful good humor. "I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Marianna, and Katinka, are the names of these three divinities—all of them under fifteen"—a charming tribute to three lovely companions, but certainly no affirmation of serious intent. It is in this same mood of high gallantry that on leaving Athens in March, 1810, he addressed a touching farewell to Teresa, of the three the youngest, a little more than twelve years old. And the portrait made of her two years later by Thomas Allason reveals a maiden worthy of tender lines.

Allason's sketch is best known through a copy made by F. Stone, which Finden engraved and published in his *Landscape and Portrait Illustrations, to the Life and Works of Lord Byron*. But another copy was made sometime before 1834 by the Irish painter W. Bate, a miniature sufficiently prized to become part of Henry George Bohn's celebrated collection before it was acquired by John Gennadius (Pl. 53, a). There are very few differences between the two copies, though Bate's may be slightly closer to the original, for his Maid is not quite so traditionally beautiful nor so demure

as Stone's. But with her hair descending from a covered head, her lightly colored cheek leading to a reddened mouth, and her dark lashes protecting an open but sleepy eye, she is not only Allason's but Byron's "Maid of Athens."

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

However innocent Byron's attachment to the Maid may have been, Mrs. Macri had other ideas, and, when Byron returned to Athens in July, 1810, she made him quickly aware of them in no veiled fashion. To Hobhouse, who had set off for England after their stay in Constantinople, Byron sent the news on August 23: "Intrigue flourishes: the old woman, Teresa's mother, was mad enough to imagine I was going to marry the girl; but I have better amusement." During the following months some of that amusement may have been provided by Teresa's first cousin Dudu Roque, "the most accomplished girl of that city," according to the Reverend Thomas Smart Hughes, a man not easily pleased. Not only was she the last recorded person with whom Byron had any association in Athens—April 19, 1811, three days before he sailed—, but she stayed in his memory and he borrowed her name, appearance, and perhaps her personality for the odalisque chosen to share her chamber with the seraglio's newest member Juanna, the disguised and, for one night at least, chaste Don Juan.

This belief in an intimate connection between Dudu of the harem and Dudu Roque is not justified by the coincidence of name alone, for one of Byron's "three divinities," Teresa's sister Marianna, was also called Dudu, but by the remarkable similarity in their appearance. Dudu Roque we know from Dupré's portrait of her (Pl. 54) as she sat in her father's house with the gateway to the Roman market place visible in the background through the window. Strikingly gowned in silks and ermine, her hair bedecked with lace and flowers, she embodies the Dudu portrayed by Byron in *Don Juan*, Canto VI.

. . . Dudu's form
Looked more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,
 Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
 Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
 Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:
 Few angles were there in her form, 't is true,
 Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
 Yet, after all, 't would puzzle to say where
 It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

She was not violently lively, but
 Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
 Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
 They put beholders in a tender taking;
 She looked (this simile 's quite new) just cut
 From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
 The mortal and the marble still at strife,
 And timidly expanding into Life.

Who can doubt that the one was Byron's inspiration for the other?

Miss Roque's father was one of the foreigners resident in Athens, a Frank. Although there were only a handful of such people, the help they gave the traveller was out of all proportion to their number. And so, in addition to Turks and Greeks, Byron and Hobhouse came to know the Franks, some of them as close friends. The undisputed leader of this group was the French Consul, Louis François Sébastien Fauvel, "the head of the nation," who first came to Athens in 1780 and last left it in 1822. No one had as much to offer Byron and Hobhouse as he, and in consequence he was their constant companion, a role he shared with Roque and Lusieri. Rightly then the Consul joins the Voivode and the Maid as representatives of the most important elements in Athenian society. And like the Voivode, we see him, a man of sixty-five, in a penetrating study by Dupré (Pl. 53, b). Here, in his home built between the so-called Gymnasium of Ptolemy and Theseum, with the Church of the Holy Apostles immediately behind and the whole of the Acropolis visually at his command, sits a connoisseur of the arts, an antiquarian and archaeologist of unrivalled knowledge and experience, a collector of limited means but of endless opportunity and faultless taste, a witty host, a willing guide, a warm and generous man, the artist at his easel a humanist. For over thirty years he put every traveller to Athens in his debt, but few discharged that obligation so handsomely as Dupré.

So much for the face of Athens seen by Byron and Hobhouse. But, to conclude, what of the faces of Byron and Hobhouse seen by Athens? For these we turn to portraits made in England either before or after their journey, of which Finden's *Illustrations* contains several of Byron and one of Hobhouse. The latter (Pl. 55, a) was painted by Abraham Wivell, who prospered as a portrait painter favored by the Court. His study of Hobhouse is dated 1821, and shows a recently elected Member of Parliament at the beginning of a successful career. However

much the maturing politician may have still resembled the young traveller, in that look of magisterial calm there is nothing of the moving honesty that made Hobhouse write of his first day at Preveza that "never afterwards during our whole journey, did we feel so disheartened and inclined to turn back, as at this instant."

For a picture of Byron, Finden's engraving from a full-length study by George Sanders made in 1807 is an obvious choice (Pl. 55, b). That this portrait strongly conveys something of the poet's imaginative force and questing spirit would be reason enough for selecting it. But in addition, Byron thought about this particular painting as he travelled abroad. First, he wondered whether his mother had received it from the artist—it had been paid for. Then, he had to reply to Hobhouse, who, shortly after returning to England, saw the picture and wrote: "General Graham was praising your full-length portrait by Saunders, and as he was praising it very much, I told him that the picture is mine, which you know it is, for you gave it to me, and I will have it, tho' you may keep it till you are shot." From Malta on May 15, 1811, a little more than three weeks after leaving Athens for the last time, Byron answered his closest friend's remarks: "My picture of which you speak is gone to my mother, and if not it was and is my intention *not* to be *shot* for a long time." He never was, but there were times on his return to Greece twelve years later when such a death would have seemed to him god-given.

* * *

At half past two on Christmas Day, 1809, two Englishmen arrived at Phyle. They had spent the night before at the village of Scourta "in the worst hovel in which we had ever been inmates." Now for their pains they were rewarded with their first view of Athens. The elder, John Cam Hobhouse, was moved by the prospect, and in his *Journal* he confessed to his reader: "and you, my friend, who by this time will not think me apt to fly into frequent raptures, you will give me credit for feeling some little enthusiasm at the sight of such an object." Although the immediate reactions of the younger, George Gordon Noel Byron, are not recorded, it is difficult to believe that the creator of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* was at a loss for words. But if he was for a moment held silent, he soon found his true voice and strength. No traveller other than Byron so poignantly described the land where Past lived on as decayed Present. No traveller other than Byron so mightily roused the powers of Europe on Greece's behalf, a support that enabled the land of Past-Present to contemplate once again the Future. And the inspiration for these acts of both pen and sword came in part from the Athens that he knew and cherished, that ancient town in which he spent one of the truly happy moments of his short and often perplexed life, that mean village which he first saw from Phyle.

Moreover, just as it is no extravagant conceit to claim for him one of the highest places in the list of those who contributed to Greece's freedom, so it is no partisan boast that in his Grecian poems Byron sometimes sounds so clear a ring of

beauty, so full a note of sincerity, that in those moments he is the equal of the best of poets.

From *Childe Harold* I quote two familiar stanzas.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields ;
 There the blithe Bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
 Art, Glory, Freedom, fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost on vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of Wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athenae's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Greece, sad relic," is the tragedy of the man himself.

This was one of Byron's first poems to reflect his experiences of Greece. I close with one of his last. The power is the same, but the subject, far from being "fair

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824

1.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move :
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !

2.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
 The flowers and fruits of Love are gone ;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone !

3.

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some Volcanic isle ;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile !

4.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

5.

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

6.

The Sword, the Banner, and the Field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

7.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

8.

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of Beauty be.

9.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here:—up to the Field, and give
 Away thy breath!

10.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy Rest.

* * *

The road to Athens had led past “the town called Messalonge.” There Byron returned and “took his rest” on April 19, 1824, almost thirteen years to the day since he had left Athens. The willing slave of Hellenism had become forever the champion of a new Hellas.

NOTE

The genesis of this essay was an illustrated lecture first given in the spring of 1966 under the auspices of the College Year at Athens and subsequently repeated at the Greek Heritage Seminar in September of the same year. On both occasions the only written script was the beginning and end, the middle being fifty colored slides with extemporized commentary. The material would have probably remained in that semi-formal state had it not been for very flattering comments by Mrs. Lucy Shoe Meritt and Francis Walton, Librarian of the Gennadeion, both of whom suggested that the lecture was worth writing up in full. This I have now done, and in the process I have learnt a great deal about the vast difference between oral and literary techniques. The beginning and the end are almost the same as originally given; the illustrations are virtually identical (only the views of modern Athens have been dropped); but the commentary is utterly new. What one says in the dark makes poor copy for what one reads in the light. Even so, I have tried to keep to the spirit of a lecture delivered to a general audience. I have stated without reservations some things that under other circumstances should have been argued: for example, the identification of Plate 39, a as part of the Macri estate; the place of the inscribed pilaster seen by Dodwell, Hobhouse, and others in the Porch of the Maidens; and the identification of Plate 54 as a portrait of Miss Roque. Also, I have omitted footnotes and references to the quoted passages; in most cases the author's name is either directly mentioned or easily gathered from the context. In one place this is not so: the description of the hurricane is by Sir Thomas Wyse, British Minister at Athens and comes from a letter he sent the President of the Society of Antiquaries. As for the works from which the quotations come, they are the published journals and letters of the travellers, and the commentaries provided by the artists to their drawings.

In fact, there is nothing startlingly new about this essay: the illustrations, except for a few, have been used many times; the quotations reappear in standard works on Byron; and the few selections from his poetry are literary commonplaces. But I do claim that no one hitherto has tried to describe exclusively the Athens of Byron, and with material almost all of it drawn from the same period. And here I owe an apology to those who can rightly point out that no description of Athens at any recent time can be complete without some account of the Byzantine remains. This is true. Perhaps my title should have been "Athens according to Lord Byron (or Hobhouse)," for I have merely followed Hobhouse's journal and commented on what he included in his description. For these travellers, as for others, Athens meant either the Turkish present or the classical past; what lay between was largely ignored.

Finally, I offer thanks to Miss Frantz of the Agora Excavations for permission to use some of her excellent photographs. Plate 48 was provided by the National and University Library of Strasbourg (Mme. M. Lang), and Plate 44 by Lord Bruce, to whom I am particularly grateful for this new study of a unique drawing. Heavy though my obligation is to these people, it is heavier to John Travlos and L. and R. Matton, for all work in this field is based on their researches, especially the first named. But it is to the Gennadius Library that I principally owe my debt. Without its resources, and without the friendship and encouragement of the Librarian, this essay would not have been written.

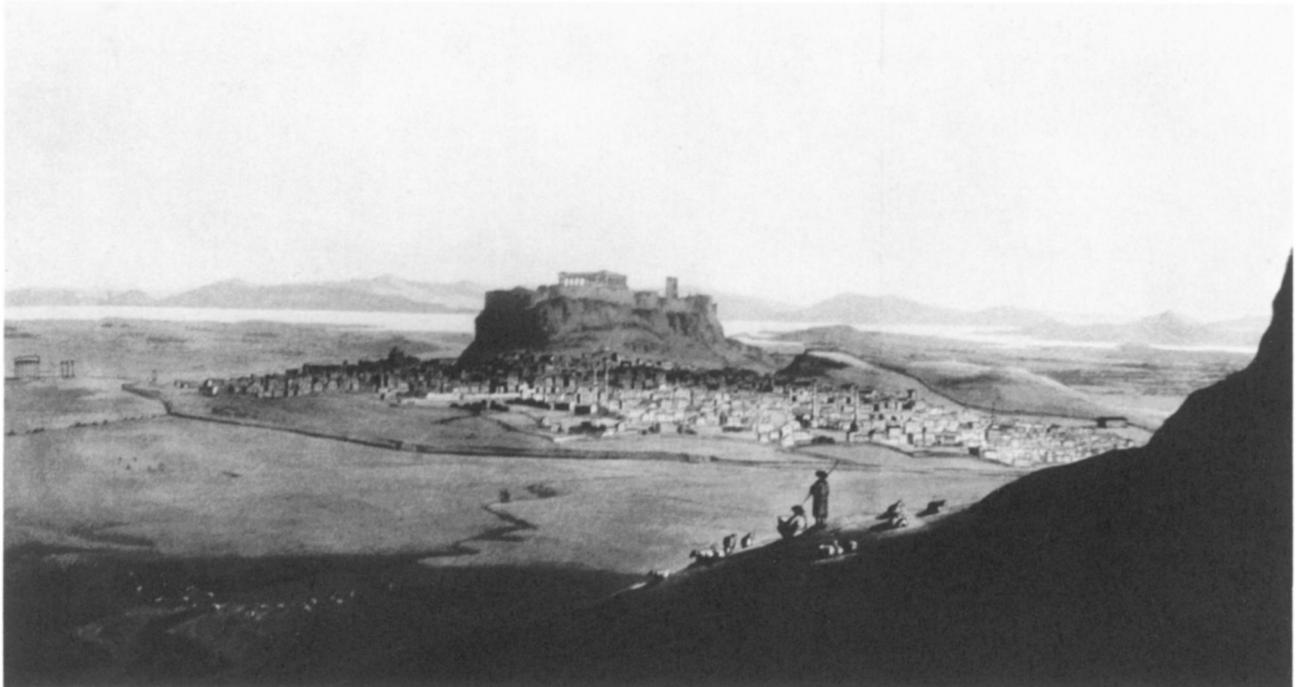
SOURCES OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE

- 38, a J. C. Hobhouse, *A Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey . . .*, London, 1813, between pp. 292 and 293
 38, b G. A. Olivier, *Voyage dans l'Empire Othoman, l'Égypte et la Perse . . .*, Paris, 1800/1-1807, Atlas, pl. 49
 39, a "My house at Athens" by W. Haygarth, from a scrapbook of his drawings made 1810-1811, in the possession of the Gennadius Library
 39, b H. Omont, *Athènes au XVIIe siècle . . .*, Paris, 1898, pl. 39

- 40, a E. Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, London, 1819-1821, "Entrance to Athens"
- 40, b J. Stuart and N. Revett, *The Antiquities of Athens*, Vol. 3, London, 1794, Chap. 7, pl. 1
- 41, a *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, London, 1762, Chap. 2, pl. 1
- 41, b L. Dupré, *Voyage à Athènes et à Constantinople . . .*, Paris, 1825, pl. 22
- 42, a O. M. Baron de Stackelberg, *La Grèce. Vues pittoresques et topographiques*, Paris, 1834, "Porte d'Adrien à Athènes"
- 42, b Stuart and Revett, *op. cit.*, Vol. 1, Chap. 4, pl. 1
- 43, a E. Dodwell, *A Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece . . .*, London, 1819, Vol. 1, facing p. 289
- 43, b de Stackelberg, *op. cit.*, "L'Acropole d'Athènes, vue du Muséon"
- 44 "The Monument of Philopappus" by G. B. Lusieri, a watercolor made between 1800 and 1809 (?), in the possession of the Earl of Elgin
- 45, a "The Pnyx" by W. Haygarth, a sepia sketch made in 1810, in the possession of the Gennadius Library
- 45, b *Antiquities of Athens and other Places in Greece, Sicily, etc. Supplementary to the Antiquities of Athens . . .*, London, 1830, "View of the West Front of the Propylaea at Athens" by W. Kinnard
- 46, a Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, "View of the Parthenon from the Propylaea"
- 46, b Dupré, *op. cit.*, pl. 21
- 47, a Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, "South-West View of the Erechtheion"
- 47, b E. Dodwell, *Views and Descriptions of Cyclopiam, or, Pelasgic Remains in Greece and Italy . . .*, London, 1834, pl. 71
- 48 "The Theseum" by H. von Hallerstein, a watercolor made in 1811, in the possession of the National and University Library of Strasbourg.
- 49, a "The Arch of Athena" by W. Haygarth, from a sketchbook made in 1810-1811, in the possession of the Gennadius Library
- 49, b Stuart and Revett, *op. cit.*, Vol. 1, Chap. 3, pl. 18
- 50, a Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, "Entrance to the Tower of the Winds"
- 50, b Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, "Dance of the Derwishes in the Tower of the Winds"
- 51 J. Thürmer, *Ansichten von Athen und seinen Denkmahlen . . .*, Rome [1824, the date on this plate], "Nord-Westliche Ansicht der Stoa, oder Hallen von dem olympischen Jupiters Tempel. Vue du Nord-ouest de la Stoa, ou portiques du Temple de Jupiter olympien"
- 52, a Dodwell, *Views in Greece*, "Bazar of Athens"
- 52, b Dupré, *op. cit.*, pl. 18
- 53, a "Maid of Athens" by W. Bate, a miniature painted probably in 1834, in the possession of the Gennadius Library
- 53, b Dupré, *op. cit.*, pl. 19
- 54 Dupré, *op. cit.*, pl. 26
- 55, a Finden, *Landscape and Portrait Illustrations to the Life and Works of Lord Byron*, Vol. 3, London, 1834, "Sir John Cam Hobbhouse, Bart." by A. Wivell
- 55, b *Ibid.*, "Lord Byron at the age of 17" by G. Sanders

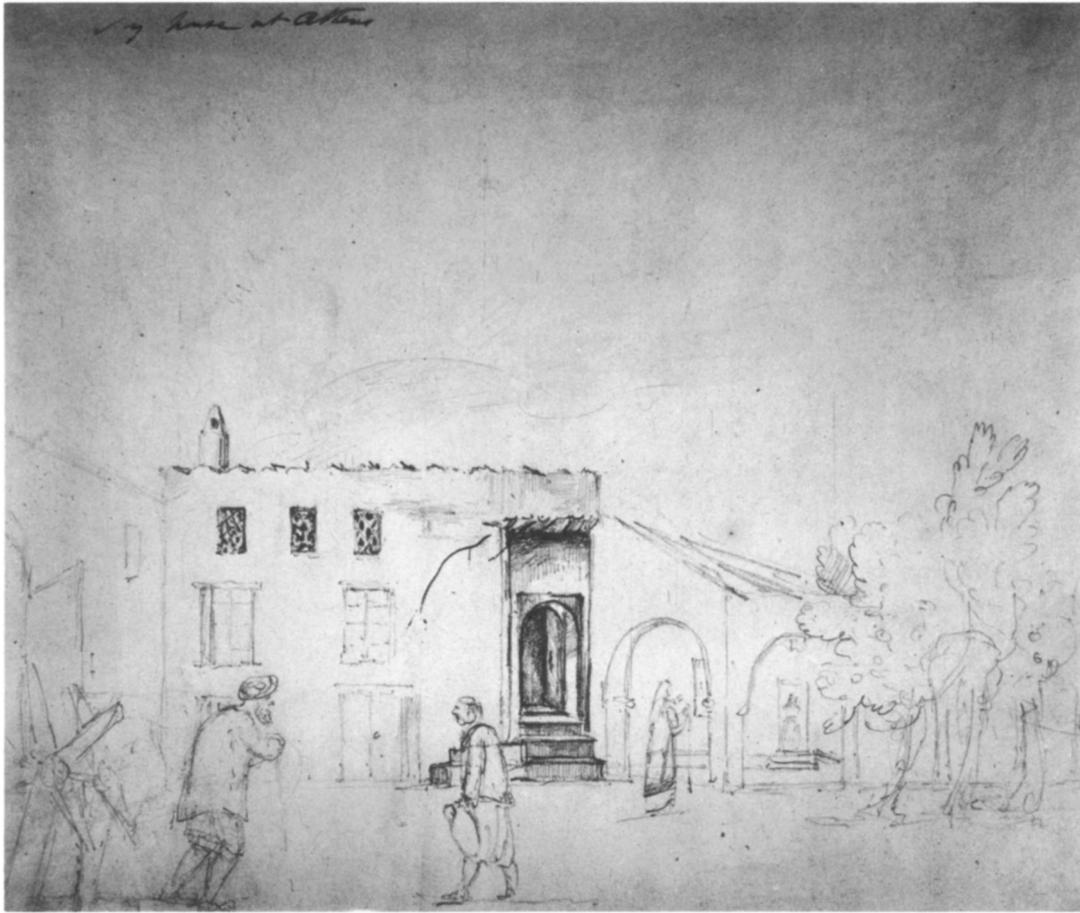
C. W. J. ELIOT



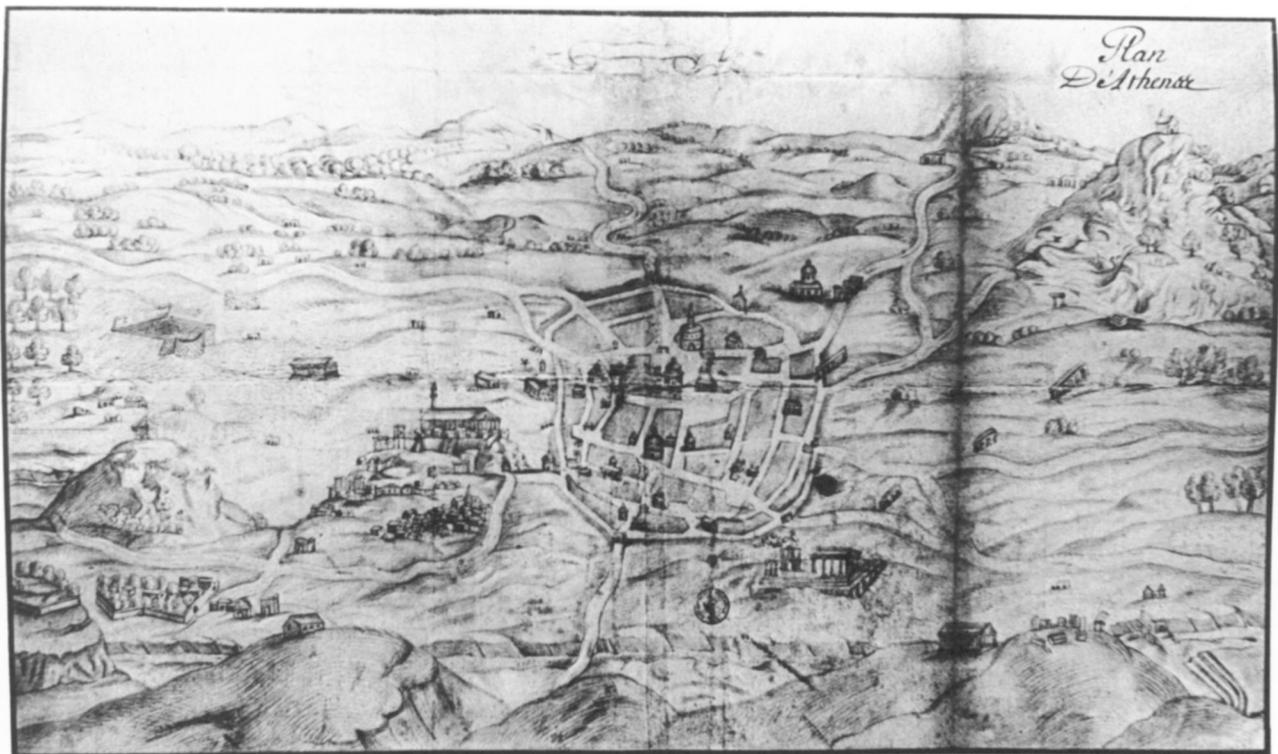
a. "Athens, from the foot of Mt. Anchesmus" [by J. C. Hobhouse]



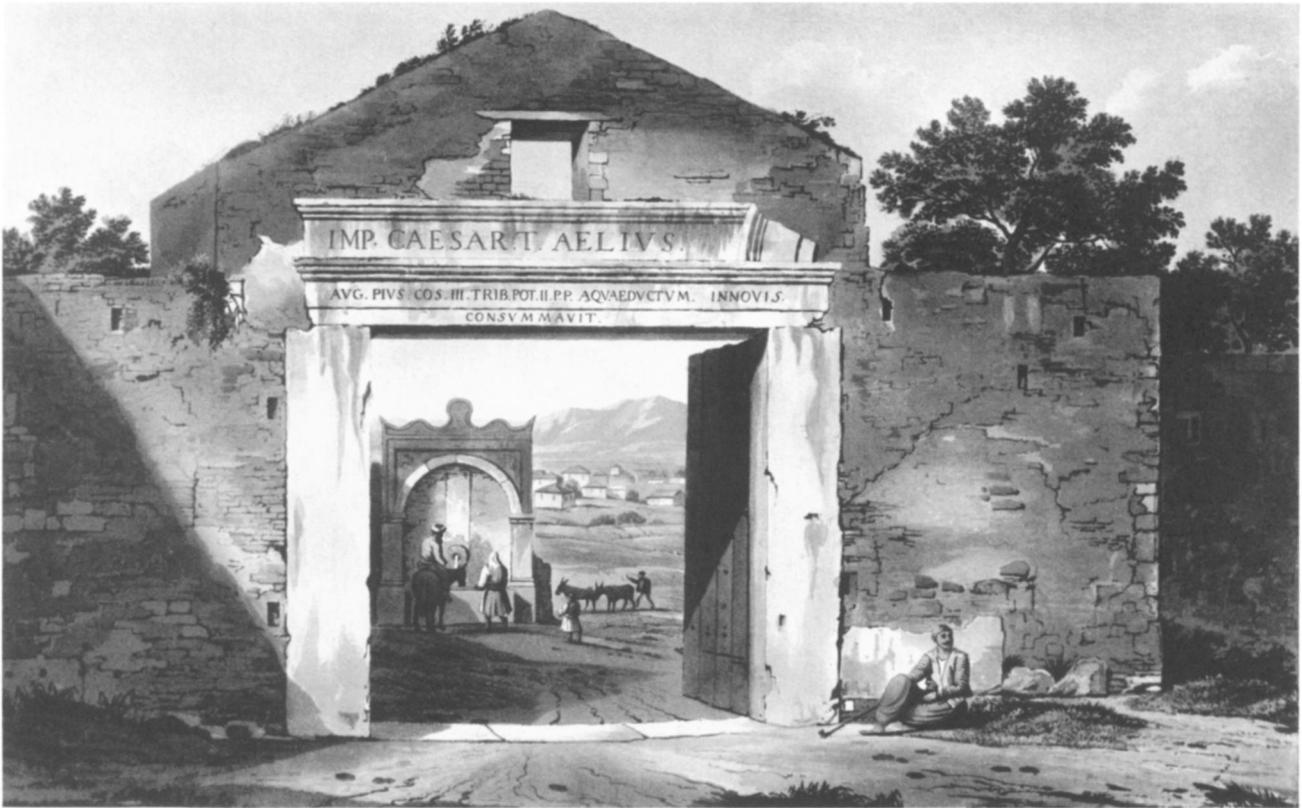
b. "Plan de la ville d'Athènes" by L. F. S. Fauvel



a. "My house at Athens" by W. Haygarth



b. "Plan d'Athènes, dit des Capucins (vers 1670)"

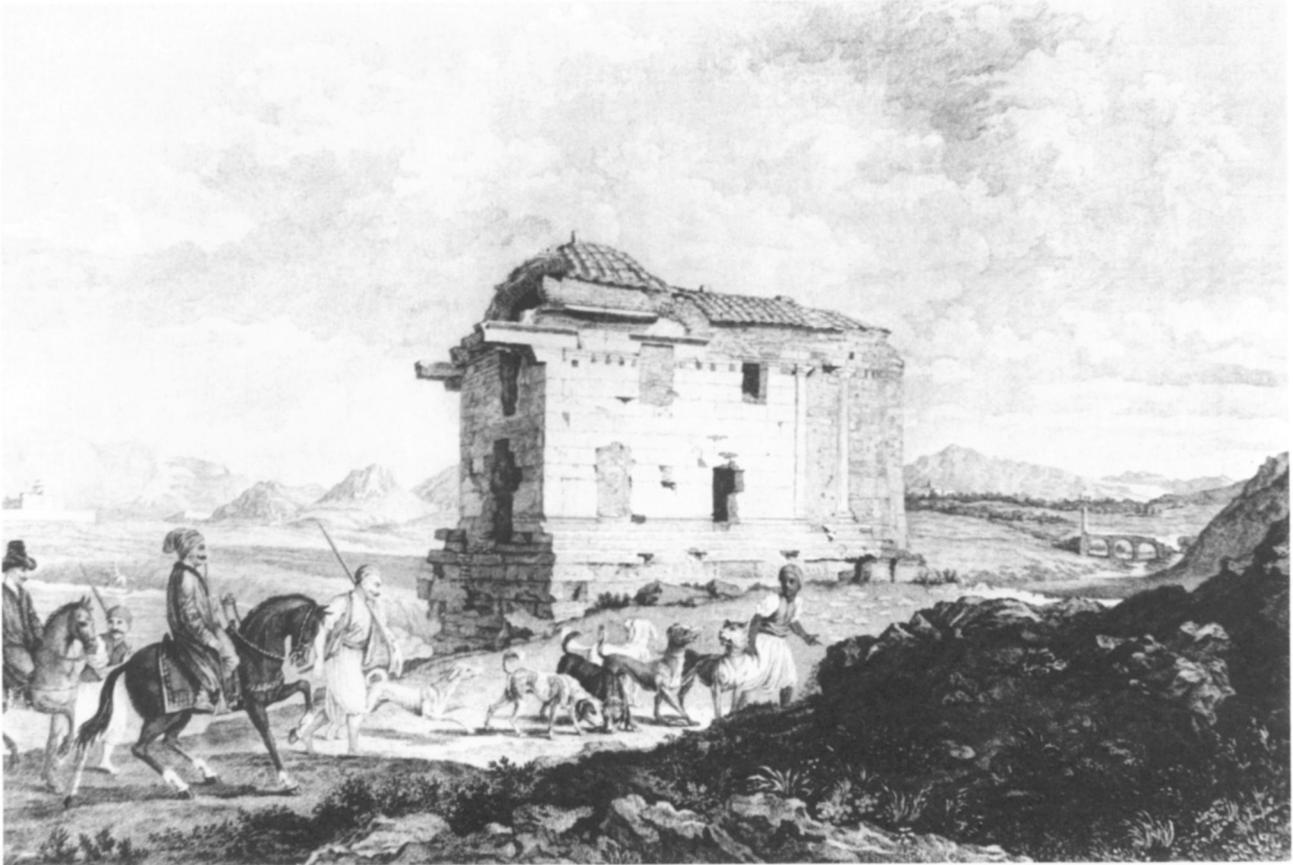


a. "Entrance to Athens" by E. Dodwell



b. "Of the Bridge over the Illysus, and the Stadium Panathenaicum" by J. Stuart

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a. "Ionic Temple on the Illisus" [by J. Stuart]



b. "Le Temple de Jupiter Olympien et l'Acropolis d'Athènes" by L. Dupré

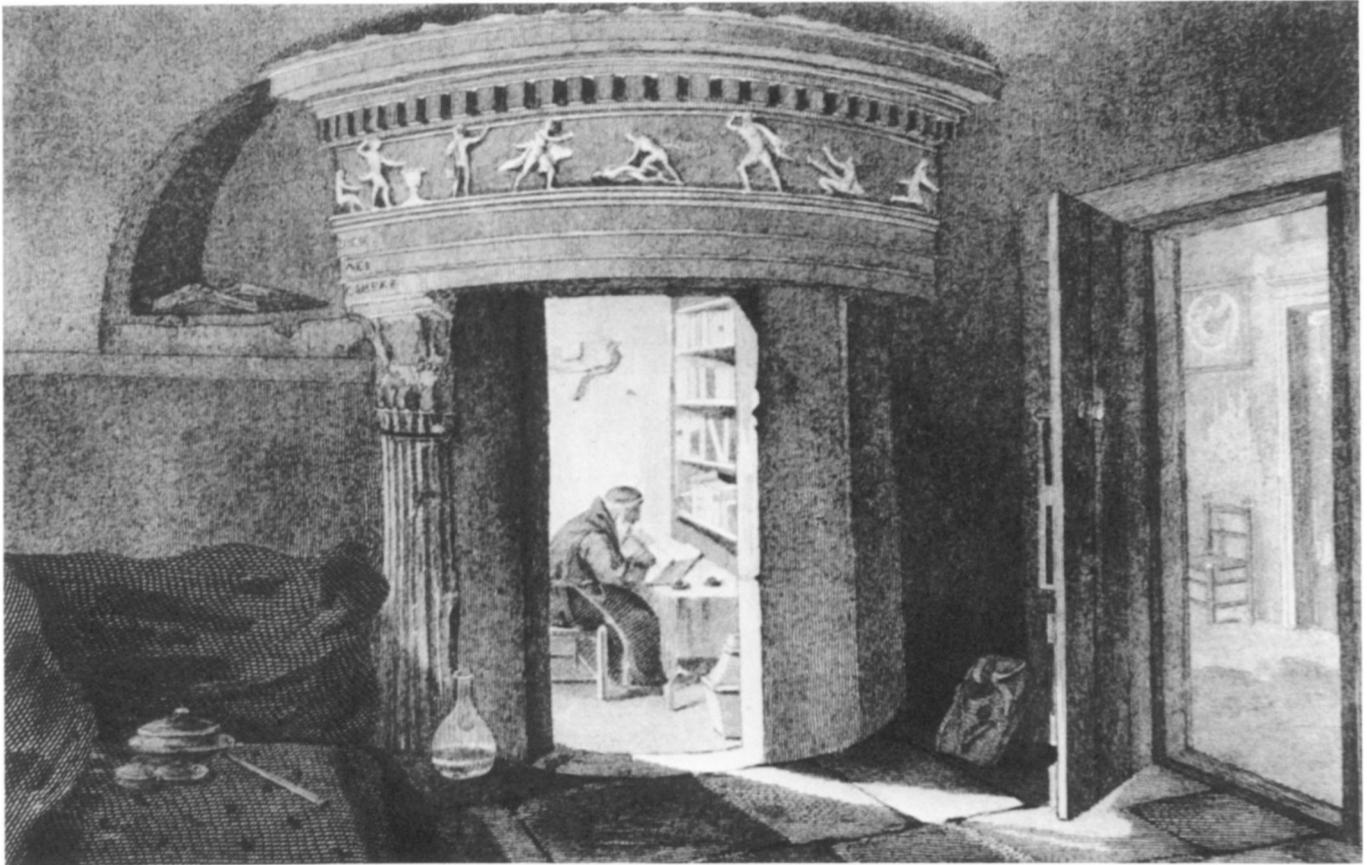
C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



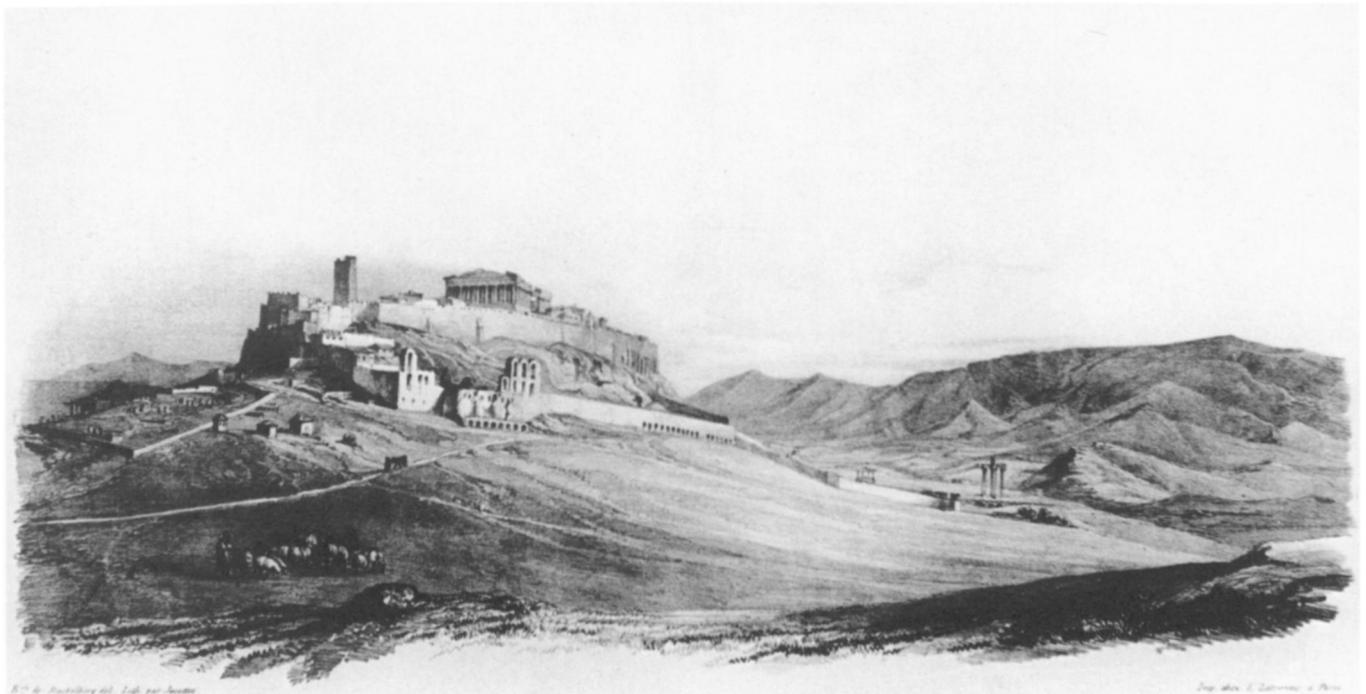
a. "Porte d'Adrien à Athènes" by C. R. Cockerell



b. "Choragic Monument of Lysicrates" [by J. Stuart]



a. "Monument of Lysicrates" by S. Pomardi

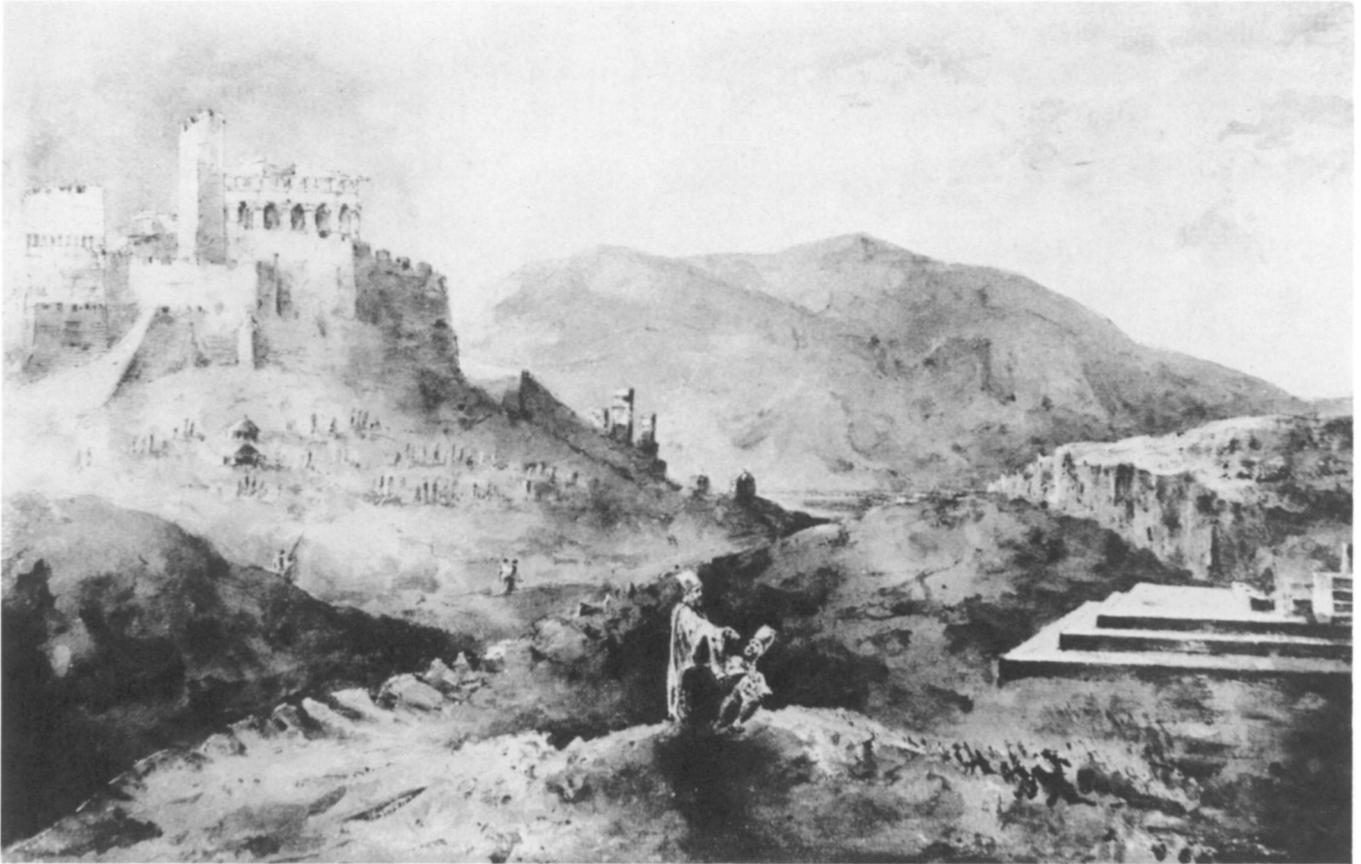


b. "L'Acropole d'Athènes, vue du Muséon" by O. M. von Stackelberg

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"The Monument of Philopappus" by G. B. Lusieri, a watercolor made between 1800 and 1809 (?), in the possession of the Earl of Elgin.



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b. "View of the West Front of the Propylaea at Athens" by W. Kinnard



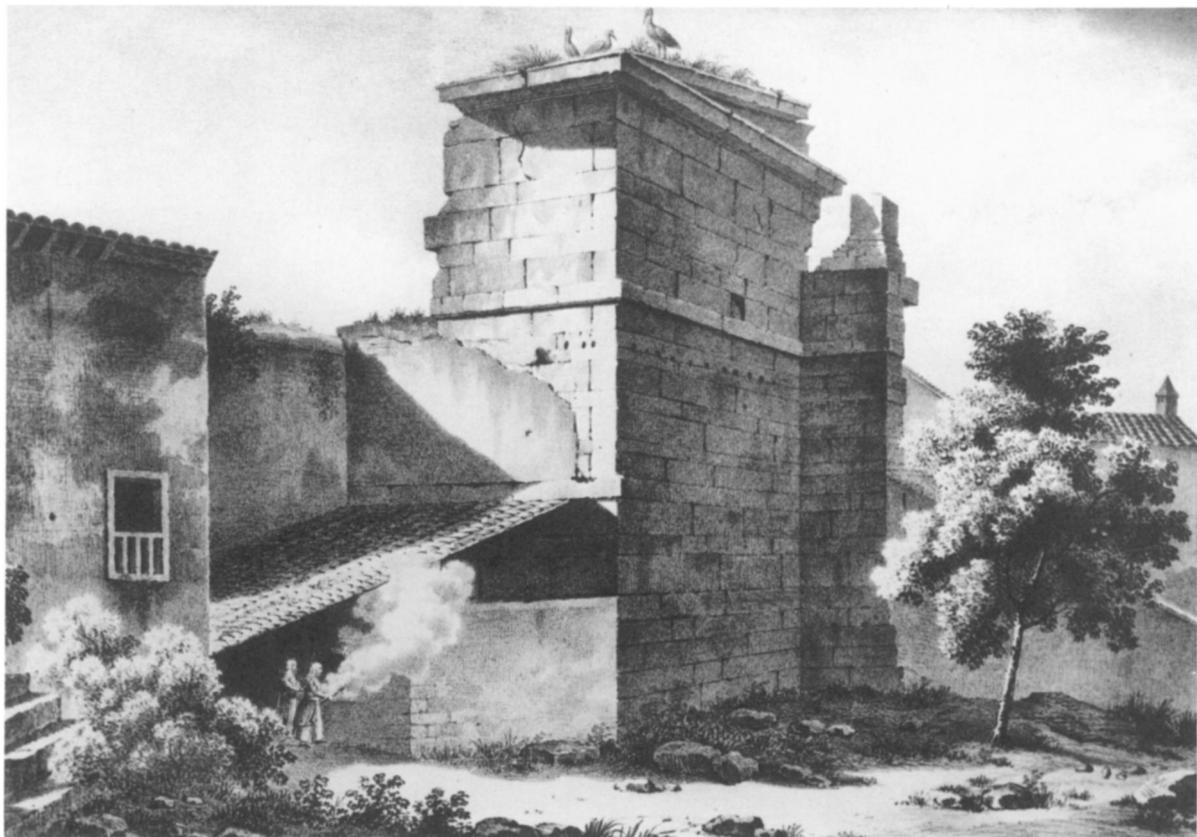
a. "View of the Parthenon from the Propylaea" by E. Dodwell



b. "Le Parthénon" by L. Dupré



a. "South-West View of the Erechtheion" by E. Dodwell

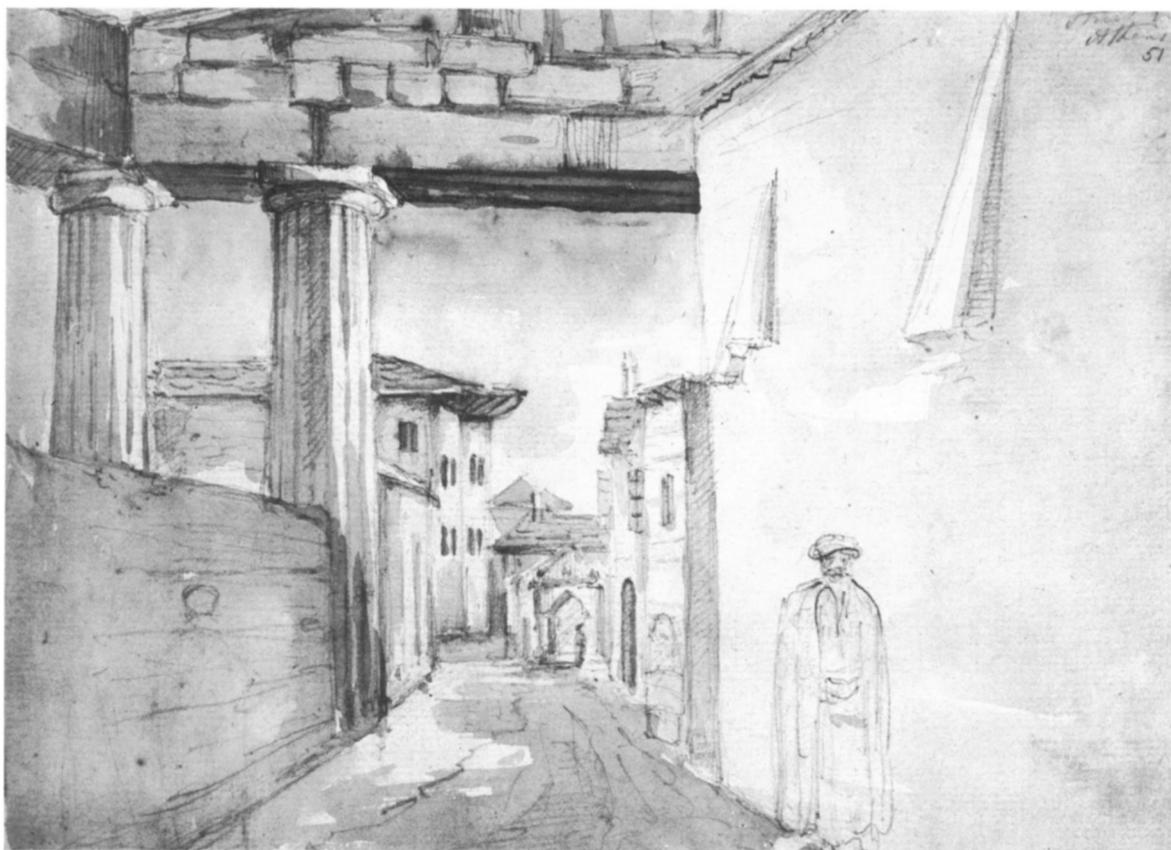


b. "Ruins of the Gymnasium of Ptolemy at Athens" by E. Dodwell

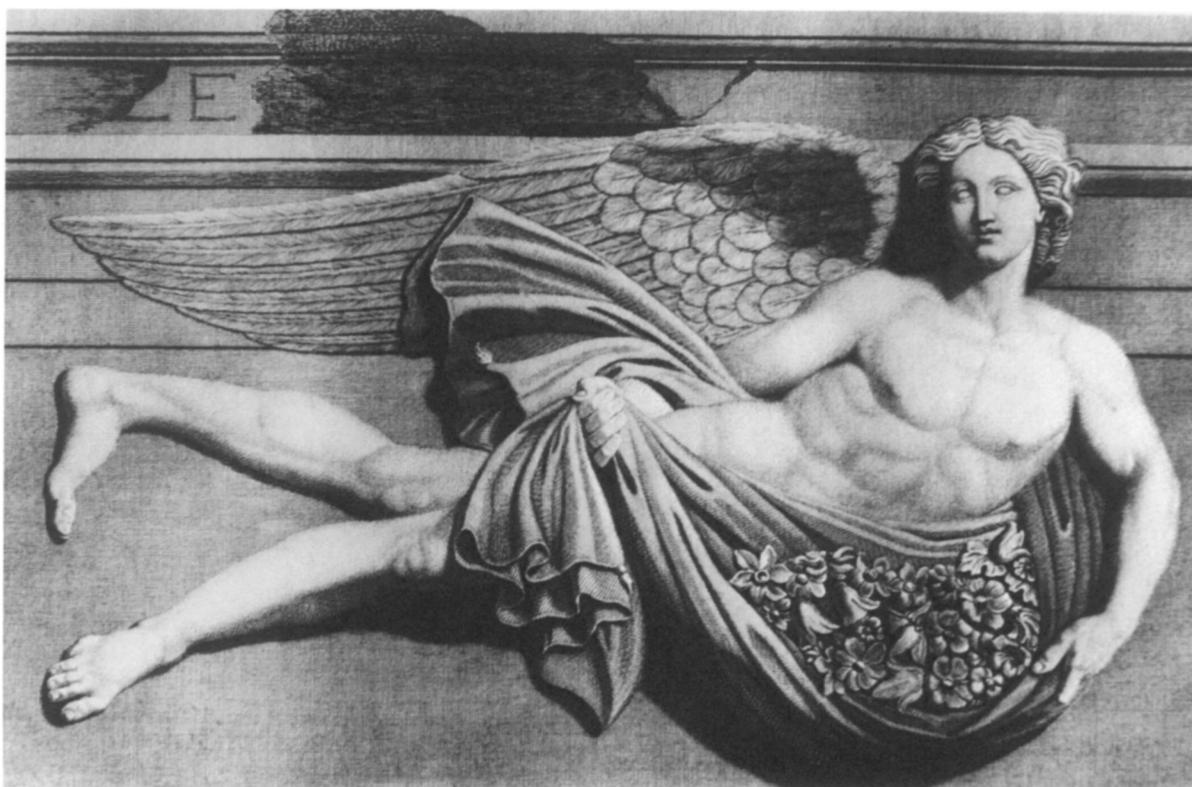


“The Theseum” by H. von Hallerstein, a watercolor made in 1811, in the possession of the National and University Library of Strasbourg.

C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



a. "The Arch of Athena" by W. Haygarth, from a sketchbook made in 1810-1811, in the possession of the Gennadius Library.



b. "On the Octagon Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes" [by J. Stuart]

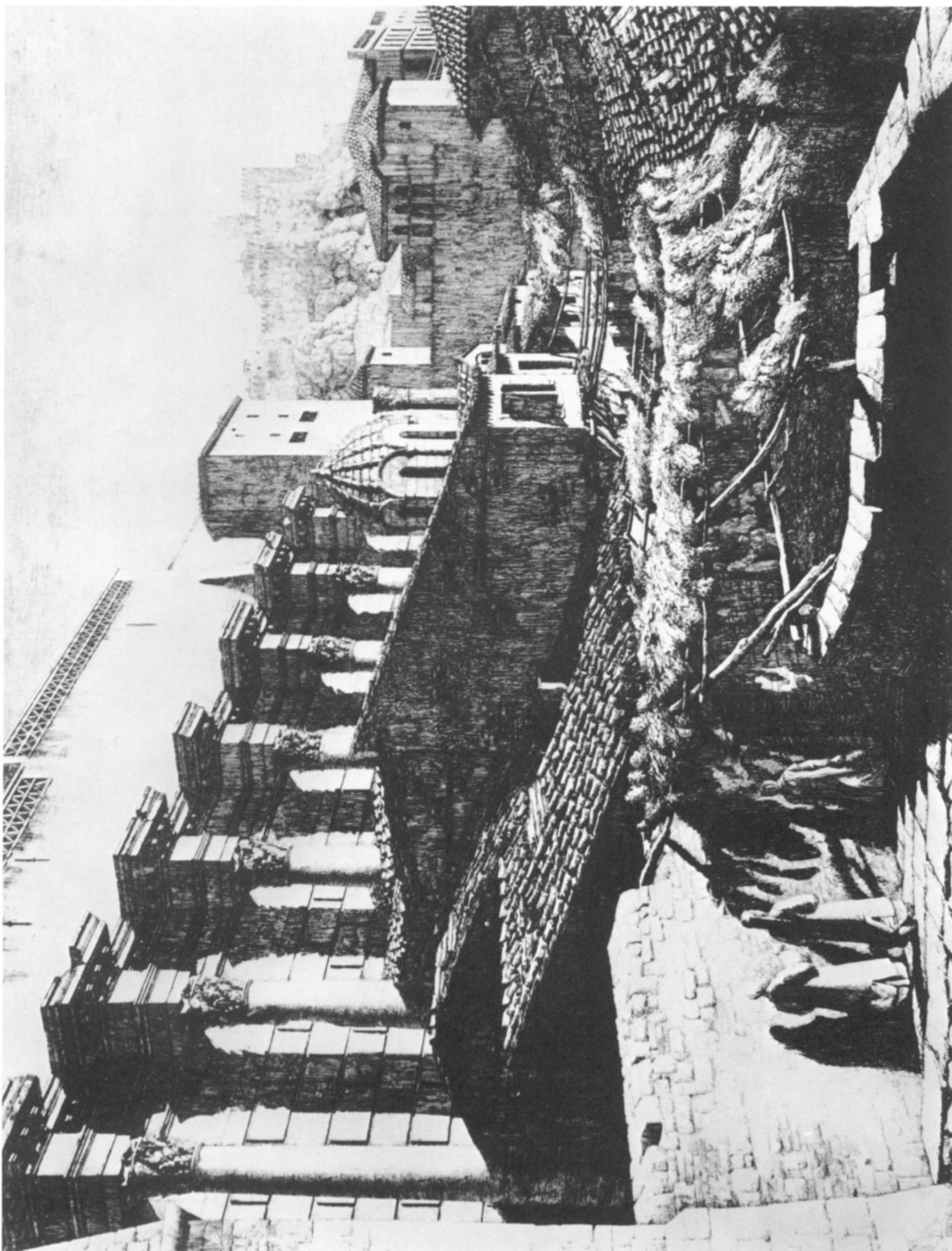
C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



a. "Entrance to the Tower of the Winds" by E. Dodwell

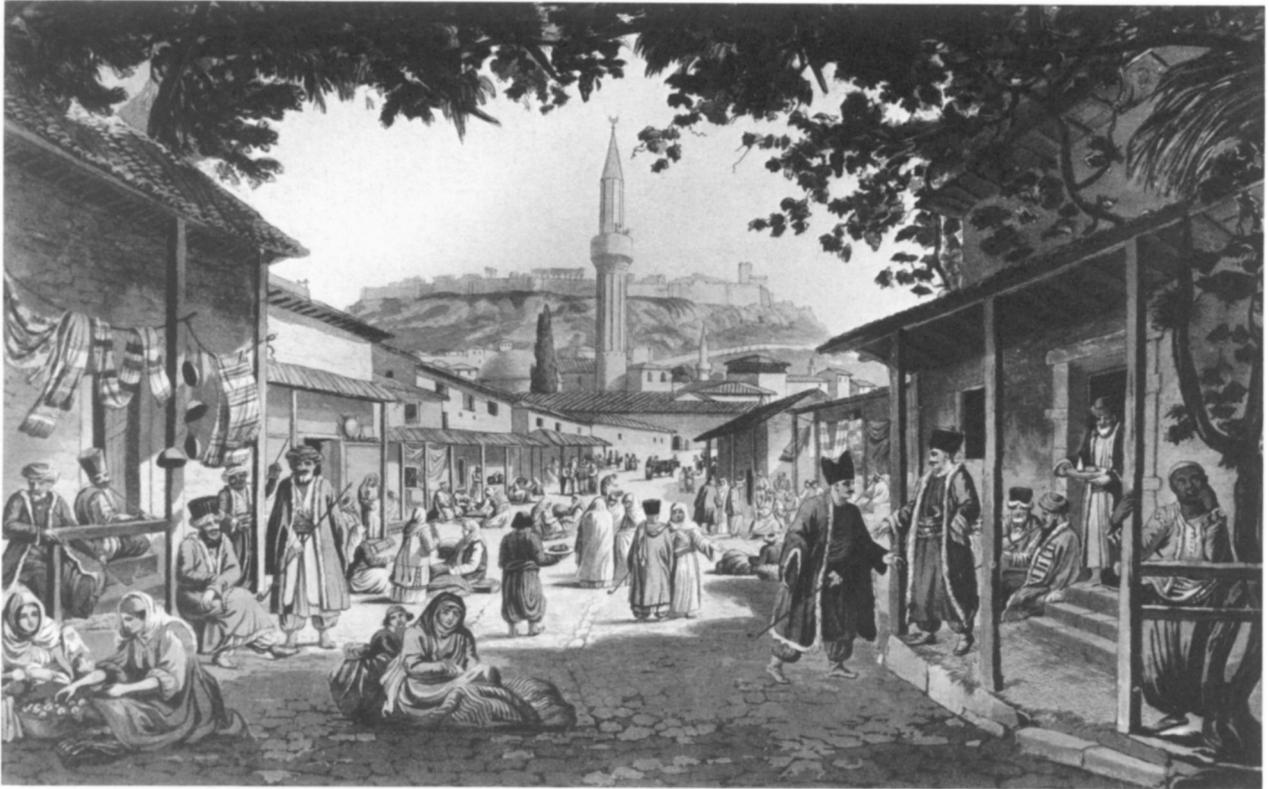


b. "Dance of the Derwishes in the Tower of the Winds" by E. Dodwell

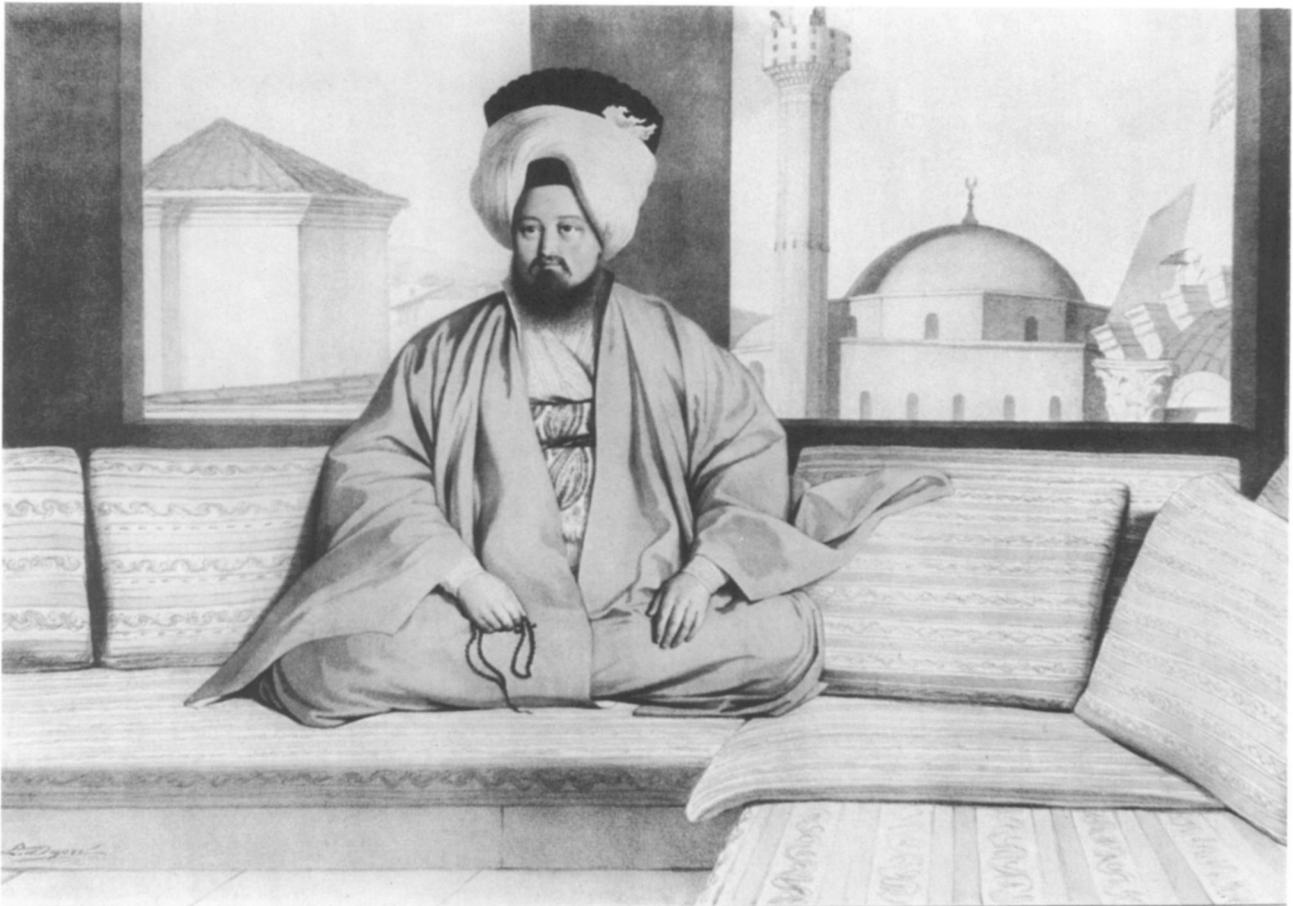


“Nord-Westliche Ansicht der Stoa, oder Hallen von dem olympischen Jupiters Tempel. Vue du Nord-ouest de la Stoa, ou portiques du Temple de Jupiter olympien” by J. Thürmer

C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



a. "Bazar of Athens" by E. Dodwell



b. "Mouhamet Rusien Effendi Dervis, Vaivode d'Athènes" by L. Dupré



a. "Maid of Athens" by W. Bate, a miniature painted probably in 1834, in the possession of the Gennadius Library.



b. "L'Acropolis vu de la maison du Consul de France Mr. Fauvel" by L. Dupré

C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



"Une Athénienne" by L. Dupré

C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON



a. "Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart." by A. Wivell



b. "Lord Byron at the age of 17" by G. Sanders

C. W. J. ELIOT: ATHENS IN THE TIME OF LORD BYRON