

E M I L L U D W I G

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SCHLIEMANN

**The Story of a Gold-seeker**

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*Translated from the German by D. F. Tait*

*With Illustrations*

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## PREFACE

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As a child, before I had even learned to read, I shook hands with him at my father's table. Ten years later, I stood before the long glass cases in the Berlin Museum and gazed on the gold of Troy. Thus my earliest ideas of greatness and glory, of legend, poetry and scholarship, were linked with his name. Everything about him was romantic, the kings whose treasures he unearthed, those others who bestowed treasures upon him — and yet, what sticks in my memory is his kind brown eyes.

In 1915, when I was at the Dardanelles, I rode one day across the plain of Troy to Hissarlik, of which, owing to Schliemann's books, we used to speak more frequently than of Troy; it was one day before the naval battle of March 19th. There with my stick and the aid of a Turkish bayonet lent to me by a lieutenant, I dug a stone out of the wall to take home as a memento of the place. It was not until much later, that, examining the unwieldy lump of stone at home, we recognised that it was a fragment of a lion's or a horse's head, dating from I know not what period. About that time, during the War, when I was in Athens, there advanced towards me from out of her magnificent palace, a tall beautiful woman, of about sixty, half queen, half Niobe, all in black and wearing a string of pearls. It was Sophia Schliemann, the heroine of this amazing history.

Some ten years later, when my biographical works were becoming known abroad, the family, Frau Schliemann and her son and daughter, the inheritors of the fame and the papers of Schliemann, approached me with a request that I should

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write his life. Memories from earliest childhood, combined with their marvellous tales, which presented husband and father in a new and varied light, added to the attraction of the subject, and the scenes with which I was familiar all helped to persuade me. I went to Athens and found — to my consternation, I may almost say — two large presses full of volumes, all in Schliemann's writing or arranged by him. When I had finished counting, I found there were one hundred and fifty volumes.

Method and a mania for hoarding had produced the unprecedented: the life of a man lay here in his papers, from the family tree and the history of the world which thrilled him at the age of eight to the telegram of sympathy sent by William the Second, the only thing his widow needed to add after his death, in order to give a truly astounding conspectus of his career. All this remained untouched for forty years: Schliemann's biography, for which he had prepared with such exaggerated care, was still unwritten. The number of papers I estimated at some twenty thousand.

First of all, there was the long series of diaries and notebooks which he kept and wrote up almost continuously from the twentieth year until the sixty-ninth and last year of his life. Then there were his business records and account books, family letters, legal documents, passports and diplomas, huge volumes of his linguistic studies, down to his very exercises in Russian and Arabic script. Besides all this, there were newspaper cuttings from all quarters of the globe, lists with historical data and dictionaries of his own compiling in a dozen languages. Since he preserved everything, I found, along with the most illuminating memoranda, an invitation to attend a concert in aid of a poor widow. Every paper was dated in his own handwriting.

Since, throughout the whole of his life, he wrote all his letters and made duplicates of them with his own hand, it is



not too much to say that every line from his pen is contained in this collection of records, and thus it is possible to follow all his correspondence from both sides. Only in a very few instances did he cut passages out of letters or, perhaps, destroy a letter from his brother which spoke ill of their father. On the other hand, Schliemann's writings afforded extremely meagre material, for he was entirely a man of action, and not of letters.

My concern was to transcribe from among this chaotic mass of papers not as much as possible, but as little as possible, since, in contrast to the mischievous modern practice of writing a volume seven hundred pages long on every important personage immediately after his death, my aim was to set a limit which the span of over a hundred years since the birth of my subject, the forty years since his death (1822-1890), and, above all, the practically closed controversy about his achievement, made both possible and necessary.

And yet, even in this instance, I should not have departed from my principle never to research but always merely to describe, had not the character of this man been of greater interest than his genius.<sup>1</sup> For only in the light of his entirely original personality is it possible to comprehend the aims, the achievements and the career of Heinrich Schliemann. Here we have a man who, in every impulse, almost in every action, made his decision originally, independently and without prejudice, a monomaniacal and, perhaps, also a mythomaniacal nature, which at times overstepped the limits of the normal, a blend of imagination and realism which could have wrested from

<sup>1</sup> I would like to take this opportunity once again to impress on my English-speaking critics, who accuse me of writing too much, that the twelve books of mine, from "Diana" to "Lincoln," which have been translated and published in England and the United States between 1926 and 1930, that is to say, which took me twelve years (1917-1929) to write and publish in German, appeared there in four years.

being waged afresh, about Ithaca, which three nations are to-day looking for in three different places. It was by this faith alone that Schliemann was able to find Troy, to bring to light the treasures of Mycenæ, to lay bare the palace of Tiryns and to illuminate the pre-Homeric darkness and the Homeric twilight.

However, he found in these places things other than those he sought, and for long he refused to believe in them. His Homeric Troy was a pre-Homeric Troy. For years, of his seven strata — nine are recognised to-day — he continued to describe the third from the virgin soil as the "burned city," and found there towers and gates, small, it is true, but yet answering to Homer's description, until Dörpfeld converted him to the second stratum. It was not until shortly before his death that Schliemann first recognised that the citadel of Priam, great and powerful, lay concealed in the sixth stratum. To-day we know that everything that was found in the lowest depths of Troy, remains of walls, weapons, and even the gold itself, belongs to a period about a thousand years earlier than the Homeric World Schliemann sought.

In Mycenæ Schliemann searched for the royal tombs, discovered enormous treasures of gold, and thus also the Key to Mycenæan civilisation. But here, too, it was not the Atridæ that he stumbled on, but an older dynasty. The shaft-graves are to-day assigned to the sixteenth century B.C., the citadel and Lion Gate to the fourteenth century B.C. Here, as in Troy, his spade worked too fast. Thus he dug behind the Lion Gate down to the level of the circle of slabs and thereby destroyed the beginning of the ramp and the chariot way to the citadel which rested upon it; he also had the sepulchral relief slabs raised and removed without determining their position and their relation to the several tombs.

At Tiryns, Schliemann's errors were confined to the experimental excavation of 1876, and consisted in his digging in the

er forecourt an east-west trench, crossed by a short north-trench, in addition to twenty shafts. He was of opinion that he recognised here "the period of the Frankish domination . . . in the lime plastering of a villa and its outbuildings"; these were, however, remains injured by fire, of the marble floors of the palace, which were destroyed at the excavating process. Eight years later, during the large-scale excavations, Schliemann, in conjunction with Dörpfeld, succeeded, by laying bare the remains of the citadel, in providing the first outline of a continental royal settlement of the Homeric period. The closer they were to Schliemann in time, the sharper was the criticism of this dilettante of genius by the then sterile academic experts. Thus about twenty years ago a Professor Thälis dared to assert that Schliemann "was a complete stranger to every scientific method of treatment of his subject and had no idea that a method and a well-defined technique existed." The then famous expert does not mention that the first really scientific excavations — those of Samothrace — did not take place until 1873, and that the investigations at Troy did not begin till 1876, that is, after Schliemann's experiments, and that it was only then that field archaeology began to evolve strictly scientific methods. To-day, another expert says more justly: "No one with archaeological experience would refuse to acknowledge a great debt of gratitude to Schliemann and his young wife for their achievements; without any training in technique and method, and without any of the resources that are available to-day, they brought thousands of objects to light."<sup>1</sup>

Schliemann is an outstanding example of my repeated conviction that the enlightened amateur beats the solid expert every time. Thus it was also an enlightened amateur who accorded Schliemann earliest and deepest recognition. The eighty-

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year-old Gladstone gave a marvellously understanding description of him in a letter written to Mrs. Schliemann ten days after her husband's death, from which the following words are taken:

In the work to which he devoted himself his enthusiasm called back into being the ancient spirit of chivalry in a thoroughly pure and bloodless form. He had to encounter in the early stages of his work both frowns and indifference; yet the one and the other alike had to give way, as the force and value of his discoveries became clear, like mists upon the sun.

The history of his boyhood and youth seemed not less remarkable than those of his later life. Indeed they cannot be separated for one aim and purpose bound them from first to last. Either his generosity without his energy or his energy without his generosity, might well have gained celebrity: in their union they were no less than wonderful.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

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- Schliemann born on 6th January at Neu-Buckow  
Death of his mother
1841. Shop assistant at Fürstenberg  
Went to Hamburg. Shipwrecked
1846. Amsterdam  
Learned English and French  
Learned Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese  
Entered business of B. H. Schroeder and Company. Learned Russian
1866. St. Petersburg  
First betrothal  
Death of brother. Journey to California  
United States  
First marriage  
Learned Swedish and Polish  
Birth of son  
Learned Greek
1859. Learned Latin and Arabic. Travelled in Sweden, Italy, Egypt and Athens  
Birth of eldest daughter  
Birth of second daughter  
Winding up of business
1865. Journey around the world: India, China and America. Publication of book, "La Chine et le Japon"

- 1866-1871. Paris. Studied archæology
1868. Greece and Troy. Excavation at Ithaca. Publication of "Ithaka der Peloponnes und Troja." Received doctorate. Divorce.
1869. Second marriage
1870. Death of father
1871. Birth of Andromache
- 1871-1873. Excavations in Troy. Treasure of Priam. Publication of "Trojanische Altertümer"
1874. Experimental excavations at Mycenæ. Lawsuit with the Turks
1876. Excavation at Mycenæ. The Royal Tombs. Publication of "Mycenæ"
1878. Birth of Agamemnon
1879. Excavations at Troy with Virchow. Publication of "Ilios"
1880. Excavation at Orchomenos
1881. Presentation of the Trojan Collection to the German nation. Honorary citizen of Berlin
1882. Excavations at Troy with Dörpfeld
1883. Publication of "Troja." Ankershagen
- 1884-1885. Excavation at Tiryns
1886. Publication of "Tiryns"
1887. Journey to Egypt
1888. Journey to Egypt with Virchow
1889. First International Conference at Troy. Böttcher operation
1890. Second International Conference. Death of Schliemann on December 26th at Naples

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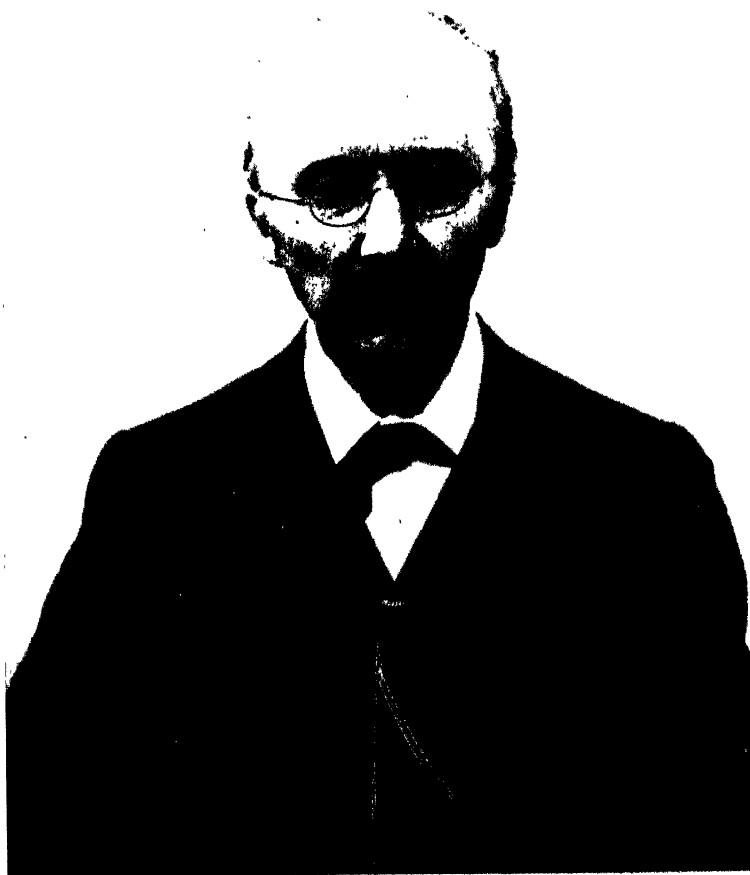
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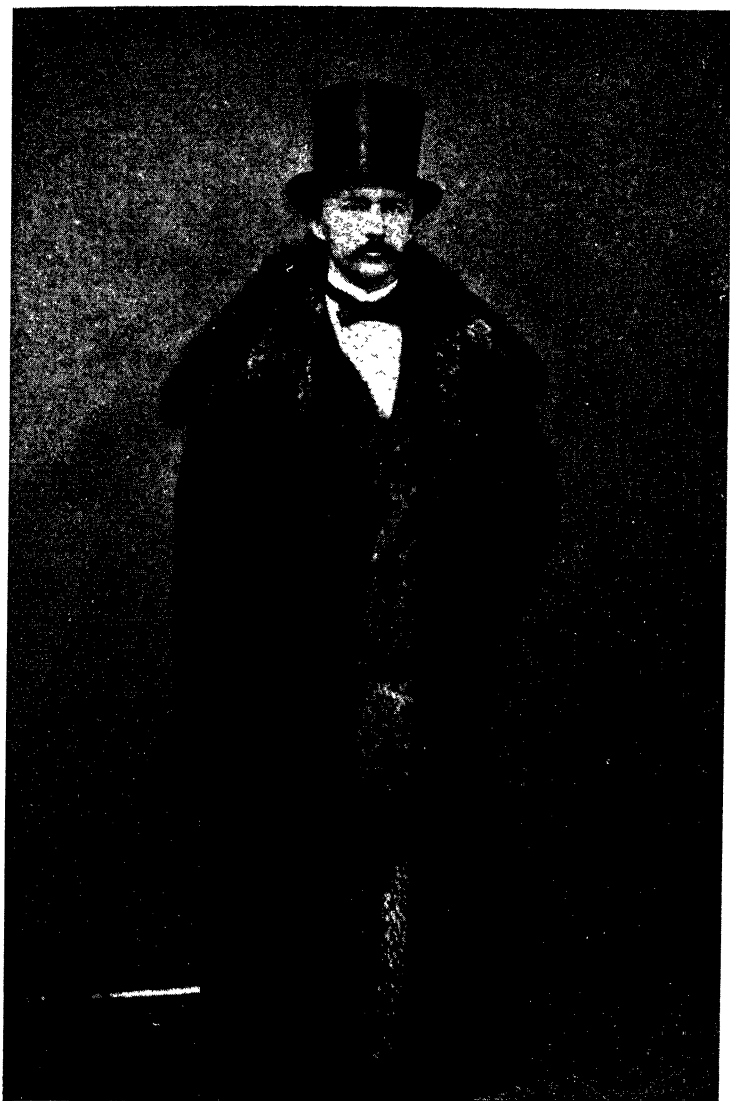
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SCHLIEMANN



SCHLIEMANN AS A RUSSIAN MERCHANT

*Aged 40*

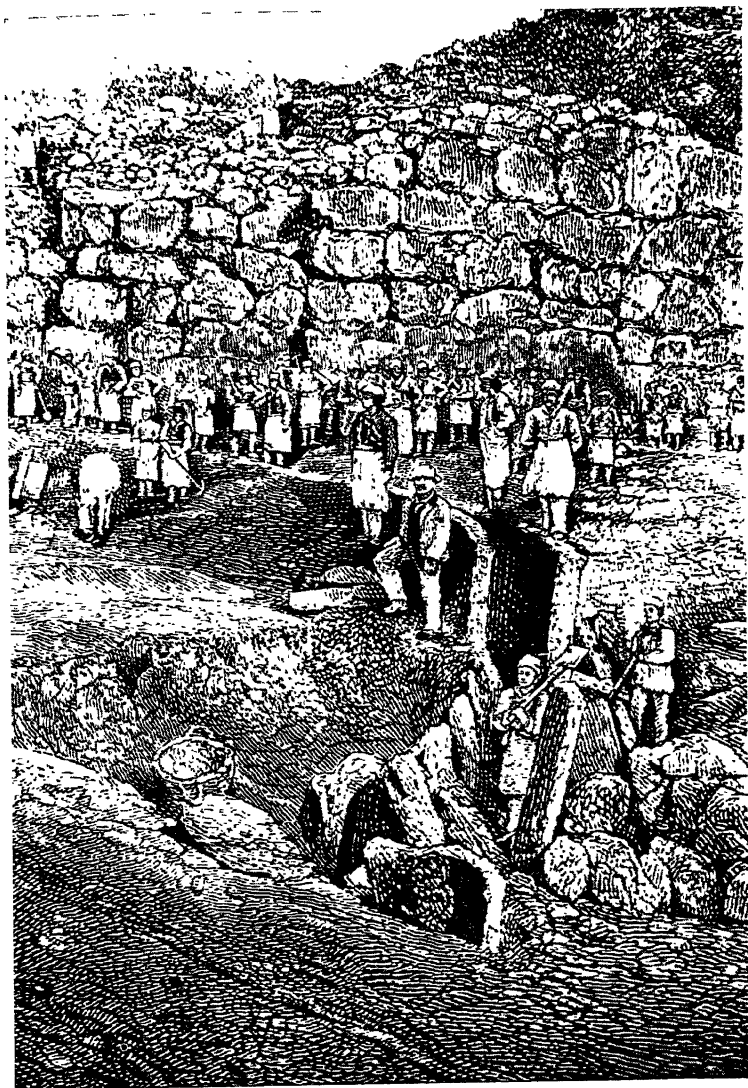


ON THE SITE OF TROY DURING EXCAVATIONS

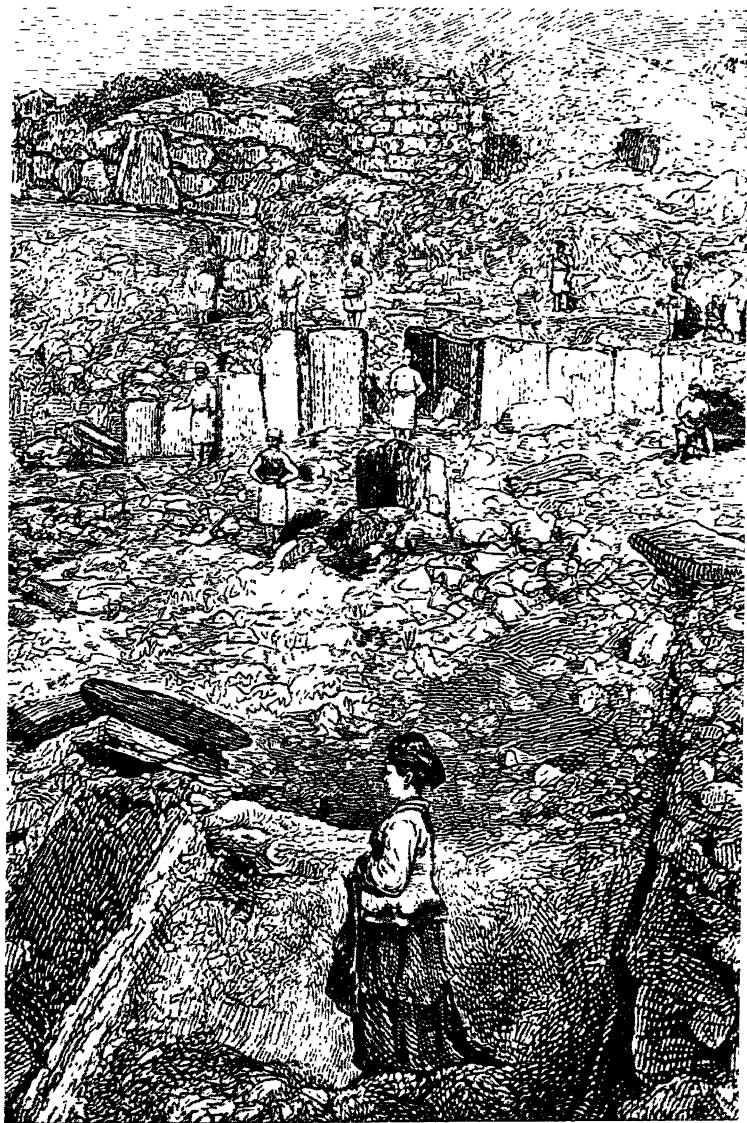
*Schlicmann is the third figure from the right*



SOPHIA SCHLIEMANN WEARING THE  
GOLDEN ORNAMENTS OF  
HELEN OF TROY

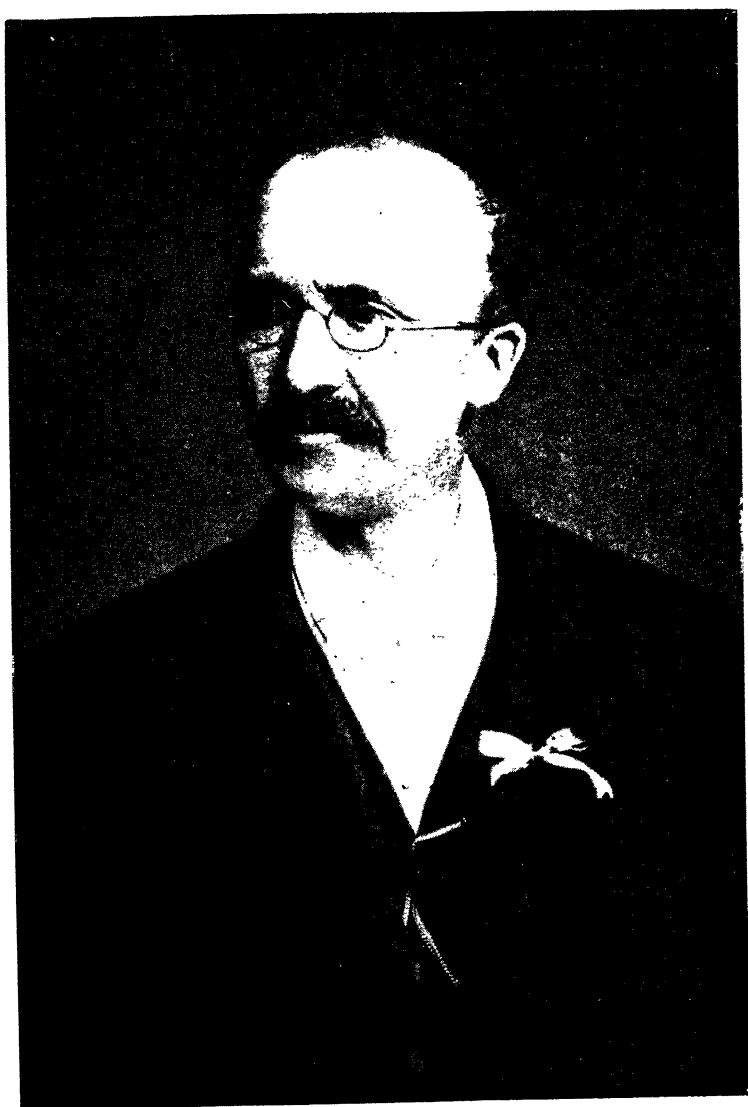


SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS IN THE  
ACROPOLIS OF MYCENAE



SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS IN THE  
ACROPOLIS OF MYCENAE

*In the foreground the circular Agora with four of the tombstones*



SCHLIEMANN

*Aged 60*



SCHLIEMANN ON HIS LAST TROJAN  
EXPEDITION IN THE LAST YEAR  
OF HIS LIFE. 1890



SCHLIEMANN





## CHAPTER ONE

### SHADOWED YOUTH

#### I

MECKLENBURG is renowned as the land of plump potatoes, fat cattle, beautiful beech woods and a behind-the-times nobility. Since, however, it has been an almost unknown factor in German intellectual life, every form of independent thought having been suppressed here longer than in any other State in Germany, and since the people, throughout the whole of the nineteenth century and, indeed, up to the end of the World War, had remained dull-witted and stolid, and were governed from above without any popular representation, this State was a favourite butt for the wit of more cultivated Germans, who when they saw a dull, uncouth individual would say that he was the embodiment of the Mecklenburg arms, which were surmounted by the head of an ox.

Nevertheless, there existed here, as in all parts of Germany, among the clergy and teachers, a humanistic culture which originated in, or was at least encouraged by, the University of Rostock. While serfdom was not abolished in this State until the year 1820, and still continued to exist in practice owing to the power of the large landowners, and while even an independent middle class was able to develop only in the face of obstacles and repression, the citizens who were shut off from political life and further influence devoted themselves all the more readily in private life to study and platonic interests, and carried on a tradition of learning and scholarship which may perhaps be attributed to the Reformation.

The Schliemanns may have belonged to these restricted circles, for three successive generations of them, during the period extending roughly from 1730 to 1830, were clergymen, on the little island of Poel, at Gresse and at Neubuckow; the ancestor of this clerical dynasty was a burgess and town councillor, and his ancestors for four generations back had been merchants, carrying on business during the sixteenth century in Lübeck, where the commercial spirit had a larger scope, since here there was freedom and the sea.

The member of the family who was destined to carry its unknown name outside the narrow confines of those little towns and villages into the great world appears to have been saddled with further theological forebears, for his grandmother was a clergyman's daughter and his mother's brother was also a clergyman. And yet nothing of all this piety was passed on to a spirit which, either by choice or by fate, was to follow its inward visions into the non-Christian world *par excellence*. Rather must the old merchant strain have stirred again within him after the lapse of a century, in the form of that early Hanseatic spirit which had perhaps led the Schliemanns of Lübeck across the ocean.

In his youth Heinrich Schliemann's father must have been ambitious and scholarly. After four years as a teacher in Altona, he took up theology at the age of twenty-six. That it was not piety that prompted him to this step is evident from his subsequent life; but he certainly applied himself with zeal to the study of this second faculty, for a testimonial says of him at the age of thirty-one that he "has been thoroughly examined by me in the New Testament in the original tongue, and to my great pleasure acquitted himself so well that the testimonials he submitted to me do him no more than bare justice"; and some little time later, another examiner writes of "the highly satisfactory proofs of his profound theological knowl-

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edge. . . . May God guide this man, whom I hold in great esteem."

And yet it was by no means the traditional German parsonage of literature where Heinrich Schliemann grew up. It is true that his mother, an educated and musical woman, the daughter of the burgomaster of a small town in Mecklenburg, set the children an excellent example. What she looked like we can only infer tentatively from a late photograph of her brother, pastor Hans Bürger, who, with his frank eyes, firm, distinguished mouth and clear brow, seems the embodiment of self-respect and moderation. Thirteen years younger than her husband, she died before she was forty, while he survived her for almost forty years. From his father also Schliemann learnt much that was good, for he was enthusiastically interested in the excavations at Pompeii, used to tell the children stories from ancient history, gave them a book on animals with many fine plates, including, for example, eight breeds of horses, a textbook for the study of French and also a child's history of the world, in which nothing captured the imagination of the eight-year-old boy so much as the picture of Æneas fleeing from the flames of Troy, bearing his father on his back and leading his little son by the hand. Fifty years later Schliemann recounted how he had, even thus early, made up his mind to excavate the ruins of that sacked town.

Undoubtedly, his imagination awakened at an early age. What he described in the autobiographical sketch he wrote late in life, he had often previously recounted to the members of his family, and to later observers it seems only natural that he should write that "my natural attraction towards all that is mysterious and marvellous flamed into a veritable passion at the marvels which that place revealed."

*Es gab geheime Wissenschaft  
und Sympathie und Zauberkraft  
für Fieber, Krampf und Gicht;*

*man brauchte Luft-und Goldtinktur,  
die Wasser — und die Hungerkur:  
doch älter wurd man nicht.  
Und seit die Sintflut ist gefehlt,  
ist klar und deutlich uns erzählt,  
die Weltgeschichte spricht:  
Doch schöner wird es nicht.<sup>1</sup>*

The village of Ankershagen, in which he grew up from his second to his tenth year, was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of an earlier pastor, a burial mound was said to contain the child of a knight in its golden cradle, fabulous treasures were reported to be lying among the ruins of an old round tower and the leg of a legendary robber baron, whose misdeeds still remained alive in the popular mind, was said to sprout repeatedly from its grave — an occurrence which the sexton and gravedigger both swore they had seen with their own eyes — until the leg unfortunately ceased to grow. "Naturally, with a child's simplicity, I believed all this, and, even often enough begged my father to open the grave himself, or allow me to do so, in order that we might at last discover why the leg no longer grew."

Here is the first touch revealing that strange admixture of credulity and accuracy, of legendary superstition and realistic curiosity, which was later to determine the destinies of the man. We are told, of course, that children do not believe such tales; but if they do believe in them, there is nothing in the world that they fear so much as the drawing of the veil, — in this case, the opening of the grave. Here, however, we find an eight-year-old lad, who is thrilled by any and every ghost story, and yet asks his father to open a grave so as to clear up the mystery and to find out why the worrying leg of the mis-

<sup>1</sup> There was secret love and the power of sympathy and magic for fever, cramp and gout; tincture of gold and air were used, the water and the hunger cure: yet people grew no older. And since the Deluge failed, as the history of the world tells us plainly and clearly, things are no better.

creant in whom he believes has ceased to grow. Just as, here, the child was anxious to check his innate mysticism by evidence, so, at a later date, was he to seek to prove to himself and the world his belief in Homer and in the reality of Homer, with the self-same spade as that which he then wanted to press into his father's hand.

His father was a scoffer, however, and seems to have believed in nothing in the world except sensual pleasure. As he faces us in one portrait — the inscription on which, written by his daughter, declares that it is a good likeness of him, as he was in his last years, that is, around the age of ninety — he gives an impression of enormous vitality, and the history of the last forty years of his life as it appears in Schliemann's papers corresponds with this portrait of a man who brought his first wife to the grave, drove away his second, took her back, begot a child at the age of sixty-seven, was repeatedly involved in business troubles and debts, lived in a perpetual turmoil created by his irresponsibility, and yet did not wear himself out. All that his son later displayed of amazing vitality and intensity, that restlessly energetic, egotistical temperament, perpetually kindled to new enthusiasms, which would change from blessing to cursing all in a moment, he inherited from his father, who lacked only the necessary moral restraint to have achieved on a small scale in an obscure Mecklenburg village what his son later accomplished with the world as his field. The almost unswerving attachment of the son to the father, in spite of every form of provocation from the father's side, can be explained only by his instinctive sense of their kinship of spirit.

## II

"Most wives are paragons outside their homes, clucking hens in their rooms, wild cats in their kitchens, saints when maligning others, devils when they are themselves maligned, farcical

in their domestic economy and housewives nowhere but in their beds. . . . The female sex inspired the first idea of the lottery, in which there are a thousand blanks to one lucky number." Such and similar aphorisms are from the pen of the twenty-nine-year-old clergyman, Ernst Schliemann, who can scarcely be said to have been married at the time, as he had only just taken to wife a girl of sixteen. They are perhaps not his own ideas, but, none the less, they appeared to him sufficiently apposite to be included in his little notebooks, in which historical tables were carefully noted or extracts in prose or verse copied out in accordance with contemporary fashion.

In one place he parodies Mignon's song and concludes:

*"Dahin möcht 'ich mit dir, o meine Agnes, ziehn."*

Following this is a poem of fourteen verses entitled "Thoughts in days of sorrow," while elsewhere he translates "God save the King" into German and Hebrew. Here we see the desire for culture clashing with uncontrolled passions, and a scepticism which spares nothing is unsoftened by any trace of devotion.

The delicate, sad woman, who vainly tried to bloom at the foot of this volcano and was consumed by its fire, bore her husband four daughters and three sons, the last of whom was born when Heinrich was nine years old. During the last years of her life, and possibly for some time previously, her husband had been carrying on an intrigue with a maid employed in the house, who cherished hopes of becoming its mistress after the invalid's death. Frau Luise Schliemann also used to copy out verses which she came across in books or periodicals; they too are sceptical but pathetic.

From this woman, whose personality, in the absence of any portrait, may be constructed from her very significant handwriting, from the love felt for her by her children and her brothers and sisters, and from the lifelong veneration of her famous son, Heinrich Schliemann plainly inherited the deeper,



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meditative and philosophical side of his nature. It is true that Ankershagen disapproved of her for playing the piano and wearing lace cuffs; when, however, the affair with the maid became a public scandal, sympathy swung round from the pastor to his wife.

Two months before her last confinement, she thanked her eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, "for the affection which, dear child, you show towards me and which has been such a joy and comfort to your forsaken mother. . . . In the days which are approaching keep always in your mind that I am waging the battle of life and death. If you hear that death has prevailed, do not grieve too much, but rather rejoice that my sufferings are at an end in this, to me, so thankless world, in which patience, prayers and entreaties to God in the silence of the night, beseeching him to change my hard lot, have not availed. . . . If God helps me happily to survive my time of suffering, and my life afterwards becomes such that I once again find joy and happiness among men, I promise you to wear my matron's cap right diligently. I must now conclude, as I am occupied with the killing of the pigs, and it goes so against the grain."

The bitterness of this woman, deceived by her husband and at the same time forced to bear him children, and the depth of her suffering, can be fully realized only by reading Schliemann's letters of a much later period, letters which I can hardly quote here.

Three months after that letter was written, and a few weeks after the birth of her last son, Luise Schliemann was dead. She left behind her nothing save the reputation of an angel and a son of genius.

But children soon get over what they do not understand, and it was not long after this that the reserved and imaginative boy fell in love at the dancing class with the daughter of a farmer, a girl of his own age, and even fifty years later he had

not forgotten Minna Meincke. His elder sister noticed his first passion one day when the girl drove over to visit them, with her mother and sister. They looked everywhere for Heinrich but could not find him, until at last he appeared, looking strikingly clean and remarkably spruce, his hair carefully combed and plastered with water, which was still falling in drops on to his cheeks, all aglow from the rubbing they had received. Certainly neither of them profited much from their dancing lessons, but they decided to get married and discover the secrets of Ankershagen; for Minna and her sister alone did not make fun of the boy with his wonderful plans and ideas. The village tailor must often have told them, in the broadest dialect, amazing tales of storks which he had captured, and which, after having been released, had returned again; and the eighty-year-old daughter of a pastor must also, at a party, have told tales of her ancestors in days long gone by. The past with its stirring legends and a future of happiness and bliss were fused into one for the two children who loved each other.

Suddenly all was over. The Meinckes, like everybody else, turned their backs on the parsonage, and "this caused me a thousand times more pain than my mother's death, which I soon forgot in my overwhelming grief at the loss of Minna. . . . No misfortune that ever befell me in later life caused me even a thousandth part of the deep pain I felt when, at the tender age of nine years, I was parted from my little bride. . . . My father, whom my utter despondency did not escape, sent me to stay for two years with his brother," a clergyman at Kalkhorst in Mecklenburg.

It clearly suited his father to have one fewer pair of eyes in the house, and the elder daughters also appear to have spent more or less prolonged periods with relations. Fieckchen Schwarz, the maid already mentioned, did not, apparently, go until some years later, when she was dismissed amid consider-

able uproar. While at Altona she informed a relation, who later told it to Schliemann, that she "had been very well paid, . . . had always received from my father the most valuable presents, both money and jewels and clothes, and had always calculated how long it would be before she became the pastor's wife. Dresses of the heaviest satin and shawls of velvet and silk had become her everyday wear."

So it was not surprising that during this same year the pastor came under suspicion of having misappropriated church funds. What is certain is that, five years after the death of his wife, the father informed his "numerous friends and well-wishers, both at home and abroad," through a notice in the Rostock daily paper, that he was now cleared from the charge against him, that the censure already pronounced had been withdrawn, and that he was not to be unfrocked. Nevertheless, his suspension from office continued for another year, and it was not until a year later that the pastor, who had clearly been unjustly accused, was able to announce publicly "that, of my own free will and without a stain on my character, I have resigned my living in consideration of the payment in cash of the amount claimed by me as compensation." The authorities confirmed that his accounts at that time were in order, and paid him a lump sum of eight thousand Prussian thalers in lieu of a pension. With this money the pastor, who, at that time, was fifty-eight years old, proceeded to another locality and with the energy of a shrewd peasant, but again without self-control and therefore without success, embarked upon a new career as a general merchant.

### III

What feelings must have filled the heart of a sensitive boy, bereft of his mother and, to a large extent, of the companionship of his brothers and sisters, who during the critical years

between ten and sixteen had to watch these lowering clouds gather over his father's house, burst, and only partially clear away. What must have been the thoughts of a precocious child who, amid the narrow and revealing circumstances of village life, saw benedictions and curses fall from the lips of one and the same man, saw him both as the vicar of God and as the agent of his wife's death — and this man was his own father and this woman, his mother! If only he had been permitted to pursue his quiet way in the seclusion of his uncle's house! But his own young destiny was disturbed by his father's dissolute life. The girl who had pledged herself to him with the complete seriousness of a child, had turned away from him, friends no longer came to the house, and what did him most permanent harm — his studies were broken off. The boy who, from his earliest days, had filled his imagination with the history and pictures of antiquity saw the book which was to reveal everything to him snatched from his hand at the moment when he was about to open it.

For at that other parsonage, his uncle's at Kalkhorst, the lad had learnt Latin so quickly, under the instruction of an admirable scholar, that he was able, at the age of eleven years, to present his father at Christmas with an essay in Latin "even if not quite faultless, on the events of the Trojan war and the adventures of Odysseus and Agamemnon." The time had now come when the portals of wisdom were to be opened to him through the Gymnasium of the town of Neu-Strelitz, and the eleven-year-old boy was placed in the third class. Then, however, came the ruin of his home, the suspension of his father from his living, the inquiry, and complete upheaval. The father was anxious to be relieved of the expense of his son's maintenance, the teachers perhaps did not welcome his presence among their upper-class pupils, and so, after three months, he was sent to the common school to complete a superficial and inadequate education. Thus did a highly gifted boy with hu-

manistic leanings see all his dreams shattered by the irresponsible conduct of his father and find himself, at the age of fourteen, sent to an obscure little near-by town to work as an apprentice in a grocer's shop at Fürstenberg in Mecklenburg.

A day or two before he started, he chanced to meet Minna again in the house of a musician of the Court, after not having seen her for five years. "She was fourteen years old at this time and . . . had grown a lot," he wrote when close upon sixty. "She was dressed very simply in black and the very simplicity of her dress seemed to enhance her captivating beauty. When we looked into one another's eyes we both broke into a flood of tears and, unable to utter a word, fell into one another's arms. Many times we tried to speak, but our emotion was too great. . . . Soon Minna's parents came into the room and we had to separate. . . . Then I was sure that Minna still loved me and this thought kindled my ambition: from that moment I was conscious of boundless energy and filled with an unshakeable confidence in my ability to progress in the world by untiring zeal and to prove myself worthy of Minna. All that I implored God to grant me then was that she might not marry before I had gained an independent position for myself."

Then we see him, fired by a new hope, sitting on a case of herrings, sorting and packing goods, serving pennyworths of milk, salt, coffee, sugar and also the potato-spirit which is native to Mecklenburg, crushing the potatoes for the still, and sweeping out the shop. In this way, he says, "I was occupied from five o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock in the evening, so that I had not a spare moment for study. Besides that, I forgot only too quickly the little I had learnt as a child." What an event it must have been when the sun of antiquity once chanced to rise again amid the oil and tallow dips in the little shop! "Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the night on which a drunken miller . . . came into our shop."

This man was also the son of a Mecklenburg clergyman, but

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he had been expelled from the Gymnasium shortly before the examinations on account of misconduct, and was now leading the life of a drunken vagabond. He had not, however, forgotten his Homer. "For on the night in question he recited to us no less than a hundred lines of the poet, with perfect rhythm and expression. Although I did not understand a single word, the melodious sound of the words made the deepest impression on me and drew from me hot tears over my unhappy lot. Three times I made him repeat the divine lines and recompensed him with three glasses of spirits which I gladly paid for with the few pence that constituted my sole fortune. From that moment onwards I did not cease to pray to God that, by His grace, it might one day be my good fortune to be permitted to learn Greek."

During these five years, between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, one of the most industrious and ambitious of mortals saw no opportunity of getting free from the prison of his existence as a grocer's apprentice, nor could he find the means, teachers or books, or friends, to enable him to relieve the strain by escape into an imaginary world or by devotion to another person. And yet, even in this the most empty lustrum of his life, during which he was sustained by a confidence in his destiny for which no apparent justification existed, certain fundamental ideas crystallised within him which only his extraordinary fate could have evolved out of his particular nature and character. For while weak natures succumb to the influences of a bad example during youth, strong natures are made stronger by such warnings. Schliemann's was a strong nature. What — so might the boy have thought — was the cause of all this misfortune? Lust. What complicated the crisis in his father's affairs? Poverty. What then was needed in order to triumph in life? Moderation, integrity and money. Society, whether in the person of a small farmer or his burgomaster-grandfather, about whom he had heard from his mother, held

firmly to a few principles, and raised a barrier between the innocent son of a dubious gentleman and the innocent girl he loved. With money, however, prejudices were more easily overcome. If only he could make money enough to set up house, who would then dispute his right to his Minna? Books and pictures of the ancient world, Greek and Homer, could all be bought and learned with his money, about which his father had been negotiating for years past with the ecclesiastical authorities; with his fame too. What, then, was it necessary to acquire? Fame and money. Then he would be master of the world.

## IV

But how was he to escape from the narrow confines of this wooden store, from the "schnapps" and butter? In America, life would be new and different. The eighteen-year-old lad had already "signed a contract" with a bailiff on the Türkhof estate "for the voyage to New York in North America." This plan was however, upset by his father, who, with the eight thousand thalers he had received, recovered his sense of authority, and, accordingly, with the inconsiderateness of adventurers towards their children, flatly refused to supply the money for such an adventurous journey. Nevertheless, he was at least allowed a change of scene. Whether it was, as Schlie-  
mann relates in his memoirs, that he was unable to work at that time through an injury to his chest caused by lifting a cask that was too heavy for him, or, as he said at the time, that he had declined other situations on account of his American plan, the fact remained that he was out of a job, "and accordingly went to Rostock in order to extend my commercial acquirements by learning bookkeeping by double entry, and then to make straight for Hamburg. All through the beauty of summer I was condemned to a most miserable existence; since I could

not stay at home without being worried to death, I rented a small room at the home of a friend of my former headmaster. . . . With the utmost zeal I applied myself to the stupendous task of learning bookkeeping on the Schwanbeck system, at which I worked from early morning until late at night. The result was, to the amazement of my teacher and fellow-students and, notwithstanding the fact that I ruled with my own hand each one of the nine books I used, I had completed the whole course by the 10th of September, although it normally takes from a year to eighteen months."

Here, as also later, in the letter that would fill eight printed pages in which, at the age of twenty, he recounts his latest experiences to his sisters, those fundamental characteristics of his personality, which reassert themselves more and more pronouncedly as time goes on in all his letters and books, were beginning to reveal themselves. He puts his own performance well in the foreground, stresses the applause of those who were in a position to appreciate it, and is lavish with his superlatives, thus putting the attentive reader on his guard against accepting too literally his views of his own achievements or of the shortcomings of others. This weakness arose from the same temperamental ardour with which his father's letters overflow, but which, in the case of the son, was devoted not to sensual pleasure but to gold and fame, a never satisfied striving after which was the mainspring of his life's work. In the course of a few months this poor, harassed, weak-chested lad had grasped his first weapon in the pursuit of success, even though it was nothing more than the art of keeping account of the gains of others.

While he was thus straining every nerve to succeed, the atmosphere of disorder with which his father, now completely relieved of the necessity for upholding his prestige as a clergyman, surrounded himself must have been intolerable to him. The father had, in the meantime, married a woman of the people, had separated from her after she had borne him two



children, and had then taken her back again. In the further course of this letter to his sisters, who had long since left their father's house, Schliemann's amazingly vivid pen describes "the disgraceful scandal of their life. . . . Almost as soon as day begins to break, the unfortunate couple begin to exchange the most vulgar abuse, such as the most debased of the rabble would be ashamed to utter; from early morning until late at night they continue to curse and to consign one another to the uttermost depths of Tartarus. At one moment they are kissing one another and the next they would hardly condescend to spit at one another. You can have no idea of the disgusting scenes that go on. You will, no doubt, have heard of the affair last spring, when Sophie (the second wife), after having shut herself up for some time in the woodshed in order, according to her own account, to save herself from being killed, took a room at Krüger's inn in Rostock, and how the matter came before the courts, where father had to undertake before the whole assembly to treat her better or else to make her an allowance of 300 Reichstalers a year; much the same sort of thing happened again this summer. . . .

"After I completed my studies in bookkeeping on 10th September, my father paid me the money left to me by my mother, amounting, after he had deducted the 88 Reichstalers I have already mentioned, to 29 Reichstalers." Whereupon the son left the same evening by the coach. He appears, however, to have travelled by it only for a short distance and to have completed the rest of the journey on foot. "This money," he declares in a later diary, "together with a few old clothes, constituted my whole fortune. Half desperate, I set out for Hamburg, which was only some thirty miles distant; nevertheless, it took me ten days to get there."

At this time, when he was alternating between hope and despair, yet another vision, which was later to return with more significance, appeared to his imagination, which, like a poet's,

always fastened itself on images. This was his cousin Sophie, the daughter of his uncle, the rector of Kalkhorst. The impression of perfection she made upon him he confides in his dithyrambic way to his sisters:

"Heavens, how nature has transformed this girl in eight years! Her figure, so slim and graceful, the natural and unaffected charm of her movements, the delicate beauty of her features and the expression in her lovely sparkling eyes as she looked at me almost held me spellbound, and I can assure you that the most rapturous fancy of the poet in his hour of inspiration never beheld such an ideal of noble beauty as that which then confronted me in all its infinite charm. She also seemed greatly affected, for I noticed how the colour came and went in her cheeks. . . . She made me tell her everything about myself and escorted me to the coach. There we bade one another a touching farewell and I pressed several glowing kisses on my little cousin's lips."

And so, his emotions wavering between Minna and Sophie, bookkeeping by double entry in his head, a misty vision of gold before him, in his pocket twenty-nine Reichstalers, weak-chested but iron-willed, forewarned by the sight of his father's heedless life, and hampered by no passion — for his aim in life was his passion — a young nineteen-year-old apprentice, of average height and slender build, tramped away from Mecklenburg with staff and wallet. But for a single brief visit, he was not to see his native place again for forty years, and then as a great gentleman, accompanied by an exotic family and surrounded with a halo of glory.

## V

"Lofty, prophetic and indescribable emotions overpowered me at the sight of the five tallest towers of Hamburg. Now at last I saw before my eyes the great goal I had for so long

yearned to reach and which had robbed me of so many hours of sleep. Now, spread out before me, I saw the town which stood supreme above all others in the mercantile world.

Thus did he describe his emotions in the above-mentioned letter to his sisters, adding that on waking up at the last place he slept in before reaching the town, "I stood naked gazing at the town for over an hour without realizing that I was naked. The sight of Hamburg had raised me, as it were, to the seventh Heaven; the sight of Hamburg turned me into a dreamer." All thoughts of mystic spirits, burial places and treasure beneath the earth vanished: with a great major chord never before heard from him, he sets the wonderful word 'mercantile,' in the shining centre of his dreams. This was the vision that had robbed him of sleep. Above the earth lay treasure, and through treasure fame could be won.

"Heavens! you should see all the magnificence and elegance that meets the eye at every turn. You would get a completely new conception of the riches of the world, which are here so plain to be seen. . . . The suburb of St. Georg is a magnificent beautiful town with long, wide and beautiful streets full of the palaces of the great (merchants, for they are the princes of Hamburg)."

Then, in the neighbourhood of the horse market in the inner town: "Heavens, what a swarm of people, what crowds, what a concourse, what trade and traffic in the streets! One hurries and bustles and jostles, and the whole scene seems like a vast chaos." Then he goes on to describe the unending stream of rattling wagons, the striking of the clocks, the chimes in the belfries, "and huge painted signs, extending from the ground up to the second storey, announcing the commodities and wares offered for sale, indicate the various branches of business."

But how was he to find his way in this amazing world? Blood spitting and the weakness of his chest caused him to lose one situation after another, since nobody would keep an as-

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sistant physically unfit to work. For a description of what happened next it is safer to rely on the long letter to his sisters, written when he was twenty, than on a distant retrospect from the age of fifty-eight, for even with such a remarkable memory as Schliemann's, after a long and eventful life the official account was bound to be more touched up than that given in a familiar letter to his sisters a few months after the event. Since it was with these letters that Schliemann first began to indulge his mania for collecting, and, since, with a love of method which he carried to incomprehensible lengths, he kept a copy of every line he wrote, we propose to quote the following extract from that graphic story.

"In the meantime my money was completely exhausted, and, although I stinted myself in everything, I was in debt to my landlord to the extent of a few Reichstalers. Too broken in health to manage alone, I wrote to our uncle at Wipprow, explained to him the plight I was in and asked him to lend me ten Reichstalers until Christmas. He despatched the money by return of post but, through Elise, sent me such an impertinent, vulgar letter that I would have sent his wretched money back without further ado had I not been in such sore straits. I swore a solemn oath, however, that, no matter how terrible a position I might be in, I would never again ask help from a relation, but rather die the most horrible death from starvation than beg even a crumb of bread from such a man."

Here we see for the first time that sensitive pride, often carried to excess in later years, in a young man who had experienced in his own home how debts and uncontrolled desires lead to the loss of both position and honour. Why did not this impulsive lad of twenty, too proud to appeal to his father, conceal from his sisters his indignation at the ungracious manner of the assistance accorded to him? Why did he not keep

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silent about this loan? The reason was that he felt compelled to set down everything perfectly clearly, and that letter is merely the precursor of a series of diaries which closed only with his death half a century later. We perceive here both the emotion of the young spirit which swore a solemn oath and also the implicit sense of honour which made it keep that oath. Neither during the ensuing two years of scanty earnings, when, as he himself tells us, he was forced to go without sufficient food, nor later, when in business on a large scale, did he ever borrow a penny. But, in after life, when showering gifts on relations and even strangers, he always contrived to do it in a way which would not wound the self-respect of the recipients, just because his own self-respect had on this occasion been wounded by an unfeeling uncle. Nevertheless, the twenty-year-old Schliemann had sense enough to keep the money.

Eventually, it was his mother's spirit that came to his aid. He happened to meet with a shipbroker from her native place, who had grown up with her and who was ready to do the young man a good turn on that account: he spoke to Schliemann of a "brilliant opening in La Guayra in Colombia (Venezuela, to be accurate). At these words all the old fancies of my childhood revived, all the old dreams of ships and travels, which had been slumbering for nearly four years, came flocking back vividly to my mind at the mere mention of the word Colombia, and accordingly I replied that though I had already accepted a post, I would give it up immediately if I could get the other."

It was a small brig on which he now ventured to embark, in order to try his fortunes in that same America from which he had been held back a few years previously by his father's objections. Though he did not anticipate any trouble, he knew that it was cold on these sailing vessels, so he had to sell his one and only coat to buy a rug to use as a blanket. With a crew of eighteen there were only three passengers aboard — a joiner

from Hamburg and his son, and Schliemann. The wind was unfavorable, and it took them three days to reach Cuxhaven and the open sea. Then off Heligoland the gale started:

"Since we could not turn back, we were compelled as best we could to hold a northwesterly course full into the seas. On the ninth (of December, 1841), the gale increased in violence, the waves broke continually over the deck, the ship made large quantities of water and the pumps had to be kept working continuously. Our sea-sickness had subsided, and was succeeded by an insatiable hunger, which we tried to appease with hard ships' biscuits. . . . I spent the whole day sitting in a corner of the cabin on a stool to which I had tied myself, and learned by heart letters in Spanish, but often had the ill luck to lose my balance and topple over ignominiously. The other passengers sought greater comfort lying in their bunks.

"On the 10th the gale was still raging from the north, and we maintained our course northwest; but as we were able to set only the main topgallant sail, we made very little headway, and were driven by the gale more and more in a southerly direction. This went on until midday on the 11th. . . . Seagulls circled around us to-day in unusual numbers, which everybody took for a bad omen, and many sea monsters were to be seen. The weather was bad, the air icy, with six degrees of frost, snow beat down incessantly upon us and the wind continued to blow with unabated violence. The pumps were kept working day and night and the sea raged furiously. Towards afternoon the storm grew still more violent, and towards five o'clock broke into the most frightful hurricane. The waves piled up like mountains and one moment we were hurled hundreds of feet into the air like shuttlecocks, and the next moment were lying in a frightful abyss. Towards 6 o'clock the main topgallant sail broke away and nightfall was awaited by every one with great anxiety, for the ship continued to be driven off her course. The storm sail was hoisted but parted immediately, and

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accordingly we helplessly abandoned ourselves to our fate.

"The other passengers and I lay in the round house unaware of what was happening above; indeed I did not suspect any danger. The joiner and his son, on the contrary, were very alarmed; they recounted dreams they had had during the previous night and pointed out to me how the ship's cat and the captain's dog had howled and whined in terror the whole day through, etc., etc. I paid no heed to them, however, and laughed at them for being so nervous, since it seemed to me to be entirely outside the bounds of possibility that we should be wrecked. The joiner, accordingly, took no further notice of me, but continued to whisper more and more fearfully to his son. The crew remained continuously on deck, not one of them having been below since midday. At about 7 o'clock, tea and biscuits were brought to us as usual by the cabin boy, who declared, crying bitterly, that this was the last he would ever bring us. His fears I also made light of. About 10 o'clock, the captain came down to the cabin with the second mate, brought out the charts and pointed out to him what, in his opinion, was our position; his anxious expression betrayed grave anxiety. Then, suddenly, the first mate came along and reported to the captain that two lights were visible in the distance. The captain rushed on deck in great alarm and gave orders for both anchors to be dropped; in a few seconds, however, the anchor chains snapped like twine, and the ship sped forward like an arrow. I had long ago undressed and gone to bed, and was then sleeping peacefully in the round house. Never before had my slumbers been so calm and peaceful; my dreams were of the beautiful plains of Colombia, and I had no inkling of the impending danger.

"It must have been about midnight when the captain suddenly appeared at the cabin door shouting: 'All passengers on deck; the ship is in the gravest danger!' Scarcely had he spoken before a violent lurch of the ship proved the truth of his words.

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All the portholes of the cabin smashed in. As quickly as I possibly could I sprang out of my bunk, and was about to dress myself when the water poured in from all sides, and I only escaped by rushing up on deck naked. The first thing that met me there was a colossal wave, which burst upon me and swept me from the starboard to the port side, bruising me most painfully. However, I succeeded in clinging on, crawled painfully over to the starboard side and secured myself there. The same experience befell the other passengers, who, however, had had the good sense not to take off their clothes; they likewise secured themselves near by with loose ends of rope. . . . All hope of safety was now lost, since no means of rescue existed. Then for the first time I felt desperately afraid and was quite beside myself with distress.

"Ah, how often before had I wished to die when things were going hardly with me, fool that I was! I did not realize then how sweet life is when death actually comes. Yes, had I, in these moments of panic, been offered the choice between death and being fettered crosswise in chains and condemned to spend the rest of my days in prison, how gladly would I have chosen the latter fate! Assuredly, in these awful moments you must have dreamed of me, for my mind was full of you, and my heart ached at the thought that I was to die here, so far away from you, without your ever knowing what fate had befallen me. In my heart I took leave of you all, said my prayers to God, commended my soul to his keeping in doubting hopes of a life to come, gave my body over to the sharks, and thus was my will made.

"In this terrible situation, with the waves incessantly dashing over me, I must have spent a full hour occupied with these thoughts, when fortunately I completely recovered my self-control. The gloomy thoughts were dispelled from my mind, and in their place I was conscious of a rash courage such as I had never felt before, and, comforted, I made up my mind to



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throw myself into the arms of death. The joiner, a Catholic, was even more craven-hearted than I, and kept on crying out and calling on the Virgin Mary and all the Saints to come to his aid. Nevertheless, neither Mary nor her Son appeared, while our peril increased with every second. . . . The battering the ship received was terrible, and it was probably this that set the ship's bell in motion, for it kept on tolling incessantly, as if rung by an unseen hand. The night was icily cold, there being at least seven or eight degrees of frost. The sky resembled one huge black cloud, and the snow was falling in fine flakes. The ship sank lower and lower, and as each wave swept over us I thought our end had come. The crew sought safety in the rigging, there to await daybreak. I, too, imagined I should be safer there, and accordingly undid my lashings and was about to climb aloft, when, with a horrible crash, the battered vessel heeled over to port and sank, taking me with her into the depths. I soon came up again, however, and succeeded in clutching hold of an empty floating cask, upon the rim of which I fastened a convulsive grip and was carried along with it. Now tossed a hundred feet in the air, now dashed down into the horrible abyss between the waves, I must have been borne along in a half-unconscious state for about four hours, when I was thrown up on a sandbank. (There are a number of these sandbanks along the Dutch coast; at the ebb tide they are quite dry and are only covered at high tide)."

There, hard by the coast of Texel, not knowing where he was, he was picked up and borne to safety, "but I was racked by the most terrible pains, which made me howl, for two of my front teeth were smashed, and there were deep wounds on my face and body and my feet were terribly swollen. . . . We lay alongside the bridge at Texel. Thereupon I left the ferry-boat and made my way across the bridge. A number of boot-blacks stationed on the bridge, seeing me in my comical rig-out, imagined that I had come to join their ranks and began

to mutter about competition. Here in Holland there are enormous numbers of these bootblacks who, besides cleaning shoes, do all sorts of odd jobs in the same way as do the street loafers in Berlin, and, like the latter, are generally looked down on. They station themselves on the many bridges here and call out to every passer-by '*Mijnbeer, schoe maken*'!"

## VI

What a proof of manifold endowments is this description by an inland pastor's son who had never before seen the sea, a grocer's assistant who had spent five years of his life retailing lard, schnapps and eggs, and for eight whole years had been cut off from all sources of education! The tragic and the ridiculous side by side, and even in terror of death he does not fail to notice the elements of comedy or oddness in his surroundings, nay, he even analyses his own feelings with the precision of a psychologist, and two months later, while his outlook is still uncertain, he is able to write an account of his experiences with all the skill of a great writer, — an account, direct, vivid, and yet perfectly considered, as if he were relating an experience which had befallen a stranger. The very fact that he distinguishes between fear of death and readiness to face death establishes the inner truth of his description.

At the same time an important light is thrown on the elements composing this youthful personality. We see that he was an optimist, who had faith in his lucky star, and, convinced that he could not possibly perish on the very threshold of life, slept peacefully through the storm; a fighter too, who could not look upon the approach of premature death without resentment and bitterness; then at the end rashly courageous and full of the ecstasy of the martyr, and yet, in spite of all, sustained by no religious faith, referring at first sceptically and then derisively to the withholding of any divine aid. When all

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was over, he scarcely showed surprise at being still alive, and amid all his physical sufferings was amused by the bootblacks' imagining him to be one of themselves.

It was not long before the virile spirit within this delicate frame had turned even this disaster into profit.

"The disaster that befell me," he continues, "fate seems to have turned to a blessing and advantage, for my health could not be better and more robust than it is now. Indeed, I am like one reborn. When I remember how, during the past winter, I always wore two sets of under drawers, a cat's-skin jacket, and two woolen waistcoats, and yet, in spite of all, continued to bring up blood, and felt certain, whenever I had a slight cough, that I was consumptive, I am now a problem to myself. This much, however, is certain, that the water cure I underwent at Rostock, together with the cold baths which I continued to take in Hamburg up to 24th November, hardened me; otherwise, in all probability, I should not have been able to survive these terrible hardships."

At the same time the imaginative element in him again came to the front. Here we have no thwarted mother's darling who makes for home at the first crisis. The whole of the Schliemann vigour rose up and proclaimed: "In spite of the failure of my enterprise in this instance, my old passion for travel has not disappeared, and in any event, after I have been here for six years and have acquired a thorough knowledge of business and accumulated sufficient savings, I intend to go to Japan by way of Batavia, to try my fortune there, for my instinct tells me I am not meant to stop in Europe."

"Here" was Amsterdam. When the German consuls there informed the shipwrecked youth that he was to be sent back to Hamburg with the other members of the crew who had also been saved, to continue in his own words: "I definitely declined to go back to Germany, where I had been so inexpressibly unhappy, and told them that I considered that my destiny lay

in Holland." The consuls expressed surprise, gave him two gulden and left this singular German to his own devices. Had he any friends or patrons in Amsterdam? Even less so than in Hamburg. It was the strangeness that attracted him, the unknown, the unsleeping instinct of this youth with faith in his destiny, which told him: Your fortune lies far from here.

However, at first the shores of fortune remained as invisible as those of Colombia, and once again it was his mother's friend in Hamburg who came to his aid. "By a lucky chance my letter was delivered to him while he was at a dinner party with a number of his friends. The account of the misfortune that had befallen me excited universal sympathy, and a collection which he made there and then realised the sum of twenty-four gulden." At the same time he was recommended by this same patron to the Prussian Consul-general, and by him, to a situation in an office, where he was required to stamp bills of exchange and to fetch and carry letters. The eight gulden he had to pay for his fireless room was a considerable sum for him, since in the winter he had to expend a further five gulden for a stove, which he hired from the blacksmith, while in summer, on the other hand, his room was like a furnace. His breakfast consisted of rye porridge, while the cost of his midday meal was strictly limited to sixteen pfennigs.

"My sole form of entertainment consists in taking a walk round the town in the evening after business, and admiring the magnificent lighting in the streets and buildings, for every street lamp and every business house here, down to the dealers' shops, is brightly lit with gas. Or alternatively, I walk as far as the Harlem Gate and watch the trains departing. . . . In the window of every hairdresser's shop there are from four to six exquisitely lovely female models with the most beautiful coiffures, which revolve continuously the whole day. You can have no idea of the wonderful effect of this gas-lighting."

Why did he live so modestly? By supplementing his wage of thirty-six gulden with some part of the money collected for him, he could not only have bought better food, but might have seen the inside of those brightly lit shops which so fascinated him. But half of his salary was spent on education, for, as he says, "the routine nature of my work suited me very well, since it left me sufficient time to attend to my neglected education. . . . Nothing is such an incentive to study as poverty and the knowledge that a sure means of escape from it can be found through hard work. Moreover, I was further influenced by my anxiety to prove myself worthy of Minna, and this inspired me with indomitable courage." Schliemann learned to save time and money. And yet, impatient as he was for those foreign lands which promised him fortune, what was his first study? "The German language, which I learned to speak and write correctly first," then, in twenty lessons he learned calligraphy, followed afterwards by Dutch and English, which he learned according to a system of his own.

"This simple method," so he explained in his old age, "consists in much reading aloud, without making any translations, having a lesson every day, writing essays on subjects of personal interest, correcting them under the supervision of the teacher, learning them by heart and reciting at the next lesson the material that was corrected the previous day." Furthermore, the pastor's son used to go twice every Sunday to the English church. Why? Because lessons are expensive and there it was possible to learn to speak good English without expense, "and whatever the clergyman said, I used to repeat word for word after him in a low voice. On all my errands I always, even when it rained, carried a book with me, from which I learned passages off by heart; whenever I had to wait at the post-office I always occupied the time by reading. In this way I gradually improved my memory so that, after three months, I was able at every daily lesson to repeat word for word to my teachers . . . with

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ease twenty printed pages of English prose after having carefully read them through three times. In this way I learned by heart the whole of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Ivanhoe.' Through overtaking myself I was able to sleep but little, and so I spent all my wakeful hours during the night in going over in my mind what I had learnt during the evening. Since the memory is much more concentrated at night than it is by day these nightly repetitions also proved of the utmost value."

During the latter half of the year he acquired in this way a perfect knowledge of French. "Through this persistent and over-strenuous study my memory so strengthened itself in the course of a year that I was able to learn Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese with extraordinary facility, and it took me no more than six weeks in each case to speak and write these languages fluently."

When, soon after this, the twenty-two-year-old German lad secured through a recommendation a situation as correspondent and bookkeeper with the great export firm of B. H. Schroeder and Company, the chiefs were from the outset astounded at the young man with his command of seven languages. After a few months the amazement of his new chief grew, as he observed the young man developing all the qualities of a great merchant, combining absolute integrity with unbounded energy. Schroeder was the first to recognise Schliemann. With the same amazing facility that he had displayed in learning bookkeeping and languages, the young man now learned to distinguish Java sugar from Hawaiian and Jamaica sugar; to discriminate between the various qualities of oil, potash, cotton, rice, tobacco and indigo; was able to draw up reports on the market situation in these commodities displaying the farsightedness, boldness and prudence of the banker, whose concern it is always to be informed of the general position in a country; read the foreign newspapers regularly and studied politics in so far as this affected business favourably or ad-

versely. Accordingly, Schroeder, regardless of his youth, promoted him almost once a month, so that after barely two years he already had fifteen clerks under him, and was given full discretionary powers. Did the young man now set himself out to enjoy life by spending his money in those brilliantly illumined halls, saloons and shops?

Far from it. He lived like a Spartan and sent his savings home. The self-same father who had done him nothing but harm, who had brought his mother prematurely to the grave, who had thwarted his first romance and frustrated him in his wish to go to America, continued to exert such a magic influence on the son that, henceforward, throughout a period of thirty years, in spite of incessant quarrels and the exchange of violent letters, he continued to send to his father, and his sisters and brothers, money in ever-increasing amounts. This family sense in Schliemann is all the more surprising since it had no basis on a happy childhood. Nor did it spring from any sentimental emotions; it rather arose from feelings of personal pride, which, as he became more and more successful in life, increased to a conviction that it was essential for the family of a well-to-do man to be able to keep up a good appearance in the eyes of the world.

Although he thought his father drank too much, he nevertheless sent him out of his first savings two casks of Bordeaux and a box of cigars. The father's regard for his son increased in proportion to the increase in the latter's income, and amid declarations that he could not thank God enough for the good position Heinrich had secured and avowals that he longed for peace and quietness, but did not know how to secure them, he leased his property, retired to a couple of rooms, bemoaned the fact that all his children had left him, indignantly rejected his son's offers to send him money, but accepted it every time.

The expenditure of the twenty-three-year-old clerk about this time is illustrated by the following bill presented to him

by his landlady on 1st May, 1845, for miscellaneous small items:

	Florins
2 rolls	0.10
1 loaf	0.20
2 gins	0.13
12th May $\frac{1}{2}$ bot. gin	0.32
$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter (twice)	0.25
5 rolls	0.12
$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tea	0.20
5 oz. sugar	0.35
etc.	

The total for the week amounted to 3.75 florins

## VII

In the forties of the nineteenth century Russia was practically *terra incognita*. How many people at this time, when there was no railway, very poor shipping facilities and still worse road communications, had penetrated as far as St. Petersburg, not to speak of Moscow? And how many among those who did do so, importers or diplomats, knew Russian?

Schliemann, at this time not quite twenty-four, withdrew his gaze from the shores of America and directed it to the East. There, too, everything was possible, but at the same time it all seemed more mysterious. What was easier than learning a language? Was a little thing like a foreign alphabet to stop him? But how was one to learn Russian in Holland? "The only Russian books I could procure were an old grammar, a lexicon and a poor translation of the 'Adventures de Télémaque.' In spite of all my efforts I was unable to find a Russian teacher, since, apart from the Russian vice-consul, who refused to give me lessons, there was at that time no one in Amsterdam who understood a word of Russian. Accordingly, I began my new



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studies without a teacher, and in a few days, by the aid of the grammar, I had the Russian letters and their pronunciation fixed in my mind. Then I resorted to my old method of writing short essays and stories and learning them by heart. As I had no one to correct them, they were undoubtedly thoroughly bad; nevertheless I endeavored to learn how to avoid making mistakes by the practical method of learning the text of the Russian translation of 'Télémaque' by heart. It occurred to me that I should probably make more rapid progress if I could find some one to whom to recite the adventures of Telemachus, so I hired a poor Jew who, for 4 francs a week, had to come for two hours every evening and listen to me declaiming in Russian, of which he did not understand one syllable."

Picture this young German, Heinrich Schliemann, somewhat narrow-chested, with shrewd, searching eyes — already perhaps myopic — pacing to and fro in a small room in Holland, reciting to a poor Jew, whom he possibly provided with tea to keep him from falling asleep, the while he declaimed the adventures of a Greek hero in the Russian language. The bold international outlook which dominated this life that was to attain to such fullness, the fantastic destiny which started with the gold of modern Russia and was to be crowned with the gold of ancient Greece, seem to be foreshadowed in this scene. The abounding energy of this young man did not, however, allow him to indulge in any visionary comparisons or symbols. The talk was neither of Mecklenburg nor Palestine; nor did he even permit himself to give a thought to Odysseus, his hero. His business was solely to learn Russian, since Russia provided a new market, and to become Schroeder's representative there would make him indispensable in the business, and, possibly, even independent.

"As the floors of the average Dutch house generally consist of a single layer of boards, it is often possible to hear on the ground floor everything that is said on the third floor. It was

not long, therefore, before my practice of reciting aloud became a source of annoyance to the other tenants, who complained to the landlord, so that during the time I was learning Russian I was forced to change my quarters twice." This did not trouble Schliemann, since, to a young man who has never been accustomed to tasteful furnishing or even comfort, it is a matter of indifference where he lives. His only concern at that time was to learn Russian. After six weeks he wrote his first letter in Russian to the London agent of a large firm of indigo merchants in Moscow, and was able to converse in their own language with Russian merchants who came to visit the indigo exporters in Amsterdam.

The advantage which his knowledge of seven languages gave him — added, of course, to his natural endowment for the career of a great merchant — was doubled at a stroke, and it is not surprising, therefore, that at the age of twenty-four, after having been engaged in the business for only eighteen months, he received the following communication in Russian from a Russian wholesale merchant at The Hague:

"From my conversation with you I understand that you are desirous of making a career for yourself as a merchant at Moscow . . . in the capacity of agent for Messrs. B. H. Schroeder & Co. As, however, you have no acquaintances in our town and are not in touch with business circles or business men in Moscow, you are anxious to proceed with caution in order not to throw your money away. Appreciating your difficulties in this respect, I am prepared to propose your entering into association with me on the following basis: We should open a business house at Moscow under the name of Givago & Schliemann, I to put the sum of 50-60,000 silver roubles into the business on condition that you are appointed as the agent of Messrs. B. H. Schroeder & Co., and possibly also of other firms." Profits were to be shared equally, and a contract concluded for four or six years.

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This deal did not go through. But how it must have increased his self-confidence to know that a rich man wanted to send him to a foreign country solely on account of his ability, quickness and discernment! Not long after, when he was just twenty-five, he was sent by the firm of Schroeder to be their agent in Russia. At this time Schliemann had forgotten all about the mysterious treasures buried under the round tower at home, which had filled his imagination as a boy. He was now bent upon seeking after Russian gold in the light of day.

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE GOLD ON THE EARTH

#### I

"MY DEAR FRIEND, The main object of this letter is to ask you not to send any more letters to me at my business address, since my position would be seriously prejudiced if Mr. G. were to hear that I am in correspondence with an agent of such a 'dangerous competitor' as, from what our agent says, Schroeder threatens to become."

These lines, written to Schliemann two months after his arrival in St. Petersburg by a business friend of his in Amsterdam, bear the strongest testimony to the talent and energy of this twenty-four-year-old merchant.

In point of fact, shortly before proceeding to Russia, he had secured his appointment as agent for every single branch of the house of Schroeder, as well as for other firms, to whom he wrote, "I will incur no expense for you until you are satisfied that my activities on your behalf are productive of remunerative results, and, accordingly, I ask you to address your letters to me in unfranked envelopes."

In St. Petersburg he straightway announced himself "as the representative of Messrs. B. H. Schroeder and Company, of Amsterdam; Anthon Schroeder and Company, of Le Havre, A. B. C. M. Schroeder, of Trieste; St. van Lennep and Company, of Smyrna; Schroeder and Company, of Rio de Janeiro; G. H. and P. D. Schroeder, of Bremen and B. H. Schroeder, of Hamburg." He had travelled from Amsterdam to St. Petersburg in the short space of sixteen days, stayed there for only

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six days and on February 7, 1846, after establishing all his connections, was on the way to Moscow, which he visited four times in this year alone, under conditions which, at times, were such that he wrote to his father: "Of a truth, nothing could be more cruel than a journey of a full hundred miles in an open sleigh, occupying forty-six long hours, with an unvarying temperature of from 72-78 degrees of frost and the wind continually beating into one's face. At the relay stations the mercury in the thermometer is frozen."

Such energy had rarely been seen among this burly, easy-going people. Although he did not arrive until the end of January, by March he was already in correspondence with a New York firm, by May he already had on his books orders for Chile saltpetre to the value of twenty-eight thousand roubles, and although his carefully filed business letters belonging to the forties are yellow and faded with age, here and there figures and names stand out as glowing testimony to the Schliemann tempo. It was no wonder, therefore, that the rival firms in Amsterdam, as his friend had declared, were beginning to tremble.

Before a year had gone by he was on a footing of business friendship with the chiefs who had sent him out, and one cannot but admire the tact with which he gradually transformed his relationship with them from that of a clerk and protégé into that of a rising merchant. With Schliemann a sense of his own worth and gratitude always went hand in hand; just because he had risen to power and affluence from the poverty and obscurity of a disordered home life, with the attitude of the *grand seigneur* in his generosity and his letter-writing, he never forgot the few who had befriended him in his early life. Schliemann was passionate and exaggerated equally in his esteem and in his rage, and often the same person was the object of both the one and the other in bewilderingly rapid succession.

At first he always concluded his letters to Schroeder with "Yours respectfully", but it was not long before this became "With kind regards", and two years after his arrival he sometimes began his letters with "My valued Friend." Naturally the young man was too rapid for his old chiefs. "You must also go warily with A., for structures that spring up overnight do not as a rule last long, and you might suffer shipwreck a second time. Mature reflection, patience and calmness — always remember these three words and you will soonest attain your ends."

Reflection? Yes, he accepted that. Patience? Not so readily. Calmness? Certainly not. When, on one occasion, he failed to bring off a coup, Schroeder's elderly confidential clerk consoled him as follows: "That you have been disappointed in your hopes with regard to R., I do not regard as a misfortune. Pursue the affairs of your agency calmly; they will afford you a good livelihood and you will not have to share the profits. Moreover, let it teach you the further lesson not to accept so readily and build so much upon human promises." By all possible means they sought to prevent such a brilliant agent as he was from going into business on his own account, as he was anxious to do. "Do not allow yourself to be discouraged", he was exhorted on a later occasion. "The world will not come to an end. Besides, we shall not let you down; and I have already arranged with Mr. Schroeder that if, while you are with us, you experience a bad year, all necessary assistance shall be given you."

But all their efforts were vain; two years after his arrival Schliemann was already registered as a merchant of the First Guild, and was thus enabled to obtain a banker's credit of fifty-seven thousand silver roubles. With this he intended to extend his import business appreciably, and, at the same time, to go into the export business, for "however dismal and discouraging the trade outlook may appear at present, after careful con-

sideration, I have every reason to anticipate that the year 1848 will be a wonderful business year and will offer very considerable profits if we follow the movement of the foreign markets with the closest attention."

Whenever he was required by his chiefs to engage in transactions in goods with which he was unfamiliar, he always tried to get the matter quickly off his hands. He was to dispose of some diamonds for a customer of Schroeder's, was he? Back with the stones then, at the earliest possible moment! Whereupon this letter: "Your action in returning the stones was very premature as you should have awaited our instructions in the matter." Thereafter the stones gave him no peace, and later he gave the matter his attention.

On another occasion he conceived the idea of importing Rhine wine on his own initiative, and finding it harsh, he made characteristic representations in writing to the German wine merchant concerned, only to receive a communication saying, ". . . that you should have allowed your feelings to run away with you, I am ready to overlook in view of your youth and lack of knowledge of the wine trade." What he ought to have done was to have let the wine settle for a fortnight after receipt and then have tested it.

When he felt himself on sufficiently secure ground he advanced to the attack on the question of his rate of commission. Under his splendid contract he was entitled to a commission of one-half per cent. on all transactions; he now demanded a full one per cent.

"I acknowledge with the utmost and most heartfelt gratitude all the favours you have shown me both while I was with you in your business and since. That I should be required to serve you for less than half of what others receive is more than my sense of honour will allow; my susceptibilities are profoundly wounded, particularly as I have had to work very hard in order to be able to compete in knowledge and ex-

perience with any one of the agents here. . . . In small towns where living is cheap, such as Leipzig and Berlin, it is possible for an agent to work for one-half per cent., but not in such a grand place as Petersburg, the most expensive town in the world, where every step costs money."

The words "sense of honour" is here no empty phrase, for, however strong Schliemann's love of gold may have been, never once in his adventurous life did he sell himself for it, and, in later times, any attempt to disparage his honour was felt by him more keenly than the loss of any amount of money. He knew what he was worth, and, with the knowledge that with Schroeder alone and with a commission of only one-half per cent., he had earned, during his first year in Russia, seventy-five hundred gulden, representing a turnover of one and one-half million gulden, he felt sufficiently confident at the age of twenty-six to give his experienced chiefs such shrewd counsel as this:

"I have just seen P. He is particularly anxious to take advantage of the present low price-level, and reiterates his urgent request that you will immediately reserve for him at the most favourable terms possible 4,000 and, if possible, 5,000 pounds of the stock of Java sugar, 16, 17 and 18, withdrawn from sale. So far as my information goes, delivery will not be effected before three months, and payment need not be made until such time as the goods are actually received. I suggest that, on receipt of this letter, you should immediately reserve the above-mentioned supply, unless you have already done so, and keep it on hand for the time being. . . . Then draw at my order for one-third of the value at 2 months and for two-thirds at 3 months, send your bill either direct to me or to Ponomarev, and inform the latter that, in accordance with his request, you have drawn upon him but cannot credit him with anything until you have received equivalent values in



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first-rate paper or gold, so that in the meantime you could not and would not make any arrangements for the shipment of the sugar bought on his behalf."

## II

The amplitude, the richness, the magnitude in figures, the illimitableness, as it were, of everything Russian, could not fail to flatter Schliemann's nature, which was always prone to be lavish of superlatives in expression. Similarly, Schliemann's way of doing things on the grand scale, of which they usually felt the lack in Europeans, must have appealed to the Russian merchants. Since, at the same time, integrity was plainly written on his face, Schliemann, who had quite early commenced to operate on his own account while carrying on his agencies, gained in a flash, one might say, the confidence of a number of important St. Petersburg merchants.

Peter Alexev was the richest of these; he was worth, so Schliemann records, one hundred million roubles and, in addition, had a private fortune of twelve million roubles, and "thus he is indisputably the richest man in the world after Rothschild." But Ponomarev was not a poor man, either. This prominent sugar and timber merchant had a grandson, at one time his heir, who formed an attachment for the German, who was somewhat his senior:

"He writes to me (from Paris) almost every day, . . . he tells me that he is fond of me because he knows that my affection for him is disinterested. Until he returns, at any rate, I am operating purely on my own account. If the old man later decides to associate his grandson with me, and, as he has promised a thousand times, puts at least 100,000 silver roubles into the business, then I shall by no means be averse to the arrangement. If, however, he decides to put up less, I should

not consider the association to be to my advantage, since I have capital of my own and am very well able to carry on business on my own account."

Such is the tone he adopts after only two years. At the age of twenty-six, riches no longer impressed him, since he perceived how quickly they were coming his way. For the time being he induced the old man to have all his shipment of merchandise consigned to his address, and, in return, undertook to see to its discharge. He was always concerned to obtain, from German business friends as well, "as many shipping consignments as possible. Please do everything you can to consign as many shipments as possible to me." By this means he increased not only the cargo space at his disposal, but also his credit. A few years later he was already doing business on fifty-fifty terms with the rich wholesale merchant, and purchased jointly with him six hundred sacks of Chile saltpetre and ninety-six cases of indigo from Amsterdam. When, eventually, old Ponomarev died, the young German was, however, impressed by the fact that the funeral feast for eight hundred persons and the rest of the funeral ceremonies cost thirty thousand silver roubles.

A journey during his first year, which took him to London and Paris — evidently a business journey — on which he began to keep a diary, brought him back to the general contemplation of men and things, for the philosophical study of which the pressure of everyday affairs had left him little time.

Although he had spent scarcely a year in Russia, he felt himself to be so far a Russian that, in Liverpool, he spoke of "our Tsar." Since he had money, he kept up a good appearance; as, however, he was always thrifty, he tried to do so at little expense. "Here again," he notes while at Rouen, "I have followed my old practice of combining thrift with a brave show, by putting up at the best hotel but taking a room on the sixth floor. This hotel is the largest I have ever seen; it has over 500

rooms at prices ranging from 50 francs down to 2 francs. Mine cost 2 francs."

Everything was too slow for him, not only the mail coaches but even the new railways, and he proceeded to speculate upon how they could be perfected in the near future. In the tunnels, however, he "was filled with terror, for they are pitch-dark, and you cannot see your hand before your face." But he was thrilled at the steamship with two funnels and, after visiting an engineering works at Manchester, wrote:

"While gazing upon the gigantic locomotives destined for various parts of Germany, I could not help reflecting upon the progress that has been made and marvelling at the importance it has assumed during the last twenty-five years for the whole world from scientific points of view. All the difficulties under which trade has laboured, from the slow transit of letters and goods, are now being abolished. It was very remarkable to see how easily iron can be cut, just as if it were paper." A little later he urged his cautious business friends to spare no expenditure for the new telegraphic system, since it would all be repaid a hundredfold.

The theatre bored him, since his thoughts were "now in Moscow, and now in London", while on another occasion he left before the end of the performance "in order to avoid the unpleasant jostling, which affords thieves such a good opportunity to show their skill." On the English Sunday he expressed himself as caustically as Bismarck, who had strolled about London on a Sunday a year or two previously. Amsterdam made him feel sentimental, Paris disappointed him.

Suddenly, however, this man-of-the-world tone changed when he came to speak of the British Museum. His interest immediately became focussed on the archaeological discoveries there. "I saw the Egyptian things, which interested me more than anything I have ever yet seen. They include numerous Egyptian sarcophagi found in the ancient pyramids and cata-

combs." Then follows a detailed description of the mummies and sarcophagi and also of the Greek and Roman vases and sculptures. The exactness of his notes shows that here his mind was entirely undistracted by thoughts of business affairs in Moscow. He was enraptured, thoroughly absorbed.

Nothing, however, on this trip left him so cold as his native country, which he had quitted only a few years before. On the westward-bound steamer from Danzig, he wrote: "When the mist cleared I was able to see the coast of Mecklenburg. After such a prolonged absence, the sight of one's native land should inspire feelings of the utmost joy in every one. To my shame, I must confess that it was with the utmost indifference that I gazed upon my native country. Travemunde, which in earlier times had seemed to me so fine, now looked a mere village, and its lighthouse nothing more than a chimney-stack." Although he had both time and money, he refrained from visiting his relations. Something secret and instinctive seems to have held him back.

### III

Thought for his own people, active interest in them, and, too, his desire to impress them, increased rather than decreased with the years. What held him back on this occasion, in the autumn of 1846, can be inferred only from his later reminiscences, since his contemporary letters clearly could not touch on these intimate points. In his old age Schliemann gave the following account of this experience:

"No sooner had I secured for myself, in my new situation, . . . a position of complete independence, than I straightway wrote to the above-mentioned friend of the Meincke family . . . recounted to him all my experiences and requested him to ask in my name for Minna's hand in marriage. Imagine my horror on receiving, a month later, the heart-breaking reply

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that she had married another a few days previously. At the time, this disappointment appeared to me to be the direst calamity that could possibly have befallen me; I felt utterly incapable of pursuing any occupation and became quite ill under the blow. I constantly recalled to memory all that had passed between Minna and myself in our early childhood, all our sweet dreams and splendid plans, for the realisation of which I now saw such a brilliant chance before me. But how could I now think of realising them if Minna were not to share them? . . . Why should fate be so cruel as to tear her from me when, after sixteen years of striving towards her, I at last imagined I had succeeded in winning her?"

Sentiment and fatalism, stubborn persistence and exaggeration, and also the romantic feeling that his life work must be linked up with a woman, are all clearly discernible in the old man's account. His conception of happiness is constantly and clearly seen to be based on marriage, and it is not surprising that Paris, which later became a kind of second home to him, repelled him at this time, since, as he surprisingly remarks in the above-mentioned account of his travels, "people here marry very rarely and lead the most immoral lives."

This sentimentality was accompanied by a decided scepticism in matters of faith, which at this time seems to have found only rare and guarded expression. At the age of twenty he once wrote to his sisters — in reply, it is true, to a question contained in a letter from them — : "Do not trouble yourselves about my creed, for I believe in a God, and why should I bother myself with the rest, the tittle-tattle speculations of dervishes, priests, monks and parsons, in whose imagination everything else has originated? I do what is right, fear no man, and believe what I can believe with my reason." A parson's son could scarcely go further in a letter to the same parson's daughters.

At this time he cut from a newspaper an extract which,

rather tattered now, is still preserved in his first Dutch journal, according to which a court chaplain at Gotha is reported as having said: "What is new in Christianity is that it is not mere external tradition, but the innermost experience of life, not the esoteric wisdom of a priesthood. . . . The everlasting God alone can read the souls of those who seek him, even though they do so neither in the churches nor in the faith of the Church."

Another form of scepticism he describes to his father in one of those equivocal letters of his, which are at once so vain-glorious and so shrewd, in which he discloses the extent of his fortune in order to excite astonishment, but straightway proceeds to minimise its value by philosophical musings.

"In Amsterdam and in Mecklenburg people think that I have been lucky in Russia! Far from it. I have never been so discontented with myself. . . . Does happiness then lie in the 6,000 thalers which I earned in 1847, or in the 10,000 thalers which I hope to earn this year? Or does it consist in my fine house, choice dishes, delicate wines, etc.? No, indeed not! Standing from early morning till late evening at my desk, everlastingly meditating upon how I can most easily fill out my purse by profitable speculations, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of my principals or competitors, I am far less happy than I was when, from behind the shop counter at Fürstenberg, I used to chat with the fish man about the dog with the long tail."

What a delightful instance of self-deception! These are not the confessions of an old man surfeited with gold and honours; they are the words of a young man of twenty-six who even then was striving with passionate ambition after gold and honour; and if he falls into his father's pulpit tone — a tone that recurs nowhere else in his writings — the humour of it is that the father did not believe a word of it, but rather opened his eyes wide on reading the imposing figures and mentally

regaled himself on the choice dishes and wines with more gusto than the son, who actually got little pleasure out of them.

Possibly these melancholy lines are explained by feelings of jealousy, for when he wrote them, he was once again betrothed; but it seems that to begin with he had no luck in love. He was twenty-five when, a year after the disappointment of Minna's marriage, he described himself in a letter to his sister as "the affianced husband of the most adorable creature it is possible to imagine. You say: 'Make your choice only after grave and mature reflection.' But, of a truth, I do not presume to examine into the attributes of an angel, and I decided on my future bride at our first meeting. From the very first she appeared to me to be a noble creature, I saw only virtues in her. . . . I am on the topmost peak of happiness. What sweet amends after so much suffering! . . . She is an accomplished pianist and can speak three European languages fluently. . . . Sophie is very thrifty and so we shall grow rich."

Although, ten years before, he had witnessed his father's scandalous behaviour with women, which cost him his good name and position, he nevertheless now proceeded to write to him in the tone of a respectful son:

"A single moment was enough to convince me that never in my life could I find any woman possessing qualities which accord more closely with those which you so kindly advise me to look for and those I myself seek, than my beloved Sophie. . . . How delightful is the thought of possessing a faithful partner, who will share one's joys and sorrows."

But in this instance Schliemann's impetuosity carried him along too fast. His confident analysis enabled him to fathom the girl, perhaps, but not himself, not his sudden transition from joy to sorrow, nor its expression. For as success began to come his way, an increase in self-confidence was accompanied by an increase in sensitiveness, and since he was neither

big nor handsome — in England he could scarcely find a hat to fit his abnormally large head — like all essentially intellectual persons, he kept a sharp lookout lest another should be preferred to himself as a husband. His born rival was, of course, a soldier. The result was that a year after his engagement we find him writing: "Unfortunately your kind paternal wishes for our happiness are not destined to be fulfilled. . . . On 15th November we were at a social function at which Sophie showed a special predilection for an officer. This made me so angry and jealous that I abandoned my suit. It is probably all for the best, as Sophie is still far too young and giddy. Marriage is not a difficult matter here, particularly for any one in my position, since I have an unblemished name, no debts, and a fortune of 10,000 thalers and have every hope of earning a further 16,000 this year. If I waited until the autumn the richest and the most beautiful would be mine for the asking. Unfortunately I am too impatient, and intend to marry, shortly after Easter, the girl to whom I was attracted before I met Sophie. . . . She is a beautiful and very clever Russian girl but has little or no fortune."

Such was the instability where women were concerned of this man who was clear-headed in business matters, consistent in everything likely to advance him, and later unshakable in his faith in the work of his heart. For the next four years we hear no more of women.

#### IV

But all the more about the family. That the old man, in his always precarious position, should cling to a son who was rising so rapidly in the world, is not surprising; the only pity was that his actions were generally opposed to the counsel he sought and received from his son. The fact that the son assisted his father and brothers and sisters, although younger



than three of them, that he became the secret head of the family, shows, when one remembers Schliemann's childhood, a kindliness of disposition which was entirely spontaneous and unflinching, so long as he was permitted to arrange the affairs of his beneficiaries.

First he took out a subscription for a Hamburg daily paper for his father, then he sent him fifty thalers on the pretext that his father had lent him the money ten years before. Soon afterwards, he sent him a further hundred thalers on the same pretext, whereupon the father wrote: "Ah, my good son, to what extremes of goodness your noble heart and overflowing filial affection lead you!" Schliemann next enquired of his brother whether the old man was in straitened circumstances, and offered to make him a yearly allowance of three hundred Prussian thalers, "only, however, if Father is in need." A year later found the father acknowledging the receipt of two hundred fifty thalers, at the same time by word and gesture making a show of protest, and he even received from his son a voluntary undertaking to make suitable provision for his divorced wife and her children after his death.

Throughout his life Schliemann took pleasure in bestowing gifts liberally in the manner of the *grand seigneur*, but would give nothing to those who asked. His father, a cunning old fox of over seventy, and the father of a three-year old child at the time, wrote to him:

"As, with the help and blessing of God, you have acquired such great riches, and, according to your precious letters, are daily amassing such large sums of money, and as, moreover, you are so kindly concerned for the happiness of your brothers and sisters and my own welfare, you will not, I trust, be offended if I put the following question to you. Would you agree to purchase from me my *inn cum pertinentiis* and hand it over to your brother Paul, who seems to have a particular leaning towards a business of this kind, and who would pay you in-

terest on the money? I could then find somewhere else to install myself comfortably and spend the remainder of my days in domestic peace."

No sooner did Schliemann reject this proposal than the old man took umbrage. One letter led to another, and an open quarrel was the result.

His more placid sisters continued to be more grateful. To one of them, who had found life intolerable in her father's house, he sent money to enable her to return to her native Mecklenburg, or, on another occasion, for the purchase of a chest of drawers which she wanted. They addressed him always as "dearest Heinrich", or as "our saviour and helper"; always they overflowed with gratitude at his generosity, and always they needed more money from him.

"Put this 100 thalers in the savings bank," counsels the younger brother, ". . . for in human life good and bad fortune follow swiftly upon one another. I do not know whether I shall be alive to-morrow, nor can I say what I may possess to-morrow. Still less am I able to say whether the above trifle may not be the last you will receive from me. . . . I shall not come to Vipperow this time, since to do so would take at least six days. For me time is money. Farewell and remember me in your prayers. Yours, H. Schliemann."

Somewhat late in life two of his sisters married, one after a seven years' engagement. Concerning the prospective husband, one sister wrote to Schliemann: "He lacks the passion that characterises us Schliemanns." On one occasion Schliemann induced his engaged sister to join him in St. Petersburg with this motive behind the invitation: "To be sure, sister mine, there are brides in plenty to be found; in fact, for every bride, there are a hundred would-be brides. You will be helpful to me in my choice. I myself am blind. Passion clouds my vision. I see only the virtues and never the failings of the fair sex. I have a large bath, so that you can take your baths at home." Then,

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in a series of long letters, the details of the journey and the incidental arrangements were discussed, until we come upon the following passage:

"Your room is furnished with everything you can want, and I should be delighted beyond measure if you could remain with me for good. I should, however, be infinitely indebted to you if, after you have been here a fortnight, you would accompany me to Moscow by the express coach and spend four or five months there with my friend Givago, who has repeatedly asked me about this. He is worth several millions; he was with me in Holland, and he was the cause of my coming to Russia. His wife is the best and kindest woman it has ever been my experience to meet, and his niece Katharina is an angel of virtue and beauty. He has no children. Katharina is sixteen years old, and you are required merely to be her companion and friend, and you will, I am sure, for my sake, do everything possible to take her under your wing, to improve her and to teach her something of your wonderful knowledge of house-keeping."

Katharina was obviously his secret choice, but he did not say so to his sister. He merely wanted her to make the girl more domesticated, to teach her, perhaps, how to prepare those favourite Mecklenburg dishes of his, which he remembered all his life, and, in addition, to act as a sort of court of appeal to ensure that he had not again made a mistake. Two years later he was to marry a Katharina.

Schliemann patiently helped his two brothers; both were destined to die young in rapid succession. Paul, the younger, was to have taken up a situation in Amsterdam, found for him through his influential brother, but could not bring himself either to sit on an office stool or to learn languages. He was enthusiastic about farming, and decided to go to America, then hesitated, refused to go "to such a crude barbarous country as Russia", then became a market gardener and afterwards a

sort of agricultural inspector. A quarrel with his father for some reason or other resulted in lost tempers, violent words and mutual hatred. Suddenly, an accident carried the young man off in the middle twenties; his farewell letter to his betrothed later came into Schliemann's possession. Three months after the death of this son, the father, for his part, wrote that even beyond the grave "I do not desire ever to see again this last offspring of my first marriage!" Such was the capacity for hatred of this man of seventy-three; such, even after twenty-five years had elapsed since her death, was the intensity of his bitterness towards the frail and suffering wife who had paid with her life in giving birth to this very son.

Louis, the second son, was clearly gifted. It is touching to find Schliemann, at the age of twenty and still without means or position, writing from Amsterdam immediately after his rescue from shipwreck, offering to procure a situation for his brother. Then he sent for him, initiated him into the three chief languages and when, later, the elder brother, then in St. Petersburg, was receiving from his younger brother reports upon the business situation and the market in copper, tallow, potash and rape-seed oil at Amsterdam, it would seem that Louis was for the first time beginning to understand his elder brother, for he concluded one of his letters to Heinrich as follows: — "I can only understand you when I tell myself that you are an extraordinary man, with few equals, and endowed with magnificent capacities."

Thus, in 1847, did a German pastor's son in Holland write in French to a brother in Russia, two years his senior, who was nothing more than an agent for indigo, sugar and timber. It would seem that a prophetic spirit was speaking through the younger brother, who was not destined to live to see the fame and achievements of the elder. Thus, at least, it may have seemed to the fanciful and ambitious mind of Schliemann,

who, at that time, as a young man of twenty-six, was quite unknown.

For practice, Louis generally wrote to his brother, obviously at the latter's desire, in French and English, and before long, in Spanish also, for all languages came alike to Schliemann. If Louis sent information about the difficulties of certain firms, stipulating that the letters were to be burnt immediately, Heinrich carefully filed them away with his other correspondence, so that to-day, eighty years after, these yellowed secrets can still be read. In return for all his elder brother did for him, Louis was merely required to buy clothes for him in Amsterdam, "a dark-blue redingote" for example. But Louis' knowledge of French still apparently left something to be desired, as he had to ask the tailor what a "redingote" was. Even at this stage Schliemann was very particular about his clothes. On one occasion he gave an order for thirty shirts, but even this number was apparently not sufficient, as a week later he increased the order to thirty-nine, with the instruction: "before dispatch kindly have them washed and well starched. Of course, I do not expect to pay for laundering."

Louis, too, inherited the tendency to exaggeration and a sort of megalomania, which at best had some justification in the case of the more distinguished brother. Five hundred thalers with which to open a shop were not enough for him, and he scornfully rejected Heinrich's offer. The latter sent him money to pay his fare home. Louis replied that he would return to Mecklenburg only as a corpse, and then threatened to commit suicide unless Heinrich immediately took him into his business: "I sign these lines with my blood."

His signature in red follows. This sort of thing must have infuriated a man like Schliemann, who, although often bombastic and given to exaggeration, never acted or thought theatrically. On this occasion he refused to take his brother into his business "as he has too big an idea of his qualifications, which are

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very limited, and makes exaggerated claims without realising that it would take four years for him to learn Russian, and, accordingly, it would be four years before he would be of any use to me. Louis has not my inordinate ambition, which is absolutely essential to any one who is to force his way up from nothing. . . . I must candidly say that in my present position it outrages my feelings to have to provide for a young able-bodied fellow of twenty-four, particularly as I have had to fend for myself for thirteen years without asking for a penny, although many a time I have found myself in very sorry plight."

Suddenly Louis vanished to America. In New York he became a teacher of French, then went into business, abandoned his firm and set out for California at the time of the gold-rush. Having succeeded in making money, he got into touch with his family again; Heinrich enquired regarding banking concerns out there, whereupon he supplied the required information and gave an enthusiastic account of the new country, recalling "with gratitude to God that moment in Rotterdam when, as I wandered disconsolately alongside the beautiful canal, the inspiration suddenly came to me to strike out for the Wild West." "While it is true that money can be borrowed here only at from 7 to 10 per cent. interest, it returns anything up to 50 per cent." . . . "Any one coming to this country should bring every cent with him; in a few months it is possible to acquire independent means. . . . For our good sisters I will make provision before long. When you are able, send them some money from time to time; next autumn, if God so wills, I will send you a fat remittance."

What music was this in Heinrich's ears! A brother of his, as yet without any money and still a ne'er-do-well, was promising to provide for his sisters? As for himself, was he, with ready cash at his disposal, to let this opportunity, with which all the world was echoing, slip by him. The gold of

California gleamed to him across the ocean, and he set himself to consider how and when he could set forth.

Suddenly, three months after the arrival of this last letter, Schlieman received a press notice saying: "On 25th May, 1850, Mr. Louis Schliemann, of German nationality but latterly of New York, died from typhus in Sacramento City, at the age of 25 years." The accompanying letter indicated at the same time that the dead man's estate was probably considerable.

Heinrich's first thought was how to break the news gently to his relations. Instead of informing them directly he first of all invented a dream in which he had seen his brother lying dead, "and I, who have not wept for twenty years and whom nothing ever moved, have not ceased weeping for three days, and all because of a mere dream." A second letter to his family brought the news that his dream had come true.

A few months later Schliemann set sail in search of his brother's grave and the gold of California.

## V

Schliemann was twenty-eight when he went to America with fifty thousand Reichstalers; eighteen months later he returned to Russia with double this sum.

With his belief in dreams and omens, did he have any doubts whether, after having suffered shipwreck eight years before, he might safely venture on the high seas again? On the ninth day after his departure, on his twenty-ninth birthday, a mountainous wave put the ship's engine out of action, "all the passengers gave themselves up for lost, since we were in mid-ocean 1,800 miles from Liverpool and 1,400 miles from New York." As, however, it was possible to rig up sail the ship was turned about with a good following wind, everybody was put on half rations and sixteen days later the passengers were set ashore in Ireland. Nothing daunted, Schliemann's first

thoughts were for his business affairs in Europe and he learned on inquiry that an order placed in Amsterdam had not been correctly executed; he immediately took ship again, reaching Holland after a few days' journey, found, contrary to reports, that everything was in order, turned about again and, three weeks after his second unhappy experience at sea, was again on board ship bound for New York, where he arrived after a fortnight's voyage.

His brother's partner there was vague in his information, and it was only gradually that Schliemann ascertained that his brother "had accumulated in two months seven hundred dollars in the gold fields, had then set up as an innkeeper, and when, six months later, during an attack of fever, the doctor gave him such a dose of mercury that he poisoned him, he left behind him some thirty thousand dollars or forty-five thousand Reichstalers, with which his partner decamped."

Instead of instituting legal proceedings with problematical results, Schliemann immediately set to work on his own account, weighed up the best means of investing his money, decided that in a foreign country it was important to know the most influential people and made straight for President Fillmore in Washington. How remarkable must have been the assurance of this young German who neither sought nor needed the assistance of ambassadors, but, presumably through letters of recommendation from people in Holland, made his way into the presence of the highest personage in the country:

"At about 7 o'clock I called upon the President of the U. S. A., and told him that my desire to see this wonderful country and to make the acquaintance of its great leaders had prompted me to come over from Russia, and that my first and foremost duty was to pay him my respects. He received me very cordially, presented me to his wife and daughter and to his father, and I remained in conversation with him for an hour and a half."



Then he proceeded to travel around, and in his diary, describes — in English and occasionally in Portuguese — with a fairly sober pen his impressions of the virgin forests; complains of the heat at Panama and mentions how, in April, he arrived in Sacramento City in California, and after a long search found his brother's grave, on which he had a tombstone erected costing fifty dollars.

"April: The tomb is now erected. I have studied business prospects and discovered that I can use my capital to better advantage here than in San Francisco."

14th May: "As I have decided to settle here permanently, I consider it necessary to have a look round the country, in order to obtain a superficial impression at least of the wealth of the country and the resources of this town."

Schliemann was in San Francisco at the time of the great fire (June 4, 1851), and narrowly escaped death by fire after having twice escaped a watery grave. While the fire was raging, he viewed it from the top of a hill three hundred feet high: "It was a terrifying and inspiring sight; in fact the most grandiose spectacle I have ever seen." A few days later he had already opened a bank for the purchase of gold dust.

Was this an American or a man of old? In a few weeks, in a completely strange country, he had found his brother's grave, made business enquiries, witnessed the spectacle of a titanic conflagration, planned and established a banking house, and begun to buy gold dust. From the outset he felt quite at home, and after a few days he was writing "our" cemetery and "our" town, which, incidentally, had itself been in existence for only three years. One feels that this energetic, winged and adaptable nature fitted into this new environment as if born to it.

"I always rise at 5 a.m., breakfast at 5.30, start business at 6 and do not cease work until 10 p.m. From morning till night

my bank is packed with people of every nationality, and throughout the day I have to speak in eight languages." Later he wrote: "At that time I came into contact with the craftiest of crafty rascals. As, however, I was familiar with all the tricks and dodges of the Americans before I came to California, and had also a thorough command of the language and regarded every one as a knave, I never lost, but, on the contrary, made very considerable profits."

In October he was stricken with fever: "The conveniences for my comfort and the nursing were wretched, as my bed stood in the office, the front and back door of which were open all the time. . . . It was here that, eighteen months ago, my brother died from the same malady, and the doctor is of the opinion that I too shall go under if a second attack of fever sets in." Nevertheless he soon recovered from a second attack too. When it is remembered that he was of delicate physique, had suffered from haemorrhage in adolescence, had once been dangerously ill after a ride in an open sledge in Russia, the triumph of his poor physique on this occasion and also later, when he was forced to live in fever-infested areas, can only be explained by the stubborn resistance and strength of will which he opposed to the assaults of nature amid all the obstacles and difficulties placed in his path by his fellow-men. His personal inclinations and common sense prompted him very early in life to regulate his diet and his general mode of living according to certain principles — personal hygiene and moderation in eating and drinking — thereby hardening his body just as he strengthened his memory by the learning of several languages and fortified his spirit by confidence and courage. Whereas his father had been playing fast and loose for three generations with the constitution of a giant, the son had built up for himself, through rational living and self-discipline, the citadel in which he sustained the battle of life for two generations.

With his very considerable gains from the gold dust of California he returned to St. Petersburg.

## VI

"By the time you receive this letter," wrote Schliemann in October, 1852, to his family at home — he was thirty at the time — "I shall, please God, have already been married for five days and will assuredly do everything in my power to make my wife very happy. Indeed, she deserves to be happy, as she is a very good, simple, clever and sensible girl, and I love and respect her more with every day that passes. . . . I have rented a whole third floor, consisting of two salons and seven other rooms facing the street, and five rooms with a kitchen looking on the courtyard, besides stables, cellars and a coach-house. . . . I have had all the rooms furnished most sumptuously, and the furniture for the guest-room alone cost around 1,000 roubles."

Does it not all sound unromantic and rational this time? And had he not studied her long enough? The only thing he does not mention is that she had already refused him more than once, and had clearly only accepted him now because in the interval he had become so rich.

Katharina seems to have been sincere but not devoted, at least not to Schliemann, and she was also steeped in Russian prejudices. Only rarely before and not once after their marriage did she please him by writing to him in German; one letter in German has been preserved among the few cold notes she wrote him during their engagement: "Dear Heinrich, I was surprised to hear from my brother that you will not be coming to lunch with us to-day; if I remember rightly I asked you the day before yesterday to come on Friday, and, besides, I imagined that it was understood that you would come every day unless something more important detained you. Come to-day

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in any case, as my aunt from Lubeck . . . is very anxious to meet you. Your loving C. L."

Could any woman send her betrothed a chillier invitation? Moreover, she was neither rich nor beautiful, and the mere fact that she came of a good family — a brother of hers was tutor to a prince — could not have attracted Schliemann. In the absence of trustworthy evidence explanation is impossible, and the only thing that is certain is that two years after their marriage they were at cross-purposes. Was Schliemann easy to live with as a husband? Was it possible for the passionate, self-centred man of just over thirty, spoilt by continued success, driven on by his ever more exacting demands upon himself, of sudden, frequently excited and always ardent temper, and clear, cool reason, to hold a woman who did not reverence the master mind in him? Again and again his good intentions were obscured by his temperament. In spite of his goodness of heart, he was always falling foul of every one, business friends, brothers and sisters, servants. If this young Russian girl had expected to find in him serene good nature and tranquillity; if she had looked forward to the smooth-flowing existence of a comfortable young married couple, she would only have had to read two letters written about the time of their marriage to realise how difficult it would be to live with this man:

"It is the unfortunate fate of our family," he wrote to his sisters, "to be of fiery nature and to feel very deeply. Passions which, in phlegmatic natures, beat with but a gentle, almost imperceptible pulse, burn violently in us, and become a consuming flame as soon as obstacles interpose between us and the object of our passion. Intense desire, hopeless passion, can drive us to despair and madness. I know this from my own sad experience in 1848." (His previous engagement.)

Shortly after, in a letter to his father: "I now possess a huge business and my stock of indigo dye alone is worth four hundred thousand thalers. Troubles and excitements I have in

plenty — but troubles and continual excitements I must have if I am to live, and I could never follow your well-meaning advice to retire from business and live a quiet life. I am so accustomed to a life of activity that inactivity, even under the most favourable circumstances, would drive me mad in a few months. I realised this last year in Paris. By the time a man reaches forty-five or fifty, the fire has spent itself; it is then that he begins to long for rest. Until then, however, I intend to work and achieve all I can.”

It is easy to understand how this man, who was always actuated by the best intentions in his relations with women, was disappointed of the domestic happiness for which he so fervently longed, through his inherent restlessness, which never allowed him to enjoy but was always impelling him to further study, further acquisition and further progress. Thus, eighteen months after his marriage, the disillusioned heart of this high-minded and well-meaning man, who had already, as he no doubt imagined, been twice disappointed by women, found vent in the following plaint:

“My dear Wife, Surrounded on all sides and flattered as I have been from my early youth by people who were bound to me merely by material interest, I long experienced the most heartfelt desire to link my life up with a being who would share my fortunes, good and bad, my joys and my sorrows. . . . When eventually I succeeded in establishing myself in a secure position . . . you came to fill my want. But alas, — how far removed from my happy anticipations are the terrible realities of life at present. You do not love me, and therefore have no sympathy for my good fortune, nor do you share my joys and my sorrows, but think of nothing else but the gratification of your own desires and caprices, and are completely indifferent to all that concerns me. You run counter to me in everything and even accuse me frequently of offences existing only in your imagination, the mere mention

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of which makes me shudder and causes my hair to stand on end."

Undoubtedly he was right, but his friend was also right, when he sent him the following confidential advice from Amsterdam:

"Even if, as you say, your wife married you only in order to establish herself comfortably in life, she gratified your wishes at the same time, and if she accepted you without love, she made a sacrifice for your sake. . . . Supposing, for instance, you make a start by coming to an arrangement with your wife about the household budget. . . . Try to break yourself of your thriftiness, which perhaps accounts for your wife's accusation of parsimoniousness. . . . Do not be offended if I say that I regard your temperament as by no means alluring from a woman's point of view. You have been married only a short time; it is possible that hitherto your wife quite involuntarily has merely been lacking in outward demonstrations of affection."

Yet Schliemann, who usually made such rapid decisions, who abandoned his dead brother's large fortune, transported himself with one bound from Amsterdam to Moscow and then to California and back again, must have been somewhat uncertain how to act in this case, for in spite of this violent and obviously lasting disharmony, he did not think of dissolving the irksome and distressful union. Fifteen years of violent opposition, outbursts of temper and hatred on the part of his wife, were to elapse before Schliemann could make up his mind to take this step.

Here he was with two reception rooms and twelve bedrooms, all beautifully furnished, with his own carriage and wine cellar, and with good fortune attending all his undertakings, and yet his young wife held herself aloof from him, and he complained later that, after their first child was born, only under coercion could she be induced to bear him any

further children. What thoughts must have filled his mind when he read the following words written by his sister Luise, the only person who seems to have stood up to him, and who, like all his other sisters, had been receiving money from him year in, year out:

"As truly as there is a God in Heaven, the day will most certainly come when you will repent of your icy coldness. You know well how deeply and lastingly it hurts us, who love you more than I can possibly express. Often do I pray to God so to order our lives that we may no longer be obliged to avail ourselves of your generosity, for then — an inward voice tells me — we should regain your affection."

Was it the curse of gold beginning to fasten itself upon him? From all sides gold showered upon him as at the wave of a magic wand, and while he was making a yearly allowance of a hundred thalers to each of his sisters, amid declarations on their part that their "joy at the receipt of your letter knew no bounds", while he was spending thousands in providing his wife with a fine house, he nevertheless — and possibly for that very reason — read in his wife's eyes and in the cold resolute lines of his sister Luise, the reproach of the recipient of bounty. Schliemann, the gold-seeker, had to suffer the criticism of the objects of his generosity, the increasing sense of loneliness of the everlasting giver.

Who was to dictate to the rich man the form in which he should bestow his bounty! Was he not bound to feel resentful when those nearest to him complained of the manner in which he gave? Would any other brother have done more than present to each of his sisters a dowry of two thousand thalers? The father was cunning; he took what he could get, and made no protest against the arrogant tone adopted by his son in the following instance:

"By to-day's post I have forwarded instructions for 500 Prussian thalers to be credited to your account, which sum

I expect you to use in establishing yourself in the neighbourhood of Danzig (to which town the old man had removed) in a manner befitting the father of Heinrich Schliemann. In placing this sum at your disposal I must, however, stipulate that in future you keep a respectable manservant and a respectable maid, and above all preserve a decent standard of cleanliness in your house, that your plates, dishes, cups, knives and forks always shine with cleanliness, that you have all boards and floors scrubbed three times a week and have at your table food that befits a person of your station in life."

At the age of twenty, and himself in need, he bitterly resented the obligation under which his uncle placed him by his ungraciously bestowed gift of ten thalers, and his pride rebelled violently against the offensive manner of the gift. Now he was thirty-three, and it was his own father whom he addressed in these unmeasured terms. If this was not a case of the *hybris* of the gold-seeker, then there is no such thing, for every word must have seemed like a blow in the face to the father, had he not become case-hardened and long ago lost all pride. The father of Heinrich Schliemann? To-day the name is renowned, but in the year 1855 only a dozen importing firms or so knew that this name was synonymous with efficiency, honesty and credit. Any one who dares thus to fling his name out like a challenge must feel justified in advance by an inward conviction that a great future awaits him.

## VII

Greater and greater became the treasure of gold in Schliemann's hands. Only to his father did he mention specific figures. "I now own a huge business, and this summer more than thirty large three-masted vessels bring shipments consigned to me. I work from early morning until late at night, and Heaven rewards my labours." The following year he



wrote: "From the enclosed report on shipping at our port of Kronstadt you will see how many ships were commissioned in 1853 by the various business houses in St. Petersburg, and that 33 incoming and 3 outgoing vessels are shown against your son's name, thus indicating that my business figures among the foremost concerns." Then again, the following year: "At present I have thousands of freight wagons bringing consignments to me here from Königsberg and Memel, and my cash turnover amounts to a million silver roubles a month."

About the same time he wrote: "If I can collect all outstanding monies my net profits for 1853 will amount to 50,000 silver roubles. The year 1854 has also started off in good style; in view of the prospects of war, all goods are rising enormously in price, and on the 2nd I cleared 6,400 Reichstalers in half an hour from dealings in coal." Then, to a friend: "My American capital I transmitted in January last to New York, applied it to the purchase of . . . a consignment of Laguna-Campèche timber, which I sold here in July at a profit of 30 per cent. My business this year was particularly rich in large-scale and profitable transactions. If everything goes well, my indigo account will show a clear profit of around 50,000 silver roubles, my saltpetre account, roughly 55,000, and I hope to clear at least 200,000 silver roubles in 1855."

On every possible occasion we see him indulging to the point of indiscretion his desire to glorify and to spread abroad his successes, even at the risk of exciting the scepticism of his Dutch friend or encouraging further demands upon him from his father. In the last sentence of one such letter, however, he sighs: "I have worked like a horse from early morning till late at night, and had all sorts of land transport difficulties to contend with!"

Since all this was quite true, what time was left to devote to his wife? Already, however, he was beginning to find it too much for him, and during the Crimean War, in the year 1854,

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he wrote to an English friend that he was thinking of going to America after peace had been declared, and buying a nice little farm there. "I am convinced that, on a farm of my own, I should enjoy country life, as I should find plenty to occupy me in the cultivation and development of my land."

However, after such fanciful ideas he soon awoke to realities and redoubled his activities. Lacking all traditions, entirely self-taught, Schliemann pursued his activity as a merchant entirely according to the circumstances of the moment, adapting himself to the ever-changing situation. When his representative for indigo in Moscow died, he straightway appointed the latter's intelligent subordinate to his place, and promoted him to the Second Guild, "since a clever subordinate may easily become a satisfactory director, though a director can never become a satisfactory subordinate." He personally conducted all his correspondence, writing in the several languages to Liverpool, Elsinore, Hamburg, Le Havre, Amsterdam and Moscow concerning his import goods, and, at the same time, he studied Polish and Swedish.

Moreover, he was always having new ideas. Thousands of people read that their "Little Father", the Tsar, was about to issue a new Code of Laws, but Schliemann alone, on reading the news, immediately associated this event with paper; he offered to supply the Russian Government with a high-grade paper for the purpose, and, as he was the first on the scene and at the same time offered the most straightforward terms, he actually secured this large contract. When a huge conflagration half destroyed the docks at Kronstadt, he stood at his window watching the flames, which he could distinguish from a distance of twenty-two miles, and immediately thought of the thousands of planks which were being consumed in the warehouses: "The price of timber will rise abroad as the result, and accordingly you will do well, immediately upon receipt of this letter, to buy up all available stocks of Russian

and Finnish timber and any more you can procure at the original price or at a very slightly increased price, and I will willingly go in with you up to the amount of 5000."

Nowhere among these thousands of business letters written by himself and by others is there a single line of complaint from the dealers from whom he bought or the customers whom he supplied, regarding the goods or the method of payment. On the other hand, every bundle of letters is full of recurrent outbursts of wrath on the part of Schliemann about unbusinesslike methods and dishonest practices.

One such, written in Russian and addressed to Kovno, runs: "For the fifth and last time I repeat that I hold you responsible for the outlay I have incurred through your fault in connection with this indigo. If you consider that I am not acting fairly towards you, you have only to lay the facts before our friend Schlusser, by whose decision I am prepared to abide. In any event do not bother me any further with this tiresome business."

Another, in German, addressed to Virbalis: "The shocking confusion prevailing in your affairs has not yet permitted you to render the account I asked for. . . . I do not propose to suffer any further inconvenience as the result of your firm's shocking way of conducting business, and am debiting your principal with 5000 silver roubles in respect of the 39 casks. You may do what you like with the goods." Running through the letters the eye is everywhere met by the underlined words: "In no case . . . all . . . without delay . . . more . . . at the lowest possible price . . . in any event. . . ."

Back came protests in reply. From Bordeaux, in the politest French: "I have received your letter, the contents of which occasion me the most painful surprise, since they are nothing less than a reflection on my integrity." Another, in a furious strain, from Amsterdam: "After the despatch of your letter we received a communication from Mr. T. in which — at your

instigation — he makes the most outrageous allegations regarding our lack of straightforwardness in our dealings with you. Enclosed in the letter was a note from you, the terms of which were utterly amazing; we must confess that we are at our wits' end to know what we can do to satisfy you."

Such were the business expressions of his passionate nature, and he could afford them, as he was a great commercial magnate. When, however, goaded it is true by her apathy, aloofness and, perhaps, hatred, he came to throw similar reproaches in his wife's face, the position gradually became hopeless. Thus, he wrote to his brother-in-law: "Goaded by her unjust reproaches, of which I have never ceased to be the victim for two years past, I bluntly told her that I would have her removed to a madhouse if ever she were to repeat last night's scandalous scene. . . . It is my misfortune to love my wife to distraction and it drives me to despair when I see how indifferent she is towards me. If I did not love her so much her behaviour would be a matter of complete indifference to me, for there are thousands of other women to be had."

The contrast between his persistent ill luck in love and good luck in business was drawn by himself and also by his wife, and gradually it became a sort of superstition on both sides. Schliemann, moreover, put his escape from death by water and by fire on the same plane as his escape from bankruptcy:

"Divine providence often protected me in the most marvelous manner, and more than once," so he wrote in his memoirs, "I was saved from certain ruin by a mere chance. So long as I live, the morning of 4th October, 1854, will remain in my memory. It was during the Crimean War. As the Russian ports were blockaded, all goods consigned to St. Petersburg had to be shipped to the Prussian ports of Königsberg and Memel, and forwarded from there overland. At this time several hundred cases of indigo and a large quantity of other goods on my

account had been despatched in two large steamships from Amsterdam to my agent . . . in Memel. . . . I had attended the indigo auctions at Amsterdam, and was then on my way to Memel in order to supervise the forwarding of my goods. I arrived in Königsberg late in the evening of the 3rd . . . and, on the following morning, happening to glance out of the window of the room in which I had slept overnight, I saw . . . the following ominous inscription in large gold letters glittering across at me from the tower:

*"Vultus fortunæ variatur imagine lunæ  
Crescit, decrescit, constans persistere nescit."*

He was overpowered with fear, and, in fact, heard at the next coach-stage that Memel had been laid waste by a terrible conflagration. On their arrival they found nothing but ruins. Schliemann sought out his agent, Meyer, and enquired after his goods: the latter replied by pointing to the smouldering warehouses.

"The blow was very hard. By the strenuous labours of eight and a half years I had accumulated in St. Petersburg a fortune of 150,000 thalers — and now everything seemed to be lost. It was not long, however, before I recovered from the first shock of this thought, and, indeed, the very certainty of my ruin restored my normal self-possession. The consciousness that I owed no man anything was a great solace to me . . . I had every reason to anticipate that Schroeders . . . would give me credit, and so was confident that, in the course of time, I should succeed in making good my losses.

"It was the evening of the same day; I was just about to resume my journey by coach to St. Petersburg, and was informing the other passengers of my misfortune, when suddenly one of the bystanders enquired my name, and, on being told, exclaimed: 'Schliemann is the only one who has lost nothing. I am the chief clerk of Meyer & Co. Our warehouses were al-

ready full when the boats arrived with Schliemann's goods, and so we had to build a wooden shed near by, in which the whole of his goods were stored and have remained undamaged!'. . . The sudden transition from heavy sorrow to great joy is not easy to bear without tears. For some minutes I remained speechless; it seemed to me like a dream entirely incredible that I alone should have escaped without loss from the general ruin."

It turned out that the fire had broken out in Meyer's huge warehouse on the northern side of the town, had been carried by the north wind across the town, and, as a consequence, the wooden warehouse, which lay only a few yards farther to the north, had escaped without damage.

"My goods, which had been so happily spared, I thereupon sold on extremely advantageous terms, turned the money over time and again, put through large deals in indigo, dye-woods and war material (saltpetre, sulphur and lead), and thus, as the capitalists were nervous of embarking on large enterprises during the Crimean War, I succeeded in securing very considerable profits, and, in the course of a year, more than doubled my fortune."

This account of Schliemann's, the details of which he also communicated at the time to his friends, reveals to the full the simplicity of his nature. In the first place the fatalist in him took alarm at a Latin couplet, which, in all probability no other merchant before him had deciphered on that tower, and was not surprised when the warning came true. Then his sentimental side abandoned him wholly, and, one might almost say, with pleasure, to the tragedy of the situation without his first ascertaining the full details; then straightway the merchant proceeded to consider where he could obtain credit and make good his losses. Less comprehensible, however, is the ignorance on the part of Herr Meyer about the goods he warehoused, where they were stored and what had happened to the new

shed. Schliemann, however, regarded the whole occurrence as a wonderful dispensation of providence, and probably told himself that the conflagration was merely intended to afford him the opportunity of doubling his fortune. He accepted the occurrence entirely in the antique manner, turned it to profit and proceeded on his way.

## VIII

"I have taken the liberty of writing this letter to you in Greek, the language of my waking thoughts and of my dreams, for I am sure you will understand. The more so as I am aware of your profound knowledge of this language, which you once taught my father. If you heard me speak you would probably not understand me, as my pronunciation is in the modern style. My tutor is an Athenian, and so we pronounce in the manner of the ancients and not in the manner of Erasmus . . . as the Germans do. . . . In the meanwhile, I have learnt Slovenian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Latin, modern and ancient Greek, and thus (with the seven languages I had previously learnt) can now speak fifteen languages in all."

This, his first letter in Greek, Heinrich Schliemann wrote at the age of thirty-three to his uncle, the pastor at Kalkhorst, with whom he had lived as a child during the crisis in the family fortunes, and whose daughter had left such a deep impression on him. In point of fact, his object was to embarrass his uncle with his newly acquired knowledge, since, as he confided to his sister, on the occasion of his last visit to Kalkhorst, Uncle boasted that he had taught Father Greek and knew the language perfectly. Accordingly, I sent him a letter in Greek, his statements annoyed me at the time, and I verily believe that the good man understood as much of it as if it were written in double Dutch; I never received any reply."

Some two years previously he had spent a few days at Kalkhorst as his uncle's guest, and, after his departure, his aunt had written expressing regret at his early departure, saying, "It was just as if you were lecturing at college, for you were almost always surrounded by a group of young girls listening with rapt interest to your tales."

Seeing him in the social life of the village, sitting among the girls, gazed at with wonder as a rich man who had travelled all over the world, one realises at once how much of the didactic there was in him. Greek was the first language he learned for other than practical purposes; the fact that in later years he occasionally wrote business letters in modern Greek counts for little. His technique was the same as before, and can be studied in a few ponderous volumes in which he preserved his exercises. I recently asked a specialist in Oriental languages to give an expert opinion on these books of exercises by which Schliemann taught himself not only Greek, but shortly after, Persian, Arabic and Turkish. This opinion is as follows:

"An examination of these notes and exercise books reveals this wonderful man as phenomenal, always striding forward at the most rapid pace and under difficult circumstances arising from his position as a family man and a busy financier. Unlike most foreigners, who lose heart after their early efforts or only make headway after prolonged and undisturbed studies, Schliemann was sustained by his intellectual versatility and his extraordinary temperament. . . . By working along mechanical lines and with the aid of his visionary and mnemonic memory he achieved the most astounding results. He began by asking his teacher to write down on a sheet of paper a long vocabulary containing many words selected by him, and also a number of sentences containing these words; he then wrote it all out himself, copying the characters, and learnt it off by heart. Then he drew up a further list comprising other words, using the first list as a guide for the formation of the words



and the construction of the sentences, and then tried to compose other sentences which he got the teacher to correct. Thus he rapidly extended his vocabulary with the aid of a dictionary until the sentences became increasingly longer and more complex.

"In this way and thanks to a phenomenal memory, he succeeded in a few days in acquiring an extensive vocabulary in the new language, so that after six weeks he was able to express his thoughts both orally and in writing. Throughout he used the printed characters in order to save time, for he was anxious to reap the fruits of his labours as early as possible and while they were yet green. Nevertheless, some of his later writings in Arabic are very fine compositions, even though they are in the printed characters. The question still remains why this indistinctly gifted man bothered himself with languages which he could never use. To this it may be answered that Schliemann, with all his remarkable qualities, was necessarily a more or less normal person, who had always to be learning something without knowing why. Of such cases Charcot said: 'The facts remain; there is no explanation.' "

As regards Greek, the explanation is simple; Schliemann himself supplied it both earlier and later. His account, in his autobiographical sketch, of how, as a child, classical mythology fed his imagination, and of his grief at having to leave the gymnasium at Strelitz at the moment when he was about to begin Greek, is written with too much feeling for us to suspect it of being a later touching-up of facts. That history of the fall of Troy, in which, as a seven-year-old boy, he saw depicted the burning of Troy, he preserved throughout his life among his most intimate papers; and in his old age he frequently assured his wife and his friends, and also stated in writing, that he had reserved Greek until the last for fear that "the power-spell of this noble language might take too great a hold on me and endanger my commercial interests."

Even during his studies he wrote in ancient Greek to that university scholar of his childhood's days, with whom a close friendship was initiated by this letter: "It is now twenty years since you taught my cousin Greek at Kalkhorst. I was too young at that time to have lessons, but always, in my darkest hours, the divine hexameter and the music of Sophocles rang in my ears. Not until now has it been possible for me to learn this noble language, of which I knew only the alphabet." After giving an outline of his career, he concludes by saying: "I must go to Greece. It is there that I want to live. How is it possible for any language to be so noble! I do not know what others think, but to me it seems that there is a great future for Greece, and that the day is not far distant when the Greek flag will float over the Hagia Sophia! It is amazing that Greece, which remained under Turkish domination for three hundred years, has preserved her national tongue."

Here too, not for the first time, the motives in Schliemann's heart were tangled. His enthusiasm for this ancient tongue was sincere and spontaneous, but at the same time his energy had to represent a country to which he was attracted by the language as something great and dynamic. Romance and energy, the German and the American sides of his character, combined to conjure up in his mind a vision of the ancient world restored to fulness of life.

For another decade this double life was to quicken, instead of confuse him; indeed, long after the firm of Schliemann had ceased to exist, and only Schliemann the scholar remained, right up to his death, he continued to combine within himself these two forms of life and activity, volition and emotion.

Nowhere do we see this man with the two souls so clearly, and nowhere is he more lovable in his twofold aims or more delightful in his naiveté, than in these numerous exercise books which he filled between the ages of thirty-three and thirty-five, in the task of learning and ceaselessly practising modern

d ancient Greek. The written characters are gradually seen develop fluency, and in the early stages he transcribed new words into French or some other language. Whereas his journals contain scarcely any corrections and are scrupulously neat and tidy, these exercise books are just like those of any school-boy, with their erasures, blots and corrections by the teacher. "My recreation," he wrote to his sister, "is languages, to which I am bound by a consuming passion. During the week I am continuously occupied in my counting-house, but on Sundays I sit from early morning until late at night over Sophocles, whom I am translating into modern Greek." As a result of this distribution of his time and energies in the proportion of six to one, his Greek exercise books thus represent a veritable monologue of a merchant who longed to escape from the realm of the ideal, and give us much greater insight into Schliemann himself than the diaries he kept on his travels, which, with the pedantry of an indefatigable chronicler, he recorded particulars about the weather, the latitude he was in, the state of his health, flora and fauna, commerce, politics and social and racial questions. Here are documents of greater chronological value than any that are to be found in the whole accumulation of thousands of papers which Schliemann collected and preserved. From these Greek exercise books of his, the following are selected passages in chronological order: "Best of all I should like to be a farmer in Mecklenburg. Galkhorst or any other estate is for sale, I shall buy it. But it would be advisable to live there first for six months so as to find out if it would suit me. . . . Fortune has been kind to me, for I have made a lot of money, but the desire is ever present in me to abandon all my affairs. I cannot stand it any longer. I am not always among men of culture. Accordingly, I am going to Greece, and if I find I cannot live there either, I shall go to America, where there is always something new. If I am not happy there either, I shall go to the tropics. Perhaps I shall

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find there the happiness I have always sought, but have not found in the Old World.”

There follows an essay in modern Greek on Hector's farewell to Andromache.

Then he describes the market of Nijni-Novgorod in ancient Greek. Everything, he declares, was much the same as in California. There was great fear of fire, as all the buildings were wooden. The Ministry ought to authorize the erection of a group of stone houses. Following this he gives an account of his sales of indigo at this market, and relates how he had had his booths enlarged. “During the war I made two million roubles. Now times are different. . . . Yesterday one of my customers came to my office with a doleful tale that he had gone bankrupt and could not pay me my 21,000 roubles. He offered to make a composition with me. I did not accept his offer as I suspected him of being a rogue; I know he has rich relations. I shall wait until every one else has finished with him and then institute proceedings against him.” (All this is in ancient Greek.)

This is followed by an account of his shipwreck with some variations in detail: “Afterwards, while lying there half-naked, I turned over in my mind how I could go inland, grow rich, buy land and become a great gentleman.”

Interspersed are disputes with his teacher: “Why did you not come yesterday? As I am overworked during the week, it is only on Sundays that I am able to work well. If it occurs again, I shall have to secure another teacher.” Or: “You are a base, worthless fellow and a thief, since you took away my Greek newspaper and have not brought it back.” Or: “You kept me waiting yesterday. Take good care not to come here again or I shall throw you out.” All this his teacher read and had to correct.

Then follows a story *à la* Boccaccio, after which he writes in modern Greek to a merchant: “Are you prepared to asso-

ciate with me in tobacco? Would it not be possible — as in Maryland and Virginia — to lay out large tobacco plantations in Russia? Would the Russian Government give facilities for this?"

"It is easier to earn money than to keep it."

Then an account of how he had approached the responsible authorities regarding the contract for the supply of paper for the new Code of Laws: "I demonstrated to those concerned that Russian paper was suitable only for newspapers and theatre posters, and that the printing ink always ran, until the Minister — as I learned later — recognised the force of my statements and issued orders that my paper was to be used even if it cost twice as much."

Immediately following this: "I am weary of the lying and fraud one meets with on all sides, but certainly would not care suddenly to lose the money I have accumulated in the course of years by fire, bankruptcy or stock exchange collapse. Accordingly, as soon as I have wound up my business, I shall go to Greece. There philosophy and archaeology will occupy me sufficiently and profitably for a long time. I cannot endure the intense nervous strain any longer. . . . I want to go and live in the country with my angel with the blue eyes and beautiful hair and with my child. . . . I must get away from commerce and live in the fresh air, among peasants and animals."

"I am now awaiting the arrival (peace had been declared) of the first shipments of cotton; if mine arrive first I shall dispose of them immediately on favourable terms and then go abroad."

"In Mexico things are going badly! The U. S. A. are daily growing greater, stronger, richer and more influential. They are a great people, a race the like of which never existed in ancient times. Freedom of speech, religious freedom and freedom of the Press prevail there, and all men are equal. Every

man is a king; every man has a right to his opinions. Here, on the contrary, where an effete aristocracy rules, greatness will never be attained."

"I have observed that whenever I start the day in a cheerful frame of mind, something immediately happens to worry me."

"I make large purchases abroad. I have purchased in Calcutta a total of 155 cases of indigo, 70 of which I have shipped via the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea. From Suez they will be taken on camels to Cairo, from whence they will travel by boat up the Nile to Alexandria, then through the Mediterranean to Southampton and thence by rail to London. I have despatched 85 cases on sailing vessels round the Cape of Good Hope."

"On a certain occasion I was travelling by mail-coach on a journey from Amsterdam to Petersburg and beside me sat a young lady. I perceived that she was not unforthcoming. I took her hand in mine and, as she offered no resistance, took her on my knee." Then follow details of how the acquaintance developed, with the accompanying dialogue.

"With deep emotion I recall the garden at Ankershagen with its flowers, pear trees, cherry trees, apple trees, plum trees, gooseberry bushes and the tall lime tree on which I carved my name. I recall the church steeple, which I imagined to be the tallest in the world, and the verse which my father had written on the wall of the summerhouse."

"I would like to give up business for good at last. Who knows, however, whether I shall not feel thoroughly in my element again at the business fair at Nijni-Novgorod, just like a toper in a bar parlour surrounded by bottles of spirit. I shall take plenty of books with me to the fair at Nijni-Novgorod; on my way there I shall have time to study Homer."

"To-day I am dreadfully out of humour, as my agent in Moscow informs me that he has been selling sodium at lower

prices than I meant him to do. In consequence I cannot keep my mind on my studies. My brain is occupied too much with business."

"I should like to have a Greek as my clerk; he would, however, have to know Russian, French and German as well. I have such a great predilection for the descendants of Homer and Sophocles."

"I am, I know, mean and avaricious. I shall have to give up being so mercenary. All through the war I thought of nothing but money."

"When Sundays at last come around I can seek recreation in the divine works of Homer and the speeches of Demosthenes, who caused the Acropolis to tremble."

"I am aware of the saying: 'The cobbler should stick to his last.' But I cannot remain a merchant any longer. In my early days, while others were studying, I was a slave, and it was not until I was twenty that I took up the study of languages. As a result, I am lacking in the grounding and fundamentals of learning. I can never become a scholar, but I intend to make up some of the lost ground. My desire is to apply myself seriously to study, and my hopes of doing so are growing stronger."

"Henceforward I intend to write only in ancient Greek, since the poet Sontsos says in his journal, 'Helios': 'In Greece nowadays, the language spoken is that of the New Testament; in twenty years' time it will be that of Xenophon, and in fifty years, that of Plato.' Why was I not born fifty years later? I am at present applying myself so thoroughly to the study of Plato that in six weeks' time, if he were to receive a letter from me, he could not fail to understand it."

"Day and night I have no peace of mind for all my cases of indigo might be destroyed by fire. Then all my labours would have been vain. I must cut myself adrift from it all; I must live for the scholarship I love so much!"

## IX

These documents reveal clearly the mood of the man during the middle thirties; they show too why he remained a merchant for another ten years. We see how he continually exhorted himself to abandon the quest for gold, but how again and again it lured him back, and how he set all this down in writing for practice in the Greek language, towards which he was impelled by his thirst for knowledge and his intellectual ambitions. It is all a tragi-comic romance, to the dénouement of which one looks forward with excitement, even if one knows it already. Notwithstanding all his aspirations must he not have repeatedly fallen a prey to despondency?

After two years of inward struggle, he took the first step by gathering around him every Sunday a circle of scholars and connoisseurs. When Professor Lorenz went to Germany solely for the purposes of further studies, Schliemann wrote: "How I envy this man! In my case I can do nothing but learn by heart, in this I am helped by my memory, but as for composing a speech out of my own mind or writing something original, however trifling, I could not do it, nor unfortunately shall I ever be able to do it, since I am utterly and entirely lacking in the groundwork. . . . As I see myself at present, I shall remain my whole life through nothing but a mere dabbler in the sciences. . . . I often try to write original compositions, but after a page or two I tear them up in disgust at my stupidity, resolving never to repeat the attempt, since my scribbings all collapse like a house without foundations."

Almost at the same time, he wrote to his sister: "I cannot help laughing now at my earlier decision to retire finally from business; I am as little able to do so as the gambler '*au gros jeu*'



is to give up playing, so long as he sees his winnings piling up in front of him."

And yet, when it was a question of gold, how brilliantly Schliemann could write! There was the case of a rich Russian business man whose firm had previously refused to enter into partnership with Schliemann, and who now desired to join forces with the powerful German merchant. What sort of answer did he receive?

"It was on 7th January, 1847, that my ambitious project of entering into partnership with your father-in-law came to nought. It was on 7th January, 1856, nine years later, that you made me the offer to enter into partnership with me on equal terms, an offer which only three years ago I should have accepted with pleasure. To-day, however, very strong inducements would have to be offered. By unflagging energy and unremitting labour, I have succeeded, amid the storm which swept Europe, in making a fortune for myself, and, at a time when all credit was exhausted, in building up a large business without at any time suffering reverses. . . . To engage in banking has always been the zenith of my ambitious dreams. And should my star continue in the ascendant, one day I shall most certainly throw myself into this. It is a poor soldier who never thinks of some day becoming a general, and by continued perseverance, I hope to achieve my aim one day."

With such brilliance of style — which is even more brilliant in the original French —, and with such trenchancy and dignity, did he rebuff a St. Petersburg sugar and oil merchant, as if the whole thing were an affair of honour between cavaliers, which, in fact, it was to his ambitious and high-flying imagination. How could this man, who certainly never underestimated himself, deny his literary gifts? Schliemann was, it is true, always more of a fighter than a thinker, a man of action rather than of contemplation, and so, even in later life, his letters and speeches were more arresting than his books.

As a real self-made man, moreover, even though he was dealing literally with millions, he always kept an eye even on the smallest details. To one of his oldest business friends he wrote: "That you should debit me with 98.40 roubles for roping (cases of tea) at Virbalis, at the rate of 18 kopeks a case, which works out at  $\frac{1}{2}$  kopek per lb. net, an amount which I barely clear on your ordinary tea, notwithstanding my heavy capital outlay and the enormous risk. . . . 18 kopeks per half case of tea is unheard of, and I definitely decline to pay any more than 10 kopeks a case. Instead, therefore, of the sum of 98.40 roubles for roping, I shall credit no more than 58.40 roubles to your expenses account, which accordingly, and after adjustment of an error of 5 kopeks in the carry forward, is reduced to 800.20 roubles, which amount has been placed to your credit."

Thus particular was he over 5 kopeks. When, however, it was a question of securing delivery of his goods in advance of his competitors, one hundred roubles were of no account. To the same correspondent he wrote on another occasion:

"In Amsterdam 1500 cwt. used to be loaded easily in a day and, even though labour was scarce, the work of unloading took no longer. Why should not this be possible in Königsberg . . . and it should not be difficult for you to arrange, by making suitable representations to the customs authorities, for work to proceed throughout the night. If, at my expense, you place at the captain's disposal 20 day workers and a further 20 fresh hands for night work, and promise a further bonus of 50 florins to the captain and 30 or more florins to the mate, and give good tips to the crew, I am convinced that you can unload 1500 crates in twenty-four hours."

Or, again, in a letter to his former principals and present friends, the Schroeders: "In the first place, let me offer you and your wife my heartiest congratulations on the engagement of your charming daughter to Mr. Hermann Schroeder. But

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where in Heaven's name are my 50 tons of sugar, which I accepted only on condition that they were shipped immediately?" And all this is written in his own handwriting.

Ultimately only a crisis — the imminent danger of losing everything — could induce such an fanatical and fortunate merchant as Schliemann to give up business, and so it came about that in 1858 he decided to retire. "When, last autumn, the crisis set in, I had bills outstanding on London, Paris, Amsterdam and Hamburg to the amount of fully three million thalers. What I suffered from the beginning of November to the end of January, is beyond description. The terrible anxiety I experienced turned my hair grey at the age of thirty-six. I was involved to the extent of fully 350-450,000 Reichstalers in the failures of foreign firms. . . . The crisis has, however, had the effect of disgusting me with commerce and of inducing in me a firm resolve to withdraw entirely and finally from commerce with all its vicissitudes. . . . Even now, four months after this time of terror, I have still not recovered from the terrible mental sufferings of that period, and, notwithstanding my hard-heartedness, hot tears well into my eyes as I write."

Now, for the first time, he visited the Orient, journeying as far as Jerusalem and down to the Second Cataract of the Nile and, on the return journey, visiting Smyrna, the Cyclades and also Athens. His journal of the trip is voluminous and dispassionate, like most of his journals, but he passes over in silence one thing which is important for the light it throws upon his character. He dared not mention it either in his notebooks or in his memoirs, as otherwise he would have exposed himself to the risk of a violent death at the hands of some pious Mohammedan, even decades after the event. Only to his own family did Schliemann confide that he visited Mecca on this occasion; indeed, such was his curiosity and caution that he secretly had himself circumcised in order to lessen the risk of detection.

Foolhardiness, thirst for knowledge, love of adventure, and also firm confidence in the power of his linguistic genius to safeguard him among the Arabs were the forces which impelled this remarkable man on a venture which could offer no reward in honour and glory. And if, like that Greek professor, we ask why, we can only answer with him: The fact remains. There is no explanation.

Just as, on his return journey, he was about to visit the Homeric country for the first time, and was on the point of departure for Ithaca, the merchant once again recalled the Orientalist. A big business man who had failed during the crisis of the preceding year and who, by agreement, was under obligation to pay off debts due to Schliemann amounting to some one hundred and two thousand silver roubles within four years, not only failed to keep his bond, but sued Schliemann in his absence. Schliemann realized that a case of this nature would drag on for three or four years at least, and would necessitate his presence. The allegations of his adversary that Schliemann had defrauded him and that the bills of exchange were forgeries, provoked Schliemann beyond measure. During the legal proceedings, which were carried up to the Supreme Court and which resulted in a clear verdict for Schliemann, he was appointed a Commercial Court Judge, and thus this resumption of his business activities cost him a full five years, at the end of which he wrote ironically to his sister:

"You will remember that I had already settled up my affairs in 1858, and only returned to business at the end of 1859 because I was compelled, in order to defend my honour, to remain here until the legal proceedings terminated. . . . I can therefore say that all the money I have made since the end of 1859, I owe solely to that fact."

During these years Schliemann carried on business on a large scale in cotton and tea as well, and himself estimated the value

of the goods imported by him in six months at ten million marks.

Was it easier or more difficult for him then, after the conclusion of the case and the receipt of the last instalment from his debtor, to give up business for good and all? Gold had rained upon him in a measure such as he himself could hardly have dreamed of when he had last set out for the East, and, with the gold, his power, honour and position also increased; and since he liked life in Russia, it could only have been the urge towards knowledge and scientific research, coupled with the fear of further business crises, that prompted him to send out a general notice requesting all his friends, as from the spring of 1864, not to make any further payments to him, as he had closed down his business, but to the firm of Sterki and Company in St. Petersburg.

Heinrich Schliemann was forty-two when he wound up his business. A third motive had arisen to make him desire to leave Russia for ever.

## X

During their seven years of married life, Katharina had borne her husband a son and two daughters, and Schliemann, who, in his didactic and dominating way, entirely in the collector's spirit, had set his heart on having children of his own to train up according to his own ideas, for years regarded these young creatures as the real pledges of a connection which he wished in any case to maintain. The unhappiness of this marriage, which for ten years cost Schliemann his peace of mind, was not due to the difference in nationality, for Schliemann was internationally minded, or to the circles to which they belonged, since his wife had grown up among his business friends, or even to their characters, for in a certain sense Schliemann could even be said to be tolerant. But to be the wife of Schlie-

mann, it would have been necessary, because of his impetuous, mercurial temperament, to recognize the goodness of his intentions and, for the sake of his innate kindness and the great generosity that was an essential part of his nature, to put up with one or two fixed ideas which he would not abandon. No matter what she did or was, everything would have been permitted or pardoned if only his wife had possessed imagination or even had followed his. A man of powerful but extravagant character, eccentric but of wide outlook, he needed around him an atmosphere of intellectual subordination, which, at the same time, unknown to him, had to contain an element of superiority. In fact, Schliemann's wife required to be, at one and the same time, a daughter and a mother to him.

Katharina, a matter-of-fact, sociable, logical, clear-headed and unimaginative woman, was neither the one nor the other. Anything of an intimate nature contained in the innumerable letters exchanged between the husband and wife and close friends on the subject of the preservation of their union, has been omitted from this study, since it cannot be checked, and, only in rare instances, throws any light on Schliemann's character. In these letters his wife's family saw fit to criticise on moral grounds certain cosmopolitan usages of the husband. The one important fact that emerges is that at heart she disliked him; once again the curse of gold made its influence felt in his life, since, without it, she would never have accepted him, and where gold was concerned, he was too thrifty to suit her and she was too extravagant to suit him. The result was endless squabbles over trifling sums: "The train was an express train and only first class tickets were available on it. To wait for the next would have been still more expensive." Once, when he sent his family to Europe for the winter and gave his wife a letter of credit for twenty-five thousand francs, he was furious that after a whole month she found little more to write to him

han that the latest Parisian shoes were no longer the vogue in Biarritz.

The world tour which Schliemann undertook immediately after he had wound up the firm, in order to escape both from business and the family, took him via Tunis and Egypt to India and the Sunda Islands, then to China for two months and thence to Japan, Havana, Mexico and the United States. For any one in the sixties to undertake, merely for the purposes of study, such a journey, lasting almost two years, was at that time an exceptional occurrence. His diary, started in Russian, was continued in Greek and then in the languages of many of the countries he passed through; he was furious when, as at Malta, he understood nothing of the language. Everywhere he recorded the Latin names of the places, the dimensions of the buildings and citadels; but nature always meant very little to him. At the same time, in Havana he carried through large deals in the purchase and sale of banking shares, but this was done without any enthusiasm, more as a matter of habit than anything else.

The whole of this period in Schliemann's life is a sort of interlude, and it would seem that he also felt it as such. The only point of importance is that it was during these travels that he conceived the idea of his first book, and proceeded to write it at the usual Schliemann tempo. It was written on the voyage from Japan to California, which took fifty days on a small English boat, and was entitled "*La Chine et le Japon.*"

On his return the estrangement from his wife had already become too acute for him to want to return to Russia; for the time being he settled down alone in Paris. With his father and brothers and sisters he kept up a distant but cordial correspondence, and it is affecting to observe how he, the eternal giver, was at bottom the more loyal. His stepbrother he supported and assisted for years; to an aunt he wrote a Napoleonic letter spontaneously offering his help, and, as regards his father, there

were the usual ups and downs. In earlier years, he had occasionally sent his father letters written in Latin from St. Petersburg, which the old man could not understand, with the result that their comic irritation with each other led to fresh recriminations, which a straightforward correspondence in German would at least have mitigated. And so we have the eighty-year-old German ex-parson waging a grotesque warfare with his Russianized son over Latin pronouns. Heinrich wrote as follows to his father:

"If the phrase '*cum silentio contemptionis*' referred to your letter, you should have written '*cui*'; but you have written plainly and clearly '*quibus*', and, accordingly, it can refer to nothing else but your accusation that I am a rogue. Furthermore, you translate '*silentium*' quite wrongly by 'quiet' it has the sense of 'silence', and I merely said that I pass over your accusation with the silence of contempt, for, as a man of honour, who has always acted as a worthy son and brother, my pride does not allow me to reply to your accusation except with contemptuous silence."

Shortly after this they were writing the most terrible things to one another in High German, until Schliemann eventually wrote to his sister: "In consequence of the vulgar, nay, bestial letters I received from Father last spring, I will never write to him again so long as I live. I must ask you and my other sisters never again to mention his name, for the mere thought that I am the son of such a man makes me indignant. Up to the present I have arranged for him to receive regularly every two months, his allowance of 100 Reichstalers, and will continue to do so so long as he lives."

When, however, some few years later, the father fell ill, the son was ready to do everything possible to secure his recovery and to establish a reconciliation with him, and when, although eighty-three years of age, he recovered, the son marked his pleasure by making him an annual allowance of two thou-



d thalers. What thoughts regarding the power and the futility of gold must have filled the mind of this self-willed but cold-hearted, imperious but loyal man, when he found himself, time and again, looked upon with mistrust, nay, even hatred and scorn, by his own kith and kin and also by his people.

Nevertheless, he was not content to be a father and a husband in name only. When, some time after his return, he wrote from Paris to his wife, asking her to join him there with the children, her refusal to do so caused an open quarrel. To her everything about him had become repellent, — his mania for change, his passion for travelling, his sudden outbursts of anger, his extravagance and his meanness. Encouraged by her Russian relations and friends and, as it were, firmly ensconced in an unassailable fortress, she wrote from Russia refusing to come, at the same time, however, displaying no desire for a final separation, which indeed, for the sake of the money and her religious faith, she was anxious to avoid. She was gambling with his passion for children.

Thereupon Schliemann, a man in his middle forties, let loose a flood of pathetic, entreating and despairing letters, to his wife, his growing son, Sergius, to his wife's advisers, and to his many friends. The sympathies of any one who reads them are wholly captured by his naive, heartfelt and furious passion, and are on the side of the husband rather than the wife. After fifteen years of married life, Schliemann, who must often have considered himself a favourite of the gods and who seemed to compel every form of human happiness to fall to his lot, fell away to utter despair and his turbulence burst all bounds. To a high Russian official, a friend of his wife, who addressed all manner of reproaches to him, Schliemann replied from Paris: "As a father I am accountable to God for the education I give my children. The Petersburg schools are wretched, and I insist that my darlings shall be educated in Paris or Dresden. . . .

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My wife has herself admitted in one of her letters (written last year), that the sole cause of our dissensions is her refusal to admit me to her embraces. Not only so, she further declares that she can no longer live with me as my wife. . . . At the same time, she urges me to take a mistress. This is the cause of our unhappiness; but she represents me everywhere as a tyrant, as a despot and a libertine. . . . Do not forget that she rejected me four or five times while I was poor, and only consented to marry me after I had become rich. . . . Only up to the time of her first pregnancy did she willingly give me what all wives accord their husbands. . . . I must truly say that the last two children I had to . . . steal from her. . . . Do not drive me to come to Petersburg, and, with the aid of the police and my own arms, take my darlings away from my own home, so that I can give them in Dresden the German education which their mother denies them."

Shortly after, he wrote to his wife, to whom he almost invariably wrote in Russian: "Be reasonable and grasp the hand proffered to you from afar in pledge of lasting friendship. Bethink yourself of how our estate and our children are suffering and will continue to suffer from our disunion. To please you, I will willingly forgive your brother all the wrong he has done me."

Then follow the most alluring offers: "We shall be able to lead a very pleasant life in Dresden. We will retain our house in Petersburg, so that we shall always have somewhere to stay there, and we will also retain our magnificent house in Paris, the furnishings of which alone cost 40,000 francs. Rest assured, I will never again attempt to seek your embraces. I will love you only as the mother of my beloved children, but my love will remain platonic. When I come to Dresden, our life will be all happiness, for I have become a true Parisian: every evening I go to the theatre or attend lectures by the most famous professors in the world, and I could tell you stories for ten

ers on end without wearying you. You will look forward my second visit to Dresden with the impatience of a lover awaiting her betrothed. The respect in which I am held in Paris a large property-owner obliges me to live luxuriously, and my carriages, my riding horses, and my clothes are in harmony with the elegance of our home. Wire me on receipt of these letters to say that you will grasp the hand of friendship. Your telegram shall be my talisman on my journey to Dresden."

He continued in this strain, and it is no reflection on him but rather on his wife, that he found it necessary to allure her with his elegant clothes and his carriages. That he consorted with Renan and others among the finest minds in Paris would mean much less to her.

Over there, however, in the East an impassable barrier had erected itself, and the husband's passionate pleadings called forth only the answer: "Never will I leave Russia; I have told you that again and again. Not even for a short stay would I leave Russia. How can I love you when you expect impossible things of me!"

And from her advisers he read: "Your wife has had time and opportunity enough since her marriage to get to know you rough and through, so that she is not to be turned from her intentions either by useless threats or tender promises. Her secrets are shared by her friends and by all those who know you intimately. Every one advises her against leaving Petersburg and exposing herself to inhuman treatment. You are bent upon robbing your wife of her one source of happiness, her children, whom she clings with her whole being. Is this just according to your principles?"

Thereupon he threatened her and allured her with money. They would have, he declared, an income of seventy thousand roubles a year from investments, if they lived together. He desired to inform you that to the wife who deserts me I will not give a sou, and that I will allow 1,600 roubles a year for

the education of each of my three children, making 4,800 roubles a year in all, which sum can at no time be increased."

Finally he confined his efforts to the fight for the children: "You must realise that by your unreasoning and mad behaviour you are disinheriting your children. In fact, I have already disinherited them. I swear that I have disinherited them. You have attained your ends. This is the last letter I shall ever write to you in this life. . . . By twenty years of superhuman effort I have built up for each of my children a fortune of a million francs, and told myself with pride that their earthly happiness was thereby assured. I would joyfully have given my life for each and all of my beloved children."

So it went on, threats alternating with entreaties, time and again, but all to no purpose.

## XI

Suddenly he was in America again. He read, in the *Times*, letters from politicians recommending the paying off of certain American bonds in paper money. He calculated at once that this would involve over a thousand million paper dollars, "the creation of which would send up the value of gold by 500 and 1000 per cent. and would make the paying off equivalent to a repudiation." So he took ship and crossed the ocean, went to the Secretary of the Treasury, McCulloch, at Washington, sought in vain for General Grant at the War Office, and then went to President Johnson, Lincoln's successor — for it was now the beginning of 1868. "He is a fairly simple man, of about fifty-five. I told him I wished to pay him my respects, and said that his latest message to Congress had pleased me very much, and that in Cuba, where I read it, it was enthusiastically received; seven out of eight people there were for annexation. He said: 'Yes, Cuba has a leaning towards the United States, and the time will come when it will be absorbed in them.'" The

resident and other leading men then satisfied Schliemann that the repudiation would not take place.

It was a voyage of inspection at the same time, for when Schliemann had railway shares, he liked to see that everything was in order with the permanent way, the rolling stock and the necessities of the railway concerned: "I thereupon travelled upwards, to see the following routes, New York Central-Cleveland, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Chicago-Milwaukee-Quincy, Pittsburg-Fort Wayne-Chicago, and to obtain the most exact information possible concerning the traffic on these lines, as I held stock in them. I am highly satisfied with all these railways; they are all paying a 10 per cent. dividend."

Schliemann, writing this to a German friend, observed at the same time that he had become rusty in the use of his mother tongue, for he says: "You always will have me write my letters in German, and I have done so again this time, although it has become a great trouble to me."

This time he was disappointed in New York. "The streets are so narrow, badly lighted and paved . . . compared with Paris, New York seems a mere village. . . . Half the merchants are bankrupt. The Southern States are still treated like conquered territory, under martial law, without political representation, without money, banks or defence." He inspected the evening schools thoroughly, full of enthusiasm for this, and every social organization, and for the co-education of boys and girls; he often went to hear the Negro singers and to see Negro schools, and noted down everything favourable that was said of them; he recorded statistics relating to the forests, the development of Chicago between 1838 and 1868, the number of million bushels of grain exported, taxes and duties; he heard a Dickens reading, saw Ristori as Marie Antoinette; regarded everything with open eyes and a reflective mind, but was much gay and more cheerful than heretofore.

From Indianapolis he wrote to Ernest Renan first about the Hellenists in New York, then he told him the following, which sounds like a story of the young Edison: "I have often seen in this land of gigantic undertakings and of paradoxes, independent 'men' of thirteen and fourteen years; but I recently met in New York a salesman, of eight years old, who by his industry kept not only himself but a numerous family. There climbed into a horse-tram a small boy with a lot of little illustrated books under his arm. He laid one on the knees of each of the twenty-four passengers and cried out: 'Only two cents each!', and then whispered in every one's ear: 'But you may have three for five cents.' After he had so disposed of his twenty-four copies, he went round again to collect either the money or the book. I asked him how old he was. 'After I had completed my eighth year, last year my father died and left a sick wife and six children, of whom I am the eldest, and so I had to engage in business to support the family.' 'Here is a dollar I will give it you.' 'Sir, I am a merchant, not a beggar. I can only take your money if you will take sixty of my books.' Astonished to find so much pride and self-respect in a child of this age, I took the sixty little books, which he carefully counted out, and left him, saying: 'May this dollar be the foundation of your earthly fortune, my child. May you one day become a great banker in this great country which, with men such as you, will put in the shade all the lands extolled by history to-day.' "

But once in the middle of this bustle, the following note is found in the diary: "To-day in Petersburg it is Christmas Eve, and with watch in hand, adding six hours and fifty minutes to New York time, I have kept calculating what time it is there now, and my heart and thoughts have been constantly with my little darlings, Serge, Natalie and Nadia (the names written in Russian in the middle of the English text). I see them rejoicing over the Christmas tree. I weep bitter tears that I cannot share

their joy and increase their happiness by my presents. I would give 100,000 dollars to spend this evening with them. Truly it requires much more strength and philosophy than I possess, to pass this day without tears."

The next day was his forty-sixth birthday. Did the vigorous and fortunate merchant, this old established linguistic and financial genius, newly turned scholar, this independent, intrepid man with his constant observations and calculations, ask himself this evening why he was passing Christmas and his birthday here, abroad, alone in his hotel at Washington, away from the gay voices of his loved ones? If he had been a *bon vivant*, a lover of women and of the pleasures of the table, how well he might have amused himself, with his brain and his money. But at bottom, in spite of all his travels and affairs, he was a reflective, methodical, domestic man, who liked regular habits, and took them around the earth with him like an Englishman. What he lacked was a woman companion, and he determined to find one.

In the meantime, before he left the New World, he had a small score to pay off. The only person who had done him an injury here was a countryman, a man of the highest rank. A few hours before he sailed, Schliemann wrote to the Prussian Ambassador, Freiherr von Gerolt:

"New York Harbour,  
"11th February, 1868.

"Your Excellency,

"My intimate friend, of many years standing, G. Janssen of New York, gave me, on his departure for Washington, his visiting card with your address, and told me to be sure to visit Baron von Gerolt, as he would be very happy to make my acquaintance. . . . But the treatment I received at your hands, after sending in the said card, your most discourteous behaviour, your most extraordinary questions and remarks, as,

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for instance: 'Are you Mr. Janssen? Do you belong to the diplomatic corps? Why do you not go to the French ambassador? Why don't you visit the Russian Legation? We have more to do than the Russian representative, because there are many Germans here etc.' — then your eagerness to get rid of me at once . . . so much astonished me that I was unable to tell you that your offensive treatment is the only unpleasant recollection which I am taking over the sea with me to-day from this part of the globe, for, with the exception of yourself, I have found in this continent none but highly cultured, charming and well-mannered people."

This letter is of importance not only as showing that sixty years ago there were still German diplomatists who did not quite attain to that degree of tact and courtesy by which those of to-day are, without exception, distinguished, but, even more, as an indication of the strength of Schliemann's growing aversion for his fatherland, to which he was only gradually reconciled again after ten years of bitter strife.

And how could a man of so much intellect and influence, a man of international culture, like Schliemann, to whom all doors were opened, fail to have a grudge against the country whose official representative spoke in such an overbearing manner to him who was not asking for anything, but — on the contrary — would have been able, from his stores of knowledge, to give the other valuable information? Was not a man with a delicate sense of honour, after such an affront from an ambassador, bound to transfer his feeling of resentment to the country that had set him there, with the express purpose of helping not only Germans of distinction, but all Germans? And who, so must Schliemann have thought, at New York harbour, just before his departure for Europe, who after all was this German Freiherr, compared with himself? And who was he, we ask to-day, when we see the names of Schliemann



and Gerolt side by side, and each one asks: Who was Gerolt?

It is true that technically Schliemann was no longer a German citizen, and his explanation why he did not regard himself as an American shows how internationally-minded he was.

"Although I am an American citizen," he wrote to a friend on his return, "I was never able to make up my mind in America to claim my naturalisation papers, for I was afraid that the possession of them might some day give me the idea, in a moment of anger, of abandoning my Russian allegiance, taking my children with me, and that my children might afterward reproach me with this."

## XII

While Schliemann was spending these homeless days in Washington, a woman's hand, in his Mecklenburg home was writing to him the following words:

"A thousand heartfelt thanks for all your affection, my dear Henri. . . . Although I could not write at once, my thoughts and prayers have gone with you. Why don't you transfer your money from there, and settle down here? As soon as you buy an estate here, your position will be assured, and land always retains its value. . . . In the summer I should very much like to go into the country with you. Now farewell, dear, beloved Henri, with warmest greetings from your loving Sophie Schliemann."

Two months later, when he reached Paris, he read these words. What sort of voice was this? Could one really get letters ending with the words "your loving?" Was this not the very cousin to whom he had been so much attracted at Kalkhorst and on whose lips, when he left home by post-chaise, "he had pressed that ardent kiss?" Would he hear the still, small voice through all the clamour of his life? He sat down to reply

immediately, but Schliemann could never forget an injury; his sense of pride was always on the alert. He ignored this very belated declaration of love on the part of a spinster of fifty or thereabouts, for he wrote this to her, in French:

"Dear Sophie, You say that you would like to travel with me! But, my dear, I frankly confess to you that your ways are far too virtuous for me. When I left Boltenhagen you would not embrace me! You even refused to escort me to the coach! You always refused to give me your arm, so how is it you wish to, or how indeed could you, travel with a man of the world? I should be uncommonly pleased to make a journey with a woman of the world, but I can imagine nothing more tedious than a journey with a saint, who is far better suited to the cloister than to the stage of the great world."

Three times the word "world," — and yet she had hinted to him only in the most gentle fashion that he should give up the world. Would not the letter hurt her? And would she weep over a wasted life, or because she had not, once upon a time, escorted him to the coach?

She never read it; on the very day on which these words were written to her, she died. Her aunt sent the news to Paris. Schliemann began to rave in true Wertherish fashion:

"I can never forgive you for not having informed me of her illness! For how willingly would I have dropped everything here and hurried to her, would I have fetched the most famous doctors from Hamburg or Berlin, would I have watched her bed and perhaps saved her life! There was nothing sensual, there was nothing calculating, in the love that bound me to this true-hearted, this angelically pure thing; it was the purest platonic attachment, the most sublime sympathy." Of course, he had only been teasing her in calling her a saint. "How gladly would I have gone a journey with her round the world. . . . Ah, what would I give to have a photograph of Sophie's coffin! What do you mean by not stamping your letters, and why

do you not write my address correctly! . . . In the midst of all my inexpressible grief at Sophie's death, I must nevertheless rejoice that I no longer belong to a country where human sympathy seems unknown! . . . Oh, the poor thing was in need for five and a half years; how bitterly I reproach myself that I so completely forgot her! . . . At any rate, my journey with Sophie from Boltenhagen to Klütz has left a more pleasant and interesting memory than a journey round the world!"

A day later, to the sisters: "I try in vain to find consolation in philosophical lectures, and in vain visit theatres and attend banquets. I can only think of the beloved departed, I can only reproach myself, I can only weep. . . . Now, in this sorrow, I would give a fortune to travel ten times around the world with her, to worship her as a saint. . . . I am ashamed of having answered her so. . . . On 10th October (five months before) she sent me a lock of her beautiful hair, and I answered her that I would take it to America with me, and that the lock would be my talisman and protect me against the dangers of the journey. But just because I had written this, I flung the lock carelessly into the pocket of my trunk, whereas to-day it is to me the most precious relic, and I am placing it in a little gold case, set with diamonds, so that I can carry it next my heart, as long as I live, as my greatest treasure."

Next day, to his sister Luise: "It was because of you that I did not marry her in 1852 (the year he married Katharina), for if you had praised her, instead of talking about a peculiar habit, and withholding your praise, I should have married her then, for I was fascinated by her. Sophie was the only woman who has ever loved me; Aunt Hagen writes that in her illness, both when she was wandering and when she was conscious, she thought so gratefully of me, to the last moment."

Then he ordered a tombstone, like the one for his mother. "The memorial to my mother cost me 40 Reichstaler. Buckow will henceforth be my place of pilgrimage, for I cannot live

without visiting Sophie. She wrote to me in her last letter that I ought to . . . settle in Mecklenburg; and, after that, I am ready to do so."

A fortnight later, however, when he invited her brother to visit him in Paris, he wrote: "But I make the condition that you do not say another word to me . . . either in your letters or by word of mouth, of the sad circumstances, unless the cost of the tombstone is more than the 100 Reichstaler I have sent."

Only occasionally is it possible to see so deeply into Schliemann's soul. The whole force of his released passion rushes like a flood against an impregnable tower, and breaks, in turmoil, in a shower of spray. Undecided where to turn, homeless, wandering about the world without a mission, honoured by many of the great ones of the earth, injured by one individual, sated with gold and yet incapable of taking his thoughts off it altogether, alone in a beautiful house, forsaken, this lonely, ageing man suddenly saw before him, through the chance of the date of a letter, the possibility of a quieter happiness, and amid the torments of conscience sought in vain to blame others, and yet kept on blaming himself that he had rejected it. Between Paris and St. Petersburg, Washington and New Orleans, in the midst of stocks, presidents, railways and ministers, there suddenly shone out the names of Buckow and Boltenhagen, and the lock of hair of an old maid, of which the man of the world wrote in courtly terms, which was to go with him as a talisman, and ended up in a diamond-studded box after having been before flung into the corner of a trunk.

But then he suddenly let down a sluice across the stream, forbade himself and everybody else to think of it, and after having, just before, informed his lawyer in St. Petersburg, in cutting words, of his settled determination to get a judicial separation, he then, with newly agitated heart, turned once again to his wife, asking in a touching letter for a reconciliation. On the same day that he was writing to Mecklenburg,

dissolved in lamentations, trying to call back to life a dead woman whom he had long since forgotten, he, in his twice-bereaved state, addressed himself to Petersburg in an endless Russian letter:

"My beloved wife. I can no longer live without you and the children, so I want to make my peace with you. I am weeping as I write this letter to you. Two years ago I travelled round the world. At that time, unfortunately, I was not yet able to take life philosophically, and I considered it the greatest pleasure in life to master many foreign languages, so I learnt Persian too. Then affairs went badly. Moreover, one thing tormented me: you no longer loved me. Why are you so fond of Madame R.? If I had been able, at the time, to think philosophically, such a friendship would have seemed natural to me, and I should not have been so jealous. Moreover, I was quite taken up with Persian. If you had known me better, you would have soothed me with a tender word, but you were hard to me. . . . You reproached me that, at a difficult moment, I did not give your father enough money. My heart, what prevented me was nothing but the frightful letter which I found on my arrival in Amsterdam that September, and which I sent back to you. All the same, I cannot forgive myself for not having done more. If the situation arose again, I would now give three times the weight of your dead father in gold! Would not you too now be ready to give up two years of your life, to accept the proposals I made in my letter in 1866? . . .

"During my absence you rummaged about in my papers, and tried to find something to incriminate me. There you found my will of 1858, which I had made immediately after the quarrel with your brother (he had cancelled the brother's name as one of the executors of his will). . . . You complain that I did not find a beautiful house? But indeed I have done so, and in the most beautiful street, and have also a country house in the middle of Petershof. . . . You do not tell me, either,

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what I am to do with the Paris furniture, which I bought here for 50,000 francs (a description of the furniture follows). In the midst of all this luxury I feel poor, because I am without my family! You could not endure the scholar in me; won't you now love the philosopher? Waking and dreaming, and always, throughout my long journeys, have I thought of the home-coming and of seeing my family again. . . . Farewell, my dear friend. I kiss you. I am sending you 1000 roubles for clothes and hats. And buy some toys for the children. But tell them their father sent them!"

So this rich heart pours itself out in longing. But what was it that separated him from happiness? What else but the curse of gold!

### XIII

Any one looking for an example of the phenomenon that it is sometimes nothing but the will to greatness that makes a man great, may well find it in Schliemann.

Now he was stationed in Paris, buying houses for half a million, and up to a whole million, dealing with agents, but looking into the minutest details here too, and doing everything himself. Now that he was a house owner, and no longer an indigo merchant, we find him ordering himself a mirror for a tenant, complaining that the "masons will not have finished working on the W.C.'s for another week," getting excited about the gas jet in the porter's lodge: "This jet is of immense size, and this explains the large consumption of gas." Yet at the same time he was an active member of the archæological and other scientific societies in Paris; he learned, he listened, planned, and taught himself — then suddenly turned up in Ithaca, a few weeks after that last letter to his wife, which, as she remained obstinate, was to be the last letter of all.

For a long time an inner voice had been drawing him to

Greece; for fourteen years he had been conversant with both modern and ancient Greek; he knew the classical writers, the historians, and above all, Homer. Now that the sum of his years totalled forty-six, there lay behind him thirty exciting years, in which his desire for gold had won everything, but his deeper desire, which was always of the mind, had won but little. While, in those letters from St. Petersburg to Kalkhorst, he had railed against the fate of a youth spoiled by his father's irregular life, he did not realise the strength of the impetus which a long artificially obstructed stream can gather, before it at last breaks forth. Because the streams of humanistic culture had once been forcibly withheld from him, they seemed doubly desirable to Schliemann's romantic nature; because he possessed and demanded much, he was always inclined to over-estimate what he lacked.

Then he had found the outlet of languages as a means to educate himself, and so had satisfied the two sides of his nature at once, for while he was becoming rich in indigo in Russia, he learned all the poems of Pushkin and Lermontov by heart, and in his study of classical and modern Greek too, he combined the practical interest with the ideal. For an active, lively mind, this was the most suitable form of education, and Schliemann's linguistic genius may be called the connecting link between his thirst for gold and his lofty aspirations. If the Greek language seemed to him the most beautiful of all, notwithstanding that he knew Arabic, it was because he had not forgotten that first impression at his uncle's, the pastor's, or how the drunken vagabond had recited Homer in the grocer's shop. The persistence with which, throughout his life, he recalled the places of his youth, and wrote to the people there, a family feeling which no love of country had helped to nourish in this cosmopolitan, indicate the depth of those first experiences and discoveries. If one were trying to construct synthetically the hero of a romance out of Schliemann's natural endow-

ments, out of this divergence between the practical and the romantic, between the emotional and the calculating, out of gold fever and mysticism, and wanted to strike a balance for him, one would perhaps send him out to dig in the depths for hidden treasures. Schliemann's destiny must seem, to a large extent, natural to one who knows his character.

When, in Ithaca, in July, 1868, with the thermometer at one hundred twenty-five degrees, he trod Homeric soil for the first time, he was scarcely more than an enthusiast. On the summit of Mount Aetos which, because of a circuit wall, the people believed to be the site of the citadel of Odysseus, his enthusiasm was "so great that I forgot heat and thirst. Now I was investigating the neighbourhood, reading in the 'Odyssey' the stirring scenes enacted here, now admiring the splendid panorama."

But the very next morning his inborn impulse towards action came to the fore; about five in the morning he climbed the peak with four workmen, first had the bushes pulled up by the roots, and then the northeast corner dug up, "where, as I judged, the beautiful olive tree must have stood out of which Odysseus constructed his marriage-bed and round which he built his bed-chamber (Od. XXIII, 183-204)." When he found nothing there, he made them dig round about, until after three hours' work, they reached the foundations of a small building, obviously Roman. While the workmen were digging, he investigated the whole site, "and when I had found a thick stone, whose end seemed to describe a slight curve, I cleared the earth away from the stone with a knife and saw that it made a semicircle." After making further observations, he dug further with a pickaxe, but four inches down he broke a beautiful little vase containing human ashes. He found some more like it, the curved blade of a sacrificial knife, a clay goddess with two flutes in her mouth, and a few other small things, but, unfortunately, no inscriptions. The small vase he believed



to be far older than the oldest in the Naples museum, "and it is quite possible that in my five little urns I have the ashes of Odysseus and Penelope or their descendants."

On this first morning of his life which Schliemann spent with spade and knife, instead of with pen and pencil, there are already to hand all the elements suggestive of what his work was henceforward to be. The foundation was Homer, and Homer read with the absolute faith of a child or of a believer who, from a sense of reverence, takes as true every word that he reads, and follows the poet's imagination because he possesses one himself, and who thrusts in the spade to find what is to be found, with the faith of the amateur, not with the scepticism of the scholar whose education has been distorted by documents and theories during the long years he has passed in his study. Just as, when a boy, he asked his father to dig up the ghostly knight, in order to discover why the villain's leg had stopped growing, so on the peak in Ithaca he applied the knife, to find the bones of the man who lived here. Schliemann's directing reason never went to sleep, and he expressly says in this, his first archæological report, that it is "quite possible" that he has found here the ashes of Odysseus "or their descendants," and thus doubly safeguards his secret belief in deference to science.

He is, indeed, like a good Christian, who believes every word of the Bible, but tries to explain all these marvels to himself, and just because to him Jesus and every one of the Apostles is a tangible human form, seeks for remains which must be hid in the soil of the Holy Land. Thus and in no other way does the historical spirit become creative, whether its researches are carried on in the earth or in documents, and only he who has first been guided by intuition, who approaches the past with the diviner's rod of a sound and believing instinct, will restore it to the light of the present.

Yes, this is Ithaca, Schliemann kept saying to himself at

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this time, and wherever he was, whether enjoying the fruits of the island with his workers in the shade, or in a cave he had found by the sea, or on a wide field, he constantly recited passages of those verses which he, in all seriousness, called divine. This was "perhaps the place where Odysseus shed tears when he saw again his beloved dog, Argos, who died of joy." There, in the Cyclopean walls, he recognised the styes of Eumæus; and in the case of the dripping stone he seemed to see the nymphs near whom the Phæacians laid down the sleeping Odysseus. On the "field of Laërtes", he began to read the twenty-fourth book aloud to himself.

But the peasants began to crowd around, wanting to make something out of the stranger, overwhelmed him with questions, until he "thought it the wisest thing" to read aloud to them the twenty-fourth book of the "Odyssey," lines 205 to 412, and to translate it word for word into their dialect. "The enthusiasm was boundless when, in Homer's melodious language, the language of their glorious ancestors of three thousand years ago, they heard of the terrible sufferings which the old King Laërtes endured on this very spot where we were assembled." Then the astonished men pressed round, with their wives and children, and cried to him: "You have given us great pleasure! We thank you!" And when these poor peasants suddenly felt themselves to be the descendants of that great king, each one of them offered the stranger what he had, and none of them accepted money.

In exactly the same way he followed his belief in Homer when, presently, after a short visit to Mycenæ and Tiryns, he approached the Trojan plain. Nearly all the scholars had placed the site of ancient Ilios at a spot high above the Turkish village of Bunarbashi, where the Scamander enters the plain that runs into the northwest corner of Asia Minor. About seventy years before, a French scholar said he had found there a hot and a cold spring, corresponding to the Homeric description. This

theory had later been confirmed by the authority of Moltke, who, as a soldier, decided on the spot that an impregnable citadel could certainly be built on that hill. When Schliemann arrived here, he wrote:

"I confess that I could hardly control my emotion when I saw before me the immense plain of Troy, whose image had hovered before me even in the dreams of my earliest childhood. Only, at the first glance it seemed to me to be too long, and Troy to lie much too far away from the sea." But if, as the scholars said, Troy lay on this hill, three hours distant from the coast, how was it that the Greek troops were able several times on the same day to traverse the distance between the place where the ships were anchored and the enemy citadel? And how could Achilles have pursued Hector three times around the walls of this citadel, whose steep slope to the river was almost impassable? Had the poet merely been using his imagination then? In this the first of a series of similar dilemmas in which Schliemann was to find himself involved for the next twenty years: between history and poetry, between faith in Homer and faith in the professors, there was for him no alternative, no choice.

How could Homer's description of the gigantic palace of Priam, with its sixty-two rooms, the pursuit of the Trojans before the gate of this palace, and, within the citadel, the palace and court of Hector and of Paris, and the great gateway through which the wooden horse was brought, be reconciled with this little hill?

But there was, at an hour's distance from the coast, another flatter, much broader tableland, near the present village of Hisarlik. According to the American Calvert, to whom it mainly belonged, and to a few scholars before him, this was the site of the ancient Ilium. This idea at once took a great hold on Schliemann; he combined what he saw here with the impressions gained in Ithaca, and, throughout, both inspired and

confirmed by Homer, he wrote: "Naturally, I cannot say with complete certainty how the houses in Troy were built; but as I have convinced myself that the pig-styes of Eumæus in Ithaca were of Cyclopean construction, made of large square stones arranged in layers on the top of one another without cement, I have no hesitation in asserting that in the Hellenic age all the houses were built in a similar way. . . . The reed which Odysseus found at the water's edge, and the heron, a marsh bird, which Odysseus and Diomedes heard crying, leave no room for doubt that at the time of the Trojan war there was already a marsh beside the sea."

After he had twice carefully examined the plain of Troy, Schliemann discharged his workmen. "Contrary to my expectation, I had had no opportunity to use them in Hissarlik; for even without attempting excavations I had become completely convinced that this had been the site of the old Troy. . . . In order to reach the ruins of the palaces of Priam and his sons, it would be necessary to remove the whole of the artificially constructed part of the hill. Then it would certainly be proved that the citadel of Troy extended for a considerable way over the adjoining plateau, for the ruins of the palace of Odysseus, of Tiryns, and of the citadel of Mycenæ, as well as Agamemnon's great Treasury, show clearly that the buildings of the heroic age were of considerable dimensions."

Although, his book, "Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja," written immediately after this journey and very hastily, was afterwards rejected by the critics and, in part, by the author himself, it contains the basis of his chief theses regarding the three main points of his later investigations. "Everything is just a glance with you," Herder said to the young Goethe. This rapid, keen, surveying, collating glance was characteristic of Schliemann, and it cannot be denied that a decade spent in looking over stocks, samples, steamships and warehouses, trains the eyes better than the study of the opinions of a hun-

ired experts, when, before digesting them, the archæologist has never been himself to the place concerned.

## XIV

The great experience rejuvenated and strengthened Schliemann; now he was determined at the same time and in the same *tempo furioso* to close his first epoch and to begin the second. The printing of his book took longer than the writing of it, and the publisher kept having to soothe him down. At the author's expense seven hundred and fifty copies were printed, and the publishing firm took half the profits of every one that was sold. The author foresaw the opposition of the professionals.

"As I upset Strabo, and every one who wrote about Troy after him, there will be much adverse criticism of my book. But I am not afraid, because I prove everything I say. . . . In order to be criticised properly, I will have the book (which he wrote in English) translated at once into German and published in Leipzig. . . . If I were in the least afraid, I should certainly not let it appear in German."

Schliemann therefore, as befitted an enthusiast, at once assumed a fighting attitude as a scholar, which he was not to abandon for twenty years.

His old teacher Andres, the graduate of Kalkhorst, helped him in the translation and the checking of his account of his career, which was written in Greek. He was determined to be made a doctor of Rostock — his ambition could not do without these little, legitimate decorations, for he thought with Mephistophelès: "A title will gain their confidence." Actually the indigo merchant must have been the first who, without ever being a classical scholar, was made a doctor at this university for an account of his career written in classical Greek.

At the time that his book was being printed, he obtained a

divorce from his wife. He went to America with the object of obtaining this divorce, and there, no longer hampered by any sentiment, he applied the whole tenacity of his character to this matter, which he hoped to carry through quicker as an American citizen. In Indianapolis, where he "settled down in quite a domestic fashion, as I cannot put up with hotel life" with black servants and a black cook, who, to his astonishment, took in three newspapers, he engaged five lawyers. At this time, the spring of 1869, the divorce laws there were in process of revision. What did Schliemann do? He intervened personally and whipped up the most influential politicians.

"With immense effort I have succeeded, as all the amendments to the new divorce law brought forward through my influence had already been rejected, in securing that constitutional procedure shall be observed in the case of these Bills, and that they shall, accordingly, be read a third time. . . . All-powerful fate ordained that on the 13th, when they should have been brought up the third time, there was dissension between the Republicans and Democrats. . . . So no quorum was obtained, and no further action could be taken. The old Act, therefore, will remain in force until February, 1871, and I now hope to obtain my divorce here in the first half of June."

At the same time, however, both then and later, he continued corresponding with his son, who by now was almost grown up, forbade him to write in Russian, gave him Latin mottoes to consider, "but finally, from all that I see of you, I am inclined to believe that you are a worthy son of your father, for whom nothing in the way of study should be impossible."

It was in this mood of self-confidence, of reawakened youth, that, even before his divorce was carried through, he began looking for a new wife. His method of setting about this task shows Schliemann the romantic, the mythomaniac, the man

who, at all events, had become a thorough Greek, in a most amusing light. There was an Orthodox priest called Vimpos, who had studied theology in St. Petersburg and had taught Schliemann Greek, probably one of those on whom he had showered abuse in Greek in his exercise books. This man had visited Schliemann in Athens, on his first journey, had swum with him in the Gulf of Phaleron, and, now an archbishop, had seen him again, ten years later, on the way to Troy.

Had he not a beautiful sister at home? And could one possibly have the trouble with a Greek woman that he had with the German one who did not wait for him, with the German-Russian who began to deceive him as soon as they were engaged, and finally, with the Russian who had clouded his life for so long?

Even before he went to America to get his divorce, he wrote — in February, 1869 — this letter in Greek to the archbishop:

"Dear Friend, I am sending you my book 'Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja.' Please have the books bound, keep one copy and give the other to the University. I am sending you a cheque for 100 francs on Paris for the binding; give what is over to the poor of my beloved city of Athens.

"Dear Friend, I cannot tell you how dearly I love your city and its inhabitants. . . . I swear to you, by the bones of my mother, that I will direct my whole mind and energies to making my future wife happy. I swear that she shall never have any grounds to complain, I will wait on her hand and foot, if she is good and amiable. Here I am constantly in the company of witty and beautiful women, who would be very willing to heal my sufferings and make much of me if they knew that I was thinking of a divorce. But, my friend, the flesh is weak, and I am afraid to fall in love with a Frenchwoman, lest I should be unlucky once again.

"Therefore I beg you to enclose with your answer the por-

trait of some beautiful Greek woman: you can buy a photograph of one at any photographer's. I will always carry this photograph in my letter case, and will protect myself thereby from the danger of marrying any one except a Greek woman. But, if you can send me the portrait of the girl whom you destine for me, so much the better. I entreat you: choose for me a wife of the same angelic character as your married sister. She should be poor, but well educated; she must be enthusiastic about Homer and about the rebirth of my beloved Greece. It does not matter whether she knows foreign languages or not. But she should be of the Greek type, with black hair, and if possible, beautiful. But my main requirement is a good and loving heart! Perhaps you know an orphan, the daughter of a scholar, who is obliged to earn her living as a governess, and who possesses the virtues I require.

"My Friend, I am opening my heart to you as to a father-confessor. I have no one in the world to whom I could entrust the secrets of my heart.

"I am sending you 200 francs instead of 100; pay the book-binder, and give the rest from time to time to the poor."

No one saw and reported what the Archbishop looked like when he received this letter. We know, however, that he went across to his cousin's and told her how a marvellous, rich German was looking for a beautiful wife from Athens. This stately lady was herself the daughter of a wealthy house, whose husband had later lost his money through acting as guarantor. She and her husband had, in addition to their town house, a little country house with a large garden, outside the city near Kolonos, to the southwest of the Acropolis. He was an unusually handsome man, well-born, simple and dignified. He had won the cross in the War of Independence, and now had a drapery business in the city.

The Archbishop took counsel with his relations. Of the daughters, the most beautiful and at the same time the clever-



est, was undeniably Sophia, who was just sixteen, and was about to take her examination as a teacher. But — she had no fine clothes.

"Put on your sister's new dress," her mother said, and so Sophia was photographed, in a dress too long for her, for a strange German who had written from Paris and who was now, apparently, in America.

In Indianapolis, where, owing to the divorce, he was constantly thinking of love and marriage, Schliemann was meanwhile writing to a girl who had apparently made him advances earlier, advising her to marry his stepbrother instead. If she would, he promised her parents a dowry of twenty thousand francs. All the time he was waiting impatiently for the answer from Athens. It came. It has not been preserved, but the following letter, written in May, to his father and sisters, gives an idea of its contents:

"The Archbishop of Greece, my former teacher, has sent me the portraits of a number of Athenian girls to choose from. From these, I have picked out Sophia Engastromenos as the most lovable. In any case I intend, if everything goes well, to go to Athens in July to marry her and to bring her to see you; for as I have such a passion for the Greek language, I believe that I can only be happy with a Greek woman. I shall, however, only marry her if she is interested in learning, for I think that it is only possible for a beautiful young girl to love and honour an old man if she is enthusiastic about learning, wherein he is much further advanced than she. I have had twelve copies made of Sophia's photograph, and will send you one either to-day or to-morrow."

And posterity cries, with Richard III, "Was ever woman in this humour wooed?"

And, in August, the unknown bridegroom actually appeared in Athens. It was the eve of Saint Meletius, who was the patron saint of a little church near the Engastromenos family

garden. When the German arrived, he saw some girls busy hanging garlands in the church. He recognised the prettiest one at once. But she jumped down quickly from her stool and ran into the house to change her dress, for they all cried out, "The German has come!"

Soon he was standing surrounded by father, mother and sisters, brothers and cousins, being stared at with curiosity. Then they all sat down in the best room, he was offered wine and cakes and began to talk about travels and languages. He turned to Sophia, and asked:

"Would you like to go on a long journey? When did the Emperor Hadrian come to Athens? What passages of Homer do you know by heart?" There she sat, was examined, and passed. After she had recited a passage from Homer to him, Schliemann's mind was made up.

When, next day, they went back to their town house, Schliemann came again, saw how they lived, as members of the middle class in a small way, saw where the daughters cooked and cleaned, but observed that a maid and a boy were employed as well. There were great casks of oil, butter and olives in the cellar. The bride-to-be was still wearing her sister's clothes, and every day she pleased him more, but they were always surrounded by a swarm of relations, and as, on the third day, this was still the case, he wrote to her:

"Esteemed Sophia, I should so much like to speak with you alone, I mean in your parents' presence. For how can we get to know one another, when so many relations are always sitting around?"

When at last they were alone, he asked her in German: "Why do you wish to marry me?" The serious sixteen-year old girl found herself in a great dilemma. One must not lie — her mother and her uncle, the archbishop, had told her that. But she was too proud to speak of love to the stranger, whom she hardly knew. But had he not kind blue eyes? Didn't he know

the world, and what gold meant? Wouldn't he understand if she spoke of that about which, since the letter to her uncle, the whole family had been speaking? So she looked him straight in the eyes, and said:

"Because my parents have told me that you are a rich man!"

The German was horrified. Here, among simple men, he had been looking for a heart, and thought to find it in the serious beauty of this Greek girl. It was the curse of gold once again! He arose in anger, went to his hotel, and wrote:

"I am deeply hurt, Miss Sophia, that you, an educated young girl, should have given me the answer of a slave. I am a simple, honorable, homely man. And if you marry me, it must be so that we can excavate together, and enjoy a common enthusiasm for Homer. So now I am going away the day after to-morrow to Naples, and perhaps we shall never see one another again. But if you ever need a friend, think of me, and turn to your devoted

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, Doctor of Philosophy  
Place St. Michel, 6. Paris."

Schliemann waited for two days, to give the other time to amend. The charm of this girl had affected him too deeply, and, instead of cursing in his usual manner, he chose to adopt the attitude of being ever at her service.

The whole family read the letter with horror. Did not the German understand local customs? After all, it was not many years since the bride had been bought, according to the Turkish fashion, with a symbolic piece of gold. It was only because he always lived with gold, that he felt suspicion in the wrong place. What was to be done? The most highly cultured of the uncles, a government official, advised that Sophia must write at once. There was no writing paper — they fetched some from the general shop. Sophia wrote:

"Dear Mr. Henry, I am sorry that you are going away. You must not take my answer of this afternoon in bad part. I thought it was the only way for a young girl to answer. My parents and myself will be very happy if you will come and see us again to-morrow."

In her excitement she bundled together all the newly purchased notepaper and enclosed it in the envelope.

There was anxious expectation in the Greek household, relief in the German's hotel room. After a pause of a few days, came a relenting letter. She replied:

"I have waited for your answer with great anxiety! . . . Reading your letter, I have felt an inclination towards you, and have prayed the Almighty to restore your lost feeling for me. If I may ask nothing else of you, I can at least ask you for a visit before you go away. In the hope that your noble spirit will grant my request, I sign myself. . . ."

After the reconciliation, Schliemann demanded that the wedding should take place very soon. The day before, he wrote to his family at home:

"Happy news: to-morrow, 24th September, I am to marry Sophia Engastromenos. . . . It is she who was chosen for me in March by the Archbishop of Greece, and a bad copy of whose photograph I sent you from Indianapolis. Her virtues, her amiability and her beautiful appearance were so highly extolled by the Archbishop that I fell in love with the girl while I was still in retirement in Indianapolis. . . . The news that I had come here to find a Greek wife spread like wildfire, and in consequence the ladies here set up a tremendous hue and cry after me, so that I have had the opportunity to examine at least 150 young ladies. As I found none to equal Sophia, and as, moreover, she made me a proposal of marriage, of which I enclose a copy, I decided on the 18th of this month to go through with it, the more so as I have thoroughly proved that Sophia has the true Greek character, and will

honour like a god a husband who is just and true and treats her with consideration.

"If, therefore, Sophia ever has cause to shed a single tear, you will be justified in saying that I am a villain and deserved all the unhappiness of my first marriage. Sophia speaks only Greek, but she has a real enthusiasm for learning; so that I may hope that in four years' time she will be able to speak four languages. In any case, I shall be her teacher my whole life long, and as she will never arrive at the point that I have already reached, she will always look up to me as she does now."

At the wedding, most of the relatives appeared in national costume. Then the whole party drove to the Piræus, and waited until three o'clock in the morning for the ship. She was seventeen, he was forty-seven. But Greece is old, and this girl's mind and soul were more mature than the passionate German had any idea of. What if she were to understand how to be daughter and mother to this kind and crazy man? When one looked at her, her features seemed to express imagination and tact, and what more might one require? He only saw that she fulfilled his dreams, and he wrote home from the honeymoon:

"Sophia is a splendid wife, who could make any man happy, for, like almost all Greek women, she has a kind of divine reverence for her husband. . . . She loves me as a Greek, with passion, and I love her no less. I speak only Greek with her, for this is the most beautiful language in the world. It is the language of the gods."

## CHAPTER THREE

### THE GOLD UNDER THE EARTH

#### I

NOVUM ILIUM, an Æolic settlement dating from the sixth century, B.C., had, by its name, preserved the memory of the Ilios of Homer on its soil. The hill on which sacrifices were offered to Athene had been held in profound veneration for a thousand years: here Xerxes sacrificed ten hecatombs, and here Alexander dedicated his arms in the temple. Here it was that Caracalla, a true decadent, imitated the funeral ceremonies instituted by Achilles for his friend Patroclus, Julian visited the sacrificial altars, and Constantine even contemplated establishing his capital instead of at Byzantium. It was nothing but the name "Ilium" that had woven a magic glamour around this spot where these mighty Greeks and Romans sought to immortalise themselves; the only thing they all lacked was a Homer.

After these events, the plain of Troy remained buried in oblivion for another thousand years, and when, in 1781, an archæologist in the person of the Frenchman Lechevalier first ventured among these meadows, steppes and hills, he decided at the sight of the steep hill near Bunarbashi that there or nowhere must Troy have lain. This started an international controversy lasting for ninety years, during the course of which much ink was spilt, many arguments and counter-arguments advanced, but nothing was done in the way of excavation. It was in the year of Schliemann's birth, 1822, that an English scholar first demonstrated that Troy could not

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have been situated on that steep hill, but in the neighbourhood of the Turkish hamlet of Hissarlik, that is, three hours' walk nearer to the sea.

A century earlier, Winckelmann's genius had turned the eyes of the world back to ancient Hellas, and after him Voss had presented German literature with the first great edition of Homer. Both were Mecklenburgers. Voss had lived for a year or more at Neu-Buckow, the selfsame town in which Schliemann came to live a few years later; Voss was still alive at the time. Winckelmann died in 1768, exactly a hundred years, therefore, before his fellow-countryman, Schliemann, first visited the Troad. It would almost seem as if the leadership had passed from the two greatest German Hellenists to a third, from two Greek enthusiasts to their successor. For although there were many archæologists in the intervening years, none possessed their enthusiasm and energy. All those who preceded and succeeded them were students and Christians; only Winckelmann, Voss and Schliemann were Greeks and pagans.

If the two first excelled him in depth of culture, patience and equanimity, Schliemann surpassed them in energy. Scarcely had he identified, during that first visit, the spot which the topography of the hill appeared to indicate, than he entered into a lively correspondence with the brothers Calvert, and received from these practical idealists, who owned part of that coast, counsel, help and encouragement. They also showed him the way to obtain a firman from Constantinople, that is to say, a permit from the Sultan to carry out excavations on Turkish soil. With this first application, Schliemann began a struggle against Oriental intransigence, intrigue and corruption, which to his American tempo and his German love of order and straightforwardness proved a trial of the nerves such as the resistance of the Trojans must have been to the Greek leaders, and which, too, lasted seven years. If the achieve-

ments of a man are to be judged in the light of his character, then Schliemann's achievements are further enhanced by the fact that he, anti-Oriental as he was, gradually learned, for the sake of his love of Greek antiquity, to possess himself in patience — almost.

In these early negotiations of 1869, shortly after his marriage, Schliemann received the Delphic reply from the Sublime Porte that the necessary authority would be granted to him on condition that he handed over to Turkey "the greater part" of his discoveries. This was too much for Schliemann: did they imagine that he intended to sell what he found, just because he had once been a merchant? "In his crass ignorance," he wrote a little later, "Safet Pasha (Minister of Public Works) cannot conceive of any one in the full possession of his senses carrying out excavations with any other purpose than to find treasures, and then only if he is sure of finding them. Accordingly, while assuring me that he had left the field clear for me at Hissarlik, . . . he at the same time put into effect his infamous plan of buying the land himself for the State. It has been surveyed, valued at 3000 piastres and bought from the owners, to whom I had offered 5000 piastres."

On his first Oriental trip, Schliemann had not only visited Troy, Mycenæ and Tiryns, but, as the result of observation and comparison, had settled in his mind the main problems of each of these three towns in which his future work was to lie, and all that now remained to do was to secure tangible proof of the accuracy of his theories. Now, when Troy seemed closed to him, he immediately turned to Mycenæ. In a letter to his sisters he wrote: "We shall be occupied until the summer with a very important piece of work, since we have made arrangements to begin on the 25th the excavation of a Treasury and the Acropolis of Mycenæ." But the Greek Ministry said no to this project, and the Turkish simultaneously gave its consent; whereupon, in April of the year 1870, Schliemann turned over



the first spadeful of soil at the northwest corner of the hill of Hissarlik. He came upon the remains of a wall, but immediately found himself involved in a dispute with the owners of the land, whereupon he broke off the work and returned to Athens to await a settlement of the dispute.

The wall which he had discovered near the surface was Roman, but what was concealed below? On this point he wrote from the scene of his labours: "I have discovered the ruins of palaces and temples on walls of much older buildings, and, at the depth of 15 feet, I came upon huge walls six feet thick and of most wonderful construction. Seven and a half feet lower down, I found that these walls rested upon other walls 8½ feet thick. These must be the walls of the palace of Priam or the temple of Minerva. Unfortunately, I am having continual difficulties with the two Turks who own the land, and, much to my regret, shall probably be compelled to cease work to-morrow. However, I intend to do my utmost to purchase the hill outright and then shall not rest until I have excavated the whole of the Pergamus of Priam."

Already we find his imagination lending wings to his vision, and, at the same time, imperilling it. That the hill was historical and not legendary, was Schliemann's great *credo*, the key in which the melody of his subsequent life and career was to be written. This was Ilium; this was Homeric soil. Therefore, if spade and shovel uncovered gigantic walls, these could be none other than those of the palace of Priam. Just as two years earlier, before he had even put spade to ground, he had publicly declared that here, on this hill and beneath these fields, lay Troy, so now, without the corroborative evidence of a vase, or a coin, much less an inscription, he announced that these were the walls of Priam.

But how was he to get things fixed up with these Turks? Twenty-five years earlier, when he saw, from observing the Amsterdam markets, that much money was to be made from

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business with Russia, he came to the conclusion that, in order to secure a share of the gold on the earth, he required to know the language, and accordingly learned it. Now, therefore, surrounded by foreigners who were trying to defraud him, he learned Turkish in the twinkling of an eye, in order to discover the gold under the earth, and declared: "I intend to conduct personally and in the Turkish language all negotiations regarding the land, and all the inhabitants of the Dardanelles and the Troad will be amazed hearing me speak the language, when only three weeks ago I did not understand a word of it." Two years later he wrote the language so well that a high Turkish official endorsed one of his letters with the following comment: "Among our people only a highly educated priest could have written such a letter."

Although at this time everything was still uncertain and problematical, Schliemann appears to have been so absorbed in his ideas, that, with his monomaniacal temperament, he was aware of nothing else. The war of 1870 interested this German-American, who had long ago become half French, mainly for the reason that, during the siege, he was unable to collect the rents of his house property in Paris, since, as he wrote in February, 1871, "to demand the payment of rent is prohibited until the end of the year. I have just left the Academy, where I met many old acquaintances. . . . Longperrier, whom I hold in such high esteem, told me of his son's experiences, how he had been engaged with his artillery at Mont Avron, had suffered terribly from cold and how the losses had run into thousands. I am now going to my beloved Société Géographique. . . . Garibaldi has been dismissed, which is nothing but rank ingratitude, since the fact remains that he alone succeeded in lowering the Prussian colours and inflicting a reverse on the Prussians. There is no doubt but that we shall have another monarchy under a member of the House of Orleans, Louis

Philippe II, for a democracy would be too great a blessing for such an uncultured people."

At the same time as he feels himself to be French and cannot speak too highly of the French intellectuals or sufficiently condemn those responsible for so ungraciously treating the conqueror of the Prussians, he declares the nation at large to be uncultured, and when, in the same year, he was looking for a companion for his wife, he wrote: "She must be German, as only a German woman can be both well educated and a good housewife. An educated Frenchwoman is invariably a blue-stocking, and if she is a good housewife she is never educated."

About this time, however, neither Berlin, Paris nor even Troy was of any importance to him, since, with ever-increasing impatience, he was looking forward to the birth of an heir with Greek blood in his veins, and in a letter to his wife wrote: "I have already spent 2,000 francs on Odysseus."

## II

When one surveys the twenty years of the married life during which Sophia and Heinrich Schliemann mutually sustained, comforted and enhanced one another, and when one considers how difficult a man he was to please, how difficult to bear with he often was, and how often this middle-class Greek girl was surprised and even shocked by this strange and impulsive husband, who, although kind at bottom, was at the same time a complete egoist, one is reminded of these lines from "Othello," which perhaps best epitomise their mutual sentiments:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used."

Amid the most astounding demands and contradictions of this eccentric, who loved her with a devouring passion, amid impatient outbursts which threatened to develop into violent quarrels such as occurred with his first wife, the grave regard of this young creature, or a letter or a little scene, again and again reveals that she was always in sympathy with this rich, erratic man of genius, who seemed to have the advantage of her in experience, education and endowments. It was this sympathy which was lacking in his first wife. When we add also her fund of imagination, without which no woman would have been tolerable to him as a life partner, but possessing which any partner was bound to be adored by him, it is plain that the Greek Sophia had precisely the qualities which the Russian Katharina lacked. Then again, she is revealed as possessing in a high degree natural worldly wisdom, which repeatedly enabled her to resolve his complex personality into its simplest elements, and it must be acknowledged that, although he might perhaps be described as the hero, she must undoubtedly be regarded as the heroine of an amazing career.

What a curious honeymoon trip this young wife had! Not for hours, but for whole days at a stretch she had to wander around one museum after another, and when at last, utterly wearied, she could no longer hold up her train, his hygienic mind was immediately upset, as dust was so unhealthy. Then again, his vanity once placed her in a most embarrassing situation. Was there not a portrait of one of Queen Amalia's ladies-in-waiting wearing the Grecian headdress in the Royal Palace at Munich? Remembering this, Schliemann straightway induced his unsuspecting wife to put on the red fez with the long tassel, which she had brought with her in her trunk, drove with her to the Palace, and led her up to the picture, so that the eyes of all the other visitors were attracted to the little drama. That was exactly what he wanted, to prove to himself and to others that she was more beautiful than the

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lady in the portrait. Is it any wonder that the poor girl burst into tears and fled?

A luxurious house in Paris and everything which had never been hers before and of which she had perhaps read in books, awaited the beautiful seventeen-year-old girl. Did she smile like the girl in the fairy tale who was suddenly turned into a princess? No, she wept and felt quite lost. Was this Paris, of which she had heard such wonderful things? The food was strange to her, the theatre bewildered her, and she did not even understand the language. The circus and the illusionist Houdin were more to her liking. Moreover, she had to study French and German assiduously. When, however, two Greek girls with whose parents Schliemann had become acquainted in Paris came to see her, the dolls which she had smuggled along with her were quickly brought out, and the chignon which she was required to wear was flung into a corner. In the evenings learned men came to visit them, and the host, who had no taste for light conversation, always led the talk towards serious subjects, in order to improve his knowledge, for he had always to be learning something. Then, every evening, his young wife had to listen while he read aloud to her two hundred lines of the "Iliad," and if he noticed her nodding he would stop reading, whereupon she would start up, and, finding him looking reproachfully at her, would try to keep her attention concentrated.

However, as time went on, she grew pale and thin, and in the following summer the doctors advised him to take her back to Athens. "See that your wife has food prepared in the Greek fashion, and drive, ride and walk with her a great deal. Above all, however, see that she is relieved of all mental strain by means of plenty of exercise in the open air and suitable amusements."

From Athens, where he was soon to join her, she practised writing to him in German, which made him smile: "My dear

Husband, Why are you displeased with your poor wife? I am doing my best. . . . Oh, how is it possible that I can leave you . . . that I love none but only you."

Are we to weep — or laugh? Once again the gold began to gleam and appeared at moments to disturb the harmony even of this touching union.

"Until that unfortunate day on which we returned to Athens, we were so happy," he wrote to her. "Until then we had lived together like turtledoves, and would have thought a separation for even an hour or two impossible."

Then follow pages protesting against the various demands made upon him by her relations and asking why she had not put a stop to it all. The whole letter is written in a pleading strain, which softens the reproaches and modifies the usual Schliemann superlatives.

To his father-in-law he wrote in a more forceful tone, saying that he had heard how the Archbishop had been alluding to the sum he had promised them in the form of diamonds. There was clearly some misunderstanding, since he had, on the contrary, requested the Archbishop not to mention his money to any one.

"Whether or not he has made this promise in my name, in any event you have committed a grave sin in selling your daughter to me for 150,000 francs in diamonds. The non-fulfilment of your hopes is the just punishment of Heaven for such an action. . . . The Turks do, indeed, sell their daughters, but we, thank God, are Christians. Your conduct ought to be brought to public notice in the Athens press. . . . I love your daughter as no husband has ever loved his wife."

All this she knew and had to read, but felt herself drawn to her family by ties of tradition and blood, and so defended them at times. When, however, things reached a crisis, she resolutely took her husband's side, notwithstanding any ideas which she herself may have had about the nature of her mar-

riage, and remained staunch to him when her own people accused him, realising that a second disillusionment, above all with a Greek wife, on whom all his romantic fancies were centred, would be a disaster for her husband, who no longer was a young man. Accordingly, she stood by him in all important matters, and only occasionally tried to help her own people indirectly in trifling matters.

With the tact that comes from the heart she knew how to relieve the gloomy thoughts of this mercurial, impulsive husband of hers; for, during the first year of their marriage, the news of the sudden death of his eldest daughter prostrated him for weeks. Was it a sign of the displeasure of the gods? Had he in the last resort sinned against his children? This young wife beside him was no older than the girl who was gone. He resumed correspondence with his son Sergius with redoubled zest, sent him money and induced him to write historical essays. If the girl had died two years earlier, their common sorrow might have brought the husband and wife together again. Such thoughts as these may well have occupied his mind.

It was not long, however, before his sense of present realities reasserted itself. He began to interest himself in his new relatives, and on one occasion took one of his four brothers-in-law with him on his travels, so that he might learn something of other countries, and, during their absence, installed another brother in his house to look after it. When the latter fell ill, Schliemann wrote to him: "If you do not lose heart nor give way to melancholy thoughts, and always do what the doctor prescribes, you will soon be well again . . ."

For, as he grew older, the care of his health became his first commandment, and, sixty years ago, he both practised and advocated those natural methods of preserving health which we have recently rediscovered, — massage, cold baths and eating fruit. To his energy he owed not only his achievements

but also his health, and thus we find him tiring out, and on one occasion over-exhausting by long walks, his brother-in-law, who was thirty years his junior.

At first his young wife's ill health seemed likely to upset all his plans. Indeed, he writes: "Our happiness would be complete if only her health were good. But, alas, it seems that fate has ruled that lasting conjugal happiness is not to be mine. There is nothing for it but to accept the blows of fate philosophically. To this end, I intend now to give myself up body and soul to scientific research and to carry out important excavations every year." Two months later, however, so far from carrying out his plan, he was obliged to take her to Paris for treatment, and "I cannot describe how disappointed I am at this misfortune." Hardly had she begun to improve, when he decided that she should follow him to the Troad, and was at pains to convince her that she was "more wildly enthusiastic than I am about the excavations at Troy. . . . Assuredly your great pleasure will consist in writing a book in Greek on our excavations and publishing it under your own name, thus making the name of Sophia Schliemann immortal. . . . It is frightfully hot there, we live in a tent. I will take a side-saddle out with me . . . also delicacies for you to eat, such as sardines and sausage. . . . You will be able to bathe with me in the early morning in the Scamander, whose health-giving waters will suit you better than the mud-baths of the Piræus, and furthermore your stomach will never be upset. . . . Accustomed as I am to conjugal life, my monklike existence gives me insomnia, so I get up at half-past three, have a shower bath, drink a cup of black coffee, go to the riding-school where you made your celebrated efforts at learning to ride, hire a horse and ride for three hours in the Bois de Boulogne. . . . I do not get home until half-past eight, when I have something more to eat and then work for the rest of the day."



He then proceeds to ask the size of her foot, so that he can buy her Turkish boots, promises to send her a further thirty metres of dress material, which she ostensibly required for herself, shutting his eyes to the fact that she used it to clothe half her family.

He repeatedly warned her to be careful to avoid jolting when out driving, and enjoined upon her not to exceed a walking pace, so that no harm could come to Odysseus, who was not expected to arrive before another four months. In the meantime, however, she had fallen a victim to the melancholia of the expectant mother, did not feel well, and wrote letters to him like this one from her German exercise book:

"My dear Husband. You make me very unhappy. Do you think that I am not trying to learn German? You tell me to write out seven pages and to correct them myself under the eye of Madame Cristopulos. This is impossible. Every evening I learn one page which has been corrected the previous day, and write out a fresh passage, but to do as much as you order is more than I can manage."

Or, as in another extract from this touching exercise book: "I cannot understand why so much energy is spent to obtain this world's goods and often so little made to secure a friend."

Such was the mood of the young Greek girl, even after the birth of her child, as expressed in her letters written to Paris from Athens; always slightly astonished and always a little repelled by the restless atmosphere with which this man surrounded himself. He could not understand this; to him movement was life, and on New Year's Day, 1871, he wrote to her from Constantinople:

"My beloved Sophia. . . . I am most distressed to hear of your unhappy state of mind, of your dejection and your despair. But, my dearest, has not God placed you in a very fortunate position? Do you not possess a husband who idolises you? Are not your most fervent wishes about to be fulfilled?

Are you not with your mother in our beloved Athens, while our friends in Paris and, with them, two million other men, women and children, have not a stick of firewood to warm them nor a crust of bread to eat, while at the same time blazing shells hurtle into their houses, burying amid the ruins thousands of the most cultured, courteous and kindest of people, whose sole crime was to have been deluded by that *canaille*, Napoleon.

"Fall straightway on your knees and thank God for all the blessings He showers upon you, ask His pardon for allowing yourself, in moments of mental stress, to forget all His goodness to you. . . . During my involuntary stay here I have learned Turkish; I have been using the language for the past eighteen days, and can read and write it fluently and have a vocabulary of at least 6,000 words."

When, eventually, Odysseus arrived in May, he turned out to be a girl, and was christened Andromache. Barely four months later Sophia, having left her child behind, was in Troy, the only woman among a hundred men.

### III

A wide, hilly plain, on which flocks of sheep grazed, bordering on the sea on one side and stretching away on the other three sides until it merged into the steppes of Asia Minor; a dirty little village, inhabited by a few hundred stolid shepherds — amid these surroundings suddenly appeared a slightly built stranger, of medium height, with hat and stick and spectacles, concerning whom the rumour ran that he had untold wealth far over the seas, and, moreover, a crazy idea of digging into this Old World's crust in search of treasure. Had they not been Orientals, a revolution must have broken out; as, however, they were Orientals, they merely gazed at the stranger with their dark, wise and melancholy eyes. When he

hired a gang of a hundred men, placed in their hands shovels and spades, which he had brought with him, and bade them dig a trench nearly one hundred feet wide right through the hill, neither their zeal nor their pace increased. Was there not the Pasha and did not part of the land now belong to the Sultan, and who could tell whether they had given him permission?

Even their employer himself had to restrain his ardour and energy. Did he believe what he said when he wrote the previous year to his aged sisters, declaring that before seeing them again in the summer, he had an important task before him, namely, to excavate Mycenæ? Or did his keen nerves feel, did his ever alert imagination foresee that it would take him three summers to discover Troy and a further three summers to unearth the tombs of the kings in Mycenæ? When he was heaping up gold above the earth he saw it glittering from the very outset; then, rapidly and steadily, he saw it growing each month, so that his co-ordinating mind was able almost to estimate in advance the rate at which it would grow. Here, however, his faith was even greater, but it remained faith; and his opponent was not to be overcome by shrewdness; patience alone was needed, and to the exercise of patience he had to compel himself.

There it lay, dark and inscrutable, the hill that was supposed to conceal the traces and treasures of Homeric times. But there was no guide to tell him where to begin, how wide to dig the trench, or in what direction it should be dug; moreover, tradition, too, was scanty as a guide. At that time neither Olympia, nor Delphi nor Mycenæ had been excavated, and just as the plan of operations had to be based on intuition, so also a technique had to be developed as need arose. When Schliemann began his work there was no existing technique of excavation. Ox waggon's lumbered slowly over the trackless steppes, camels transported the objects discovered, and the

men in their Turkish trousers who followed them seemed little likely to outdo the oxen in speed. They were Greeks from the neighbouring village of Renkoi; only on Sundays did Turkish workers take their place. Fresh mounds quickly heaped themselves up where the hundreds of hands dumped the loaded barrows. Where should the enormous quantities of soil gradually dug out be deposited? No one knew the limits of the ancient field.

Nearby, a wooden hut was built, to be followed later by several others. Iron bedsteads were installed therein, but, unfortunately, it sometimes happened that when the occupant had turned into bed, a snake slid down from overhead, and had to be killed before any thought of sleep was possible. Then summer with its mosquitoes brought malaria, to which Schliemann invariably succumbed; his wife, on the other hand, never took it; a country-bred woman, these wilds suited her better than Paris. With a natural assurance, and with the understanding one would expect from a composed and resourceful nature, she straightway took charge of a gang of workers and supervised their work, in accordance with her husband's plans, for about eight hours every day.

After some time Schliemann said to his foreman, Nicolas: "Bring a woman into the household. My wife is always alone among men."

"Then you must give me three days' leave."

On the fourth day Nicolas returned bringing with him a very beautiful woman.

"Where did you find her? How long can she stay?"

"As long as I stay. I have married her."

Nicolas stayed for twenty years with Schliemann, who trusted him absolutely. He invariably wore a belt around his waist containing a supply of gold coins, in order to be able in critical situations to win over some official or employee. He alone retained his proper name. To his personal servants

Schliemann gave the names of Telamon and Pelops, to his house concierge at Athens, the name of Bellerophon, and his old gardener he christened Calchas.

The selection of these men was very important, and only a man of the world who had been accustomed to controlling large staffs could have found the right ones. As he was under obligation to hand over half of his discoveries to the Turkish authorities, he was subject to the continual surveillance of an Armenian, to whom he himself had to pay twenty-three piastres a day to discharge this irksome office. At times he had to play the part of doctor; he had brought out with him a miniature chemist's shop, and was beginning to acquire the elements of doctoring. Thus the first few months, until winter set in, passed amid complete uncertainty, detachment from the outside world and a sort of oppressive tranquillity. At the close little had been attained, and this little was inconclusive.

It was in very restrained terms that Schliemann issued to the public the first of his series of reports: "I am finding much that is wholly inexplicable to me in this stone age, and I, accordingly, consider it necessary to present everything as objectively as possible, in the hope that one or another of my esteemed colleagues will perhaps be able to enlighten me on obscure points. . . . I cannot understand how it is that I am unearthing stone implements throughout the whole length of my excavations at the present stratum. . . . Then again, I am perplexed by the increasing frequency with which, just now, I am coming across round objects with a hole through the middle, some of which are in the form of humming-tops and others of volcanic mountains. . . . Moreover, it is probable that these early Trojans were the ancestors of the great Hellenic race, since I have also discovered a number of fragments of pottery on which the head of an owl is portrayed, which is, in all probability, the great-grandmother of the Athenian bird of Pallas Athena. I also frequently find here

miniatures of the primitive canoes made of hollowed tree trunks many of which I saw in Ceylon. . . .

"From the outset, the sole purpose of my excavations was to discover Troy, regarding the site of which hundreds of solid books have been written by a hundred scholars, but which no one so far has attempted to lay bare by excavations. . . . The discovery of relics of a stone age, so far from discouraging me, has merely served to make me all the more anxious to get down to the site of the first settlement here, and I intend to do so, even if I myself have to dig down a further fifty feet."

"18th November: Much that was unintelligible before has become clear to me, and I must first of all correct the mistake I made in it of thinking that I had come upon a stone age. . . . For the past two days I am unearthing . . . nothing but large blocks of stone, some wrought, some unwrought, and beneath them lie other huge blocks. For instance, this morning I was occupied for three hours with 65 workmen in clearing a single door-sill with the aid of block and tackle. . . . I shall be pleased to place myself at the service of any one who desires further enlightenment on the matters touched upon in this report, and merely request enquirers to write to me at my address in Athens, where I shall be spending the winter."

Every word of this proclaims the thoughtful dilettante. Nowhere does he play the arrogant expert, but asks both himself and the reader what may be the meaning of the things he had unearthed. Schliemann was learning instead of instructing others, as he did all his life. Having once viewed the world with an observing eye, his mind was quick to associate unexpected things, and when he discovered a strange block of stone, he had physical comparisons ready to his hand. Here was an enigma to be solved which interested the whole world. So Schliemann did not conduct his readers into the temple, into

the circle of the experts. He said, let us throw the problem open to public discussion!

#### IV

When, after three months' absence, the young mother returned home, she hardly knew her daughter. Had her imagination at Troy, under the influence of the frequent quotation of and reference to Homer, formed such a vivid picture of Andromache that she was disappointed in this little creature who also bore that name? Or had her maternal imaginings run away with her? In any case she made the foster mother swear solemnly on an inlaid gold icon that the child was none other than her own child.

Scarcely had she left him, than her husband, who had remained to carry on the work in the Troad for some weeks longer until winter set in, as usual fell a victim to nerves, and, with characteristic abruptness, in rapid alternation, showered upon her endearments and reproaches, in his manner of writing to his father; except that here the reproaches were in Greek as being quicker and more certain to be understood, and the endearments were written in German in a less agitated hand. On more formal occasions, he began, in German, "My dear wife"; when he wanted to be abusive he began in Greek, "Adored Sophia."

"My dear wife. First of all, I must congratulate you on the way you have learned German. You have really done a wonderful thing in accomplishing in three months what no one else could have accomplished in a year. . . . I notice you still do not mention how things are going on at home with the cat, the doves and the hen and her chicks."

"Adored Sophia. I was so terribly hurt by your behaviour to me on the day of my departure that I simply could not thank

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you for your kind letter and telegram, and the cakes, which will form a splendid dessert for me every evening, after an unappetising meal. If my long silence has occasioned you concern, let it be a lesson to you in future not to wound the feelings of your husband, who overwhelms you with proofs of his love. How is our charming little Andromache? Does she often go out in her pram? I hope she is growing, for if she remains so tiny we shall have difficulty in finding a husband for her. . . . Life here is so wretched, there is so much grime and the privations of all kinds are so insufferable that I am glad you are not here with me."

Shortly after: "I tremble with alarm, grief and fury that you have forgotten me, that you can find no time to write to the poor husband who idolises you. . . . You ought to be proud of a husband who seeks by every possible means to extend his knowledge!" — The style of General Buonaparte to the letter!

This man, whose bold ventures called forth both the plaudits and the jeers of his contemporaries, who had such a weakness for playing the great gentleman and who so delighted in coquetting with the world, remained throughout the period of his most sensational achievements, which was now opening, entirely human, and, just as we find him asking about the cats and pigeons in Athens, so also, at Troy, he maintained a patient correspondence with Mecklenburg, and resumed relations with the narrow circles he had been so glad to leave. When his sister's husband fell ill, he suggested that he should go to Italy, and offered to make good the resulting loss of salary. He sent his sisters to watering places, invited the eldest to visit Athens, and gave a pension to a cousin's widow. In the midst of all this, he sent his son money for a summer holiday, and urged him, since he himself, on account of the botch that had been made of his education, could have no feeling for the beautiful and sublime, to send his own son to Troy, to the



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scene of his grandfather's excavations, "which for all time will be a place of pilgrimage for inquiring youth."

For Schliemann could not live except in a state of perpetual emotionalism, of exaggeration of all his joys and sorrows. He was always, as it were, translating his existence into hexameters. His nature needed this suggestion of epic life, in order to bring it into harmony with the ideal world of the great epics; and the only surprising thing is the sureness of the instinct which distinguished the practical from the ideal, and which enabled the merchant to pursue his affairs with resolution, shrewdness and cold calculation.

Schliemann's innate sense of gratitude had kept alive his friendship with his former chiefs. These gentlemen in Amsterdam, who had not left their office stools in thirty years, now received from their former apprentice a letter expressing his "thanks for your kindness in informing me that Ankershagen, my birthplace (sic!), is for sale. When I wanted to purchase it fifteen years ago, the owner would not part with it at any price, and now I can no longer consider the matter, since, with the same energy as I formerly brought to commercial affairs, I am working in the field of archæological research, and henceforward I should find it impossible to live anywhere but on classical soil."

Among figures indicative of the millionaire, running into hundreds of thousands in connection with shares, are to be found accounts such as this, from the publisher of his book on Ithaca: for eighty-five copies sold during the preceding year the author was credited with eighty-seven marks eleven pfennigs. Schliemann, however, checked everything and, concerning the cost of an advertisement, wrote: "And I must insist upon your deducting from the amount of your expenses the sum of 115.50 marks overpaid by me," after it had come to his knowledge that a book-seller and a newspaper had charged him differing amounts for the same thing.

In the following year both Schliemann and his wife worked in the Troad almost continuously from April until August. On the northern slope a large terrace was cleared, a broad trench begun from the south, which was to meet the trench from the northern side in the middle, thus enabling the mound to be penetrated from two sides. A number of very early stone implements, bronzes and pieces of pottery were found. Regarding the arrangement and the period of the various strata Schliemann was then uncertain. The new technique of excavation, involving measurements and photographs, had scarcely begun, and he was unable to apply it at this stage; moreover, no one had yet thought of enlisting the services of architects. Hampered by public opposition, which had even then begun to murmur and was to swell into a fierce chorus, he had nothing but Homer to guide him in the work of exploring this bewildering hill which had been inhabited by many generations and on which town had been built upon town. Inevitably, therefore, he made mistakes at first, in the same way as did the first Arctic explorers, who, nevertheless, are honoured for their initiative, their pioneer spirit and the partial successes they achieved.

So truly, however, did his instinct guide him that he was puzzled by the corner of the wall on which he had come. For, on excavating the circuit wall of what was later described as the sixth stratum, he uncovered the southeastern corner of a building which, ten years later, it was possible to declare definitely to belong to the Homeric Troy. As his imagination was in search of splendour, he did not at first identify this corner, but nevertheless a presentiment such as later explains all his successes bade him suspend the work: "The foreman Photiadis has to-day brought to light a magnificent bastion constructed of large blocks of finely wrought shell limestone, without cement or plaster, which, however, does not appear to me to be older than the time of Lysimachus. To be sure it is holding

us up, but it is too beautiful and venerable for me to dare to lay hands on it. It must be preserved as it is."

On the other hand, he considered two fragments of what is known as the second stratum to be parts of one and the same wall, and as they corresponded in thickness and were on the same level, fancy immediately became translated into reality in his mind: he imagined he had discovered the Great Tower mentioned by Homer, that "sacred, and stately monument of the heroic days of Greece."

## V

But where was the gold under the earth? Did not Homer speak of splendid treasures? Were not the jewels of the women, the glitter of weapons, the riches of these kings described with an exactitude which could only have come to the poet through the sight of his own eyes or the description of an ancestor? To go on digging for months among stones and débris without finding anything but some bits of wall, fragments of pottery, and, occasionally, a funeral urn; to go on sacrificing health, time and enormous sums of money, and yet, in the darkness of this pile of débris, to advance but toilsomely and without results that would spread his fame afar, — all this might have wearied even sooner a nature set like Schliemann's on glory and success. It was, therefore, truly amazing to find them next spring once more on the hilly plain of Troy. An attempt was to be made first of all further to lay bare the Great Tower.

"15th March, 1872: The nights are cold and towards morning the thermometer often drops to freezing point, while in the day time the sun is already beginning to be oppressively warm, and the thermometer reading is frequently as high as 72°. The leaves are already beginning to burst on the trees, and the Trojan plain is covered with spring flowers. For the

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last fortnight we have been hearing the croaking of millions of frogs . . . and the storks returned a week ago. The discomforts of life in these wilds include the hideous screeching of the innumerable owls that nest in the holes of my trenches. There is something weird and horrible about their screeching; it is unbearable, especially at night."

He now found at a greater depth terra cotta vases, a copper lance, large bronze and black vases, all showing very scanty designs and most of them broken. With every few feet inwards and downwards he revised his entries, and "I retract entirely the view I expressed previously that Ilium remained inhabited up to the ninth century A.D.;" it was more likely that it was entirely abandoned after the fourth century.

Schliemann kept a diary of his life and work during these four months. It is written mostly in German and covers over three hundred pages of a fat volume, with sketches which he had made by a draughtsman. A normal page, such as recurs several times, reads something like this:

"I had fifty-eight workmen to-day. This evening to my joy the third overseer also arrived, and now things will be much easier. The weather (in February) is cold, 48°, with continual gales from the north. I am attacking the site of the temple with the utmost energy from two sides, and am not without hope of being able to clear away the débris practically right up to it before the end of the week. My workmen all come from the village of Yeni-Shehr and Kalifatli, and I have rented a house for them in K., so that they will not waste too much time going and coming. The storks will not be back for another month; the first spring flowers are just beginning to come up. The cold does not allow the workmen to slack. Work begins at sunrise, 7 A.M., and ends at sunset, 5:30 P.M. The days are steadily lengthening, and as we love everything in life that grows, this time is the pleasantest of all the year to me. So far I have no shortage of foodstuffs. . . . The follow-

ing have been found (a list follows of eleven objects, with a note of the depth at which they were found).

(Continuation in French). "To my joy some one has also brought me a cat, which will keep my house free of mice. On the whole I am as happy as a king, since I can devote myself entirely to my great purpose."

"Last night we had a continuous thunderstorm, with alternating rain and hail; it thundered and lightened as if the world was coming to an end. In addition the southerly gale was so violent that I thought every moment that the house would collapse; . . . so that I am not able to keep warm in my wooden house into which the wind blows from all quarters."

"I am writing in thick gloves. A terrible northerly gale, with three degrees of frost, all the water in my wooden house is frozen. None of the workmen came. . . . I began this morning with six workmen, but they all fled very soon from the intolerable cold, and only the Australian with the captain and one workman from Smyrna went on with the digging. I would willingly have lost 2000 francs to stop another month in Athens."

"I superintended operations myself from early morning till late evening, and have never had a more terrible day's work, for, while I shivered with cold all the time, my eyes were perpetually blinded by the fine dust which the gale blew into my face. The cold has one advantage, the men are not able to stand idle for a single moment."

"21st February. By the most strenuous efforts I broke through these two walls, and was of course compelled to smash up all the magnificent big stones of the Wall of Lysimachus, which got in my way. I did this with the greatest regret, for each of these stones is worth twenty francs in Paris, but it was impossible to make progress in any other way. . . . The storks have not arrived yet, but they are ex-

pected very soon. I have had two stone basins constructed on the flat roof of my house, to induce the storks to make their nests in them."

"4th March. I have laid out two side tracks for removal (of the débris). Experience has taught me that it is much better not to have special men for loading the barrows, but to make each work<sup>er</sup> shovel his barrow full himself."

"15th March. The thousands of stones which I bring out of the depths of Ilium are used by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages for buildings which — for these wilds — must be styled magnificent. For example, a mosque and a minaret are now being built with my Ilian stones in the wretched Turkish village of Tschi and a church tower in the Christian village of Yeni-Shehr. A large number of two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen are always stationed by the excavations, to take possession of all stones that can be made use of in any way."

"16th March (Fire). If I had slept for only a moment longer, the house would have been completely destroyed by fire, and the antiquities collected with so much toil, as well as my fine books and papers, would have been lost. In this perpetual and frightful wind and cold I am beginning to weary terribly here."

"Mr. Frank Calvert finds in the fact that Homer does not mention either stone knives nor almost microscopic knife-saws an argument against the identification of Hissarlik with the site of Troy; I, however, and along with me certainly all scholars and admirers of Homer, would find it strange if the Homeric heroes appeared armed with silex knives from one and a half to two inches long; for a hero in epic poetry must carry heroic weapons and do heroic deeds. If the Homeric hero needs a stone weapon, like Hector, he does not search in his pocket for a one-and-a-half to two-inch long knife, but takes up the first enormous stone to hand, which not the strongest

man among the people could lightly lift from the ground on to a wagon; but he, Hector, carries it in one hand with the same ease as the shepherd carries a ram's fleece, and hurls the rock with infinite strength against the Achæan gate."

In May things suddenly became extremely interesting: they discovered two gates about twenty feet apart, and also locks, vases with owls' heads on them, and the remains of a house filled with remarkable things.

"The removal of the débris was very difficult, because . . . it had to be dragged in wheelbarrows up a steep path for over 160 yards. But all my expectations were . . . surpassed. . . . Behind the second gate I brought to light two buildings of different age, the more modern being built on the ruins of the older one; both were destroyed by terrible outbreaks of fire, of which the walls bear clear traces." The house he declared to be the palace of Priam, the gate, the Scæan Gate. But he added "in any case", wherein a doubt lurks, and he now announced his book, in which he would include about two hundred plates and over three thousand five hundred views of objects, "and if the civilised world receives the work favourably, I shall feel richly repaid for my superhuman efforts, hardships and enormous expenditure in this desert. . . . But if people are disappointed in their expectations at the sight of this plan, and consider that Troy was much too small for the great deeds of the 'Iliad', and that Homer exaggerated everything with a poet's freedom, they must, on the other hand, find a great satisfaction in the certainty now attained that the Homeric poems are based on actual facts. As I now regard my task as fulfilled, I shall finally cease my excavations here in Troy on 15th June."

A strange tone. If we subtract from this account the author's exaggeration for the benefit of the newspaper-reading world, and the exaggeration native to his character, there re-

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mains more resignation than satisfaction. A little before this he had written to his son Sergius in a similar sense:

"We have been digging here for three years with from a hundred to a hundred and fifty workmen, and have laid bare half the ancient town and most, if not all, of the monuments of deathless fame. We have dragged away 250,000 cubic metres of débris, and have collected in the depths of Ilium a fine museum of very remarkable antiquities such as have never before existed. Now, however, we are weary, and since we have attained our goal and realised the great idea of our life, we shall finally cease our efforts here in Troy on 15th June."

Sophia had gone to Athens in May, on account of her father's sudden death. At that time he was so despondent that he wrote to his publisher: "The hardships are beyond my strength, and I have decided to continue with the excavations until 1st June, and then abandon them for ever. Later I will dig only in Greece, and begin with Mycenæ, Agamemnon's capital." It was not until Sophia had returned to her husband that the great discovery was heralded. It was as if the discoverer's hand of the Hellenist became effective only in the presence of this Greek girl. For in the middle of June, immediately before he intended to cease the excavations "for ever", he suddenly found the gold.

It was on a morning in the middle of June, one day before the termination of the work. The two Schliemanns were standing not at the main excavation site, but, along with one or two workmen, at the point where the circuit wall continues northwest from the "Scæan Gate", close to the "House of Priam." Shovel and spade were at a depth of twenty-eight feet. Suddenly Schliemann noticed a big copper object of remarkable shape. Immediately afterwards, through the dirt and dust, he caught sight of something gleaming in the sun. No one else had noticed the glitter of the gold: the man who for thirty



years had dreamed of gold and had been looking for it here for three years was attracted by the gleam before any of the others who stood close beside him. Then the woman saw it too.

Now the great business man came into action, the man of the world and adventurer too, who had spent a year among the gold-seekers in California, had had to deal with gold-seekers, had unearthed lucky finds and sold them. Here beckoned the prize, the gold beneath the earth, the gold of Homer, the culminating point of Schliemann's twin emotion. The problem was to get the overseer of the Turks out of the way, to have none of the workmen about. To bring it all to light alone, alone with his wife. And before Sophia could utter an unguarded word or ask a question, he called to her: "Go at once and shout '*Paidos*' " (the Turkish for a rest interval).

"Now, at seven o'clock?"

"Quick. Tell them that to-day is my birthday, and that I have only just remembered it. Every one will get his wages to-day without working. See that they go off to the village. See that the overseer doesn't come. Hurry. Shout '*Paidos*!' "

She had been accustomed for months to shout "*Paidos*" three times a day, for breakfast, at midday and in the evening. To-day, she did it in the morning, and gave the message to the men, and these Orientals, who were glad of any opportunity for a holiday, wasted no time in wondering. Then she came back to her gold seeker.

"Go quickly and bring your big shawl," he called to her, cutting with his knife around the hole in which his discovery was hidden. She went and returned. Her husband was not strong, he had never dug himself, and had very seldom used spade and shovel; he had always been the brains; to-day he was to be the hands as well.

"On the top of the copper vessel lay a solid layer of red ash and calcined ruins about five feet thick, and above this again

a wall of fortification  $5\frac{3}{4}$  feet broad and  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, composed of large stones and earth, which must date from the period immediately following the destruction of Troy. . . . In great haste I cut out the treasure with a big knife, which entailed the utmost exertion, and which might have involved the most frightful danger to life. For the great wall of fortification which I had to undermine threatened to fall in on me any moment. But the sight of so many objects each one of which was of incalculable value, made me rash, and I did not think of danger."

One by one he raised the golden treasures out of the copper receptacle, Sophia laid them in her big red shawl, and together they dragged the Homeric marvel into their wooden hut, locked the door and spread out the treasure.

Perhaps this was the supreme moment in Schliemann's life. Had not his faith in Homer been splendidly vindicated? Had he not set out, almost with nothing but the "Iliad" in his hands, had first established the hill on which Troy must have been situated, then dug, ever wider and deeper, seeking and finding, but only fragments of pottery, vases, building stones, and once, a late metope? But now, here in this silent room, from the red cloth was revealed the gold of Priam, for whose else could it be? Every thought of this restless life had been directed towards gold and fame. Here both lay before them: he was at once discoverer and possessor, and at his side stood a beautiful Greek girl of twenty, the mother of his daughter Andromache. He hung chains and rings against her breast and ears, and as the two looked and trembled, the dream of this visionary was realised. This was Troy, and he, a poor clergyman's son from the North Sea, stood on the shore of the Hellespont, dipping his hands in the treasures of the ancient world, a true believer, a wizard, protected by Pallas Athene, who in his struggle against the world made his booty invisible with her red garment, as she had once made the Greek hero.

## VI

"Since," wrote Schliemann three weeks later, "I found all the objects together or packed into one another on the circuit wall, the building of which Homer ascribes to Neptune or Apollo, it seems certain that they lay in a wooden chest, of the kind mentioned in the 'Iliad' as having been in Priam's palace. It seems all the more certain, since I found quite close to them a copper key about 4 inches long, the head of which, about 2 inches in length and breadth bears a very marked resemblance to the big key of an iron safe. . . .

"Probably some member of Priam's family packed the treasure into the chest in great haste and carried it away without having time to draw out the key, but was overtaken on the wall by the enemy or the fire, and had to leave the chest behind, where it was immediately covered to the depth of five or six feet with the red ash and the stones of the neighbouring palace. . . . The 56 remaining earrings are of varying size, and three of them seem also to have been used by the princesses of the royal house as finger rings."

When Schliemann had written this report for the public, on the same 17th of June, he concluded the "Heinrich und Sophie-Schlieman-Buch" with the following words:

"This evening I have put an end to the work for this life, and had the excavations blessed by the priest. He is an inn-keeper. It is a comforting thought that in spite of the great danger involved in these excavations, no one has lost his life or even been dangerously injured. When I laid bare the Scæan Gate six weeks ago, it looked as fresh as if it had just been made, but now I observe with alarm that it has suffered so frightfully from the ravages of fire (at the capture of Troy) that the walls, made of stone and earth, cannot hold together for long. . . . The man who tried to save the treasure for-

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tunately had the presence of mind to place the large silver vase containing the various valuables upright in the chest, so that not a single bead had fallen out and everything remained undamaged."

In conclusion he repeated his thankfulness that no one had been hurt in the course of the lengthy work. When it was later counted, weighed, measured and entered up, the treasure was found to include two gold diadems, one consisting of 90 chains, 12,271 rings, 4,066 almost heart-shaped plaques, and 16 idols. In addition there were 24 gold necklaces, eardrops, buttons, needles, prisms, 8,700 gold articles in all, also a large golden goblet weighing 601 grammes, a gold bottle, and also other goblets, one made of electron and one of silver.

But what was the gold-seeker to do with the gold? There was no safe secure enough to deposit it in, no American railway good enough to carry it. To escape the curse of the gold which he had found beneath the earth, to link it up with the love of fame which inspired him in all his deeds, was henceforward his endeavour, and ten years were to pass before the gold of Priam which then fell into Schliemann's hands was to find a resting place, far from that spot. For the moment the urgent thing was to smuggle the treasure away from the Turks, like Faust's soul from Mephistopheles.

In truth it was not angels who helped them to secure the treasure, but the two hands of a faithful servant. Locked in a chest, it remained only a couple of days on Trojan soil, then, with all the dexterity which the Russified German and the Germanised Greek could compass, it was put on shipboard and taken to Athens. But even there it was not secure, for the wave of interest which swept over the whole world after reading that short report revealed the secret to the Turkish Government.

Schliemann, who had made allowance for this, found himself veritably in a dilemma between love of gold and love of

fame; the latter, however, was much too strong in him and much too unsatisfied not to make him decide against the will to gold. What he held in his hands was, he knew, not to be valued in gold; the glory that would be his, if he published the news, and, with it, his secret possession of the treasure, was no less. Action on the part of the Turks was to be expected; and he secretly scattered among the Greeks the treasure which the Trojan king had buried, in order to save it from their ancestors. After being buried for three thousand years, the treasure of Priam once more disappeared from the light of the sun. It vanished.

It was as if his wonderful alliance with a Greek woman had been rewarded. Here there was a brother-in-law, there an uncle of Sophia's outside the town, who had a barn, a stable, and also a dwelling house on the way to Eleusis, and who was loyal and clever enough to hide a few gold ornaments and also the pottery, in many baskets and chests. Schliemann was so prudent that, as his wife had begun a cure at Ischia, he sent his best servant after her, to tell her by word of mouth where the various parts of the treasure were concealed. When Schliemann's house was searched through the agency of the Turkish Ambassador, there was nothing left to find.

Had not Lord Elgin acted in a similar way seventy years earlier? At that time Athens was still Turkish, and in the firman granted to the foreigner these words occurred: "No one shall prevent him from taking some blocks of stone with inscriptions or figures on them away from the Acropolis," a clause which was later somewhat extended. Lord Elgin, who had paid from three to four hundred workmen for a year to obtain the sculptures of the Parthenon, took out of Greece a dozen statues, fifteen metopes and fifty-six slabs of frieze, and, after the most famous English expert, Richard Payne Knight had made himself ridiculous in the history of art by advising against their acquisition, the British Museum, ten years after

the offer was made, finally bought the whole for thirty-five thousand pounds, a sum which did not compensate Lord Elgin for half his outlay.

So it was natural that Schliemann for a little while also thought of selling his treasure. He was morally convinced that he owed the Turks nothing, for, as he wrote to Brockhaus, his publisher, "all firmans always contain a clause that half must be given up, but Turkey has never yet received the smallest thing from any one, and it must be so now too, for if the Turks had got the treasure, they would have melted it down and not made 12,000 francs out of it, whereas, in my hands, it is of incalculable value for scholarship."

The opposition of many experts, to which we shall return later, embittered Schliemann, and at first the business man came to the fore again. In his litigation with the Turkish Empire he was once more instigated by his taste for gold; at the same time, however, he could not but wish to have the treasure preserved in the capital of a civilised country and under his name. His own reports made it plain that he had handed over nothing but things of no importance to the Turks, and while a bevy of the best advocates in Athens — really every Athenian is an advocate — were conducting Schliemann's case, the gold that he had acquired above ground was also flowing underground in many channels. The public opinion of Athens was on Schliemann's side, for there was hope that he would leave the treasure in Greece. The Government, however, which at that time had reason for keeping on the right side of the Turks, did not give him adequate support, and the director of the University Library openly wrote: "After all, this German of American nationality, who is promising us a house here for the exhibition of his discoveries, acquired his wealth as a smuggler. Perhaps he did not find the whole thing in his excavations, but at the second-hand dealers. And what did he find? Pottery. Who can say that these pots are not forgeries?"

Thus during the period that the treasure seemed to have vanished, and also later, when its discoverer succeeded in buying off the Turks with one hundred thousand francs in new money, he played with the idea of selling the treasure. Why should he present it to the Greeks, when they were so frightfully suspicious of a distinguished scholar? "Bravo!" wrote his friend Burnouf, the director of the French School of Archæology in Athens. "You could not do better than to break finally with a country that treats you in such a fashion. Italy will show more intelligence, I am sure of that. Lose no time."

Rarely was the diplomat in Schliemann more apparent than during this period when he possessed the gold of Priam, but did not know whether he should sell it or give it away, nor whom to give it to. He only knew that he must play one off against the other. His agility of mind becomes plain when we find him, still uncertain how his case against the Turks would be decided, writing the following letters in rapid succession:

"19th July, 1873 (to a friend in Mecklenberg-Schwerin): I had the intention of using my great collection of Trojan antiquities, with which I could fill several rooms, and also the block of triglyph found in Troy, as a weapon against the Greek Government, with the object of obtaining permission to excavate Olympia and Mycenæ. I promised to bequeath to the Greek nation all that I had found up to the present and everything I would find in these two places, and also to build a museum at a cost of not less than 200,000 francs. My proposal was unanimously and jubilantly accepted in Parliament, but the Ministry is against me; also my successes have roused terrible jealousy in the Archæological Society here, so that Olympia in any case will be given . . . to the Prussian Government. They intend to give me Mycenæ only, and I will not hand over my artistic treasures for that; I also feel very much hurt, and do not intend to dig here at all. I believe that if I propose to the Italian Government to excavate in Sicily and

to bequeath . . . everything to the Italian nation, I should be welcome there, without being obliged to promise them Priam's treasure."

"26th July, 1873 (to the Director of the British Museum): I have decided to break entirely with Greece and to dig in Italy in future. . . . I wish to inform you in strict confidence that I am prepared to sell you my collections, and, particularly, the treasure of Priam. . . ."

"May, 1874 (to an unidentified correspondent): My dear friend. . . . As things were becoming dangerous, I wrote to the French Minister, Fortou, to say that I would present my great Trojan collection to the Louvre, and handed over my letter to the Ambassador here, on his assurance that I would receive a reply accepting my offer by telegram in a week, and that he would immediately take possession of the collection on behalf of France. But as the reply had not arrived at the end of twelve days, and the danger was hourly increasing, I cancelled my offer, and tried to rouse a keen sympathy for the collection here, by assuring every one that it would never leave Athens. Then yesterday the case of the Turkish Government was definitely dismissed by the Court here, and I believe that this result would have been attained even without my assurances. Nevertheless, as I gave the assurance, I regard it as a matter of honour that the collection should remain here permanently, and I shall build a museum for its exhibition."

Later, in October, 1876, to a Russian baron in St. Petersburg: "When I was asked the price of my Trojan collection some years ago, I said £80,000. But since I lived for twenty years of my life in Petersburg and all my sympathies belong to Russia, and as I sincerely desire that the collection should go there, I would ask only £50,000 from the Russian Government, and would even be prepared if necessary to come down to £40,000. . . . I promise you in any case to give Russia preference over all other countries, for I made my fortune there, and



it would, moreover, give me heartfelt pleasure to make archæological excavations for Russia, where so many towns are impatient to force their way to the light."

Meanwhile the Russians refused, the Italians fell out, the French did not jump at the offer, the English found it too expensive, and it required new influences and many years before Schliemann was induced to present his treasures to his own country.

## VII

Schliemann's faith in his wife had grown since the discovery of the golden treasure. The red shawl had become a symbol, and this man, who bought lottery numbers he had heard in a dream . . . and lost his money, or, if he did not buy them, looked for their success, Schliemann, believer in gold and myths, always inclined to show and prove that there was a blessing on his decisions, had felt, since the discovery of the treasure, that he possessed a supreme confirmation of the idea that, five years before, in a cold room of Indianapolis, he had been guided by Pallas Athene in his choice of the strange girl in the photograph. His outbursts of sudden wrath became rarer, so far as his wife was concerned, his autocratic spirit declined slightly, for he became older every year, while every year she was growing to maturity. On his long repeated journeys through Europe, almost all of which were undertaken for the sake of visiting museums or scholars, letters flew back and forth between them.

(Sophia to Heinrich in German). "My darling, what sort of life is this? Always apart. Am I to go on writing to you for ever, and are we to live apart for ever? What an existence! At times I fall a victim to terrible melancholy. . . . Don't you think that it would be nice if you were to live near your poor wife, who idolises you, who knows married life only in

dreams? . . . What do I do? I go out very little, and in the evenings I sit by the fire with my brother. Once or twice a week we go to the theatre, but that too gives me no pleasure. . . . Our child is very well. Your ever loving wife."

(Heinrich to Sophia in French). "My dear wife. . . . I thought you had given me only five weeks' leave. But if you allow me six weeks, I am happy, because in another week I can see four more museums. So write at once to say whether you have made a mistake of a week, or whether you are really allowing me to stay away six weeks."

(In English). "Dearest wife, Your brother is demanding a credit such as does not exist anywhere on the earth, but only among the gods of Olympus."

(In Greek). "You are alone in Paris? You have your daughter, your brother, governess and servants. Now I am sending you your mother as well. She is to live with you in Paris."

(In English). "Your brother sends me his regards once again. Since, however, I cannot send him my regards every day, I shall from now onwards make a cross at the end of every letter, which will mean: 'My best regards to Mr. Spiro'."

(Three days later). "For four days I have had no news of you. . . . You could not behave more cruelly to your worst enemy. If you cannot write, why in the world doesn't your brother do it? I shall never excuse him for this negligence, and therefore shall never send him my regards again."

(In German). "My beloved wife, I sent you yesterday the pattern of your winter clothes, and the flannel I have bought for you, Andromache and myself. I hope that you will be satisfied with my choice. . . . Beings who truly love each other have a sort of community of thought, and the one knows by pure intuition what the other is thinking and feeling. You have often guessed my secret thoughts, and I therefore ask you whether you can guess what I am thinking and feeling to-day. Your loving husband, Hy. Schliemann."

The way in which Schliemann wrote to his old sisters at home about his doings and plans, and especially of his fame, impresses one as half touching, half comic. A month after the discovery of the treasure he wrote to Mecklenburg:

"Since I wrote, we have made a discovery which will bring great glory to the name of Schliemann. We found the entire contents of the long vanished wooden chest of Priam, together with its enormous copper key. It contained six gold bracelets, an enormous gold goblet with two lips and two mighty handles . . . 6 Homeric talents of gold and silver, 56 magnificent gold earrings . . . then several thousands of quite small gold articles . . . 34 copper daggers, battle-axes, etc. This treasure, which I was fortunate enough to be able to remove, is, as the treasure of Priam, the mythical king of a mythical State belonging to the mythical age of Greece, worth over a million francs and of incalculable value to scholarship."

The way in which, in this passage, the provincial, revelling in the great world of his successes, as it were, teaches his sisters at home in their seclusion to shiver, enumerates the whole list like a trousseau, represents the king in childish fashion, but in the end destroys the whole effect of his fairy-tale description by valuing it at a million francs, shows Schliemann in all his naive vanity, the pastor's son who became a man of the world, the man of the world who sought for and found gold, and with gusto transports himself back, a conquering hero, to the atmosphere of the little town.

## VIII

In that mood of fatigue and semi-resignation, concealed though it was, which took possession of Schliemann before his last season at Troy and before the discovery of the gold, his unwearied will had already turned to new fields of activity. Shortly before he set out once more for Troy, he made an at-

tempt to secure the ancient localities of the Peloponnesians for his excavations.

In January, 1873, he wrote as follows to the Greek Minister for Education: "I have settled in Athens, married a Greek wife, and am working unremittingly for the glory of Greece. . . . Since I have been fortunate enough to discover the real site of Ilium and marvellous ruins, I have found a quantity of things of archæological value, of which I am making a unique prehistoric collection, as any one can see who visits my house, where it is all exhibited. . . . I shall bring to Athens any further finds that I may make. . . .

"After this, I should like to be of service to Greece by excavating Mycenæ and Olympia, and thereby giving new life to the earliest history of Greece. I therefore beg for your permission to dig at Mycenæ and Olympia at my own expense, on condition that all that I find shall belong to me for my life. After that, all my things, including the Trojan antiquities, will be placed in a museum, for which I will bequeath 200,000 gold francs, and be the property of the nation. In connection with this proposal I am prepared to conclude a legal contract."

Such was Schliemann's adaptability. Does he not write like an Oriental advocate, combining true Greek politeness with cunning, and contriving to conceal his objects behind a fountain of flattering phrases? The excessive self-praise alone is not a Levantine custom, and is merely a form of safeguard forced upon him by his illegitimate status in the world of scholarship. The consummate art of showering compliments and yet promising nothing, the German might have learned from the reply he received from the Minister next day:

"We regard your having settled in Greece as an honour, and rejoice at the love you bear towards this classic soil. By your excavations at Troy, by your having established the fact that this is the real site of ancient Ilium, you have also thrown light on our ancient history. . . . The collections in Athens secure

for you supreme gratitude. We read of your offer with delight and will carefully examine how we can avail ourselves of it. . . . For we perceive in your letter not only a great love for Greek antiquity, but also great philhellenism. As we are unable to give you our answer at once, we desired at least to give immediate expression to our gratitude. We congratulate Greece on her antiquities which have attracted men of your worth."

Magnificent as Schliemann's offer was, the law was against it, for no one was permitted to retain Greek antiquities, even for life, in spite of the fact that he had discovered them. But had he not succeeded in influencing legislation in America, merely in order to secure more rapid divorce from his wife? The man who, though half-German, intervened in party politics in America, in order to sever his Russian marriage, now set to work in his wooden Turkish house on the plain of Troy, and drew up a petition to the Greek Parliament, in which he appealed immediately to the fact of his having a Greek wife:

"As I am aware that my offer is contrary to the law of the land, I put forward a proposal to Parliament for new legislation. (Iteration of his services at Troy follows.) My efforts are aimed at proving that the 'Iliad' is based on historical fact, and I consider that the Greek nation ought not to be defrauded of this. Living in Athens, and as the husband of a Greek wife, I work solely for the glory of Greece."

Although, after the discovery of the golden treasure, Schliemann's name had captured the world, he did not carry his point in Athens this time. In February, 1874, in a second petition, he proposed to retain for himself part of his future discoveries, as the expenses of the excavations would be very heavy. At the same time he made a journey to Mycenæ for a couple of days, taking no workmen and making no preparations, in order to draw up a plan of work. A telegram from the Minister of Education to the prefect of Argolis followed hard on his heels, ordering the prefect to prevent the putting of spade into

ground and any attempt at excavation. Whereas the prefect spoke of "the German, Schliemann," as if he were a thief ("perhaps he will take things away or move them to a different place"), the director of the Archæological Society describes "the American, Schliemann," as a swindler, who will excavate at Mycenæ, mix what he finds with his Trojan discoveries and then remove them. An urgent telegram from the Minister to the prefect followed, ordering him to confiscate everything the foreigner had found. But the latter had in the interval started for Athens; he had not dug at all, but merely marked out one or two points. Then came a fresh telegram ordering his luggage to be examined. This showed that he "had found and removed only quite small fragments of vases, such as are lying around everywhere on the ground, quite useless and entirely valueless, so we did not confiscate them."

The more subordinate the authorities, the politer they were. Most delicate of all was the position of the chief of police at Nauplia, who had to establish the crime:

"As it was late, and I could not simply burst into a foreigner's room without causing the danger of a diplomatic complication, I called on him as a visitor, as I was acquainted with Mrs. Schliemann, who is a Greek. As you will see from my report, they had nothing of importance and I let it all pass." This diplomatist must have been somewhat embarrassed. He was offered coffee and *gliko*, and as he seemed unable to come to the point, Sophie Schliemann remarked: "I suppose you would like to see the things we have found?" She drew out from under the bed a basket full of fragments carefully collected together, which had no meaning to any one but a connoisseur. The report was then drafted; in addition to the potsherds, it mentions a little piece of smooth marble with neither carving nor inscription. "As such objects are to be found on the sites of all ancient cities, and as this piece of marble was stone rather than marble and cannot be of any interest, I handed them all

over to Mr. Schliemann, who adds his signature to mine on this document."

The Minister, however, was furious. The country was in danger. The prefect of Nauplia received the following awesome communication: "You have behaved very wrongly in relying on the local chief of police and permitting Schliemann to remove what he found. . . . I did not leave the decision to your judgment and that of the local chief of police. The latter must have no judgment, for we cannot suppose that any one would dig at great expense for something that would afterwards prove to be of no value. . . . You yourself, the sub-prefect and the mayor of Mycenæ have by your actions shown that the soil of Greece is defenceless, and that any unauthorized person, in utter disregard of our laws, may do whatever he likes on it. . . . In the interest of our common country, you must impress on all your subordinates that such a thing must never happen again."

Once again, even in this trifling adventure, the curse of gold fell upon Schliemann. Although he never made the mistake of concealing his discoveries, but rather proclaimed them too quickly and too loudly, he was an object of suspicion for he had found gold. What if the lucky hand of this gold-seeker were to find on Greek soil what had already fallen to it on Turkish soil?

Although the world had learned his name, and the Minister thanked him for the honour done to Greece by his taking up residence there, the suspicions of the authorities, scenting gold, crept even into the basket of potsherds by means of which he was attempting to measure the age of certain strata. In a document which sounds like a police report against a criminal about to be charged, the Department of Ancient Monuments delivered its crushing verdict on the foreigner to the Minister in the following terms:

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"Schliemann complicated his memorial to the Chamber with other cases which made it appear above suspicion and aimed at circumventing the authorities. Last year, in the middle of January, this man made a declaration to the Customs Office at Piræus about his antiquities from Troy, and thereupon received permission to export his antiquities, the Customs authorities at the Piræus receiving orders to put no obstacles in the way of the export. While the Ministry assumed that the man had gone off to Vienna or somewhere else in Europe with his antiquities, suddenly, in the middle of February, the prefect of Argos by telegram accused Mr. Schliemann of digging in Mycenæ without permission. . . .

"The man actually drafted his petition for permission to excavate on 11th February, and delivered or even sent it to the Ministry on some date I am ignorant of, obviously trusting to the irregularity of our Government departments. At the same time he proceeded to Nauplia by steamer, and from there to Mycenæ, where he began to dig. All this was done not only without the knowledge of the Ministry, but while the Ministry supposed, on account of his requests to export his Trojan antiquities, that the man was no longer in Greece at all. It is true that the prefect of Argolis was ordered to put a stop to the excavations, and the provincial prefect of Argos to confiscate any antiquities he had found. But the prefect did not reply to the Ministry at all, and the provincial prefect received the telegram after Schliemann had already left Mycenæ. Now the Ministry is ignorant of what Schliemann found, and, in virtue of the permit he possesses to export his Trojan antiquities, he can take his finds out of the country without further formalities.

"Mr. Schliemann's petition reveals a man who believes that the Greeks do not respect their laws, for which reason he makes fun of them as occasion arises. The conduct which ac-



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accompanied the petition reveals a man who is trying to mislead and deceive the competent authorities."

"Eustratiadis."

Schliemann was beside himself with rage. Had he not tried in all sorts of ways to do Greece a service and at the same time devote himself to his own passion? To pay for everything, to build a museum, to leave everything he found, including the Trojan treasure, in Athens for all time? Who had ever made an offer like this, and who could have made it but a rich idealist, who asked nothing for himself but the right to be the first to make the discoveries public? Now he felt repulsed, suspected, as if he were a pirate who would sail away from the Piræus by night, taking his booty with him. So he made up his mind, as has already been told, to dig in Italy or Russia, and leave Greece for ever, and he would have been carried away by his temperament, if Sophie had not strained every nerve to bind his destiny, and, with it, her own, to Athens. Two months after the little Argolic comedy, an agreement was concluded, whereby Schliemann was permitted to dig at Mycenæ under the supervision of the Archæological Society of Greece at his own expense, but was obliged to hand over all he found; he was, however, granted the sole right of reporting on and describing his finds for a period of three years. The same Eustratiadis, who had characterised him so benevolently two months before, now signed this document in Schliemann's favour.

It is true that restrictions were imposed in the matter of the number of workmen to be employed and the locality of the excavations: he was permitted to dig only inside the Acropolis of Mycenæ and not outside the walls. As the experts were looking for the ancient tombs, which were the all-important thing, outside the walls, they were secretly amused and did not grudge the dilettante the inner part, in which nothing of importance could be found. Schliemann, on the other hand, on his first

visit five years before, had definitely decided, merely by looking at the site and comparing it with his sources, that the tombs lay inside the walls. Moreover, a member of the Society, that is, an expert, was assigned to him as overseer, to collect all that was found every evening, note it and place it in safe keeping. In this way the Government made certain of the results of a campaign in the success of which the scholars had no faith. For this they lost the Trojan treasure, which they might have had under a more friendly arrangement.

Nevertheless, Schliemann made one of his lordly gestures by offering to pull down the Venetian Tower on the Acropolis at his own expense, in order to pay Athens a compliment. It can still be seen in old pictures; it is only since Schliemann removed it in 1874 that an uninterrupted view of the temple has been possible.

## IX

A traveller approaching Mycenæ, especially in winter, under a grey sky with dark driving clouds, as he slowly climbs the hard road leading to the stone citadel on the hill, would imagine the gloomy landscape, focussed, as it were, in the gigantic walls of the fortress, to be the home of dark and savage natural powers, would picture it as the scene of tragedies of the heroic age, even if he did not know what happened there. Only when this gloomy Cyclopean fortress, above the precipitous cliffs, ponderous, defiant and evil, is viewed from above and looking towards the west, is it possible for a moment to shake off its oppression, for there the Bay of Nauplia insinuates itself into the landscape like a serene and luminous bow. This aspect alone makes the place bearable. All the rest expresses with violent voiceless sound the citadel of the Atridæ, their passions and their destinies, oracles and their fulfilment, murder and revenge.

It is the primeval soil of Greece on which we stand here, for

the legend of these hills and peaks leads back to Perseus, and Agamemnon, the grandson of Pelops, seems already to belong to a younger age. What happened here, sung by Homer, the tragic dramatists, and by ever new poets of Greece, the fate of the victor returning from Troy, treachery and revenge, has been accepted by all artistic epochs as the archetype of tragedy, and no European saga, not even the wrath of Achilles or the adventures of Odysseus, has taken stronger root among all peoples throughout the centuries than the history of this dark dynasty, which stretches from Athens through Helen to Iphigenia. The man who could penetrate to the evidences and remains of this Mycenæan world would unveil the archmyth of the Mediterranean.

Among its legends was the legend of gold. That the tombs of mighty princes, as inviolable places, were utilised in order to hide gold, so long as they were held in honour, was known to the Argives five hundred years after Agamemnon and five hundred years before Christ, for, when they captured Mycenæ, they plundered all they found in the tombs. Pausanias writes on the subject as follows:

"Among the ruins of Mycenæ are the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they preserved their treasures. There lie his tomb and the tombs of Agamemnon's fellow warriors who on their homecoming from Troy were slain at the banquet of Ægisthus. There too lies the tomb of Agamemnon and that of Eurymedon, his charioteer. Teledamus and Pelops were interred in the same tomb. Electra lies there too. Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at some distance from the wall, for they were regarded as unworthy of being interred within, where rest Agamemnon and those who were slain with him."

These positive statements in the ancient guidebook were bound to attract the attention even of sceptical spirits and scholars who regarded Homer purely as a minstrel and a vis-

ionary, and excavations were undertaken in and around Mycenæ at various times. But without result. Following the above description, they had all located the tombs in the outer city. Schliemann, the dilettante, who thought with his eyes, was the first to do the natural thing, and to see what their very erudition had made the others miss. What he saw and could grasp, those Cyclopean walls, he regarded as the citadel wall mentioned by Pausanias. The realist in him took what he found and did not search after the complicated; the believer in him clung to Homer and to the friend and guest of Odysseus, who went into raptures over the gold in the palace of Menelaus. His twofold genius told the gold-seeker that the tombs must be inside the walls, and that in the tombs was the gold.

But before Schliemann reached the gold, fate once again put him to the test in his weakest point, patience, and made him again, as at Troy, wait for years. The agreement concluded in April, 1872, between Schliemann and the Ministry was annulled by the Greeks in July. Whereupon he offered, in the name of the Archæological Society, "to excavate at my own expense." This offer was enthusiastically accepted. Fresh delays followed, however: the lawsuit with the Turks lasted for a year, journeys to England, Germany and Italy gave rise to fresh plans, so that it was not until July, 1876, that the husband and wife were able to start work at Mycenæ.

In the neighbourhood of the Lion Gate, which is regarded as the oldest artistic monument in Europe, Schliemann, always assisted by from a hundred and fifty to three hundred workmen and always supervised by the representative of the Archæological Society, began by unearthing many crudely painted statuettes of Hera and terra-cotta cups, hundreds of clay figures of animals — mostly in the form of cows — arrowheads, hatchets, stone whorls, bronze knives and iron locks, marvellous lentoid gems, pierced glass balls, and chiselled stones

of granite and basalt, most of them dating from very early times, but all belonging to very different periods.

Later, when he found the sepulchral *stelæ*, he immediately related them to his Homeric heroes, who lay buried here, for hunters and warriors on their war chariot were represented on these stones, just as Homer describes them. The stone-encircled square in which he found them he declared to be the agora, (the market place) and the Cyclopean house near by, to be the palace of the king. There was also found a jewel, a seal ring carved out of white onyx, on which stags and cows were engraved. In the "Electra" of Euripides too are found the words: "The people were there (in Mycenæ) summoned to the agora by the herald to see the wonderful lamb with the golden fleece." This lamb, symbol of the monarchy, was brought to the palace by the wife of Atreus, and was proclaimed to the people by Thyestes; therefore, the palace must have been close to the agora.

The searcher was now close to his goal, but any one who regarded the ancient poets merely as imaginative writers, that is, any one who failed to recognise the profound realism of the historical poet, in other words, the guild of the experts, would not have taken advantage of this inference, in fact, would not have drawn the inference at all. Schliemann believed with the simplicity of the unperverted enthusiast; at the same time, with the common sense of the practical man, he always linked up each stone which he found with the verses he knew by heart, and by the help of the dramatist, fixed on a certain place, on which at that time practically nothing but débris was visible.

Stone slabs which surrounded the agora in two parallel rows, some of which were still in an upright position, were obviously the places for the citizens to sit and talk. Since this new discovery confirmed his belief that the tombs of the kings were situated within this enclosure, he could infer that the

gravestones, which were also proved by their reliefs to be such, obviously indicated the position of the royal tombs.

But before he reached this point, a long time was to elapse.

## X

The spirits of faction, jealousy and intrigue that animated them in life seem to have flown out of the graves of the ancient heroes to their descendants at Athens, even before those graves were discovered. The Ministry had not quite abandoned its distrust of the marvellous foreigner, who was the first to wish to dig there on his own account and at his own expense, and who was not even a professor; and the archæologists could not follow without envy the work of a dilettante, who far outsoared the experts in energy, naiveté and good luck. In the beginning of 1874, with regard to the Trojan discoveries, Gladstone had vigorously approved of the theory which made Homer historical, and regretfully excused his belated acquaintance with Schliemann's first book in these words: "Who knows how nearly public business claims and possesses a monopoly of my time while I hold my present office (that of Prime Minister)." He confesses: "I may take even a selfish pleasure in them when I contemplate their bearing on my own interpretations of the Homeric text."

Shortly after this he delighted Schliemann, who was anxiously looking for support, by his assurance that "Max Mueller has declared you have convinced him that there was a Troy. This is creditable to his candour and is a great testimony to the importance of your researches."

A discussion then ensued between Schliemann and Gladstone about the meaning of the word *γλεκτρον*, as a description of the covering of walls. Gladstone rejected "amber" as a translation, and thought it must be a metallic material of a brilliant nature.

But Gladstone did more than this. During his struggle with the Greek authorities — perhaps also still with the Turks — in the summer of 1876, Schliemann, German and American, seems to have appealed for help to the English Prime Minister. For the latter wrote to him on a postcard dated July 8, 1876: "A line in much haste to say that out of respect for you I have taken the great liberty of writing direct through the F. O. to the person you name and have made known to him all you say. But I must own to you I have done this with great doubt and embarrassment for I can by no means say what he will think, or whether he may judge himself to have the slightest title to interfere." Obviously it is the English Ambassador who is referred to.

Even to-day passion flashes out of an old document of the Ministry, from which we shall quote only a small part. By despatching the President of the Archæological Society, two of its members, and an ephor, Stamatakis by name, to the site of the excavations, an attempt was made either to curb the discoverer by shutting off certain parts of the ground and in a spirit of chicanery by the pulling down of old walls, or to keep him away from the tombs, to which he was obviously already close.

In August Stamatakis reported to the Society at Athens that Schliemann wanted to remove the earth from the entrances of the Lion Gate.

"When I saw this, I told him I would not permit it. He replied, excitedly as usual . . . that if I could not supervise the work alone, a second ephor should be sent. I said that the Ministry had given permission for only fifty or sixty workers, and not for ninety, and not per kilometer. . . . A few days ago, he found a wall superimposed on another wall, and wanted to pull down the upper one; I forbade it, and he stopped. Next morning, when I was not there, he had the wall pulled down and the lower one exposed. Then he left his wife there to

supervise the excavation, and went himself to the Acropolis, in order to avoid meeting me. When I later asked Mrs. Schliemann for information, she told me I had no right to reproach her husband. He was a learned man, this wall was Roman and was interfering with the progress of the work; I, on the other hand, was not a learned man and would be well advised to make no remarks, as Mr. Schliemann was very easily excited and would terminate the excavations if he got angry. . . .

"I met him on the Acropolis, but I did not say anything to him. You must know that he eagerly demolishes everything Roman and Greek, in order to lay bare the Pelasgian walls. If we find Greek or Roman vases, he looks at them in disgust, and if such fragments come into his hands, he lets them fall. . . . He treats me as if I was a barbarian. . . . If the Ministry is not satisfied with me, I beg that I be recalled; I remain here at the expense of my health. After spending the whole day until 9 P.M. at the excavations, Schliemann and I sit up until 2 A.M., entering up the finds. . . . I allow him too to take some things which he wishes to study more closely to his rooms. For all these alleviations which we allow, Schliemann expressed himself to the Mayor as very well satisfied with us."

Telegram from the Minister to the prefect of Argos:

"Go yourself at once to Mycenæ and tell Stamatakis that he must not permit any walls whatever to be pulled down, from whatever period they date. Also excavations must not be made in several places at once, in order to make reliable supervision possible. The number of workmen must be limited. The ephor is responsible for any infringement of these provisions."

Telegram to the Minister from the prefecture at Nauplia:

"I showed Mr. Stamatakis the despatch, but only informed Mr. Schliemann orally, in the most polite terms, as is becoming towards a foreigner. Then I asked the gentlemen, in the presence of the mayor, to go with me to the citadel and tell me



what was to be done. This, however, was impossible, since the two gentlemen quarrelled violently, and Schliemann refuses to go on with the excavations unless Mr. Stamatakis is replaced by another. St. asked me to tell Schl. that he would be pleased to do anything that was not contrary to the law or the document he had signed. But Schl. said that he did not recognise any document, no one had the matter so much at heart as he, and no one was so anxious about it as he, to no one was it so sacred and no one would trouble about its protection and preservation."

Imagine the scene. There they stood, raging, in the blazing sun, on the Cyclopean walls, the tall Greek with his document in his hand, a hundred paces away the slight German in his big sun helmet, Pausanias peeping out of his coat pocket, and, oscillating between them, the alarmed official who has to read out the despatches of the terribly powerful Minister at Athens. Near them, in his wide trousers and bright-coloured sleeveless coat, silently leaning on his stick, was the only one who was native to the spot, a peasant whom the three hundred peasants of the village had elected to be their mayor, and who, as ironic bass, would make droll observations about these three men from the town, and often about the crazy foreigner, who stood there in the glare, month after month, only in the end to find nothing but a potsherd or two.

A little apart sat a young woman. Waiting in silence, she took no part in the altercation, but watched the dispute of the men, like Helen, who had often from these walls seen her husband engaged in similar altercation with her brothers. She was as beautiful as Helen, but she seemed less happy, for fate had not permitted her to place love in the centre of life. Because she watched over him, she was constrained to waste herself on the imaginations of her husband, on thoughts of gold and fame, and on sympathy with this hectic individual to whom she belonged. Her silent influence was growing. No, this was

no Helen, sitting on the wall of the Atridæ; this was Sophia, but she was none the less a woman.

And around these five persons, playing out their tragedy, each completely cut off from all the others, squatted the chorus of the workmen, great-grandsons of those Peloponnesian peasants who had sat on the same stones in this agora, and, just as their descendants did to-day, listened with a mixture of apathy, criticism and boredom, while their kings raged before their eyes.

Telegram from the prefect the day after this crisis:

"I have pleasure in informing you that Mr. Schliemann arrived in Argos to-day and has assured me that, after I left Mycenæ, he had become reconciled with Stamatakis, and that the excavations would be continued to-morrow."

Schliemann to the Minister of Education, a fortnight later:

"Your Excellency, I and my wife are exposed here to all kinds of hardships, seeing that my life is in continual danger, as I stand the whole day in the blazing sun; I pay out four hundred francs every day from pure love of scholarship and pure love of Greece, in an endeavour to enrich her by the discovery of new worlds for archæology, by which I shall attract thousands of foreigners to the country. Consequently your telegram is unworthy both of you and of being read by me. . . .

"I have suffered many acts of injustice in Greece. While all the others take away antiquities from Greece, I have brought the priceless Trojan treasures to Greece. . . . Although all this injustice has caused me much pain, I am much more embittered by the great insult which you have now put upon me. I regard it as superfluous to add that never in my life will I make any further attempt to be of service to Greece."

After fresh disputes, Sophia Schliemann proceeded to Athens in September, and explained to the Minister that the ephor was annoying her husband merely in order to be able to reserve the

discoveries for the Society. The Minister thereupon instructed the ephor to abandon his tactics, and Schliemann wrote to his wife as follows: (In English)

"My dearest wife, I have received your letter and your two telegrams, and note with admiration that you are doing all that is humanly possible to have our enemy replaced by a reasonable man. May Pallas Athene direct your steps and crown your efforts with success! The news that you are not coming back to-day makes me quite ill, for I had been expecting you with confidence. As it is I shall expect you in a week whatever happens, for the work here is condemned to come to a complete standstill without you."

Stamatakis to the Ministry:

"Mr. Schliemann goes on doing what he wants to do. After the last violent scene, I summoned the mayor of Mycenæ, and in the presence of the fanatical Mrs. Schliemann explained that her husband is peculiar, and does not always act in accordance with the conditions laid down; that they are permitted to have only 80 workmen at the most, and not 130, that these must not work in several places, but only in two, and that they must not pull down old walls before they have been properly measured and marked out. Since then, we no longer speak to each other . . . and communicate only through the overseers. His wife has returned from Athens. Would that she had never come here. She is to blame for everything, and I am afraid everything will go on as before."

Stamatakis to the President of the Society immediately after the foregoing:

"His dogmatic character, his obstinacy and his propensity for pursuing his ideas, have given rise to these scenes, but they became even worse after Mrs. Schliemann interfered, although I only did my duty. . . . It is my sincere desire to do everything in my power to advance the excavations, for they are certainly for the glory of Greece. But if you believe that I am

to blame, please ask the Minister not only to recall me, but to dismiss me immediately."

Telegram from Mrs. Schliemann to the Society:

"St. has asked for a week's leave, during which my husband is supposed to suspend the excavations. But it is impossible for him to be idle even for an hour. Please send a substitute immediately."

Telegram from Schliemann to the Ministry:

"Official is making frightful difficulties. If this does not stop, will cease excavations and start immediately for America with my wife."

This last was the only telegram not sent off. For safety, Schliemann did not entrust it to a messenger, who might have been alarmed over its contents and have intercepted it, but gave it to his wife to send off herself. As she rode to Nauplia, she considered the effect it would have, and calculated that the influence of the Society on the Minister was sufficiently strong to make him prohibit any further excavation after this telegram. So she altered it into something more polite, said nothing to her husband, and kept silence even when he, on receipt of a conciliatory answer, shouted triumphantly: "You see. One must threaten these people. Then they give in."

Without Sophia, in his own words, Schliemann made no progress. Once again she had intervened in the work shortly before the decisive moments, for a week after that ride to Nauplia, she found the first gold ring. The tombs had been discovered.

## XI

All the workmen were immediately dismissed. Only the ephor remained with the two discoverers. A cordon of soldiers formed a wide radius around Mycenæ. They lived in a fortress. Everything that was now to happen was to be confined to four hands,

and as Sophia's young hands were defter than those of a man of fifty-five, the larger share of the work fell to her. For twenty-five days Sophia Schliemann on her knees, very carefully, often with only a pocket knife, removed in fine layers the soil which still covered the royal tombs. Every evening they rode home, Sophia with a basket full of ancient gold on her arm, and behind her, her husband and the official. In the house, everything was counted, numbered, and locked away.

Schliemann, in his usual fashion, was not sparing of telegrams: telegrams to the King of Greece, to the Prime Minister, to the editor of the *Times*, to a police commissioner with whom he was on terms of friendship, and to the Emperor of Brazil, who a little time before had viewed the investigations and had dared, though an entirely unscientific person, to express scepticism. These telegrams included the following to the Minister at Athens:

"In the last tomb three bodies, one without ornaments. Have telegraphed to Nauplia for a painter, to preserve the dead man with the round face. This one is very like the picture which my imagination formed of Agamemnon long ago."

Thus at last, after three years' searching, straying, hoping and despairing, he held it in his hands, the golden mask of the Mycenaean king who was murdered there. He had brought to the light the image of that heroic figure that had haunted his mind twenty years before. The gold-seeker kissed the death mask of Agamemnon which he had unearthed out of the débris, in the midst of rain and cold. His recognition of this face as Agamemnon's was entirely the result of that passion for the Homeric legends without which he would never have penetrated to these tombs. We were amazed at the desire for knowledge combined with childish credulity in the boy, but the childish credulity of the grown man as well as his desire for knowledge remained alive, and it was just because he possessed both that he discovered the tombs at Mycenæ.

These five tombs of which Pausanias had spoken he found not far from another tomb, at a different depth, and partly hewn in the living rock, which contained the skeletons of twelve men, three women and two children. The débris and ashes of the first tomb were shot through with golden ornaments, plundered from the corpse in ancient times; the second skull was covered with a gold mask, behind which the skull crumbled to dust immediately; the third, still fairly well preserved, was more crushed, and had a golden mask on the face, round gold disks on the forehead and the eyes, and a similar disk on the breast, also a gold girdle and a bronze sword. In addition, his kinsmen had sent with him to the other world eighty swords, many with beautiful decorated hilts, knives and lances, battle-axes, amber beads, thirty-seven gold leaves, three magnificent gold plaques on which were represented stags pursued by lions, gold and silver goblets, an alabaster vase, and gold buttons with rich ornamentations.

In the second grave, along with the similarly disposed dead bodies, were found three diadems, four crosses of golden laurel leaves and other objects. In the third grave lay women, literally laden with jewels and gold, surrounded by seven hundred leaves, ornamented with serpents, butterflies, flowers and spirals, gold ornaments representing grasshoppers, griffins, stags, women with doves and lions, and also sceptres of silver-gilt with handles of rock crystal, and sardonyx and amethyst gems. One of the women wore a magnificent gold crown on her head.

"I have found an unparalleled treasure of trinkets and jewels," wrote the enraptured discoverer to his French colleague in Athens. "All the museums in the world put together do not possess one-fifth of it. Unfortunately nothing is mine but the glory." And to another correspondent: "It is impossible to give you the faintest idea of the richness of the ornamentation of these jewels. It must have taken the artist, one would imagine, five years to engrave these hunting or battle scenes like an in-

stantaneous photograph, on the rings. In the pottery, too, I have discovered a new world for archæology, and am eager to publish my results quickly, this time in English."

He added immediately, however, to the expert that the *Times* would be read with enthusiasm, "but I confess that I have already given of my best; impossible, with my knowledge, to say more. I know how incomplete and faulty<sup>1</sup> my arguments are, especially the arrangement, and therefore I ask you to let me know at once if you are prepared to help me. Your services will be liberally recompensed, but your help must remain between ourselves."

Thus the question of the honour to be gained emerged again as soon as he had found the gold. In his rapid impetuous way, he himself at once began sending reports to the *Times*, almost every day, first long telegrams, then articles, which procedure occasionally necessitated his correcting himself. He flew into a fury, when his colleagues in Athens attempted to steal the fruits of his victory.

Telegram to Eustratiadis, director of the Archæological Society: "It is a scandal that you are publishing Stamatakis' telegram. Forbid this scandal. My only gain is publication. You are doing me the gravest injustice by depriving me of it in spite of our agreements. You are repaying me with ingratitude for my trouble and expense."

The Society, in acknowledging the telegram, expressed great regret, and exhorted him by wire to persevere "for the glory of our Society." Soon afterwards they wrote to Stamatakis: "Tell Mr. Schliemann that what we are publishing will in no way diminish the honour due to him; on the contrary, it will give his discoveries a more scientific character. We would never

<sup>1</sup> Schliemann's numbering has in part been rejected by later archæology, and has only been retained in the case of his third and fourth graves. At present Schliemann's grave I is labelled V; his II, I; and his V, II.

do anything that would reflect on the honour of the Society."

A telegram from Schliemann immediately after the above to the Minister of Education: "Please forbid publication by Stamatakis. Not the Government, but I have that right. It is a grave dishonour to Greece that you should . . . repay me in this way. Why do you not publish the contemporary discoveries at Olympia? Purely because you are afraid of the anger of the Germans."

Meanwhile the town of Nauplia had declared that it would not give up the treasures, but would build a museum for them. When, in spite of this, they were finally brought to Athens, the dispute about the keys began between the Ministry and the Society. Twelve chests, stored for safety in the cellars of the National Bank, had been locked by the Ministry, but the President of the Society wrote: "Give us the keys, for by law we are also permitted to have them. It is a sign of lack of confidence for you to withhold them."

The curse of the Atridæ seemed to have followed their gold even into the glass cases of the museum. Hardly had the treasures been brought up to the light of day than the cities of Greece began to dispute about them, just as in ancient times. This was followed by a dispute between the State and a group of its citizens. Each one wanted to have them, and each grudged them to the other, and between them stood, in toil and tension, the discoverer, out of whom during those twenty-five days was forced that first cry of alarm about the loss of his glory.

During these weeks, the most agitating of his life — for he could not have trembled more violently even twenty years earlier, when the European crisis endangered his "above-ground" gold — in the midst of all these demands on the nerves of a passionate nature, Schliemann found time to send off half a dozen telegrams to save the job of a subordinate official. The Emperor of Brazil, who had already made himself popular by



his sceptical smiles, seems to have possessed more faith in gold on the earth than in gold under the earth, for, when he and his suite left Mycenæ, he presented to the police superintendent the princely sum of forty francs. But the peasants of Mycenæ, confused by all the ancient and modern kings and emperors who, living or dead, had popped up in their poor fields, accused the superintendent of fraud: he had received a thousand francs and then embezzled the money, and the man was deprived of his post out of hand.

But Schliemann knew him very well, had been intimately acquainted with him for years, and, as he could not tolerate injustice, he telegraphed immediately to the Prime Minister:

"In return for the many hundred millions with which I have enriched Greece, please do me the favour of pardoning my friend Leonardos, police superintendent at Nauplia, and permit him to remain in his post. It is done for my sake. Schliemann."

To Leonardos, on the same date: "Yesterday at least 4 okes of gold. Return to Corinth Saturday. Have telegraphed to the Prime Minister about you. You will certainly not lose your post." And a few days later: "Have telegraphed to Premier again. If no decision by to-morrow, wire to me and I will telegraph to the Emperor immediately." To the Minister: "Swear that Leonardos, police superintendent, is honest and efficient. Nothing but slander. Guarantee that he received only 40 francs. Demand justice."

At the same time, to the Emperor of Brazil at Cairo: "On your departure from Nauplia Your Majesty gave the police superintendent Leonidas Leonardos 40 francs to distribute among the police force. The mayor, in order to slander a worthy man, maintains that he received 1000 from Your Majesty. Leonardos has been dismissed from his post, and I have had the greatest difficulty in saving him from prison. As I have known him for years as the most honest man in the world, I beg Your Majesty in the name of sacred truth and humanity

to telegraph to me how much Leonardos received, 40 francs or more."

Thus the Emperor was compelled to confess that he was wont not only to find, but also to distribute, less gold than the chivalrous gold-seeker.

## XII

"My wife and I worked like negro slaves at Mycenæ. . . . Sophia is a very clever and intelligent woman; her zest for learning truly amazes me. She knows all my reports to the *Times* practically by heart, and it seems to me that she is the only woman in the world with whom I can live."

In these epistolary effusions of Schliemann's, some things are excessive, but much is understatement. Whether she "idolized" Homer is doubtful, also whether she knew the "Iliad" by heart; it would be even less important that she kept those reports, word for word, in her head. But with the restrained energy of a resolute woman, with the silence, the knowledge when to direct and when to give way, with the inevitableness of significant natures, she had in critical moments found the right tone and gesture, the clever stroke against the enemy, the encouraging tone for the assistants. Then when no strange hand could be allowed to interfere further, she had literally fallen on her knees before the dead heroes and completed the work in twenty-five days.

Schliemann's imaginative spirit grasped this influence emotionally, and undoubtedly it was one of the most beautiful moments in his life when he hung part of the gold ornaments, which he called the jewels of Helen, on the brow, neck and ears of the Greek woman, and stood entranced before the fulfilment of his life's dream.

But she, — did she look on happily at the picture, at the jewels of Helen? What was it that made this twenty-four-

year-old girl so silent? When she wore the jewels of Helen, she might have seen a reflection of herself in Helen's beauty, but not in Helen's fate. That whole adventurous existence, of which the world saw only the gold, the Russian and the Mycenæan, seemed to weigh her down, and at times the question may have arisen in her mind whether her sisters and her friends, living in simple circumstances with their children and with husbands of their own age, were not perhaps happier in the easy-going everydayness of their homes.

But she had little time for such thoughts. Schliemann hurried her along with him at his pace, for scarcely had they returned to Athens than he rushed at his book on Mycenæ, wrote it in English in eight weeks, immediately translated it into German himself, negotiated with Brockhaus in Leipzig and with Murray in London, considered who would be able to write the most weighty preface, treated at the same time with leaders of various parties in Athens, in order not to lose further opportunities for excavation, continued the almost uninterrupted negotiations with his protector in Constantinople, in order to secure fresh Turkish permits for Troy, began to reply to the growing volume of criticism, mainly from German scholars; — all this at the age of fifty-five, ten years after the date on which he once wrote to his father that the rhythm of life would now become more placid.

So disappointments and experiences followed one another. When the Athenian Chamber voted fifty thousand drachmas for continuing the excavations at Mycenæ, Schliemann wrote: "The nation no longer needs me for this work. . . . It does me the greatest injustice, especially as I made no claim on these discoveries. . . . But don't say anything of this to Stamatakis, or he will make fresh difficulties! He refuses to let me photograph the four gold cups and the two rings which he found after I left."

Had not the State always up to this time made use of Schlie-





gerously ill, I would give my life to save you. The Londoners overwhelm me with courtesies. Ten societies have asked for lectures. I have only taken on three. Yesterday I had dinner with Gladstone, who carried off your picture and Andromache's, so please bring others with you.

"I am very sorry to hear that you are not coming. You would have found thousands of friends here. Look, for example, at the enclosed newspapers, and think of the extraordinary honour it is for a mortal woman to be invited by the Archæological Institute here, and to receive its honorary diploma before a thousand people. For heaven's sake give these papers to Mr. D., so that he may publish the account of it. But get him to return them as we must preserve this remarkable document. I continue to be the lion of the season and you would be the lioness. I receive invitations from lords and dukes every day. The London Photographic Society has paid me £40 for permission to take and sell my photograph. . . . Hodge the painter has been after me for weeks for permission to paint me life-size for the Royal Academy, for nothing, of course, as he thinks he would make a name for himself if he could say he had painted Schliemann."

So he bustled along, thinking perhaps that he was now the great gentleman, and had reached the goal on which he set his heart after the shipwreck, when he landed on the Dutch coast, a generation ago. But when he heard that Sophia was also to receive the diploma, his imagination at last took flight again away from the country houses and dinners, dukes and expensive grapes, and his early dreams revived. He despatched a flood of telegrams to bring his convalescent wife to London. She collected her daughter and her brother, and came. Schliemann, after giving full details about trains and ships, added: "Bathe once again in the sea before you start!"

At last both were seated, in face of a thousand curious eyes, on the platform of the Society. It was the 8th of June, 1877.

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She was twenty-eight and he fifty-six. He made his speech first; then she spoke in English, a model of discretion. She told how she had had the supervision of thirty workmen, then how she excavated the tomb of Clytemnestra, all as if each one of these listening, gazing, curious ladies at the meeting had, like herself, lived for months in the winds of the plain of Troy and in the blazing sun between the Cyclopean walls of Mycenæ, always lonely, always remote from the gifts of life, in order at the last, on her knees for five and twenty days, to bring to the light the dead bodies and the gold of the Atridæ. She concluded with an appeal to Englishwomen to have their children taught Greek, first modern, then classical. "In this way your children will learn in one year what later would take them ten. Now I will conclude with grateful thanks for the patience with which you have listened to an admirer of Homer."

Schliemann, who had translated the speech from Greek into English for her, was perhaps not listening during that half-hour. Possibly the adventure that his life had been flitted across his mind, the thought that from Ankershagen to St. Petersburg, from Troy to Mycenæ to London, the gods had been gracious to him. Praised be Pallas Athene! Did he not see her at that moment as she was when she wore the jewels of Helen, gazing at him with an unfathomable glance, questioning rather than demanding? But he had to thank her for still another boon. For as she stood there in her beauty and addressed the crowd, as if she were merely a learned woman, only he knew that she would give him a son before half a year was past. For this time it must be a son, and what Schliemann had set his mind on, he ultimately made come to pass. He knew what no one else in the room knew: she was carrying within her the son, the Greek, of whom he dreamed. And both knew what his name was to be — Agamemnon!

## CHAPTER FOUR

### ENVY OF THE GOLD

#### I

"It is easier to make money than to keep it," was a maxim that Schliemann the merchant once wrote in his Greek exercise book. Schliemann the scholar was to have a similar experience twenty years later. Just as he had in the first place by energy and good fortune found gold above the earth, only to have to defend it against the world in an exhausting struggle, later he was forced to take the defensive with the gold of Troy and Mycenæ, and it was then, when he had passed the zenith of his life, that Schliemann's great struggle for the gold first really began.

Not about its possession, for the latter treasure unquestionably belonged to the Greeks, and the former, after he had extricated himself from the Turks, to the discoverer. It was the origin of the gold which henceforth was disputed, and a discordant chorus of voices from all countries began to buzz round the pupil of Homer. By his faith, he had literally moved mountains and under them found treasures; now, with their scepticism, the experts flung themselves on his discoveries, each one supporting a different theory, as long as it was not Schliemann's. Against this lack of unanimity among the scholars, who have been altering their views right up to our own times, that is, for more than half a century, the man who brought the gold to light stood almost alone. It was his faith he was defending, and for this reason the struggle shook him far more than any that had gone before.



Schliemann, as one book succeeded another, gradually developed into a scientific scholar, whereas at first he rather followed his intuitions; and his type of mind, always learning and therefore modifying previous assertions, encouraged the experts in the dispute, since they approached the problem with fixed opinions and would have regarded any modification as compromising. They were like hereditary princes who look with suspicion on the sudden success of a tribune arising from among the people, and try to attack him with irony and fault-finding in little things, because to their misfortune they are unable to shake his influence in big things.

What could have been more natural than Schliemann's mistakes? Suppose a seaman has from his young days read and dreamed of an unknown or vanished island, and at last, after long years, when his hair is grey, has been able to fit up a ship and sail away, and, supplementing the magnetic compass by his own inner compass, comes at last to a seashore. Suppose too that this shore belongs to a group of islands, and that he makes straight for one of the smaller, casts anchor, springs ashore, kisses the unknown soil and cries: "This is the island of my dream." Then along come the geographers and the cartographers, who have also been looking for that island for hundreds of years, and now, when the seaman has shown them the way, follow the course of the lucky ship. They lack intuition and passion, they have neither faith nor boldness of spirit, neither internal nor external compass. But they bring with them one thing which the other lacks, — more powerful telescopes. It soon becomes evident that the first comer has indeed discovered the untrodden islands, but has picked out the wrong one. The right one, the magic island, lies close by it, and the old seaman in his joy has not perceived the full extent of his discovery.

How are the enthusiast and the critic to understand one another? Is not the hose pipe of the one perpetually swishing

cold water on the fire of the other and trying to put it out? The professors had read the same sources, they too possessed nothing but Homer, Strabo and Pausanias, whom Schliemann had read; but temperament and practice, the occupation of a lifetime, had disposed them to draw sharp distinctions between proof and divination, between history and imaginative writing, as we distinguish week days from holidays. Moreover, the custom of a lifetime had kept their eyes off the object and glued to documents, and their sight, wearied by perpetual poring through the microscopic, strayed into the distance, with a careless, blunted glance, seeking for rest, as on a holiday.

Schliemann, on the other hand, by the passion, intensity and exaggeration of his nature, and also by his infinitely fine taste for the Hellenic, encountered Homer as a great reality; his gaze into that realm was clear and sharp, because he was always lingering in those hunting grounds, and only occasionally, to check his conclusions, did he plunge into the results of the thousand commentaries which had accumulated around the problem before his time.

Beyond all that, he differed from the scientific scholar not only as an enthusiast, on account of his personality and career, but also as a man of the world. No more inclined to poetry than men of the world usually are, in fact, as much a stranger to poetry as to nature, Schliemann, who was no devotee of the Muses, whose mental life was very little affected by the arts, was able to approach Homer as an actual history, which drew its chief value from history and thus gave value back to history. As nothing appealed to this active nature more deeply than facts, as on his travels he unceasingly collected and wrote up facts, even in his capacity of enthusiast he had to feel solid reality under his feet if he was to construct a life work out of his two soul sides. If at the same time the gold-seeker read of treasures which once, in an ancient citadel, glittered in the armour of men and on the arms and bosoms of women, a real

passion drove him to get on the track of the gold which lay somewhere, buried in débris, under the earth. Thus in a rare and fortunate way all motives combined in Schliemann to equip him for an active part in the world, the foretastes and after-effects of which were of a purely poetical nature.

Therefore, what he had to defend in public controversy, which went on increasing in violence and which kept him in Athens to the end of his life, was less his own vision than the vision of Homer. It was not himself that he felt was insulted by the professors who persisted in throwing in his face that Homer was nothing but a work of imagination and that what he had found was not Homeric. It was the poet he felt was attacked, and in the poet, the historian, whom he honoured above all other men. Only occasionally does the intellectual warfare of the last ten years of his life stand out so clearly as this; more frequently it was shrouded in the poisonous vapours of envy and calumny, which ever hung in clouds round the clear path of this dilettante of genius. When all is said, he stood, and still stands, in spite of his crotchets in this controversy, before the bar of history on a higher level than his adversaries, the titular professors.

## II

Not all of these were against him. As old Schroeder in Amsterdam was the first to divine the great merchant in the twenty-four-year-old Schliemann, later Burnouf, the French archæologist in Athens, recognised the discoverer in him. As early as the year 1872, before the first gold was discovered, he wrote to Schliemann: "We are impatiently awaiting the results of your excavations in the Troad, and at Mycenæ and Delos as well. . . . Your work is of supreme interest, because it is extending to Asia Minor problems of great importance to archæology. . . . You must always mark on these large vases

the place you found them; this is also most necessary with regard to all your future discoveries."

Eckenbrecher too, the German scholar, who had years before claimed Hissarlik as the site of Troy, wrote to Schliemann that same year to express his cordial agreement. He also asked permission to publish one of Schliemann's maps in his own book, which proves that the information in Schliemann's earlier work was also of scientific value. After the discovery of the Trojan treasure, the experts became more uneasy: the brilliance which the gold reflected on this interloper was too great for their taste, and they began to hold aloof.

Professor Conze of Vienna also showed himself friendly when Schliemann invited him to Troy and Athens as his first guest, and he was captured by the influence of the place and of the discoverer. It was he in fact who gave the first scientific lecture on Schliemann's finds — in November, 1873; in this lecture he acknowledged that "he would now be an even more zealous Trojan than before." Two societies in Leipzig and Munich soon approached Schliemann to give lectures, and the University of Rostock, from which he had received his doctor's degree, congratulated him.

Friendly, but somewhat more sceptical, were the two authorities in England and Germany, Max Müller and Ernst Curtius. Müller congratulated Schliemann on his book on Mycenæ, calling it a glorious discovery, and invited him to stay with him whenever he was in London, but at the same time he declared in the most good-natured way that Schliemann's finds had nothing to do with Homer. "You know how greatly I disagree with your interpretations, still more with Gladstone's. But that in no way affects my gratitude for your untiring energy. I admire your enthusiasm for its own sake, and the great majority do the same. . . . I am convinced that the Trojan War is not to be distinguished from the wars of the Mahabharata and the Shahnama (Indian and Turkish

epics), or from that of the Nibelungs. The core is not history with legends woven round it, but legend woven around with history and geographical actualities. Nevertheless, although I doubt whether any one of your treasures was ever touched by Helen, I recognise that scholarship now possesses a wealth of information on the local civilisation of that part of the world which you have so steadfastly and successfully investigated."

Curtius also placed his records at Schliemann's disposal in the year 1872, that is, before he himself excavated Olympia, and ten years later, he wrote to him: "I am now gradually constructing our Olympia gable more and more completely, and I too am experiencing on a small scale the joy of reviving what was lost which you taught us. May you be granted a long life of vigorous work, as a model of the noblest enthusiasm for Hellenic antiquity." His attitude seems gradually to have changed, for before Schliemann began his work, in 1870, he, as Eckenbrecher writes to Schliemann of a visit to him, had "only a sympathetic smile for the view that Homer's city was situated on the site of the so-called Novum Ilium."

A disciple and professor of the new doctrine was Bernhard, hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen, a great lover of the antique, who had also set the "Persæ" of Æschylus to music, and later, against his inclinations, played the general at the side of the artistically gifted Charlotte, sister of Wilhelm II. "In conclusion I beg you," so he ends one of his numerous letters to Schliemann in the seventies, "to give my best regards to your wife, whose very kind hospitality at the barbarian village of Karfati is still fresh in my memory. To you once more I express my very great joy. With most sincere esteem. . . ."

Public opinion, so far as it was expressed in the press, took Schliemann's side in England, but, in Germany, this was true only of a minority of the newspapers. The Trojan gold made

him so popular that *Kladderadatsch* put the following song into the mouth of old Priam:

*"Dies alles fand Schliemann von furchtbarem Wert;  
Die göttliche Vorsicht hats ihm beschert.  
Und das es kein Stehldieb von dannen nicht trug,  
Packts gleich seine Frau in ihr Umschlagetuch."*<sup>1</sup>

Yet at the same time, especially in Germany, the warfare of the scholars began to give rise to insinuations in the press, as, for example, that Schliemann "had slipped" a trifle of gold into the débris, or at least that this had been done in his absence by subordinates.

In truth he had made it easy for the peaceful scholar to mistrust him. From the very start of his excavations, with journalistic skill, he published running reports in the *Times* and in the then powerful *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and he repeatedly urged his German publishers to pay these papers large sums to put his reports "on the front page." As he was obliged to correct himself over and over again in the course of his work, he gave the academic archæologists a handle for accusing him of self-advertisement, precipitancy and lack of preliminary training. Also expert circles gradually became aware of the adroitness and persistence with which Schliemann was spreading his name abroad: how, for example, he urged Brockhaus to have foreign criticisms in French immediately translated into German; how again, at the height of his fame, in the year 1880, he attempted to influence a St. Petersburg paper which had attacked him into accepting a reply to the attack by saying that "my answer, in view of its great importance for scholarship, will rouse enormous interest and

<sup>1</sup> Schliemann found all these terribly valuable things; divine Providence bestowed them upon him. And in order that no sneak thief might carry them off, his wife forthwith packed them up in her shawl.

lead to an increase in the circulation of your paper. In fact, my article will attract a large number of foreign subscribers to you." He exhorted one of his disciples in London, Blind, to write a long notice of his new book immediately, while "the Mycenæan iron is still hot." Here we have Schliemann, in his fussy excitement, for once ready to degrade his gold to the level of iron, merely because it had to be "hot"; but he could not bring himself to the melting down of the gold even in a metaphysical sense. The main reproach levelled against him — that he did not excavate systematically — falls to the ground, however, for it was the German excavations at Olympia in 1875 to 1880, that, with the aid of architects, first evolved a model technique, and Schliemann's great discoveries were already over by 1876.

The deepest reason for the war against him was jealousy. It is easy to understand the chagrin of Calvert, Schliemann's American admirer, who had been helpful to him from the very beginning, and if we closely examine this long dispute about precedence, it becomes clear from passages of letters quoted by Calvert that it was he who introduced Schliemann to the Hissarlik theory and to the writings of its supporters. Calvert wrote articles pointing out Schliemann's over-hasty destruction of the upper strata, the inexactitude of the apparently precise details of the depth at which the various articles were discovered, the superficial description of the material of the walls, and the precipitate announcement that Troy had been discovered. "On his return," wrote Calvert in 1871, "Schliemann informed me that, after he had proclaimed the discoveries everywhere, he would continue to dig until he could produce proofs and protect himself from ridicule. I can only regret that his enthusiasm, which, as he himself says, borders on fanaticism, was directed exclusively to finding the Troy described in Homer, as this forced him to suppress or distort every fact that came to light which clashed with the 'Iliad.' "

All this was quite correct, but equally correct were Schliemann's words in a private letter: "All the venom of the German scholars will yet not suffice to hurl the 50-feet high and 300-feet thick ruined hill of Hissarlik into the sea of oblivion."

But even former friends, some in sympathetic terms, later raised a finger of warning or doubt. "It grieves me very much," wrote Conze to Schliemann in 1874, "that so often those who say pleasant things to you, do you harm, while those who are honestly friendly to you and your cause have to wound you. . . . I am convinced of this, that you will never regard the opposition to you as offensive even if you regard it as mistaken." But behind the words looms pure jealousy, for this scholar, who was then digging in Samothrace, declared about the same time that Schliemann would have been better advised to use his money to enable other capable and learned men to serve archæology by their excavations. Schliemann soon found a mouth to speak through, for the following words written in an Athenian newspaper by the court chaplain of the King of Greece, whom Schliemann addressed as "honoured friend", cannot have been without influence:

"In defence and in declaration that professional jealousy is no less powerful among scholars than among barbers," he quotes this proposal of Conze, and Schliemann adds: "I ask him how it can be possible for his poisonous jealousy to mislead him into making such a dangerous, revolting speech in a public assembly, which is bound to degrade him to the depths in the eyes of every civilised man."

Then, in the later seventies, the experts from all parts of the world simultaneously fell upon the discoverer of the gold. In Athens a Professor Rhulopulos declared that the Trojan treasure "obviously can have not the slightest connection with the treasure of Priam." In Germany a Professor Wernicke in the preface to "Olympia," stated that Schliemann had made



his money by smuggling saltpetre via Prussia; in St. Petersburg, the friends of his divorced wife put a stop to his project of starting excavations at Odessa. Another German expert, Doctor Suchau, wrote that the statement that Schliemann had been a merchant for fifty years and then became a pupil in archæology was "all that decency permits me to say of him." At the same time, the editor of the *Athenaeum* refused to publish a reply from Schliemann.

Schliemann, being a creature of moods, reacted in very different ways to these attacks. If he was in a good temper, he would say that Nero had also been slandered, but had declared that this was the penalty of fame. If he was curbed by feelings of respect, he would write in a truly touching way, as he did to a Munich expert, Brunn, that he had learned of his criticism of his book on Mycenæ:

"You would place me under a profound obligation if you would tell me wherein these weaknesses consist, so that I may improve myself, for it is so difficult to know oneself. . . . I firmly believed that I had not exposed myself anywhere, and I was counting on at last receiving recognition in my own country. For me, you are the supreme authority, and I will accept your verdict as gospel. If you do not reply to me, you will dishearten me for ever."

Strange words from a world-famous man of fifty-five. At other times he was diplomatic and begged a friendly scholar to publish the ideas he had expressed in a letter under his own name, "for then every one will believe, whereas, if Schliemann says it, no one believes."

More frequently he was moved to hit back. Then he reviles his adversaries after the manner of his Homeric heroes, although they, it is true, later fell on each other with their swords. When Professor Stark, a German authority, in the *Jenaer Literaturzeitung*, characterised Schliemann's work on Troy as bewildering humbug, in spite of the fact that by that

time, the year 1874, the Trojan treasure had already come to light, Schliemann wrote one of the dozen answers with which he used to repel assaults in German, English, Russian and French newspapers and reviews, written always in his own hand, always in the language of the country concerned and always in *tempo furioso*. This particular one began:

"As Professor Stark's review, in addition to a number of personal insults, to which I make no reply, contains practically nothing but false statements . . . I feel bound in the interests of scientific scholarship to make the following observations: (1) Stark's statement that Athos is visible from Hissarlik only in late autumn is wrong; (2) Stark's statement that the great and powerful hill of Udjek-Tepo was known as the tomb of Aesyetes even in antiquity is wrong". . . and so on.

At the same time he wrote to the editor of the review, a professor, that he would be very glad to comply with his request for a free copy of his new book, if the editor would promise that it would be reviewed by an unbiassed critic. "It is quite unprecedented for a merchant to turn scholar, and out of pure love of scholarship undertake the most colossal excavations that have ever been made. People should rejoice at this and recognise it with gratitude, instead of attacking the excavator with insults and the most paltry and base slanders, and by frequent distortion and falsification of his text. I feel compelled to enclose an answer to these attacks with this letter, and I beg you to publish it immediately in all and any case, exactly as it stands, in your review. Stark is without doubt filled with poisonous jealousy of me, chiefly because he himself has visited Troy several times and has always maintained that the Homeric Ilium was situated at Bunarbashi. . . . I am prepared to pay the costs of printing, and to take out a subscription to your paper from the first of this month. . . . If, however, you refuse to accept my article exactly as it is, after having published the most swinish

slanders against me, then you will neither receive my great work, nor will I subscribe to your paper or have anything else to do with you."

This is exactly the same tone as he used twenty years earlier about ten badly packed barrels of sugar. To-day it is easy for the reader to shake his head with a smile over the spectacle of this great pioneer's annoyance, in the midst of his success, at the attack of an obscure and jealous professor. Fully to sympathise with him, one would perhaps have had to be in the position of the angry dilettante.

In these circumstances, Schliemann was all the more ready to grasp the hand held out to him, the hand of a great man. Gladstone, famous for his Homeric studies, dared in the thick of the battle to come out openly on the side of this German and "outsider", against whom the Germans and the archæologists were waging war. He wrote a magnificent preface for "Mycenæ."

How familiar he was with the details of Schliemann's work is shown by the following extract from a letter of June 6, 1884:

"In your very interesting tract on Orchomenos — which would have made the reputation of a less happy discoverer — you report your finding a 'Menge' of bronze nails (p. 27), and later on p. 31 fragments of bronze plates and also fused or molten bronzes (*geschmolzene Bronzen*). The nails you interpret with evident reason as meant to be, or rather as having been, employed to secure the wall plates. I am very anxious to learn from you, whether these nails or any of them were tested to ascertain their material: and yet more anxious to hear whether a like process has been applied to the fragments and the fused or molten pieces.

"It is surely very difficult to believe that the walls (?) were lined with sheets of bronze. A great metallurgist assured me, I think, that this was hardly possible: the metal not being suitable . . . in that way, and how is it possible that sheets

of bronze, which tends so much to dullness of colour, could have been compared by Homer to rays of the sun or moon? That the nails might have been of bronze is much more intelligible, but the sheets of the wall-plating to which Homer referred must in all likelihood have been of copper, though he speaks of a cornice of *κύανος*, which is very likely to have been bronze."

Soon after that he continued the discussion, in a letter of 26th August, 1884:

"Many thanks for your letter. I am not bigoted to the idea of bronze. But I see difficulties start up against assuming it (to) be glass which you will have to dispose of! How can you account for its rather important place in the Armour of Agamemnon? Il. XI. 24 *et seq.* I wish you had sent me some account, some very good account of your health."

And yet something more than this impersonal interest — a universal human interest — must have moved the distant recipient who, in answer to a report of his ill health, received this wonderful letter of sympathy from Gladstone:

"DOWNING STREET.

"Nov. 15, '83.

"MY DEAR DR. SCHLIEMANN,

"I thank you for your letter, and I shall read with great interest the book you promise. But the letter conveys to me menacing and sad intelligence as to your health. You have indeed (in my poor judgment) left your mark upon the age, and have earned for yourself, in connection with the primitive history of man, an undying name. You have also set before the eyes of this nineteenth century of ours an example of pure, devoted and intelligent enthusiasm, which would have done honour to the Ages of Faith or any other Ages. But I trust it may please God to prolong your life, physical strength and mental energies, for other fruitful labours (what shall they

be? Is Crete decided on? May a word be put in for the Minyan Orchomenos?), to redound still more to your repute. And when the day comes that is coming to us all, may your eyes be as clear, and your faith as firm, in your vision of the coming world, as they were when they prompted you with a sure instinct to your great researches in the past. Believe me, with kind regards to Madame Schliemann,

Very faithfully yours,  
"W. GLADSTONE."

Schliemann, who preserved all his correspondence, had never in his life received such a letter. Manly, cordial, frank and fully appreciative of Schliemann's achievement, in its delicate tact and kindliness it was at the same time exactly suited to a sick man who — Gladstone was acquainted with such feelings — was doubtfully searching his heart and occupied with thoughts of death and casting up accounts with his conscience, and thus might well have been yearning for encouragement from lips that spoke with authority. The fact that Gladstone, as Prime Minister of England, had time, mental leisure and sufficient interest to pen these words in his wonderful handwriting, proves once more that he, a man of well over seventy at the time, was much more than a statesman, just as Schliemann was more than an archæologist.

### III

In order to determine Schliemann's mistakes, we must compare his results, not with the present state of scientific research, but with the theories of it current at the time. In the fifty years that have followed that controversy, the archæologists have not entirely cleared up the two problems of Troy and Mycenæ. Evans has by his magnificent excavations determined the Minoan civilisation, but in spite of the important

work of Dörpfeld and Karo, Troy and Mycenæ are still a matter of dispute. As we look back on Schliemann's achievement, it seems to us to matter very little whether the Thracian or the Phoenician fashion prevails at present, whether the stratum in that hill of débris to-day recognised as Trojan coincides with that fixed upon yesterday or to be fixed upon to-morrow. I am resolute to refrain from taking sides in the dispute of the experts which has not yet died away.

But the arguments brought against Schliemann by the experts in the seventies are of symbolic importance on account of their complexion and effect, and they bring a confirmation of Schliemann's character, which is of supreme concern to me.

At that time the dilettante was not so much faced by a phalanx of scholars, as hemmed in by them, each one attacking him from one side, and disappearing again to another side. He was confronted not by one dogma but by a dozen different interpretations. Max Müller wrote against Gladstone, Newton against Burnouf, Ravaissou, Curtius and Ran-gabé; each of them had one opinion, and many, two.

With regard to Troy, Conze inferred from the absence of Cyclopean walls that the discoveries probably belonged to a Greek colony, and declared the gold treasure to be later, perhaps even Roman. Meanwhile, a learned scholar, who seems occasionally to have left his own town of Frankfort but never to have visited the Dardanelles, discovered that none of the sites described was the real site of Troy, which was Dumbrek Kivi, and that Mount Ida and the Scamander were situated in some quite different spot. Characters inscribed on two vases, admittedly complete only on one, were declared by certain linguists to be non-Aryan, and related to Chinese, a statement which other linguists disputed. The map in the "Trojanische Altertümer" was severely criticised for its bad photographs (made from drawings) and the measurement of certain elevations was discovered to be wrong. "As we cannot avoid the im-

pression," says one learned German criticism justly, "that the practical energy, the happy instinct, the enthusiasm for splendours sought and found, were not accompanied by considered, conscientious methods of research with no preconceived views, we are all the more grateful that others should organise Schliemann's discoveries. This has been done in the English treatment of the Trojan antiquities."

With regard to Mycenæ the confusion of the experts was even greater. To some the discoveries recalled Indian antiquities; to others, Gothic; to a third group, Celtic, and to a fourth, Oriental. Curtius, as appears from a letter to his wife published in 1877, found the gold "of such incredible thinness that the hero Agamemnon must have been but a beggarly prince. These graves in the Acropolis resemble nothing in classical antiquity." He thought that one of the gold masks was a Byzantine head of Christ, and disparagingly, but with correct psychological insight, declared that Schliemann had neglected the outer tombs, because he was determined to have gold, and looked for it in the only place where it was to be found.

Schliemann's claim to have found the body and the adornments of Agamemnon, one scholar attempted to refute by asking where were the marks on his skull of the blows from the axe of Clytemnestra known to have been struck when he was in his bath. To this Schliemann could retort as follows: "I never said that I had discovered the tomb of Agamemnon. Gladstone, on the other hand, proves in his preface that I have discovered it." In actual fact there was much that Schliemann confidently believed but did not publicly assert to be fact. To this extent the man of the world was in control of the idealist.

But not always. Since he pursued his investigations in accordance with his inner visions, that is, since he had beforehand in his mind what he wanted to discover later, he was

bound to pronounce everything Homeric. A gate in the Trojan area must be immediately designated the Scæan Gate, and the treasure, the treasure of Priam, and although he did add: this "might" be the body of Agamemnon, the world hastily seized upon this name and confirmed the secret belief of the discoverer by taking everything put forward as possible for certain, and labelling it as such.

It is certain that, lacking his innate emotional attitude, Schliemann would have avoided the little errors which never threatened the calmer experts. Only, without that attitude, he would never have discovered either Troy or Mycenæ, which they, for all their precision, had left to lie in the rubble for hundreds of years before he appeared. When a French paper of the time in jest compared Offenbach's humour with Schliemann's intensity, it touched only the extremes. Between the two, the safe mean, as it were, dwelt the expert, lacking both humour and imagination.

About that time a French abbé made a great sensation by his gift of tracing hidden water and subterranean springs, although he was neither a geologist nor an engineer. A witty German in 1878 compared Schliemann's gold-seeker's eye to this faculty, saying: "Wherever he plants his spade, the soil lavishes regular collections on him. . . . This ex-merchant has already done greater service to archæology than twenty professors. His method of work is fundamentally different from theirs; he gets his proofs not out of libraries but out of the lap of the earth. . . . In some points he goes too far, but on the whole his conclusions, though this may only come later, will hold their own. In the meantime, the archæologists have secured a valuable subject for controversy."

So it has come to pass. For although the heirs of that injured investigator even to-day do not speak of him without a slight hierarchical smile, patronising rather than reverent, not only is the gold there in the glass cases of two museums,



but his fundamental ideas remain undisputed. He first decided on, and then proceeded to demonstrate, the position of Troy and of the Atreid tombs, in both cases against the generally received opinion, and by discovering Ilios on the ruins of Novum Ilium, he bought Ilios back to Ilium. In Mycenæ he showed an Aryan, not a Semitic original population, for he found on many utensils the Swastika, which is alien to the Assyrians. Only faith could have attained to this. If Schliemann had at the beginning known the state of Homeric research, or if, when he did learn of it, he had accepted it, he would have regarded the Trojan War as a legend, and would have spent neither time nor ambition nor money on it. He succeeded purely because he was not an archæologist.

In his old age, however, his own excavations, combined with his great controversy with the scientific experts, gradually induced in him a more scientific method of thought, and involuntarily, and even against his will, turned the seer into an investigator. He gradually lost his vision of Homer as realist and historian, and in his later excavations found himself compelled, if not to abandon, at least to modify, his dearest ideas. In his great work, "Ilios," the third of his books dealing with Troy, Schliemann, in his sixtieth year, wrote the following resigned words: "I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eyewitness of the Trojan War! Alas, I cannot do it."

In order to compass such sacrifices, this distracted Orestes needed a Pylades, who would steer him with a quiet hand out of the sea of his phantasies to a safe shore. He had need of a man who was a scholar, but without academic arrogance, an expert without prejudice, fond of him and yet possessed of sufficient authority to guide him gently on occasion. At the end of his fifties Schliemann in this struggle needed what he had never possessed. Once more the gods were gracious to him. He needed a friend and he found him.

## IV

For Rudolf Virchow, who was only a week or two older than Schliemann, and had grown up in easier but none the less straitened circumstances, the chief discovery of his life was already behind him by the middle of the thirties, when Schliemann was still pursuing earthly gold, and had hardly begun to approach a new intellectual life through the study of Greek. Both men had in youth stepped beyond the bounds of their calling, and struck out, or at least ensured, bypaths into the world. Radiant vitality and energy had in the one case directed the gaze of a young doctor and in the other that of a young merchant beyond the accustomed roads, without either of them losing the road; both, fully conscious of their strength, had voluntarily and disinterestedly assumed a second burden, the one out of revolutionary sympathy, the other from ambition and an impulse towards higher tasks, and both from superabundant vitality. The scientific investigator became also a politician, the merchant gradually developed into a scientific investigator.

Imagination was the watershed between them. Virchow recognised as valid only what he saw, and during a dissection would ask sceptically where the soul was. Although naturally more artistic than Schliemann, he forbade his mind to stray, and when penetrating into the origin, life and decay of the cell, he held fast to the tangible and had no patience with faith. Schliemann, whom intensity and imagination raised to a higher plane, deliberately abandoned the firm ground on which he had built his life, and founded his later achievements on faith.

And yet their natures were sufficiently alike to make their mutual attraction one of likeness rather than of difference. If Virchow was naturally the more objective, the more devoted

to the suffering and the oppressed, as a fighter he was cutting and malicious, whereas the egocentric Schliemann was yet always helpful and generous with personal effort, knowledge and money. In their own circles both were at once autocrats and friends of humanity. As an inexhaustible vitality streamed through both, enabling them for half a century to do the work of three men, a mutual respect for each other's achievement as such must have aroused in both the curiosity and the desire for comparison which is so often the basis of friendship. While their idealistic aims inclined both to scientific research, their desire for worldly enlargement led the one into political and the other into commercial life. It trained both to be organisers, however, and while Schliemann in Russia and California was founding banks and export businesses, Virchow in Berlin was founding parties, societies, hospitals and scientific reviews, and at the same time, by his battle with Bismarck, he kept in training all the instincts of emulation which Schliemann exercised against his competitors in indigo and coffee.

Their endowments could not have been very different. For if a scientist is elected by the Diet to be chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, he is expected to display the same exactitude in business as distinguishes the great merchant; and if a merchant amasses diplomas from scientific societies and universities, he has undoubtedly proved that he earned them. In fact, both arrived at fresh results which staggered the science of the schools by a combination of the vision of genius with untiring energy, for Virchow's achievements in pathology and later far beyond it, were not merely observed but also attained by strenuous work. If these two men had been together involved in a railway accident or an earthquake, each would rapidly have recognised the other as a resolute, resourceful character, and very soon they would together have been leading the organisation of the rescue work.

At the same time, the German part of their character drove these two organisers to collecting. Just as Schliemann not only found twenty thousand objects at Troy, but classified and catalogued them, or as he made a collection of all his papers, in the same way Virchow collected not only pieces of tissue, bones and skulls, but also dresses and other things of ethnographical interest, all, it is true, of a more objective kind, more detached from his own personality, for which reason he not only acquired no gold himself, but also saved much money for his fellow citizens.

Intrepid, humane and cool, Virchow was the man to support new discoveries, whatever their source. He was distinguished from other German university teachers by an unbiassed outlook which always ruled out personal questions about the origin, education, religion or relationship of an independent mind about whom controversy raged. This freedom from academic prejudices, often enough displayed in open scepticism of things academic, made him the very man at once to support and damp down, to encourage and to educate, an "outsider" like Schliemann. As the interest of the anthropologist was in any case bound to be attracted by those skulls which had unexpectedly come to light out of the débris of the primitive world, human and professional motives combined to ensure mutual profit, perhaps even friendship, between the two if they happened to meet.

The duet of their correspondence, which, especially in the four years, 1879 to 1882, is rich in personal revelation, was, it is true, played on two very different instruments: the shrill, excited trumpet of Schliemann was answered by Virchow's calm, patient contrabass, which quite often jested humourously at this tone so foreign to his own. Since the former has dominated the earlier pages of this book, I shall here select a few examples of the other. In its way the meeting, after such different lives, of these two German scholars, both now grey-

headed, both equally famous, both almost equally centres of controversy — Virchow was the passionate opponent of Haeckel — was a drama in the history of human culture, and nothing says more for Virchow's superiority of character than the fact that the excitable Schliemann, always ready to repel any criticism with passionate indignation, would listen to the truth from Virchow and Virchow alone, and always returned to his new friend for advice and criticism. Moreover, it was entirely due to Virchow that Schliemann was led back again to his own country.

## V

Virchow was also very much interested in the classical languages, and on one occasion, in answer to a question of Schliemann's, gave the following account of the unusual nature of his early studies: "Up to my thirteenth year I was taught privately in a little town in Pomerania; towards the end of that period my teacher was the curate. This man was in the habit of making me translate a great deal and write extempore compositions, and never made me learn by heart a single grammatical rule in the stricter sense of the word. By this means I came to find so much pleasure in the ancient languages that I very often made translations for my own pleasure which were not set tasks. When I went to the Gymnasium in Cöslin, the headmaster was so delighted with my novel Latin that I remained his favourite pupil all through my school career. The Greek master, on the other hand, found it so difficult to understand how any one could produce a good Greek translation without a thorough grounding in Büttmann, that he publicly accused me of cheating, and when, in spite of watching me very closely, he could not discover any unauthorized crib, he pursued me with his suspicion right up to my final examination. At this examination he tested me in the New

Testament, and when I passed even that, he declared in the teachers' council, the other members of which had all given me a favourable report, that he felt bound to fail me, because I did not possess the 'moral maturity' necessary for entry to the University."

Schliemann first invited Virchow to come to Troy in 1874; Virchow alleged a conflict of duties, which ultimately made it necessary to refuse the invitation. In return, however, he spoke most ardently in his Anthropological Society in favour of the new discoverer, and at the same time tried to make him think more kindly of Germany, about whose public attitude Schliemann had complained. "We, who are ourselves investigators," he concluded, "rejoice that at last an investigator has been entirely successful in this ground which has been so much burrowed in, and we heartily congratulate you on the results of your work."

Five years later, in January, 1879, when the regular correspondence began, Virchow wrote: "It is sad that you, not unjustifiably, feel at heart somewhat estranged from your own country, and that consequently we must be glad if a few crumbs (from his discoveries) fall on us also. But you should not forget that public opinion has always been entirely on your side, in spite of the difficulties which the classical experts have caused you." In the same letter he informed Schliemann of his election as an honorary member of a society founded by himself.

The possibility of soon seeing Virchow in Troy immediately let loose in Schliemann a flood of announcements *à l'Américain*, such as this to Burnouf: "You will nevertheless be glad to hear that the most famous doctor in the world, Professor Virchow of Berlin, the founder of a new pathological system, has promised to spend two months with us at Troy. He is the greatest orator in Germany, and belongs to the extreme Left of the Berlin Parliament." To Virchow himself he wrote at the

same time: "Your presence at Troy is a necessity for scholarship, and of supreme importance to me. It goes without saying that I shall pay the expenses of your journey here and back. I make only one request, that in everything you publish about Troy, you will give credit to my new, scientific work on Ilium."

Virchow at once understood this typically Schliemannesque phrase, and neither felt offended nor adopted a high-minded tone, for, after their meeting in Berlin, the reputation and conduct of Schliemann were enough to assure him that there was no attempt to influence him in this offer, and that, even if he were wrong in thinking this, he could face the situation without embarrassment. They then spent three weeks together at Troy. What happened there and the manner in which Schliemann tried to influence Virchow, may be seen in one of those diplomatic letters which Schliemann, in the great comedy of the world and society, loved to write to his wife. As Virchow was travelling to Athens alone, Schliemann wrote to Sophia:

" . . . To-day I am escorting Prof. Rudolf Virchow back to the Dardanelles. Please receive him with every mark of esteem, and invite him to dinner, or, in any case, to lunch with (list of names follows), but no ladies. Show him our whole garden and our new house, and get the plans of the new house from Z. to show him. V. has been here for exactly three weeks, and I think he is delighted with his visit. We have just got back from a five-days' excursion to the sources of the Scamander, Assos, Alexandria, the Troad. Tell Virchow that I was perfectly amazed at the ease with which he endured the strain of the long journey in rain and wind, and our miserable quarters, which consisted either of the bare earth or an open boat on a stormy sea. . . . Say to him that I have described to you the unsurpassed zeal and benevolence with which he cured thousands of sick persons who sought him out. Do not

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speak German to him, but either English or French, as you excel him in both these languages."

Although this is a confidential communication between husband and wife, it is more Oriental in tone than Virchow's letter to Schliemann in reply to his request, practical as usual, that the great doctor should make a medical examination of his wife on this occasion. It is significant, in view of Virchow's cool nature and the age of the two men, that he begins "Honoured friend"; but this report, and others which he was to make on later visits about Schliemann's wife, children and relations, show him entirely sympathetic, always weighing the whole situation:

"Your wife . . . is longing for your return and now fears you may leave her once more in the course of the summer. My advice is that you make up your mind to devote a little more time to her. She obviously feels neglected, and as she is surrounded by several ill or, at least, highly strung members of her family, she does not get the necessary distraction. She obviously lacks pleasant, not too exciting amusements. By the great position in which she has been placed and by your training, she has come to make higher claims on life, and you must endeavour to cultivate society a little more. In any case I consider it of urgent importance that she should take the Kissingen cure. . . .

"So much for the matters which are of most concern to you."

"I spent a long time yesterday in the Mycenæ Room", he goes on, and gives his view of the extent of the previous destruction of the skulls exhibited there, adding: "If I had unearthed them myself, I would not have brought one up undamaged."

In this delicate way he contrived to strike the right note with his sensitive new friend, who had been accustomed to hear from experts only animadversions on his excavations.



Virchow went on to ask that samples of grain should be sent to him from the Troad, winter and summer wheat, rye, oats, spelt, peas, and also millstones and bricks, all modern, for his Ethnological Museum. "Spare yourself and preserve your health. Your devoted and ever grateful, Virchow."

Very soon after this he asked about certain trees which Burnouf, who was in Troy with them, was sure he had seen in Athens, but which no one could show him, and, quoting a passage from the "Odyssey", he disputed Schliemann's statement that there was no mention of swimming in Homer.

Schliemann had never before found in any scholar this multiplicity of interests, this kind of productive co-operation; he was amazed, as was also Virchow, who never before in his life had had hospitality showered on him in the manner of Schliemann's wife in Athens.

Henceforward their letters come to resemble the correspondence column of a newspaper, Schliemann's monomania appealing to Virchow's ever patient skill in replying. Almost all the letters refer to Schliemann's work and his family, practically none to Virchow. Virchow continued to circulate his views in lectures and articles, and sought every opportunity to weave into their texture his high opinion of his friend. All the time he had to answer questions about height measurements in ancient Ilium, about plants for modern Athens, skull dimensions of a Trojan, or write half a dozen letters about a governess he was looking after for the Schliemanns, into whose ætiology, development and present state Virchow inquired and reported with the same exactitude as he employed over cell tissues. If Virchow occasionally asks a question, it is always quite impersonal, as for example: "Where was the largest of the vessels you so kindly and graciously presented to me, the red wine jar, found? I should be very sorry to make a mistake in my account of it."

When he has to criticise, Virchow also displays the calm

composure which distinguishes his letters from those of Schliemann: "Many thanks for the plan of Ilium, which I found very interesting. I cannot conceal the fact that the dotted line with which you join up the circuit wall in the north east does not quite satisfy me. So far as I can see, this would pass through close under the place where we made our first discovery of gold after my arrival. The depth at which that was found seems to me rather difficult to reconcile with the view that the wall of the town to which the gold articles belong lies sixteen or twenty feet below. Or am I making a mistake about the level of the wall? . . . The geological question is causing me more difficulty than you imagine. From everything I have learned since, the question of what is due to marine alluvium and what simply to fresh-water formation is uncommonly difficult to decide. Please do not complain of me on this account. In this connection you have always paid more attention to Burnouf, who was ready with his decision at once, than to me, who, as a natural scientist, was more cautious and therefore less satisfactory to you. . . . The indication of the course of the ancient Scamander I now consider to be correct. On the other hand, you are wrong about the mica schist: none of the specimens contains a trace of it. Thus there can be no question of a decomposition product of mica schist. . . . The problem whether a fresh water lake existed in the plain earlier is not in itself thereby affected; nevertheless if such a lake existed, the material of the Scamander must have been carried into it."

Schliemann's questions go on and on. Since his confidence was for the first time anchored on masculine ground, since Virchow was his chief crown-witness, and was, besides, a great doctor, Schliemann by telegram and letter applied to him for advice whenever he needed it. And Virchow, member of Parliament, member of several parliamentary committees, town councillor of Berlin, president of numerous societies,

editor of two learned journals, university teacher, dean of faculty, examiner, absorbed in a quantity of other work in various fields, and thus, in spite of Schliemann's press of work, much more tied down and harried than the independent traveller, Virchow then, as he had to play the part of Schliemann's domestic physician at a distance, proceeded to write, in the Reichstag or late at night, his answers, of which the following is an example:

"I have just received your letter, the one from Paris. Yesterday's was from Naples. I am jotting down answers to your main points, as I am very much pressed for time: (1) Give Agamemnon no milk for some time, but instead soup or tea for supper. After every meal enough soda bicarbonate to cover the point of a knife; no fruit. I hope that will put him all right soon. The strange water will also affect him to some extent. (2) My kindest regards to Frau Schliemann. I do not insist on Gastein. . . . You seem to regard Kissingen as extraordinarily good for bowel complaints. That is a mistake. (3) I have not been able to read your *Times*. I have so much to do that I can only deal with what is most pressing. Do not be angry with me. What is impossible is impossible. Besides, I have already written about the alluvium. The oyster is indeed somewhat singular, but I too consider the investigation theory to be wrong. (4) the lecture on Troy at Strassburg you must give in German. . . . I shall write to you immediately about a governess, when I have heard the report of my feminine counsellor. . . ."

Immediately after this Schliemann asked his friend to write a preface for his work on Ilium, and in the same letter urged him to decide the geological question, which might be decisive for the question of the position of Troy. Virchow, imperturbable, always soothing, always ready to help, but never to be seduced by friendship into over-hasty statements, sent the following reply:

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"Perhaps you will be somewhat less wrathful with me, my lord, after this long explanation, and if at the end of my investigations I still find myself unable to express a definite opinion on all points, you must excuse me and not take it amiss. What is the use of a definitive explanation which cannot be defended at all points? If this question is to be brought to a conclusion in a strictly scientific manner, probably a few days' stay would be of no use. . . . One question always calls up another, and one must, therefore, have much greater freedom in the matter of time. Your very kind proposal that I should write a preface to your book is such a great honour that I cannot say no, although I feel that there is nothing I can say which you are not much better qualified to say. If you are concerned to have a testimonial, I am cordially at your service. . . . For the moment I shall regard your offer as an impulse of your kind heart, and, as such, it is very precious to me."

When later Schliemann invited his friend to meet him in London at midsummer, to see the Trojan collection, which was on exhibition there, Virchow replied:

"I shall be very glad to go to London with you to see your collection. What could be more pleasant or more instructive? But please do not say any more of my making such journeys at your expense. I am not a rich man, but I have made enough money to be able to spare something for scientific purposes without inconveniencing myself. You know that I have no objection to accepting your hospitality freely, but hospitality does not include travelling expenses."

Schliemann immediately thought of another way of expressing his gratitude and decided to arrange a big dinner party for Virchow. Virchow replied: "As far as London is concerned, I am visiting it entirely on your account. . . . In any case I entreat you to abandon the dinner project. I should be very sorry to give the impression in England of all places that I wanted my importance to be artificially enhanced. This plan

might drive me away from London altogether. If you wish to see your friends in London, I shall certainly not refuse to be present; on the contrary, it will give me great pleasure. But the more I personally remain in the background, the better I shall be pleased."

However much these idiosyncrasies of the great gentleman might give rise to head-shaking in the Prussian savant's home, Virchow always found a new formula for calling his exuberant friend to order in the mildest way. When his daughter became engaged, Schliemann must have given her some fantastically rich jewels as a wedding present, as it evoked the following communication: "Your present to my daughter oppresses me all the more that you have usurped my priority of paternal generosity more flagrantly than Jacob usurped Esau's prior right to his father's blessing. . . . The things you sent are, of course, finer than mine, far finer, but that is the very thing that puts you in the wrong. I earnestly entreat you to abandon this custom once and for all, so that it may be possible for me to continue to be your friend."

Soon after this dispute in *chiaroscuro*, from the background of which the characters stand out significantly, Schliemann's passionate nature quite suddenly threatened this carefully preserved friendship. In March, 1880, he learned that Virchow was intending to publish a pamphlet, perhaps only an article, on his discoveries and observations at Hanai-Tepe, a place near Hissarlik, dealing not only with the skulls, but also with pottery and stone utensils. Schliemann perhaps had a moral right to stop him, but certainly no legal right, and when he did so, none the less he was secretly relying on the understanding by which he had paid the expenses of Virchow's visit the previous year, making only one condition, namely that Virchow's description of his discoveries should form a part of Schliemann's book. It was the curse of the gold once again threatening the rich man; now it was to fall upon the one great friend-

ship of his life. In his wrath Schliemann telegraphed to Virchow: "Publish nothing about Hanoi-Tepe. Else friendship and love for Germany both perish."

In this twelve-word telegram we have the whole of Schliemann. His ambition as the discoverer of Troy was at boiling point, his independence made it safe for him to attack any one and prevented him from considering how much he was endangering by this hasty step. But wishing at the same time to obtain his end, he sought the form of threat which would most influence Virchow, and found it in friendship and Germany. Immediately afterwards he telegraphed to his English publisher: "Instruct printers not to send any more proofs to Virchow. He is abusing my confidence." His feelings and his tactics may be seen in detail in the letter to Virchow which followed:

"Do explain to me how it was possible for you to act in this way. You know that I am now publishing my great work, the preparations for which, the excavations, cost over 400,000 drachmas. I regarded your making drawings of and describing my Trojan skulls as a friendly office, and never dreamt that it could be even possible that you would think of forestalling me to the disadvantage of my book. I have certainly always treated you frankly and openly as an honourable friend. You gave me your word that you would not personally publish anything about Troy and the Troad, and that you were willing to forward to me anything you would have to say. In return I would have inscribed your name in golden letters in my book, and would have amply acknowledged your assistance. Nay, I would have gone further: I would have appeared before the Chamber, and there and then presented my whole collection to Germany, telling them that they owed the gift entirely to Virchow. . . . I swear that from the day you publish your work we cease to be friends, and that I shall delete from my will the clause in which I bequeath my collections to the Im-

perial Museum. I write this in very great agitation, as your conduct has wounded me deeply."

Unfortunately Virchow's reply has not been preserved. In view of Schliemann's methodicalness, its absence is curious. It is clear that Virchow gave way, for Schliemann wired immediately to London: "Send at once to Virchow in Berlin all the proofs he has not received and also all future proofs," and wrote to Virchow himself: "I fully understand your corrections in the proofs, and have made the necessary alterations. I am very glad to hear that you will postpone publication until my work has appeared, for now we can remain friends." He at once resumed the running gamut of his queries, and Virchow, in his calm and even style, recommended Bavarian beer and cold douches, and advised against some mysterious medication which Schliemann wanted to use.

It was not until two years later, when the subject came up again, that Virchow mentioned "the pressure which the Academy are putting upon me at last to publish my paper on the Trojan skulls. I had deferred publication in obedience to your wish, which is to me a sort of command; but since in the interval the (?drawings) have been prepared and the Academy had postponed printing, I can resist no longer. You also will have become convinced that my publishing cannot do you any harm. My works lead a contemplative semblance of life and will be accessible only to the most learned circles. For the world at large these matters exist only through your books. I may add that my pamphlet deals with a comparison of all the skulls found which are known to me, the results of which are unfortunately meagre. It is rather archæological material for later work."

Virchow was not by nature modest. He knew his own value, he knew what controversy meant, and had all his life been determined to enforce his scientific results and, therefore, also the power of his personality. In this spasmodic dialogue,

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this fact makes all the more decisive his victory over his friend, who lacked self-control. Life can seldom have given him a greater opportunity for the exercise of the tact that springs from the heart. During the next two years, when he repeatedly received urgent invitations to come to Troy, it was the elections, the Reichstag and the expectation of a grandchild that kept him back, rather than the academic councils, and even if one is looking for it one finds no sign that there was any sense of injury lurking behind his refusals. On the contrary, he continued to add to the services he did for Schliemann publicly and privately, nor was there any decline in his warnings, which always sound like those of an older to a younger man.

"With regard to a revised edition of your 'Ilios', I advise you to await the conclusion of your investigations. Even if they are not completed by August, I still advise you to postpone a new edition. Why all this hurry? Money can't matter to you. But it would certainly do the cause no good if you had again to make corrections later. The wrath of the scholars against you has not disappeared, but merely been driven into the background, and if it is now necessary to make such large amendments in your account, it is certainly not desirable to risk having to make further amendments later."

Then, after having replied to Schliemann on three separate points, clay, iron and other remains, he says with regard to a new idea of Schliemann's, which he had hastily added: "(4) I shall keep your secret about the pergamus. But if that is to be effective you must not write anything about it on the envelopes of your letters. I cannot take any responsibility for that. . . ."

"(7) With regard to the expression, 'glazed' clay utensils, I beg you to be very careful. Glazed means merely a coating of a really glass-like paste, that is, one melted by heat. They then have a brilliant appearance without being actually



glazed". . . "(8) Your last letter had on the envelope several medical questions which are difficult to answer. My friend, Dr. M. (in Athens), will perhaps be able to take a tincture of opium (3 to 4 drops) from time to time. Does he suffer from diarrhoea? Against giddiness one can do nothing unless one knows its cause. Anæmia perhaps? In this case drops of tincture of iron are advisable or more nourishing food. For full-blooded persons, the reverse treatment."

Why all this hurry? asks the voice of the scientific investigator, who yet worked in far more varied fields and under much more agitating and dependent conditions than his friend, the passionate dilettante. And yet he was ready to bear with this eccentric nature, for he recognised and valued its great achievements.

Immediately after this he once more urgently advised his friend, who was working at Troy, to send his wife and child back to Athens, because malaria was a danger to both of them. At the same time he advised Schliemann against immoderation. "Your present programme seems to me too restless. No one compels you to hurry, and yet you act as if you were in my shoes. I get through my work in a helter-skelter fashion, but only because I am forced to. But who is putting pressure on you, that you want to undertake all at once Hissarlik, Balidagh and goodness knows what else besides? The result is that you do everything half, quarter or eighth-fashion or even less, and have to revise later. In your place I should concentrate much more closely on Hissarlik. Now to practical medicine: (1) Eruption of blood is not a scientific expression. I assume that the blood comes from the mouth and not from the chest (medical advice follows) . . . but send Frau Sophia and Andromache home. Your wife knows how great my affection for her is, and she will, I hope, bear me no grudge for this. . . . Yours sincerely,

"R. VIRCHOW."

## VI

Schliemann's fighting spirit had found two adversaries, the German expert and the Turkish pasha. During all these years, particularly between 1876 and 1882, that is, when he was approaching sixty but still short of it, he had to wage continual warfare with the Turks, who, annoyed by the lawsuit and the loss of the gold, felt somehow defrauded and now refused the lucky gold-seeker a new firman. In his usual way, Schliemann immediately started his worldly protectors of four nationalities pulling strings for him in Constantinople, and he is in all probability the only mortal who ever made Gladstone and Bismarck, the former directly, the latter indirectly, work for the same object. If the German Embassy was making no headway, the internationalist brought his American wing into action, and he also had his supporters among the Italians.

While in the spring of 1879, two years after that crowning in London, he was digging with Virchow and Burnouf at Troy, his interpretation, dating from the year 1873, when he found the gold, assumed a new form. In scientific matters Schliemann was in no way obstinate; rather, because he always felt himself to be a learner, was he inclined to retract, immediately and publicly, what closer investigation showed to have been wrong. This sincerity of purpose was recognised in England, for, as a review put it, "Just as in the course of a long walk one view opens up after another to the traveller, in the same way, Schliemann in the course of his investigation rejected one main thesis after the other."

In Germany, on the other hand, this frank evolution was an offence to the professors, who, as priests, could not bear this change and growth of opinion to take place openly before all eyes. And Schliemann's nature always had such need of an audience that he had to learn aloud, and a generation pre-

viously had even paid a poor Dutch Jew five francs a week merely to hear him learning Russian by heart.

During these excavations almost the whole western half of the ancient citadel was laid bare. Walls of fortification were found to adjoin both sides of the southwestern citadel gate; the Great Tower disappeared, and two separate citadel walls took its place. East of the great north-south trench were small rooms and passages, which, in spite of their narrowness and simplicity, were declared by Schliemann and his collaborators to be the houses and streets of the Homeric Troy. . . . In all, seven superimposed strata had been distinguished and described as seven towns; the five lowest were designated by Schliemann as prehistoric, the third he called the Homeric Troy.

When, however, in 1881 all this was laid before the world, with many maps and illustrations, in Schliemann's great work, "Ilios", to which Virchow and others also contributed, grave doubts were raised in many quarters and continued to grow. This time Schliemann was less controversial, and replied only to foolish attacks, for in these doubts he rediscovered his own doubts, since he had been hesitant in drawing, or subscribing to, these conclusions. Could this miserable clump of huts be the Troy whose wide streets Homer had described? And so he began the work once more, in March, 1882, very soon after his sixtieth birthday.

Wearisome negotiations, year after year, had been necessary before the new firman at last came into Schliemann's hands. With his usual tenacity he had again and again dinned into the ears of the German authorities in Berlin and Constantinople: "But by all the gods, Graf Hatzfeld must make only for the Vizier or the Sultan, for the Ministry of National Education is a den of thieves, where one will be kept in suspense for years and have to put up with the most ghastly annoyances." And when he made no headway in spite of this, he tried, as once before in Indianapolis, and, later, in Athens, to intervene with

the German Government by writing to a man of rank in Berlin:

"Herr von Radowitz is undoubtedly one of the most intelligent and skilful diplomatists that Germany has ever possessed, but he is not in the right place in Athens (he was Ambassador there), and languishes here. What infinite service this man might do for Germany if he were in Constantinople! I know definitely that the Imperial Chancellor likes him and values him highly, but unfortunately he has forgotten him for the moment. Please set all the machinery in motion to ensure that this sterling diplomatist is appointed to the now vacant post in C. . . . You would very soon have proof of his great intelligence and energy." Schliemann hoped to secure his firman more quickly through Radowitz. Radowitz later did in fact do excellent work at Constantinople.

In this five months' season Schliemann was assisted for the first time by two architects, Höfler of Vienna and Dörpfeld. Dörpfeld, then aged twenty-eight, who had worked for years successfully under Curtius at Olympia, offered his services in October, 1881, writing: "I can scarcely imagine any finer fate than to be a collaborator in your magnificent excavations." And a little later: "It would be a great honour and a particular pleasure if I could be present at your excavations in my capacity of architect or do archæological work on your behalf."

A year later he became a collaborator in writing against Schliemann's enemies, and defended his scientific matter-of-factness against Schliemann's ardour in these words: "I have written the reply you wished me to write to Brentano's book (an unheard-of attack, as Virchow says) on objective lines, since scientific questions cannot be decided by abuse, but only by objective proof. The public, with whose verdict alone you and I are concerned, will certainly prefer a reply of this kind. I hope you agree. If you have any objections, I am of course

prepared to make alterations: only I would like to do it myself."

Immediately after this he urgently advised Schliemann against "publishing the extremely inexact plan (of Troy); only by means of a correct plan, in exact accordance with the facts, shall we be able to silence our adversaries completely."

This accent on the lips of his assistant might have irked the master more than Virchow's voice of friendly warning; yet he understood that the business which he had started by imagination and sentiment must at this stage be carried on with cool-headed precision, as is the way with all discoveries and revolutions. But a veil had been wafted from that lofty loneliness of the first years, from the monologue of the discoverer or his dialogue with his wife. The romantic gold-seeker had been transformed into a systematic investigator with a staff of assistants, so it was no wonder that statisticians and measuring instruments, sharp, clear and impersonal, took the place of half-inspired seeking and faith, and that the voice of the assistants gradually drowned the inner voice of the discoverer.

The great service of the young Dörpfeld was that the strata were now more clearly distinguished. He approached them with an architect's eye. Schliemann, in the course of the digging, did not oppose the revision of his earlier views nor contest that what he had taken for the citadel of Priam was in reality a rather wretched settlement. Stout walls and great rooms came to light, which were soon recognised as the residence of the King. This, then, the second great stratum, not the paltry third one, was the Homeric Troy? Schliemann felt that his vision had been more strongly confirmed. The citadel whose walls he had preserved ten years before from an instinctive feeling of reverence but which he had taken to be the citadel of Lysimachus, was revealed, after Schliemann's death, as the real Pergamus of Priam.

Where was now the identification of the gate as the Scæan Gate, and of the gold as the treasure of Priam? Could Schliemann sever himself forthright from the beloved names of the heroic poems, which meant more to him than the proofs of his architects?

He was rescued from this dilemma by his old friends the Turks — the first time they had been of service to him — who were doing all in their power to worry him. About three and three quarter miles off lay a fort, Kum-Kaleh (which began to thunder again in the World War). The General Staff was bound to protect it against this German spy, plainly disguised as a gold-seeker, and so it was not until Radowitz actually became Ambassador to the Sublime Porte that permission was given to take measurements and make drawings in the Troad. Everything combined to dampen Schliemann's enthusiasm for the work.

Shortly before this he had turned his attention to a spot in Greece itself which gave promise of gold. He had read in the "Iliad" how Achilles rejected the seductions of the King of Mycenæ rich in gold with the words: "And though he offered me ten or twenty times more than he now possesses or may spoil, yea, though he offered me all the gold which is heaped up in Orchomenus or in Egyptian Thebes."

These lines had troubled Schliemann for years, and, later, he began the preface to his work on these towns with the words: "There are only three towns which Homer quotes as proverbially rich in gold, Troy, Mycenæ and Orchomenus. The first two have actually been proved rich in gold by the treasures I have brought to light." But here the ageing gold-seeker found no more gold, but the fact that he succeeded, once again accompanied by his wife and with the support of the Oxford Assyriologist, Sayce, in excavating a treasury and a thalamus with a nobly worked stone lid, seemed to him to prove that

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here too great riches had once been accumulated, and that Homer was right in this instance also.

## VII

Schliemann was fifty-six years old and had been a rich man for twenty years when he built his house after the dreams of a lifetime. Situated in the middle of Athens, on a wide new street, apart and visible from afar, with marble steps, halls and pillars, inside chilly and unhomely, surpassing in magnificence all the other houses of the town, or even of the country, it was altogether the palace of a great gentleman who had found gold on the earth and transformed it into power. On the lower floors, however, were displayed the treasures which he had dug out of the soil of Troy, and above, hewn out of Greek marble, twenty-four Greek gods towered to the Hellenic sky. The marvellously realistic romantic thus erected around him a symbol of his paradoxical life, and if kings and great lords from all parts of the world came to his palace, the German pastor's son received them at the garden gate. That within, at the foot of the lightly hung steps, stood the beautiful Greek woman, who surpassed him in appearance and in natural nobility and who yet was his wife and the mother of his children, was to Schliemann's flamboyant spirit the finest of all life's gifts.

Here the merchant lavished his gold with princely hand. Never before or after, the German architect remarked later, had he been able to build in such style. The watchword was always: "Nothing but the best." In his usual way the future master of the house supervised everything, writing to the architect from Troy: "The accounts alarm me. For example, under the date 15th September, D. enters 263.50 drachmas as Kosma's day's wage. How can this be possible?" But then off he went to Vienna for furniture, to London for iron work, to

Paris for chandeliers, and when workers were wanted to lay the mosaic pavements, he forthwith brought two highly qualified workers and their families with him from Leghorn to Athens, and then was surprised that difficulties arose. At the same time, he constructed on more hygienic principles than any one else in 1880; he sketched a windmill for the garden, in order to pump up water from a considerable depth, and furnished all the servants' rooms sumptuously.

Almost two years after its completion, he had carved on the front of this palace the words, ΙΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΑΑΘΡΟΝ, "which means 'hut of Ilion' and is modest enough." This translation, which he gave to a friend in a letter, is misleading, for even in Homer the word denoted a "palazzo", and, in this case, one of a style entirely unknown to Schliemann's ancestors on both sides, to King Priam and to the pastor of Ankershagen alike. It was rather his pride, it was a challenge to the world that gazed upon it, and the inscription only half ironically referred the beholder to the work of the master of the house.

All over the house he made a parade of his humanistic culture: verses of Homer, Hesiod and Pindar took the place of a frieze on the walls; there was a pattern of little sphinxes on the garden gate, with the sign of the swastika below them. Inside were marble walls and mosaic floors, and opposite the rectangular dining room, an immense ballroom, adorned with a frieze of *putti* in the Pompeian style; some of them were trying to excavate, reading Homer and Pausanias at intervals, then came others digging and discovering — the treasures of Troy and Mycenæ. One of the figures represented his son, then two years old, sitting on a rock with folded arms, gazing upon the landscape; another represented Schliemann himself, slightly caricatured, in black horn-rimmed spectacles!

Above were bedrooms and a little study for the master himself, outside the door of which was inscribed the words



of Pythagoras: "All who do not study geometry, remain outside." From the flat roof, between the twenty-four statues of the gods, you could see right to the sea, and an inscription on one of the lowest stairs daily proclaimed to Sophia, who had no love for the water, the unpalatable aphorism: "How sweet it is from land to gaze on the sea."

This house, which Schliemann would never have built except for his wife, and which he only conceived and enjoyed with her, was none the less an emblem of his autocracy, for everything in it was to his taste and very little to hers. Comfortable furniture there was practically none. For the ball-room he bought a gross of beautiful gilt chairs with cane seats. He did provide a boudoir for his wife, but it lacked all the comforts to which she was accustomed in the poorer circumstances of her parents' home. It was only later, and after many tears had been shed, that she acquired a sofa and two comfortable chairs, a present from her mother, but she never had proper curtains. Everything in this palace was clear, open, magnificent and hygienic, and since its master was by nature a stranger to comfort, he tried to make it difficult for his family to know it either.

Schliemann, who spent the last decade of his life, from his fifty-ninth to his sixty-ninth year, in this house, when he was not excavating or travelling, used to rise at three o'clock in summer and at five in winter, and generally rode the three miles to the shore at Phaleron to bathe. Either wife or daughter had to accompany him. On his too large oval head with its short thinning hair he wore an elegant hat, a silk handkerchief generally hung from his pocket, and he used it frequently, as he was fond of taking snuff. The handkerchief was red. But when he was asked what was his favourite colour, he replied: "Blue. Because I made my fortune mainly from indigo." The riding and bathing, and also the work that followed in his garden, where grapes, oranges and pomegranates

grew, was to him duty, work, system; the same was true of his perpetual hoarding and arranging of papers, all without a secretary, the answering an enormous correspondence, always standing at a high desk, like the merchants of a hundred years ago. In his last twenty years this correspondence was carried on in Greek, French, English, German and Italian. On the other hand, he always addressed guests in the language of their country. But he counted and reckoned in Dutch all his life, as he first really learned these arts in Amsterdam. He could do three-figure multiplication sums quite easily in his head.

All his life long he never ceased to put this art to practical use; the influence of gold never left him. "God is prospering us," he wrote once, "for in a year gold has fallen in America by 25 per cent. and our capital there has therefore increased by 25 per cent." He made repeated journeys to Paris to look after his houses there, and when a house stood empty, it cost him, so he tells us, two sleepless nights.

If he made anything out of his books, he was happy, although this was a mere symbol and never involved sums that appeared considerable to him. He proudly informed several friends that Murray had sold eight hundred copies of his book at fifty shillings — at a dinner in London, and in explaining to his friend, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, why the French edition of his book on Mycenæ was the most complete, he added a request to keep this secret, otherwise the German edition, which was not yet sold out, would suffer. He advised Brockhaus to send copies of his books to Karlsbad booksellers, because his presence there would increase the demand.

Besides all this he went on practising Arabic, making extracts from the "Arabian Nights" and writing like a learned eighteenth-century copyist of the Koran.

Habit in no way diminished his passion for Greek; on the contrary, as he grew older, he devoted more time to classical Greek, and his conversations with Sophia were carried on al-

most entirely in that language. He addressed her in Homeric fashion, involving himself in the most impossible expressions which have become equivocal in modern life, and plunged deeper and deeper into the study of Homer. One morning, when he was swimming with an Athenian advocate, a friend of his and an admirer of Homer, and they were reciting alternate passages in their usual fashion, Schliemann suddenly cried: "You can't say any more."

"Yes I can. I know the whole book."

"Excellent. Let us swim out farther while you repeat it. But I warn you that if you get exhausted I won't save you."

They swam on reciting the verses. Finally the friend got tired, and cried: "You'll have to help me. I'm done."

"Only if you acknowledge you are beaten."

And with his strong arms the old man of over sixty towed the younger man to shore.

Cleanliness is part of hygiene. Anything that was not clean and fresh disgusted Schliemann; he was always using the word dirty, and was painfully particular about food, his body linen and his writing things. He was also a stickler for punctuality and always reached the station an hour before the train started. He was meticulous in his dress; he sometimes travelled from Athens to London for the sole purpose of spending a couple of days trying on clothes; he arranged everything precisely beforehand, made sketches of his requirements, and paid his London hatter £13 for the year 1879 alone. He would first brush his coat himself in front of his wardrobe at night, then he made his valet brush it, and next morning the performance was repeated. Even at that time he had broad hand-sewn shoes made for him. He possessed quantities of clothes, and left behind him fifty-two pairs of perfectly good boots and shoes, about fifty suits, twenty hats, thirty walking sticks, fifteen riding whips, and a quantity of travelling requisites, for which he had a passion.

Yet he never ate, wrote or travelled in comfort. As he never had any time, the food had always to be on the table when he arrived, even in hotels; if he had guests, he made time; he was fond of fish and fruit, instructed every one on the healthy way to live, and if he saw pale women, he would say without ceremony: "Why don't you take walks?" and to men with red necks: "Why don't you bathe? You'll get apoplexy. Go for walks! Bathe!"

His Spartan habits grew stronger with the years. When he was sixty-four, he had a hæmatocist cut out of his lip without an anæsthetic, and a little before this, when he was thrown from a horse, and splinters from his spectacles were driven into his cheek, he rode home, did not send for a doctor and waited for the splinters to come out of their own accord. A fanatical love of health increased in his old age; he tended his health as carefully as his house. Since the fifties, he had suffered from ear trouble, which he had had treated repeatedly, but without success, by a specialist in Würzburg. Sometimes he was quite deaf, but in spite of this, he went on injuring himself by his perpetual baths, which let sea water into the ear. This treatment, and cures in Würzburg were a sore trial of his patience, a virtue foreign to him. He found them difficult to bear, but their intermission was to be fatal in the end.

Before they sat down to meals it was decided what language should be spoken. The children were allowed to join in the conversation, but if they uttered a single word in any but the prearranged language, they had to put ten leptas in a savings bank which stood on the table. Once a year it was ceremoniously broken open and the contents divided among the children. Often a house agent or an antique dealer would be seated in a corner, waiting until the meal was over. As he ate and read the stock exchange quotations, Schliemann over his shoulder would ask the man what he had for sale. If it did not interest him he would say, "Very fine. Much too fine for me."

But if he wanted it, he would say, "That doesn't interest me. I don't collect." Or, "The house is in a poor situation."

Any kind of easy chair was anathema to him. Walking, standing, riding and swimming, he regarded as healthy, and he always sat crouched together, with his legs hanging down. In this way he read the newspaper or Homer. He banished an arm-chair which his wife presented to him. She next tried a rocking chair. He had it taken out into the sun and fell asleep in it. The servant remarked proudly, "That's fine. The master will sleep in the chair in the afternoons." This became a custom, but no one was allowed to say a word about the chair. In company he mostly stood; he liked to talk, was a good listener, liked to have everything precisely defined, called the word "almost" a "box on the ear," was affable, especially to the lower classes, but could not endure any discussion of his own work.

He gave a great deal away, but in letters to the recipients of his kindness, not only the sums given, but also the probing of the subject, the personal questions, advice and encouragement, are particularly striking:

"Dear Frau Meyer,

. . . that you have been ill for a long time. . . . By a remarkable chance, when your letter arrived, an American was with me, who told me that he had only two half-lungs, but had been completely cured by the climate of Mentone. You must go there in the winter. I shall contribute six hundred marks towards your expenses. . . . I send you a picture of my house. Hang it up in your shop, where it will bring you luck."

He never gave anything to beggars, however. But if he met a blind man, he would stop his carriage, get out and put money in his hand.

He loved trees and animals. Once when he was founding a German school and Dörpfeld submitted the plans to him, he

approved of everything, except that there was a large palm tree in the way, which would have to be cut down. In order to save it, the plans had to be altered and the house made a number of feet narrower. When he learned of the healing power of the Eucalyptus tree, he bought several hundreds, chartered a ship to bring them to Athens, and distributed them, going round himself with his gardener to urge people to plant them. He would stop before an inn and ask, "Don't you want to have trees in front of your house?" "No. Why should I have trees?" was the answer. "They are a preventive of fever, good for your children." Finally, the man gave his permission, and Schliemann had several trees planted. To-day, of all the hundreds he gave away, there is only one survivor, a mighty tree in Old Phaleron.

If a carter beat his horses unnecessarily, Schliemann beat the carter. He forbade hens and pigeons to be served at table, because he kept them in the garden. Whereupon Sophia called them partridges and ducks, and he believed her and ate them. He was very fond of cats, and once was unwilling to leave a mother cat and four kittens behind in the ruins of Troy.

"How are the cats to travel?" he asked.

"Leave them behind," said the servant.

"Put them in a basket and take them on board."

On the ship they refused to give the servant a plate. "Bring me some oranges," said Schliemann. He then halved the oranges and scooped out the contents. There were the required plates, and every day he fed the cats with milk from fresh orange skins, until they all arrived safely in Athens. The children had to send him regular reports about Nero the family dog.

Among human beings, however, the slightest restriction of his freedom irritated him. Once when he was walking on the roof of his house under an enormous Chinese umbrella, his wife said to him that this was a very conspicuous proceeding, as people could see him from the street. He immediately left the

roof, umbrella and all, went downstairs, and continued his walk among the amazed passers-by. When he received an invitation from the King, he always left early, and when the King visited him, he paid him the usual honours, but nothing more. At the time of his fight with the Government, he would ostentatiously turn aside when the King and Queen drove past. Social life, which had so impressed him in London, became in Athens a form to be gone through in style two or three times a year, and at these functions he was shy and usually bored.

As he never worked after six o'clock, he devoted his evenings to playing and joking with the children. He packed them off to bed early, and insisted that all lights in the house should be out by 10 o'clock, the hour at which he himself went to bed.

### VIII

"I burn four candles, but the room is still dark, whereas your eyes would light it up. Life without you is not to be borne."

Such nice things recur repeatedly in Schliemann's letters to Sophia from Troy or during his many journeys, and as he was a domesticated man and was growing older, and as she had studied his foibles for ten years, their intercourse increased in tenderness.

"It is impossible," he wrote from London, "to describe how I suffer without your lovely voice and the laughter and shrieks of our dear Andromachidion. . . . Write and tell me how you all are and how you spend your time. Also write and tell me what colours you would like your Scotch plaid to be." She had presented him, when he was nearly sixty, with the Greek son, who was growing up the very image of himself, only better looking, and this event was the great focus of his affection. Now that the wife was more distracted by attending to the two children, the modern slowly replaced the ancient Agamemnon as a symbol of their community, and even in Troy

the spirit of Andromache was more frequently conjured up by her mother's epistolary reports of her progress than by their joint reciting of verses about her sorrows.

Occasionally Sophia returned to the spot of her first sentimental mission, but more briefly, and the romance of the gold-seeker aided by the lucky hand of the Greek woman was gradually modified: now if he thought he was near gold, he summoned her, in order to continue the web of the legend. Here too then the problem of history and imagination recurred:

"I have wired to you to come to me (to Troy) in any event by the next boat, and stay for at least a fortnight, if you cannot remain longer. For the sake of your reputation . . . it is absolutely necessary, as we are now excavating the royal chambers and will of course find great treasures. Yesterday we found the walls of the king's chamber, and an ivory implement for weaving, wonderful to behold. You would always regret it if we found treasure and you were not there."

But the gods do not suffer themselves to be mocked, and when she came as summoned, they found no treasure.

If he or she had dreams, he interpreted them to himself and to her: "Yesterday night I was very much disturbed by a dream. I saw you adorning yourself to give a ball for the children. At the same time, we were intending to place an inscription in red letters on our house. May the gods keep evil away from our home."

And again: "Your dream that the statues in the Museum at Cairo were praying to us betokens the visit of the German Emperor to the Trojan collection and the recently despatched telegram announcing the visit."

He was always greatly exercised about her health: "Do not forget that before I left you promised to take a cold bath twice a day. Do not be false to your oath. . . . I am glad that you are able to walk four hours a day without fatigue. On hearing this news both the cats mewed." When he was writing at home, his



Sophidion had to sit beside him, and if she shivered and wanted to go, he kept her back, and there she continued patiently to sit. Moreover she had to take lessons in archæology and classical philology from scholars, and go into society much more frequently than she liked. If she wanted a piece of jewellery, however, he refused absolutely to give it to her; in the twenty years of their life together he never even gave her a ring, obviously because she had once worn on her neck the jewels of Helen, and any modern jewellery seemed to him a profanation after that. From a similar sentimental feeling of honour, Sophia Schliemann never married again after she was left a widow in the middle thirties.

Often, when he flew into one of his earlier rages, he would write to her in the old way, but he did not send the letter; after an interval, when he had vented his annoyance on paper, he wrote in a kinder tone. Or else he would give ironic expression to his reproaches, as at the end of a German letter: "My beloved wife, how unjust you are. How can you misjudge me so? I wrote simply that I longed to make you rich, and you know very well what strong reasons I have for this wish. I said to you that up to the end of September we should have frightful sums to pay out for the building of your house and begged you not to be impatient. . . . Having voiced my complaint against your injustice, I remain, Your quite superlative husband, H. S."

He had in no way forgotten the children of his first marriage: he invited his grown-up son to visit him in Athens and he also met him in Paris; he smoothed the way for him in St. Petersburg by letters to high functionaries of state. When his former wife was ill, he wrote to his daughter: "This complaint is not dangerous, for I myself cured a woman of it at Troy merely by prescribing continuous cold compresses and keeping the head in one position for six weeks. To make this last possible, I placed a sort of plaster frame under the woman's chin.

. . . With best wishes for your health and for your mother's recovery, Your loving father." But when he saw his Russian wife's name on the visitors' list at Marienbad at a time when his Greek wife was also staying there, he sent the Russian wife an indignant letter, asking how she could bring herself to travel as Frau Schliemann to the place where Frau Schliemann from Athens was staying.

On account of their youth, he inevitably felt a greater tenderness for Sophia's two children. When Agamemnon was a few hours old, after his first bath, his father laid Homer on his head and read a hundred lines aloud over him. After that he received the orthodox baptism. While they were all solemnly assembled in the church, with many guests present, and the priest was stepping forward to baptise the child, Schliemann suddenly drew out a thermometer and took the temperature of the water. The priest was furious, for now the water was desecrated, and only a considerable gratuity availed to pacify him.

The children were taught languages, ancient history, and the natural history of creation, at an early age. Once when Andromache had stood for four hours in a museum before the skeletons of prehistoric animals, she tried in vain to get away. When she was got home weeping, she was feverish and the horrible skeletons appeared to her and she shrieked that they wanted to eat her.

He tried by promises of gold to make them do what was repugnant to them. Just as he tried to accustom his wife to wine by putting a gold coin under the glass, which she got only if she drank the wine, in the same way, he would cry to the children, "Whom do you love best?" If they said "Father and mother," they received a drachma. But if they said "Mother" only, he was very sad and went away. If Andromache wrote him a letter in English with no mistakes, she was to receive a

hundred drachmas, but as again and again mistakes occurred, he always saved his money.

On his travels his thoughts always revolved around home and children, and as it was his wont to make Napoleonic demands, comic messages frequently arrived, like this one out of the blue from Brindisi: "Make the nurse look four times every night to see if Agamemnon is properly covered." Or this request to his wife: "Please look for a wife for Sergius. I want him to marry a beautiful Greek, not a Russian." He loved Christmas, and again and again when he was travelling he postponed the Christmas celebrations, so that, when he got home, he could himself light the children's Christmas tree, the like of which no one in Athens had ever seen. In the shortest days of the year Northern ideas revived even in the mind of this Trojan, and from the midst of the ruins of Ilium he wrote that he was already looking forward to the visit to Ankershagen.

In his letters he addressed the children in the oddest ways: "To Professor Agamemnon Schliemann, Agamemnon, of all sons the most worthy of admiration." Such expressions were only half-comic in intention; at bottom he himself believed everything which his leaning towards high-faluting phrases had once prompted him to say. He even sent the two children — the boy was four at the time — to Troy in order to see united the inspirations of his life, as on that other occasion when Sophia wore the jewels of Helen.

On one occasion, when he was walking on the roof of his house with his eight-year-old daughter, the child said: "Father, what is eternity?"

He pointed across the plain to the sea, and said: "Imagine Andromache, a block of marble as long as from here to the Piraeus, and that once every thousand years a piece of silk is drawn along it. By the time the marble has been chafed through, that is eternity."

## IX

For seven years the treasure of Priam remained with its discoverer. He guarded the gold like Alberich in the Nibelungen legend, and, like Alberich, its possession gave him a feeling of overwhelming superiority in his warfare with the professors. They attacked, criticised, denied, but he had in his hands the treasure whose age they disputed, because they could not dispute its existence. This immemorial gold side by side with modern, the Trojan gold side by side with the Russian, fortified not only the life and demeanour, but even the inner security of a man who had always remained dauntlessly alone, who, through his capriciousness, had repelled many, and who now, as he walked on the roof of his marble palace, smoking his cigar, could negligently speculate on eternity with his Greek daughter. For below, in a safe, lay his American shares, and, still lower, were displayed in three rooms the treasures of Troy. Must not every sentiment by which he lived have tended to make this indomitable self-made man, this persecuted scholar, postpone for as long as possible the decision about the treasure, its separation from himself? At the lowest this game with the gold amused him.

In Athens his loyal and at the same time princely offer had not been accepted, and they had moreover kept him on tenterhooks during the excavations at Mycenæ. Even King George, who had never given Schliemann an order, failed to recognise the value of the offer and remained on very cool terms, which amounted at the most to a message of congratulation on a new discovery or a visit to Iliou Melathron, bringing with him some curious king or prince or other.

The interest of the later Emperor Friedrich and his wife was much more cordial. But Schliemann for decades cherished an all too well-justified grievance as a result of his first experience

with a Prussian official, that tactful ambassador in Washington, and the German professors had done their best to keep this feeling alive. Even at the end of 1878, he wrote to a Berlin merchant: "that my Trojan museum is not sold, and that, if I leave it in my will to a German city, it can never be Berlin, for I have never had a single word of appreciation from there and have always been treated with the most odious hostility."

It was Virchow whose tact and cleverness won Schliemann over. Four months after that angry letter, Virchow, according to his own account, while they were digging together at Troy, during an excursion to Mount Ida, one day picked a sprig of flowering blackthorn and handed it to his companion saying: "A nosegay from Ankershagen." "That broke the ice. That same day, while we were resting, he brought up the question whether it would not be best to take his collections from London (where they were on exhibition) to Berlin; one thing led to another, and the upshot was that at Christmas he packed up his collections in London and transferred them to Berlin."

What a picture. Two German savants, both approaching sixty, go for a tramp on Homeric soil, and the one contrives by a romantic reminder of home, by a flower, to restore the other to his own country. By a single word uttered a thousand miles away, echoing over the plain of Asia Minor, the wiser of the two succeeded in taming his wilder friend, without irritating his cosmopolitan mind by any moral appeal. At such moments one sometimes wishes that a scientist like this, the flower of the German middle class, had taken the place of that boor in Washington as representative of the nation, and one withdraws in spirit from the exchange only because it could not be expected that the Freiherr von Gerolt would discover in the microscope anything but the cell structure of his own caste.

Nevertheless, as Virchow ironically summed it up, "one thing" had to "lead to another" in order to keep the gold in

Berlin. A year after that first decision, in January, 1880, Schliemann wrote to his Russian guarantor, with whom he had previously negotiated about the sale of the treasure: "How can you ask me about the weight of the Trojan gold? The things are such marvellous workmanship that a London jeweller demanded 800 francs for the reproduction of a single brooch. . . . It is now generally recognised and appreciated that I have discovered Troy. . . . In my letter of last April I asked scarcely an eighth part of their value, merely because I wished to be a good friend to Russia and because I believed that they would want a man like me there. If Russia wants my collection they can see it and ask me whether I will sell it. Such collections can never be offered by the owner; the initiative must come from the purchaser. . . . So do you induce the director of the Hermitage to propose the acquisition of my collections to the Tsar." And again later: "If the sale comes about, I herewith undertake honourably to pay to you and Mr. Z. the commission which I offered to pay in April, 1879."

Thus deeply rooted was the spirit of the indigo dealer. But he never attempted to conceal anything. Again and again Schliemann's business skill is found in conjunction with the complete honesty, even naïveté, which alone enabled him to regard both the gold on the earth and the gold under the earth, if not with the same feelings, at least on similar terms. Thus, if in the end he was destined to give away the treasure, how but with honour was he to be compensated? On this point he made his terms.

Virchow showed great skill in his negotiations with the curator of the Museum, with Puttkammer, the Minister, and indirectly even with Bismarck, to both of whom he was opposed politically, and whom he disliked. And when, in one of the numerous letters exchanged over this affair, we read that he had "spent two hours in the Minister's antechamber," we feel that only a great impersonal interest could have induced this

very busy man to make such sacrifices. And well might a friend of Schliemann's, after it was all over, compliment him by saying that he had succeeded in one thing where any one else would have failed: he had brought Virchow and Bismarck together. Bismarck was, as Virchow said, immediately "afire" for the idea, and prepared to go to extreme lengths in the bestowal of honours. For he too had a strong feeling for gold, and in general no disposition to refuse presents.

Since Schliemann, the Americanised democrat, wished to present the treasure to the German nation, not to the German Empire, he first demanded that Virchow should go before the Reichstag, in order to ensure that the collections should not only be exhibited in a fashion worthy of them, but should "for all time bear the name of Schliemann." If there was no money to build the Ethnographical Museum, Schliemann privately offered to supply it. At the same time he explained his difficulties to Virchow, in order to whet his eagerness; "since I would make enemies of two countries (England and America), which have always defended and protected me, at a time when I was an object of general contempt and mockery in my own country."

The Hereditary Prince of Meiningen, son-in-law of the future Emperor Frederick, was also appealed to by Schliemann to aid in overcoming difficulties and was obliged to read the following words: ". . . the Prussian Ministry of Education has no feeling for archæology. If he had he would not have left the fifteen chests of (newly discovered) Trojan antiquities lying around since April in the dead-and-alive Dardanelles, where no Berliner would undertake insurance at 50 per cent. per annum."

Finally, Christmas, 1880, Virchow corrected Schliemann's formal memorial to Puttkammer, in which he gave the collections "to the German people in perpetual possession and inalienable custody" under the control of the Prussian Administration, on condition that it should be arranged by Schlie-

mann himself in a befitting manner in the new Ethnological Museum, in rooms which for all time must bear the name of Schliemann. "I am sending the collection packed in chests, carriage and insurance paid." What was not mentioned in this document was the honorary citizenship of Berlin, which Schliemann confidently was urging on Virchow.

But now came an unexpected veto. The Greek Sophia was beside herself. What, were these treasures which they had together brought to light and saved, in circumstances of great peril, and afterwards defended at law, to leave her country for ever? And why to Germany, where no one had been particularly friendly to her, except Virchow? Did not the treasure of Priam fall to the share of the Greeks, who had laid siege to the city for seven years and finally demanded, not only the beautiful Helen, but, in accordance with the ancient law of warfare, compensation for the money they had spent. If the old king at that time succeeded in cheating the Greeks by burying his treasure, three thousand years later a descendant of theirs came and, together with her husband, found it and bore it away. For the first time in their lives she used her whole influence to dissuade Schliemann from his decision.

And he, conscious that she had a right to a voice in the matter, did not lay down the law, but took refuge behind two German friends who had always been good friends to his wife. The documents are unfortunately missing, but there are others which show that Virchow and the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen were begged to oppose the wrath of the Greek wife.

"If my telegram really produced or helped to produce this agreeable change of mood (in Schliemann's wife), I can only be very glad. . . . Meanwhile you will have received the holograph letter from His Majesty, which has been published in all the papers here, with explanatory remarks in which the entire German press of all shades of opinion at last pays you the tribute of recognition and admiration you deserve. To my



mind this letter means more than any order. . . . The holograph letter is a public document . . . which no private individual can boast of acquiring so easily. Its official announcement in the *Reichsanzeiger* stamps it as an honour in the eyes of the whole world."

Thus delicately had German princes to handle this German-American who was resolved on this unique occasion to fulfil all his suppressed desires. Bismarck was too familiar with such natures to refuse these quite extraordinary honours, in order to secure the gold. Virchow too characterised the letter as a great exception.

"Your last letter from Paris," he wrote at this time, "positively shocked me. What agitations you have to endure! I would gladly have carried out your wish and telegraphed to your wife, but I must candidly confess that I was at a loss. I felt extremely embarrassed; then to-day I sat down to write a letter to her. Perhaps that may help. . . . Your idea about the honorary citizenship is excellent. Only the matter cannot be put through so rapidly. . . . Also do not forget that City Councils are unwieldy bodies, with whom such weighty business requires time. One does not make honorary citizens every day, and I should like a little time to warm them up and make all the necessary preparations. . . . But I will gladly do all in my power and I feel very hopeful."

But Schliemann would not yield. Gold or honour had been his motto for forty years, and he was now resolved not to exchange the one except for the other, and to receive full value in return. "About your story of orders," wrote Virchow, with delicate irony immediately after that, "it has greatly diverted me. As an official, I am not in a position to refuse to accept an order from my sovereign, and when I had acquired one, I was not concerned about getting any more. But I never wear it except on strictly official and ceremonious occasions, on which it would be an insult not to put it on. If I were, like you, a

free man, I would not let myself be hampered by such considerations. . . . But . . . I am ready to help any good man if he feels a need of orders.

"If I understand you rightly, you have set your mind on the '*Pour le mérite*'. But it is of course a kind of lottery. It can only be held by a limited number, and can only be bestowed when a vacancy occurs. The vacancies are filled by election, but always by a similar holder to the one before: the place of a physicist is filled by a physicist; that of a literary man, by a literary man; that of a doctor, by a doctor. One may therefore die before a vacancy for which one is eligible occurs. I have long ago resigned myself to dying without this decoration. You will perhaps be more fortunate, but for the moment I can do nothing. . . . To our bureaucratically trained world, with an order, you will enter the class of ordinary mortals. However, that will not prevent the immortals from continuing to be gracious to you."

So appears the reverse of that Trojan medal on the obverse of which Virchow had stamped the blackthorn of Ankershagen. However, the comedy was by no means confined to Virchow alone. The director of the gallery and the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen were simultaneously appealed to.

To the latter Schliemann wrote: "By bestowing my Trojan collections on the German nation, I have incurred in a high degree the hostility of the Americans and the English. . . . Purely out of consideration for America, where no orders are worn, I have up till now not accepted any. But now when my friendship with America is for ever broken off, and for the rest of my life my intercourse will be confined to Germany, which is now dearer to me than ever, I have withdrawn from the former prejudice against orders; and, on the contrary, will henceforth regard them as an appreciation and recognition of my love for my country, which I have proved by my deed."

To his Russian friend immediately after this: "I agree with

you that Russia is already too rich in archæological treasures. Distinctions have no longer any value for me. Many were sent to me from the European Courts, but I never wear them."

Soon after this Schliemann also conceived the wish to be a member of the Berlin Academy. Virchow wrote strongly, pointing out that he did not belong to the philosophical class and that he therefore could not propose him, adding with the restrained seriousness of a scientist: "You are acquainted with these gentlemen and know what it has cost to suppress their opposition at all. But now they need time to see their way. . . . You are a member of the Munich Academy, which I am not. One must overlook things of this kind. I hope that you will not allow your conduct to be determined by them. You did not give your collections to Berlin for the sake of receiving decorations." Only Virchow could risk raising a finger of warning so plainly. To him, and to him alone, Schliemann allowed a kind of superiority.

Then, when the clouds of gold and honour had once more passed by, we see Schliemann, the untiring, standing in shirt sleeves among the chests in the Berlin Museum, himself unpacking every object, raising every clay jar with loving hands, and, finally, the gold as well, arranging and cataloguing, placing and laying out those things so sacred to him, until everything was ready, and the City of Berlin, amid loud applause, inscribed on its roll of honorary citizens the name of Heinrich Schliemann. This was on July 7, 1881, four years after that evening in London. Prince Wilhelm, the future Emperor, took in the Greek consort to dinner at the banquet. The document spoke very handsomely of Schliemann "who by his combination of practical activity with idealism has become a pattern for all German citizens."

He was the third honorary citizen of Berlin. Only two other Germans had attained to the honour before him, one of them the man whose war had made Schliemann so angry for the sake

of his friends and his houses in Paris, and the other, a man whose theory about the site of Troy he had passionately opposed.

The two were Bismarck and Moltke.

## X

At that banquet in the Rathaus the mocking Berliners had noticed three old ladies in amazing dresses and hats, provincials of a vanishing generation, who were marked out with special honour and brought conspicuously into prominence by the hero of the evening. They were Schliemann's sisters, to whom and to their husbands an invitation had been sent.

He had always kept in touch with his associates in his native place, not entirely and solely in order, in his way, to parade his fame before them, but also from feelings of sentiment which are frequently found in men of the world and can in no way be called paradoxical. His old friends in Mecklenburg, Schlies and Rusts, scholars and shopkeepers, had all remained in their narrow circle, all proud of him, all believing in him, never jealous. Sometimes Schliemann would write to one of them after forty years in the style of the great political adventurer: "Dear Herr Niederhöffer, I still remember clearly how on the morning after that evening on which you entranced me by reciting Homer, you came to the shop again, wearing a beautiful bright blue coat with shining buttons, at which we marvelled no less than at your handsome face." This was the failure to whom he once gave spirits in return for his reciting Homer.

But most of all was he attached to the scholarly Anders, who once gave his cousin, not himself unfortunately, lessons in Greek, and whom, on reconnoitering, a friend found in greatly reduced circumstances in a little room in a wretched house, amid books, rags and worthless possessions, so that Schliemann

took action immediately. Another old acquaintance he advised not to retire from business unless he had a hobby. "You will make an enormous mistake if you think that good reading will give you adequate occupation. You will get sick of it. But, now I remember, you are a violinist, bravo! bravissimo! That will make it all right. Only you must devote yourself passionately to music, play at concerts, compose, practise day and night. But, first of all ask yourself whether you are in a position to do this."

When at the age of sixty, shortly before his Berlin honours, he prefaced his work "Ilios" with an autobiography, he assumed the style of an American "self-made man," emphasising the poverty of his youth instead of concealing it, but at the same time extolling himself in several aspects. In the following letter he displays to his friend, and now to the world, his naïve exaggerations:

"Dear Mr. Schroeder, . . . I did not forget to mention in my book that you, in your first glance at the errand-boy on 1st March, 1844, recognised in him a man who might be useful to you, and how you . . . instead of the 600 gulden agreed upon, after a few weeks gave him a salary of 1000 gulden, by such amazing generosity spurring him on to learn Russian in six weeks, and thus laying the foundation stone of his good fortune in Russia, and, at the same time, of the discovery of Troy and the ancient royal tombs of Mycenæ. This book will be read so long as men continue to admire Homer, that is, as long as the world endures, and in reward of your magnanimity, you have thus become immortal."

It is evident that Schliemann was happier in tracing out the past than in foretelling the future. He belonged to the earth on and in which he found precious things, whereas, as prophet, he did not succeed in reading the future sky with such certainty.

An even more hilarious impression is produced by the ever-young enthusiast when he presents the results of his memoirs to

the love of his youth. To Minna Meincke, whom he had often helped and whom he now presented in his autobiography in a somewhat romanticised form, an attention which perhaps was not altogether welcome to her in the little town in which she lived, he wrote at that time:

"If you think that I have exaggerated our friendship of fifty years ago, you must not take it amiss, but ascribe it entirely to my old affection. As things have turned out, all I say can rebound only to your honour, and all German women would be glad to be made immortal in a similar way. You will (through the French translation of 'Ilios') soon be as well known in France and all the French colonies as you already are in Germany. Will you not pay us a visit in Athens, or, even better, in Troy? You will find, to compare small things with great, a reception as cordial if not so brilliant as Cleopatra received from Julius Caesar in Rome, and I shall be very glad to send you the money for the journey. In the Troad you will often see as many as twelve storks' nests on one village house."

So utterly had he become absorbed in his rôle of mythomaniac: Minna Meincke, now Frau Saundso, a farmer's wife of Friedland in Mecklenburg, was transformed into Cleopatra, who, moreover, was to receive her travelling expense from Caesar. But he did not forget that the good woman might be more interested in storks than in dirty clay crocks, and tried to entice her by signs from her own world.

To his sisters he always gave what they needed, and more. If, however, they tried to induce him to make loans to their friends, he protested violently: "I admire the nobility, kindness and benevolence with other people's money of the good Elise. . . ." Or, again, to his half-brother: "There are four things which one must never lend; wife, horse, book and money. For there is scarcely one chance in a thousand of one's ever receiving any of these four things back, and even if one does, it will be in

a spoiled condition and the debtor will have become the creditor's eternal enemy."

He was especially concerned to exalt Sophia in the eyes of his sisters. "She," he wrote, "is the first woman who has ever climbed Mount Ida." Once he even went so far as to say: "You have gravely insulted my beloved Sophia by admitting in your letters the possibility of her not being with me in Troy. On the contrary, without her the work here would be impossible. She is the soul of the Trojan excavations, helps me stoutly from early morning till night, and if, as often, my spirit flags under the burden of complaints, she inspires me with renewed vitality by reciting lines 322 to 325 of the twelfth book of the 'Iliad' which I beg you to look up in translation."

In view of this frequent friction and the few remaining ties left, there seemed nothing to attract him to his native place. He thought himself insulted by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, because he had never even acknowledged the dedication of his great work. Whereupon a gold medal was despatched with all speed, and the always lavish *grand seigneur* requited it immediately with a chest full of Trojan antiquities. The University of Rostock had also annoyed him by failing to thank him for his book. "I see from this that such books are of no value in Mecklenburg. . . . If we find thousands of treasures more, Mecklenburg will not receive one single grain of gold, for I have always been insulted there in the most paltry way."

Two years after this solemn oath, he decided to take his whole family to spend the summer in Ankershagen. The clergyman, surprised by the offer of a very high rent, vacated the parsonage, and in June, 1883, Heinrich Schliemann at the age of sixty-one, with all his belongings, but especially with his exotic wife, once more set foot in the place he had left forty years before, in order to become a great gentleman. The excite-

ment on the other side was enormous: every one was expecting a man of terrible pretensions and a woman who would make a mock of them all.

Instead of this there appeared a jolly, active man of sixty, and with him a beautiful woman of thirty, who rapidly contrived to be at home in this peasant sphere, for oxen and horses and meadows were much the same here as in Athens, and it made little difference whether one grew olives or potatoes, whether one joined in the singing at church or merely listened, whether one sat under beeches or palms in the evenings, and the children, offspring of Faust and Helen, thanks to their linguistic training, were soon at home in a foreign land.

But Schliemann was the only one who was happy. All the relations, friends of his youth, old women, must visit him; Fritz Reuter was once again read aloud; once again there were fat bacon fritters, smoked goose, peas and pigs' ears, which made the Greek wife shudder in secret, and for which in Athens her husband would have given a thousand drachmas, or certainly a hundred. There came too a gigantic old pilot, who for forty years had voyaged in all seas, as Schliemann in life. To him the gold-seeker confided his boyish dream of being a sailor. The powerful old man looked at the delicate gentleman with his thinning hair and large spectacles, spat out his plug and said with a derisive grin:

"With all due respect, Sir, you're making a mistake. You've no turn for that life. You look just right for a desk!"

Then came Aunt Luise, with baskets full of cakes and sweetmeats. But her brother, who could not eat sweet things, and, therefore, had for years forbidden them to his family, came in and threw them furiously out of the window, shouting, "If you want to make the children ill, it would have been better not to come at all."

But there was also old Niederhöffer! He must needs begin at once to quote Homer, and before this idol of his youth, Schlie-



mann restrained himself and did not correct him when he went wrong. There came, too, Andres from Neu-Strelitz, who had been a librarian since and had often given his great friend good advice from a distance. Old day labourers, who had been young loungers in the grocer's shop, were greeted by name, and held out their hands to their comrade of old days in some confusion, for they were afraid he would address them forthwith in Greek. But he had not forgotten the dialect and never tired of speaking it. One of them even took him to an old beech tree, and Schliemann saw again, weathered and darkened, the H. S. he had carved when he was a nine-year-old boy. Was the leg of the wicked knight still not growing out of his grave? And why had no one dug to see if he were perchance guarding a treasure with him in the grave?

Finally there appeared, after forty-eight years, a spirit, perhaps a spectre, Minna, the love of his youth, a fat old woman in a black silk dress. Her he himself helped out of the carriage, kissed her stoutly on both cheeks, conducted her over the house and garden, greatly moved, enlivened, rejuvenated, while her enjoyment was cool and reserved and somewhat confused.

As on such an evening he returned with his wife to the old roof, the ballad of this amazing life of his certainly became alive to his symbolic mind. Perhaps he recalled that his father on a lucky day was wont to murmur: "Praised be Jesus Christ" in the same room as he said to his wife in Greek: "Praised be Pallas Athene." How could he fail to be struck in the room in the parsonage, which he had taken for a few weeks' holiday, with the picture of the Saviour, under whose gaze he too was brought up, while on his own splendid house far away, towered twenty-four naked marble statues? Was not this sea whose coast he had left Athens to visit grey and dark, leaden in movement, very different from the blue of the Mediterranean, by whose shores he had found the gold of the old kings?

In the next room the children slept. At first they were some-

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what shamefaced at being addressed here by their wonderful long names and would for a week or two gladly have been called Luise and Fritz. But this blood was marvellously mixed, and not for anything would Schliemann have exchanged the name of his son Agamemnon, whom he had baptised with Homer. Or did he still wish that Minna Meincke had waited for him and become the mother of his children? Was it not a good thing that his father had driven him away from home by his goings-on, away into strange and distant lands, where one learned foreign languages and could seek gold and honour on both sides of the ocean — and find both? Had many mortals been so successful as he, who now sat in the old parsonage, and amid all his restlessness for once took time to survey the whole course of a romantic life?

Praised be Pallas Athene!

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE GOLD BECOMES DIM

#### I

THE Argive plain stretches northward from the Gulf of Nauplia. To the south, it slopes down to the sea, but on the other sides it is encircled by the mountains of Arcadia, as far as the Isthmus of Corinth. In the southeast corner of this plain, close by the gulf, much nearer to it and lower than Mycenæ, there rises from the level expanse a long cliff, about fifty feet high, three to four thousand paces long, a hundred broad, girdled with Cyclopean walls. There, on the terrace of the rock, lay the city of Tiryns. Here Heracles was born. On him, in order to be rid of him, the King of Mycenæ imposed gigantic tasks.

But here, too, legend soon crystallises into history, for we know exactly the year (twenty-four hundred years after Tiryns had been destroyed by the Argives, the royal citadel burnt down and everything turned to dust and ashes) in which Pausanias, seeing these walls, still so mighty, likened them to the pyramids, and described the circuit wall, which was still standing, as built by the Cyclops "from unhewn stones, so enormous that a team of two mules would not be able to move the smallest from its place."

Schliemann had had his eyes on this place for a long time. On that first itinerary, the forty-six-year old dilettante had cast on Tiryns, as on Troy and Mycenæ, the swift glance that anticipated the outcome of arduous toil, for, shortly before the finding of the gold at Mycenæ, he had spend a week disturbing the ground and confirming his opinion; but only now,

at the age of sixty-two, a year after that wonderful summer in his native Mecklenburg, was he able to grasp the spade and make the final decision to unearth the remains of the citadel. Here, as at Mycenæ, his earthly leader was Pausanias; but over him, as in the Trojan battles, hovered the spirit of Homer, who had described exactly this royal citadel. Here, too, this Hellene in his old age brought to light the citadel, whose site archæologists had known for a century, without attempting to excavate it. For long they had assumed that these walls were a superstructure of the Middle Ages, because fire had baked the walls to a mass whose appearance misled them, and had rendered the upper plateau completely useless, while the second terrace, the lower acropolis, when Schliemann came, was sown with cumin.

It was mid-March, 1884, and he did not come alone. With him was Dörpfeld, who had been employed by him as architect for two years, and who from now onwards developed into a most useful collaborator. They brought with them about seventy workmen, forty English wheelbarrows with iron wheels, twenty large iron crowbars, two hand winches, a large windlass, fifty large shovels, fifty pick-axes, twenty-five large axes: an arsenal of heads, arms and tools, more scientifically planned than hitherto. During two summers they worked here, for six months in all, and afterwards Dörpfeld worked alone.

The place of the luck-bringing Greek woman gold-seeker had been taken by a competent German architect, and, with the increase in exactitude, sober fact had displaced romance in Schliemann's excavations. The gold-seeker had become a scholar, who first won a reputation as a scientific investigator by these very excavations and their results. When, eight years earlier, he and his wife laid bare the royal graves of Mycenæ, he stopped after the fifth grave, because Pausanias had only mentioned five, and was perhaps not too well pleased when the

ephor subsequently discovered a sixth. Once more, however, he appealed to the writings of this late Greek, and found him once more confirmed; those gigantic blocks of stone were actually there, many of them weighing up to two hundred hundredweight, and the huge stone of the bathroom, actually four hundred.

This time, however, a clear-sighted architect was on the spot, and although he himself ascribed the preservation of the walls to the immense size of the stones, his training and character compelled him to state, in his contribution to Schliemann's book: "Pausanias' statement that a mule team would be unable to remove even the smallest of the stones from Tiryns is an exaggeration, for many of the stones in the wall of the citadel could be moved by a single workman." This was the truth, and the experts rejoiced thereat. It was, however, a meagre truth, compared with the heroic truth cherished by Pausanias and his prophet Schliemann, with their Cyclopean visions. It is therefore a remarkable thing, and speaks well for the two men that both now and later they got on together for years with but few differences, and that the younger man, as he became increasingly conscious of his value, bore with the views of his Cæsar without ever becoming an Antony.

They lived in Nauplia. Schliemann rose punctually every morning at a quarter to four, took four grains of quinine, and went down to the shore where the boatman met him at four o'clock and rowed him out. The old gentleman jumped out of the boat into the sea, swam for five to ten minutes, climbed on board again by the rudder, dressed, drank a cup of bitter coffee, and arrived at Tiryns, after a twenty-five minutes' ride, just before sunrise. Then he sent back his horse, which was now needed by Dörpfeld. About eight o'clock, during the first pause in the day's work, there was corned beef, supplied by his old chief and friend, Schroeder, bread, cheese made of sheep's milk, oranges and resinous wine, everything consumed

hurriedly, sitting on a wall or a broken column. At sunset the day's work ended.

Schliemann placed the date of the destruction of Tiryns earlier than was generally accepted, and considered it highly probable, although this time he did not proclaim it as a self-evident truth that these gigantic walls were of Phœnician origin, the Phœnicians, as colonists, having left behind similar structures along the north coast of Africa. Moreover, they found amber beads in Mycenæ, which must have come from the Baltic, and such beads are only mentioned once by Homer, and then as in the hand of a Phœnician. In like manner, the aged Schliemann, digging in Argolis for the remains of the legendary Atridæ, became possessed of a pearl from the coasts of Mecklenburg, and the way in which he had travelled the long distance thither suggested, anthropomorphically, the adventures of that pearl, experienced three thousand years ago in the sea and under the earth.

When, the first summer, the upper and middle citadels were laid bare, it was possible for the first time plainly to discern a Homeric palace, with doorways, courts, halls and chambers, bases of pillars and thresholds. Seventeen hundred years after Pausanias those gigantic walls were found practically unchanged. Once again Schliemann's faith in Homer was confirmed, the faith which the experts had hitherto received with irony, for the new excavations in many details corroborated the poet's picture.

## II

At this point Schliemann's course turns, for the last time, in a new direction. In obedience to the poet, he had sought in the soil of Troy for a palace of the Homeric type. In his realistic way, he looked for the realist in the poet, and, accordingly, needed tangible proof. That which seemed to Voss and other poets an insult to Homer, the tearing aside, as it were, of the

mantle of the seer, seemed, on the contrary, to Schliemann, the man of the world, the very confirmation of his greatness. For a Homer whose descriptions could be dug for in the débris of a buried city, horrified such as say with Schiller: "That which never was, and nowhere, that alone is phantasy." On the contrary, that which actually had existed, was what seemed to Schliemann the stuff of genius, and, as he had never been very keen about poetry, or indeed, about art as such, as he had not been interested in Dante, or Shakespeare or Goethe, it would appear that a certain leaning he had to the ancient tragic poets was due rather to the fact that they were Greeks than that they were poets. Schliemann seemed to say, with Hamlet, "I'll have grounds more relative than this" — and he found them.

He found them, however, only after a mighty detour. The new excavations in the Troad two years before had shaken him, if they had not convinced him. It was because he trusted the broad limits of Homer, that he began slowly to admit that it was not the first stratum that he had discovered and labelled Homeric, but the stratum below it, which was the real Homeric one. Such a modification of earlier views might easily have befallen any archæologist, and Schliemann, who had so often and so frankly revised his opinions, would have been doubly glad to point to those mighty remains of walls, which truly only strengthened his faith in Homer. But had he not been a gold-seeker? Had not the treasure of Priam meant to him the whole splendour of earth; to the world, the very essence of his discovery, and an annoyance only to the experts? If he gave out that the stratum discovered ten years ago was the Homeric one, the treasure was actually a few hundred years younger and, in consequence, less valuable, and with the tarnishing of the classic name, the gold itself lost its lustre. It seemed as if the golden age of Heinrich Schliemann was coming to an end.

This was the dilemma in which, since his new discoveries at Troy, the dreamer came into conflict with the scientific investigator, the gold-seeker with the archæologist in Schliemann, and it was insoluble. It is true that twice in his life he had resolved to give up before the discovery of the gold, and in self-defence, as it were, tried to persuade himself that his life's work was accomplished, but both times the sight of the gold had eclipsed his interest in clay and bones. The one treasure had gained him respect, and greater freedom among the Greeks, the other had secured him nothing less than his election to the nation to which he ultimately desired to belong. Nothing had ever flattered him more than the possession of the Trojan treasure, which he was now going to sell, now give away, or, better still, keep, the gold which he found it so hard to weigh in the balance against honour. For seven years this sport had stimulated him and kept his vitality undiminished.

But if the treasure was not the treasure of Priam, what was it? A gift from some nameless barbarian to his women? What? Had this gold never glittered on the neck of the fair Helen, or even of her friends? Had it not been a prize of battle in that Hellenic War, in which the gods themselves had fought on different sides? Had it not been hurriedly hidden by one of Priam's sons, when that tragic city, captured at last, went up in flames? Was it perhaps not Agamemnon from whose blanched forehead he had lifted the golden mask? And had his own son, born about this time, chosen too exalted a sponsor?

These were the doubts which beset the old gold-seeker during these years, and his friends, Virchow, Dörpfeld, and two others, bear witness how painful it was to him, how hard he found it, his gradual surrender of the heroic names. Heinrich Schliemann, optimist and activist, here approached the confines of tragedy, which his positive disposition prevented him, even now, from crossing. "What?" he exclaimed on one occasion. "So this is not Agamemnon's body; these are not his



ornaments? All right, let's call him Schulze," and henceforward, in familiar conversation, they always spoke of Schulze.

But such ironies as these did not dispose of their difficulties. The riddle of Troy was still unsolved. For now the discoveries at three points of the Homeric world, at Troy, Mycenæ, and Tiryns, were, as it were, beginning to cut loose from their discoverer and to enter into a secret alliance among themselves. One began to confirm or to contradict the others, to point first in one direction and then in another, and Schliemann's constructive genius and Dörpfeld's discriminating intellect found themselves confronted by analogies which both enriched and threw doubt on their theories. When they had just declared that certain remains in Troy were the ruins of a temple, they had immediately to revise their opinion on finding in the much better preserved Tiryns exactly similar walls which they recognised plainly as parts of a prince's palace. But when, owing to this very discovery at Tiryns, they did at last find the Homeric Troy, Schliemann's eyes were not destined to behold it.

For the first time Schliemann was too much occupied with renewed campaigns on both his old fronts to have much time to spare for emotion: the experts abroad and the authorities at home continued to worry him.

It is true that in the eighties he was held in far greater respect in Athens than in the Mycenæ period. Philios, the ephor, his new overseer, found little support in the Archeological Society, and none at all with the Government. In fact, Schliemann at last succeeded in dealing direct with the Minister, whom he held in high esteem. Nevertheless, the Greek telegraph system was kept very busy with the groanings of the two galley slaves, for how could an excavator, uncertain what to-day's discovery betokened, and in a constant state of excitement about what to-morrow would bring forth, living

under difficult conditions from the point of view of health, in extremes of cold and heat — how could he live amicably with some one who was like an unremitting prison warder in that his only occupation all day was to see that nothing was smuggled away, that the prisoner worked in the right place and did not enter into conspiracies with his colleagues!

Schliemann to the Minister: "Please instruct Philios not to hinder me when I want to excavate in four places at once. . . . The prefect is prepared to supply me with soldiers as watchmen. Tell Philios that he is not to keep on trying to find new ways of annoying me and of making my great work ridiculous."

Philios to the Society: "I have never made difficulties, yet Schliemann is never satisfied with me. I beg to be recalled, if you are not satisfied. If you have no work for me in other parts of Greece, I beg to be dismissed entirely."

Telegram from Schliemann to the Minister in classical Greek, and in Homeric style (27.3.84):

"To the great Vulpiotis, greeting! As it is my wish and my desire to offer to the International Prehistoric Congress a wonderful and splendid spectacle, to the undying renown of Greece, I pray you to grant that my architect Dörpfeld may unearth the inner and outer walls of Tiryns, which for three thousand years have been buried in débris. I will have the soil put on the fields which girdle the heights of Tiryns. This soil will be of benefit to the fields."

Telegram from the Minister to the prefect of Argos: "If you have not sufficient overseers, engage more. You must do everything that Schliemann wishes:

Schliemann to the prefect of Argos (in classical Greek, as before): "Greeting! The ephor Philios has been instructed that I may be allowed to study the antiquities at any hour of the day. . . . I will do what I can, to have the débris and the

stones moved away. I am so devoted to the most learned Minister Vulpiotis, that for love of him I would do everything he desires, had I but time enough!"

Philios to the Society: "I am sick. I must get away from here. I cannot stand it any longer. And I have not received my salary."

### III

Next year Schliemann let his architect excavate alone, a completely new departure for him, which may be traced partly to his age and partly to the dying down of that burning desire which had driven him on hitherto. Dörpfeld's plan of Tiryns met with universal approval for up till then no one had possessed the ground plan of an ancient house; Schliemann was the first to accord him recognition, and he did so without envy. "Geehrter Herr Doktor Dörpfeld, Your plan of Tiryns was an object of universal admiration at the congress at Breslau which has just ended. . . . The projected excavation of the royal palace in Athens could not possibly be entrusted to better hands than yours."

While he was vainly seeking for gold in Tiryns, or perhaps giving up the search, he kept his eye constantly on the stock exchange, and never made any secret about this, or tried to conceal it. From the primeval soil of Greece, the birthplace of Heracles, Schliemann made his way to Cuba, to dispose of certain shares. For some time a railway in Havana, which he had helped to float, had seemed unsound to him, and he had tried to unload his holding of about thirty thousand pounds on Schroeder. As this did not come off, he got busy, crossed the ocean, had it bruited about everywhere, "Schliemann is coming!" — for he was well known over there as a financier. The somewhat tired shares began to revive, everybody

bought them, because they thought that Schliemann's coming betokened fresh promotions. He came, and sold out his entire holding at a large profit.

The question where his gold should go after his death had occupied him for decades, and Virchow wrote later: "Schliemann was prepared for death at any moment. I do not know when he first made his will, but for as long as I knew him he was always busy making new provisions about his estate. This game prompted by self-importance, the desire of a rich and dictatorial man to manage affairs the other side of the grave, was on all fours with the way in which he once promised the ancient gold, took it back again, and apportioned it afresh. For years too, Schliemann had had his tombstone planned and ordered."

Under his last will, besides his sisters and his step-brother, Virchow himself, to whom Schliemann felt indebted to the end of his life, received a legacy, and Dörpfeld one of half the amount, and there was even money for the heirs of the tailor in Ankershagen who used to tell the boys those thrilling stories. Here again he made the grand gesture, for he settled a considerable sum on his first wife, assured the position of the children of his first marriage by legacies of money and houses in Paris, while his two Greek children, and their mother particularly, were even more brilliantly provided for.

In his old age his relations with his wife became increasingly tender and harmonious, but their separations were even more frequent, for his continual restlessness drove him constantly to congresses, on business journeys and scientific expeditions, while her uncertain health kept her for the most part at watering places. As Schliemann in his later years wrote not in modern but entirely in ancient Greek, his letters to Sophia take on a certain pathos, faintly tinged with gentle irony, attractive on that very account. Thus, at the age of sixty-six he writes to her:

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"Stay the whole winter with Kussmaul in Heidelberg, so that you may come back to Athens quite strong . . . then you shall get the promised reward (1000 francs for every kilo she gained in weight). . . . May the gods preserve you from getting a tutor in Austria, for they are never masters of their mother tongue. . . . Please send me some soap from there. Andromache ought to take a bath every day. Her letter is full of grammatical errors, permissible only to a quite uneducated girl, never to a daughter of Schliemann's. These errors are simply due to carelessness. Her mind roves about, and goes wool-gathering. God forbid that she should ever go into trade, that would be her ruin."

"To Sophia Schliemann, most wayward of women—I preach to deaf ears! Not one word do you write of Heidelberg, on which all my hopes are set."

(From Troy) "To Sophidion Schliemann, best of women, greeting! I boasted to you about the warm winds which we are enjoying here. . . . But the gods hate all boasting. So they have punished me. For, after terrible thunder and lightning, we got a north wind, bringing with it such cold that without my winter rugs I should have perished. . . . My hand can scarcely hold the pen; it is snowing, so it is useless to think of excavations or house-building. I did not want to take the rug, but you insisted on it. So I must admire your wisdom and forethought! How I envy the sheep, for their wool protects them from the cold; they don't freeze, and live and die without a care. There is nothing in Flower's having invited me to a meal. I invited him, with thirteen others, in honour of Virchow, which cost me over £40 or 1000 francs. . . . If you have no matrimonial intentions for Andromache, don't give any dinners. It is unnecessary and unsuitable."

To the children he wrote in various languages, so that they should not get out of practice in any of them. In these letters he gave his fancy rein, and did not always consider what ef-

fect his exaggerations would have. He wrote, in English, to his eight-year-old son, "that the motive for Andromache's request to go to Ostend, is her desire to be able to ride again. It seems she would gladly give up seeing her father again, if only she were able to ride. This seems thoroughly wrong to me, and I shall take care that she shall never ride again, not even after I am dead! I think I deserve rather more consideration from my children, than to be loved simply as a groom."

"To Miss Andromache Schliemann, Professor of History: . . . delighted that you have made such strides in science and art, and that on my return you will recite to me the dates of all the German emperors and kings. This learning makes me hope that you will become a great archæologist, for history is the foundation for archæology."

To his nine-year-old son, from Egypt: "Early yesterday, about four o'clock, I happened to look out of my window and saw the Southern Cross in all its beauty. . . . As it is placed at an angle of  $53^{\circ}$  above the South Pole, it should be visible from a higher latitude; but neither on the Pacific, nor the Atlantic, nor from the Nile have I ever seen it at a higher latitude than  $26^{\circ}$  north."

In German, from Athens: "Our fruit trees are loaded with fruit, especially a peach tree, whose branches we have had to support with eight props. . . . Just think, we have ten different sorts of peaches and apricots, ripening at different times, so that for three months on end I have had on the table ripe fruit from our garden. . . . The two cats are so fond of each other, and are together the whole day, but when food appears they squabble. Such is life."

In classical Greek: "Schliemann to Andromache, the best of daughters! Rejoice! I have seen your dear mother again in a dream: she had red cheeks, and looked well. I am afraid lest the contrary should be the case, so write to me quickly! Greeting!"

## IV

The most remarkable consequences of Schliemann's activities are, perhaps, to be found in the movement which he suddenly set going in the science of archæology. As, after an operation, all the forces of the body are brought into play and directed towards recovery, it seemed that when Schliemann first plunged his spade into the soil of the old world, some mysterious connection wakened the treasures hid in other places from their thousand-year sleep. Schlie, the curator of a museum, might well write to his friend Schliemann, that he had slowly succeeded "in forcing, scaling, breaking through — what you will — the thick walls surrounding the academic mandarins with the long pigtails, which to-day are much longer and worse than those of last century, and in bringing disorder into the serried ranks and lines of the learned gentlemen." Perhaps in the twentieth century the pigtails have grown at even a greater rate than they did between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

That Crete was connected with Mycenæan civilisation was suspected, although it had never been verified. It was only in the year 1877, when the marvel of Mycenæ was resurrected from the dust, that a Spanish consul, digging at five places, had established the existence, far below the surface, of a building one hundred eighty feet long and one hundred forty feet broad — an immense building therefore — without investigating it further. The real credit, however, belongs to Sir Arthur Evans, a man of genius, the discoverer, excavator and interpreter of Knossos. In March, 1883, Schliemann successfully applied to the Governor of Crete for the right to excavate there.

But it was the excavations at Tiryns in the two following years that first brought to light that missing link which the

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divination of the royal citadel in Crete made even more interesting, and which excited curiosity by reason of its much greater dimensions. Now Schliemann went for the first time himself to Crete, with Dörpfeld, and found confirmation of the similarity to Tiryns in the pottery that was lying around there. Schliemann had the time and the desire to make excavations in Crete, and the fact that this honour was denied him and that the palace of Knossos soon after his death fell to the English, could not, this time, be ascribed to the jealousy of the archæologists or the distrust of the Government, but to the greed of gold in a Cretan peasant to whom the man of commerce, just returned from Havana, would not give way.

For the owner of the fateful hill, more cunning than the Turks of the Troad, forbade any digging, and was not prepared to sell his property except *en bloc*, with all the olive trees on it and all the treasures buried in it, for one hundred thousand francs. But the old indigo merchant, reflecting that, whatever he found, he would have to hand over to the Government, that is to say, to the museum on the Heracleon, retreated, and left the agitated peasant in suspense. For three years the gold-seeker played cat-and-mouse with the olive-grower; each led the other on a fine string through this labyrinth of cunning and avarice, just as on this very piece of ground, under the olive trees, in that same buried palace, Ariadne had led Theseus through the labyrinth.

When the peasant had brought down his price to forty thousand francs, had come to an agreement with Schliemann, and everything was ready for the excavations to begin, it was suddenly suggested that he need not come himself to sign the agreement, but need only send five or six thousand francs deposit. Deposit? Schliemann pricked up his ears, took ship, came to the island and found that the peasant had sold the greater part of the land in question and was offering in its place certain other scattered fields. True, the important hill



was not affected, and the object of the purchase was therefore secured. But the born business man could not bear to be deceived. He made investigations and comparisons and counted the olive trees: "Instead of 2500 I found there were now only 888." Thereupon he broke off the negotiations, and, as expropriation does not exist in Turkey, he tried through the governor to find a way to obtain parliamentary authority to make excavations in Crete.

Thus, a year before his death, the merchant got the better of the scientific investigator. For the sake of the oil of 1612 olive trees, which a farmer was trying to cheat him of, Schliemann lost a precious jewel from the crown of his glory.

While this Cretan comedy was being played out, Schliemann went with Dörpfeld to London, to vanquish other opponents who were not concerned with money and olives. In the year 1886, in tropical heat, a veritable battle was fought in the "Hellenic Society." Penrose, an English authority, and Stillman, who had again and again publicly contested the great antiquity of the remains of Tiryns, should both have appeared, but only Penrose turned up. These savants were endeavouring, by appealing to the air-dried bricks, stone saws and tubular borers found at Tiryns, to assign the citadel to more recent times, maintaining also that, in the heroic age, the men's forecourt was directly connected with the large women's apartment, whereas here corridors and side galleries had been found everywhere.

Never had Schliemann, who in these years appeared at many congresses, expressed himself so brilliantly or powerfully as here, where, in ready English speech, and with the support of some of his English colleagues, he confuted his opponents point by point: "It was," as the *Times* reported, "a real battle of heroes. Schliemann has won new laurels by his heroic journey to London, and his powerful defence."

A year later Penrose accepted an invitation, and let Dörp-

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feld show him Mycenæ and Tiryns, and, in the "Athenæum" retracted his former assertions like a gentleman. But Schliemann was excavating in Cythera at the time, and found there the temple of Aphrodite mentioned by Homer and Herodotus, and later by Pausanias.

## V

From the dust of the excavations, the jungle of fights and facts, from all the detail of pottery, doorways, turnings and windings, overseers, articles and olives, Schliemann in his latter years was glad to escape to a ship, where the expanse and monotony of the sea brought calm to his nerves. There he often read nothing but Homer all day long. This was his real reason for going, in two consecutive winters, to Egypt, for he had no inclination to excavate there, in a world other than the Greek. On these long voyages his mood became more nearly attuned to the universal; it touched the philosophic.

His diary, written in classical Greek, like his letters, gradually developed a linguistic style of its own, reminiscent of Xenophon and the Alexandrians. Modern ideas are always clothed in Homeric phraseology:

"Greeting, my beloved wife! I sorrow that I have received no reassuring news concerning your health. I prescribe for you plenty of exercise in the open air, strong wine, for dyspepsia, only stewed plums and grapes, no physic at all! . . . To-day I have been reading what Herodotus wrote about Egypt. . . . If everything had always gone well with us, we should have become soft and undisciplined. The gods have spun us a thread of sorrow and heaviness, so that we should receive their good gifts more respectfully. . . . Oh, inhuman Sophidion! What possessed you, that you did not make this journey with me! . . . Directly we have unfavourable winds, I am glad that Sophidion is at home, for I am afraid she would weep,

and yearn after her children. But when the wind is fair, and we can run before it the whole day with all sail spread, I am very sorry that she is not here."

Schliemann had chartered a dahabiyeh for three months for the journey up the Nile; but his solitary figure on the deck, as master of the little ship, is a picture of loneliness, and bears renewed witness to the essential domesticity of this wanderer over the face of the earth.

He collected much, noted down everything, studied the colourless corals of antiquity, copied inscriptions, observed which Egyptian animals were not portrayed on the Pyramids, and, wherever he was, went first to the market, where he noted prices and commercial goods, rejoicing when he recognised a genuine statuette and secured it for six francs. He calculated from the direction of the higher clouds the quarter of next day's wind, he took comparative soundings of the depth of the Nile, complained perpetually, with mouth and pen, about the endless bakshish, recorded every temperature, sketched every building, took perpetual delight in the cleanliness and industry of the Nubians, was continually annoyed by the dirtiness and fanatical prayers of his Mohammedan sailors, and, in a single morning, read in succession six hundred lines of Euripides, three hundred of the "Iliad," and a hundred pages of Nordenskjöld's "Circumnavigation."

From his diary: "I rise at seven o'clock, bathe, walk up and down on deck for half an hour, drink tea, eat three eggs, and walk about, smoking, for another hour. Then for an hour I study a book in Arabic, then Euripides for two hours, have my midday meal, walk for an hour, and study again until half-past four. Then I walk until six, have supper, and walk about for an hour and a half breathing in the health-giving desert sand. Before going to sleep, I write up my diary."

He always had a liking for dream interpretation, and Egypt seemed to incite him to this. "I saw a lot of money in a dream.

This always means that many difficulties are coming." Another time: "I saw my wife in a dream, standing in her bedroom very much agitated; the bed was moved aside, and a lot of water had poured through the roof on to the place where the bed had been." Another time: "I saw Sophidion in a dream, entering 900 drachmas for wine in her account book." Moreover, he fell in love on this journey; Cleopatra was the object of his passion; he had a marble mask of her made from a coin and hung it up at home over his writing table.

Every now and then Schliemann began to dig, at random, on the shore, and always found something. He did not follow up these excavations, for this past age meant nothing to him; apparently he merely wanted to give another proof of his in-born gifts. He was more keenly interested, on this trip, in playing the doctor. "A great many people came to the ship to be healed by me. There was a girl suffering from paralysis and a swelling in the shoulder. I ordered her to bathe twice a day in the Nile, to set the whole body in motion once a day, and to put linseed and hot herbs on the shoulder."

He was often struck by the beauty of a boy or a girl: "I was absolutely astonished this evening by the beauty of four girls. Their faces as symmetrical as if they were sculptured, their eyes fiery enough to melt ice, their teeth simply marvellous."

The next winter he invited Virchow to travel with him. Their friendship, like Schliemann's marriage, had, after the years of fruitful enquiry, become more peaceful and perhaps also deeper. Even towards his old friend, however, and in the last decade of his life, Schliemann was not entirely free from outbursts of his old temper; failure to receive an answer to one of his questions could drive him to resolutions which his wife had difficulty in persuading him to abandon. Thus, in the year 1886, he suddenly writes, in Greek, to Sophia: "Virchow has not replied to my letter from Cairo, asking for information about the oldest skulls in Egypt. So it is high time for me to

regard my friendship with him as for ever at an end. I wish that I had not written to him at all from Athens. Greeting to you, dearest and best of all women! Please send me the current week's papers, as I must see the Athens stock-exchange quotations."

Hardly had the letter arrived, which pressure of work had prevented Virchow from writing earlier, when everything was all right again, and on this three-months' journey up the Nile, the two men, both getting on for seventy, seem to have become even more intimate. They were the more dependent on each other's company since a rising of dervishes on the right bank of the Nile cut them off for a time from the world, so that, for instance, they only heard of the death of Wilhelm I later, by word of mouth, from the Governor of Wadi Halfa. After Schliemann's death, Virchow gave a very fine description of his friend among the Arabs:

"They stared at him as at a miracle-worker when he wrote in Arabic, but he won his greatest triumph in the evening, when he recited to them extracts from the Koran. This took place under the broad leafy canopy of one of those magnificent lebbek trees. . . . A big lantern, like our stable lanterns, a modern importation, was placed on the sand, the Nubians squatted on the ground and made a wide circle round the lantern. Inside the circle an open space was left, where soon the beetles collected, trying with busy haste to get to the unaccustomed light, and with their back legs inscribing wonderful hieroglyphics on the sand. . . . No sound anywhere but the gentle murmur of the mighty river; and there, in the middle of his dusky companions, sat the man from the North, crouched on a wooden bench, and proclaimed to them the words of their prophet. His voice, deep at first, rose higher and higher, and when, in his own ecstatic way, he pronounced the final words, they all bowed their heads and touched the earth with their foreheads."

But Schliemann was not the man to tarry in such Platonic scenes. The tempo at which he lived soon found fresh fields. As soon as he set foot in Athens, with Virchow, in May, he started off with his wife to Paris, was back again in Athens on June 10th, had his house there rebuilt, was in Marienbad in August, and in Berlin and Hamburg in September — all at the age of sixty-six.

## VI

It is character that determines a career; talents and gifts may influence and enhance it, but they do not create it. It is because of this that a sceptic's career usually follows the wrong lines; the limitation and single-mindedness of his nature which doubt imposes, are reflected in his fate. The imaginative man, on the other hand, more easily becomes involved in contradictions, and only an inborn realism will save him and his work from shipwreck. Without his belief in Plutarch, Napoleon would never even have set himself the tasks he did; without his belief in Homer, Schliemann would never have tried to discover Troy; only because they both associated themselves with their models — in moments of exaltation, indeed, identified themselves with them — were they able to realise their dreams.

“And Alexander in Elysium  
Hastens to seek Achilles and Homer.”

When Schliemann appeared on the scene, there was scarcely a scholar in Germany who did not make fun of this belief in the actual existence of Homer, and Gladstone, who dared to rush to the assistance of the much-abused excavator, was severely attacked by the experts on this account, just because he was not an expert himself. The professionals taxed the bold dilettante with vandalism, in having mutilated, and indeed in part destroyed, the remains of Roman and Greek temples in

Troy, in order to reach Homeric ground. Yet no one would blame a surgeon for injuring cornea and iris in order to save the optic nerves at the back of the eye. In this case, however, Schliemann's fanaticism had only destroyed the surface strata in a place where classical art was hardly to be expected, and where, moreover, practically nothing was ever found later — in Troy, that is to say, not in Olympia, and no one but a chorus of a few hundred scholars regrets the removal or destruction of walls or pottery which can well be spared if it brings nearer the world depicted by Homer.

Moreover, since the days of his first so-called vandalism, the gold-seeker had forced himself to conform to scientific methods; with every work, with every edition of his work, with every excavation, his accuracy compelled him to correct what had gone before. Schliemann resembles a victorious general who bursts unceremoniously into his sovereign's audience chamber to lay a new province at his feet, but finds himself coldly received because he did not first wash off the dust of conflict, deck himself in velvet and jewels, and present himself before his lord in knightly attire, as custom demands.

The campaign against the German professors grew more fierce, rather than milder, in Schliemann's last years, and as the discovery of Tiryns confirmed his theories and extended the problems, more and more specialists joined in the debate. If Tiryns were founded by the Thracians, as had been generally accepted hitherto, it followed that this fair, blue-eyed race had probably also built the citadels in Mycenæ and Troy. "I have nothing against the suggestion," wrote Schliemann in 1885 to his friend Blind, "that the oldest settlement at Tiryns belongs to a Thracian people. . . . At the same time I am entirely convinced that if you read my work you will come to the opinion that the gigantic walls and the palace, and all the other Cyclopean walls of Greece, especially those of Mycenæ, and the whole Mycenæan civilisation over the royal graves, originate with the Phœnicians."

Much worse than these ætiological theories, contested by experts, was Schliemann's offence over the excavations in Troy. Here, a Professor Schmidt complains about "the incompleteness and manifold uncertainties" of the ceramic discoveries, and a Professor Götze, in connection with the analysis of the small utensils, complains about the "unverifiable figures referring to the individual objects"; but at the same time he is prepared not to impute "intentional falsifications to the highly-esteemed investigator." Dörpfeld stated later, with regard to the key of the gold chest at Troy: "It is certainly not a key, but a bronze chisel, to which a shapeless piece of smelted bronze, the bit, is loosely attached." As to the gold treasure itself, he amended Schliemann's "copper shield", and described it as a large, almost circular bowl; a one-handled silver vase he described as a two-handled one, the rivets on the other side of which the finder had not observed: "The handles too are not soldered on, but riveted." Twelve out of thirteen of Schliemann's so-called lanceheads had proved to be dagger blades, and the "broken helmet" was in fact a copper vessel. ("Heinrich Schliemann's Sünden.")

Meanwhile, none of these expert voices roused such echoes as that of an amateur, for he had one, not to say heroic, advantage over Schliemann: he was an officer, and as the Germans lay aside their distrust of the dilettante in face of a uniform and place implicit confidence in the knowledge of the wearer of it, it was easy for Ernst Bötticher to triumph over the indigo merchant, for he could sign his article "ex-Captain of Artillery." This student of Homer had declared out of hand that Schliemann's Troy was a huge cemetery. Moreover, this Bötticher<sup>1</sup> patched together a book ("Schliemann's Troja als assyrisch-babylonische Feuer-Nekropole"), in which he

<sup>1</sup> Bötticher or Böttcher means "cooper" in German, and only by translating the name into English could the metaphor the author uses to express his opinion of Bötticher's book be reproduced.



said: "No trace of a city has been found in Hissarlik. . . . It is wrong to assert that Schliemann's acropolis lies on the hill of Hissarlik. The picture that represents fortifications there is fundamentally wrong. There are no citadel walls there, no gates, no towers. . . . The drawing of an encircling wall is absolutely arbitrary. . . . If Troy existed, which may no doubt be accepted, it lay in the coastal plain, on both sides of the Scamander."

Years before the appearance of this book, in 1889, the captain of artillery, whom the lasting peace had deprived of his natural weapons, had begun to bombard the enemy with newspaper articles, and as nearly as 1884 had written in a paper: "A year is past, since my Fire-Necropolis flashed upon the land. . . . The recognition of the Necropolis of Hissarlik and of Tiryns has an extraordinarily wide bearing. It is the beginning of a new epoch in archæology, the effects of which will spread in ever-widening circles." Obviously, in poetic élan and in accoutred self-satisfaction, the captain drove the experts from the field.

The only part of this theory which ultimately proved correct was the reference to the ever-widening circles. So great was the scepticism of public opinion about Schliemann that any slanderer could gain the public ear, for the sole reason that he made Schliemann ridiculous. Once again a war of the Homeric duration of seven years blazed up, and if at the end Schliemann had not died, and reason had not been restored by this event, the campaign would have lasted even longer. For years the influence of Bötticher's writings was so great that even Brockhaus attempted, as Schliemann records, "not to have any thing to do with Tiryns, the greatest work of my life, and to compel me, after years of pleasant dealings with him, to go to some other publisher."

Schliemann returned the artilleryman's attack with arrows. "According to Bötticher's report" — he writes to Virchow —

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"we have found thousands of skulls and whole skeletons (Bötticher needs this, to support his theory of a burial ground), whilst in reality there were, unfortunately, only three whole skeletons and one skull. . . . If B.'s mad theory should be accepted in Germany, and a great city of deathless renown should be turned into a miserable, nameless burying-place, then of course I shall send no more Trojan antiquities, as they have already too many. . . . No doubt my book 'Ithaka' was written with too much enthusiasm, but at any rate it contains two important discoveries, for, in opposition to all the scholars, I gave the right interpretation to Pausanias' words concerning the site of the royal graves, and recognised at first sight the true site of Troy. But to make fun of this now, after sixteen years, and after I have brought such an immense work to a happy conclusion, is simply the action of a miserable scoundrel."

At last, however, after many years, the artilleryman was put in his place, through a bold idea of Dörpfeld's. "You are aware, of course," he wrote to Schliemann in August, 1889, "that Herr Bötticher is again launching abusive articles about you and us in many German newspapers. I intend to reply to these articles, and publicly to invite him to come to Troy with me. Probably he will answer that he has not got the money for the journey. Would you, in this case, be prepared to pay his travelling expenses? I think it would be in your interest."

A little later: "I am ready and anxious to issue an announcement, appealing to scholars who are interested in the question of Troy to accompany us; but first of all I must have the definite assent of Bötticher. . . . Artillery Major Steffen would, I think, be very willing to come to Troy with us and to act as witness. And he would still be 'over' Artillery Captain Bötticher." With this brilliant argument, Dörpfeld expressed a tragi-comic truth about the Germans: he foresaw correctly

that people would generally be more ready to believe the verdict of a superior officer than that of the experts.

And so it turned out. What had been impossible in the sixteen years since the discovery of Troy was now achieved by means of a captain: the academies of Berlin and Vienna each sent a representative, and the sixty-seven-year-old Schliemann appeared again with Dörpfeld for the first time for seven years at the Dardanelles. In December he reported to Virchow:

"Both of them, Major Steffen and Professor Niemann, for six days, in good weather, laboured unceasingly to prove to Bötticher that all your statements are in accordance with the facts . . . and that nothing has been falsified in your plans. After Bötticher has asserted the contrary for six years, thinking he had made a tremendous discovery, the gentlemen only succeeded with indescribable difficulty in convincing him of the truth."

Unlike the English savant, however, the German Captain of Artillery refused to make a public *amende honorable* and to sign an apology, although he accepted the written evidence. "I told him that any further intercourse between us was impossible, and that two horses were at his disposal, so that he could leave for the Dardanelles. So he went away at six o'clock. Niemann and Steffen, however, say that, as he has accepted the written evidence, although he has not signed it, it has full validity. It was dreadful to me to see how he always treated Dr. Dörpfeld, the greatest authority in the world on ancient architecture, as a stupid schoolboy, and how the latter put up everything in order to bring the affair to an end."

So, for six days, Schliemann walked about in silence among his own excavations, and perhaps he secretly compared his present frame of mind with the ardour and trembling excitement with which, sixteen years before, he and the Greek Sophia had together set eyes first on these buried stones and then on the gold. And although this time no unexpected gold

was found, it was at least unexpectedly demanded. For the artilleryman now turned his guns on the enemy in the form of threats of publicity and demanded seventy-two hundred marks for travelling expenses, although he had already, like all the other delegates, received one thousand, and had not spent any more. Nevertheless he was powerful enough, by means of fresh articles, to induce Schliemann to consent to a second conference, at which more nations still were to be represented. Further still: "The enclosed article from the much-read Berlin . . . weekly has made me very angry. To judge by it, Bötticher's mad theory will continue to flourish, and will never be discarded. . . . As I am certain that the half-crazy man will go on fulminating against me . . . I intend, as the gods will, to go on with the work for another two years." This was written in January of the year 1890, whose end Schliemann was not destined to see.

For Schliemann had brought Troy to life, and Troy killed him.

## VII

To Schliemann, the foremost of the gods was Hygiea; he thought it unpermissible and anti-moral, almost always one's own fault, to be ill. As a grocer's apprentice in Mecklenburg he had suffered from hæmorrhage and a weak chest; in California from typhus; in Mycenæ from malaria; in the Panama Canal he had had sores on the legs; in Java, at the age of forty-two, he had had an ear operated on, and since then he had periodically complained, if not to his friends at least in his diary, of earache, and had more than once called himself half-deaf. In London, when he was sixty-two, he was declared to be suffering from a kind of breakdown due to overwork and overstrain of the nervous system. He had always treated himself with cold water and exercise, and once in Frankfurt

he cured a shivering fit, the outcome of malaria, with a cold douche, and was able to give a lecture an hour later. But his ear trouble must have been increased by sea water and cold, and if he told his friend Virchow that in the early morning, when he rode to Phaleron, the puddles were frozen over, the temperature in the bathing house was 39° and in the sea 52°, he was thinking more about the strengthening of his body than about the injury to his ear. This was Schliemann's way, to concentrate on the whole, or at least on the main thing.

When that second conference met in the Troad in March, 1890, the scene was very different from what it had been nineteen years before. There were two little railways to carry the rubbish away, a dozen wooden houses had been erected; at Schliemann's side, in place of the Greek woman, stood his architect Dörpfeld, and hard by, eight scholars from Germany, England, America, France and Turkey carefully examined the strata and at the end declared in their report that the second stratum contained ruins of buildings "the largest of which resemble the palaces of Tiryns and Mycenæ in every respect."

Then, in the summer of the same year, over a hundred scholars from all countries came to Troy, and nearly all of them subscribed to Schliemann's main theories.

Among those taking part in that second conference, Virchow was the most welcome. The friends, both in their sixty-ninth year, made an excursion to Mount Ida, of whose disastrous consequences Virchow afterwards wrote:

"The next day we rode over the eastern pass, to visit the south side of the mountain. It was here that Schliemann's hardness of hearing for the first time reached such a pitch that it was almost impossible for me to make myself understood, when I shouted at him. He began, too, to complain of pain in the ear. Fairly late in the evening we came to Zeitünlü. The next morning I examined his ear and found a swelling so large that the aural passage seemed completely closed. Un-

fortunately I had not my case of instruments with me, so that a closer examination was impossible."

Nevertheless Schliemann, though in pain, held out in Troy until the end of July; then he ceased operations, with the intention of resuming again next spring. But he was less sure of the future than he used to be, for he repeatedly added, in letters, "if the gods will." Since that ride on Mount Ida, he felt that his physical strength was waning, and he even described this decisive misfortune to the King of Greece, to whom he had hitherto written only in an official style.

The report on these, his last excavations, was published by Dörpfeld after his death, but Schliemann had nearly completed it. How his patience had been tried by the strictly scientific method of the excavations is shown a little in this passage: "I intended to excavate here, on the west side, a large part of the lower city, but I had to contend with terrific difficulties, as the mass of débris stands more than fifty feet high, and every single one of the countless house walls had first to be cleared, before it could be photographed and broken up. Much valuable time was lost over this."

The chief feature of this campaign was the partial uncovering of the fourth stratum from above, "in which were found those characteristic monochrome, gray or black clay vessels which I earlier believed to be Lydian." At the same time, however, there were found other, highly decorated pots of the most ancient type, in particular those with parallel stripes, the so-called stirrup cups, "of the type most common in Mycenæ and Tiryns." In addition, a building formed of large wrought stones, showed signs of the ground plan of the old megaron "like the one we discovered at Tiryns, and found in the second, the burnt city of Troy. We left this highly interesting building untouched. . . . More fortress walls, too, came to light, which it is highly probable may be ascribed to this settlement." And further he permitted Dörpfeld to write: "One of

these buildings, whose ground plan we know to some extent, although it has not yet been entirely excavated, resembles the simple Greek temple or the megaron of the ruler's place of residence . . . it is of very great significance for Trojan archæology, for in it and in the layer of débris connected with it, have been found a number of Mycenæan vases and fragments of vases."

In this guarded strain Schliemann finishes the work which he began with a fanfare of trumpets. There are many reasons; that he was ill and old is only one. The second lies in the responsibility and limitations imposed on him by his being under the eye of many investigators, and especially by Dörpfeld's exactitude. Whereas, seventeen years before, Schliemann had invaded this ancient land as a conqueror, he now stood on its soil rather as a captive king. Everything here was still his, and yet was not his; he was surrounded and watched. The gold which he had found in this hill was gone, carted away and finally given away, but the shards remained, and with them, the grey, giant ashlar stones spoke significant things. It was this which made Schliemann, as he relinquished his work, so cautious and, for him, almost taciturn.

For as he, in the shadow of the scholars, hesitated to give a premature opinion on matters which were not yet definitely proved, so his own will, which had hitherto driven him forward, now for the first and last time held him back: Schliemann was afraid of his own results. As, before, he had ardently followed his Pausanias and had stopped excavating when the five graves of Mycenæ were found, faithful to that traveller's report, for fear that he might find a sixth, so now he hesitated to press forward into the unknown, the unforeseen, without Homer and the ancients, without a guide, like Faust journeying to visit the Mothers. How could he have brought himself in his old age to shatter his vision of Homer as a genuine historian? Here he was faced with the remains of two buildings,

which, as Dörpfeld wrote later, were marked out from the buildings of all the other strata by their proportions, their sound construction, and the strength of the walls. In and around them lay Mycenæan shards, vases and objects such as had never been found in the lower strata of Troy. What if they were parts of a citadel whose circuit walls were still buried in the débris? But, if one of the later circuit walls belonged to this Mycenæan stratum, must not the lower stratum, Schliemann's Trojan stratum, be much older than Homer? But if so, the gold was not Helen's, and the treasure belonged to a prince who might have lived on this spot a thousand years before Priam.

Schliemann, who all his life was a lover of truth, did not shut his eyes to these new possibilities; he perceived the damning solution and indicated it at the end of his final report. But fate withheld complete knowledge from him and absolved him from the necessity of confessing to the world, and worst of all to himself, the non-Homeric origin of the gold. Fate removed him from the earth before this tragic possibility rose from the earth as a certainty. Schliemann, like Moses, was spared by a merciful dispensation from entering the land which imagination had painted in too bright colours, that he might not afterwards suffer terrible disillusion.

When, three years after his death, Dörpfeld, following in his master's steps and financed by his master's money, completed those excavations, he was able to declare that the sixth stratum was the Homeric one. The whole credit belongs to Schliemann: he it was who first thrust in the spade at this place, who through the discovery of Tiryns first brought to light the type of a Homeric citadel, and he it was too who found in Mycenæ those remains and shards which helped to fix the site of the Homeric Ilium. Dörpfeld himself, moreover, later added to his report that on the north side, where Schliemann first excavated, the true circuit walls were destroyed:



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"If the citadel walls and the inner houses of the sixth stratum had still been in existence, he would not only have found and admired them, but probably would also have recognised their Homeric construction."

Schliemann the gold-seeker, in order to keep the illusion of the treasure of Priam, had had to accept small, narrow rooms as Homeric halls, and he was glad, but at the same time uneasy, when he found in Tiryns the great dimensions that satisfied his fancy. After his death the same noble proportions were found in the sixth stratum of Troy, and Dörpfeld gave it as his opinion that "our master, Schliemann", would never "have believed, or even dared to hope, that the walls of sacred Ilios, of which Homer sang, and the dwelling of Priam and his companions, had been preserved to so great an extent as was actually the case." But to us it seems that Schliemann his whole life long believed as firmly in the existence of these mighty walls as in the preservation of their remains; else he would never have set out to find Troy. It was the gold alone which had placed him in a dilemma.

"The long campaign about the existence of Troy," writes Dörpfeld, "and about its site is at an end. The Trojans have conquered. . . . Schliemann has been justified . . . the countless documents, which both in old and recent times have been published against Ilium have lost their meaning. . . . The form of the citadel must have been known to the singers of the 'Iliad'. . . . Perhaps only the singer or singers of the older parts of the 'Iliad' actually saw the citadel of Troy."

## VIII

When Sophia's mother died, Schliemann stood for a long time on the threshold of the death chamber, his sister-in-law Anastasia beside him. He looked towards the dead woman, reflected, and then said:

"No, it is nonsense. There is no *anastasia* (resurrection). But there is *athanasia* (immortality)."

In his youth, it was the idea of worldly honour, metaphysical gold, as it were, that he sought; in his old age he had troubled much about the higher form of honour, fame; a lifelong pre-occupation with heroes and poets, who strive after immortality and stand security for it, bore him more strongly to those shores.

At Breslau, the town had celebrated the Anthropological Congress with a display of fireworks, at the end of which there shone out, written in little oil lamps on the bank of the Oder, the two names that had inspired the congress: Virchow and Schliemann were inscribed in letters of fire against the night. The steamboat returned to the town, but Schliemann stood at the stern and watched the gradual extinction of the lamps, to see which of the names would last the longer. Schliemann went out, while Virchow was still burning.<sup>1</sup> A year later he told a friend that it was a marriage custom in Russia for bridegroom and bride to set up two candles: the one whose light went out first would die before the other. "It will be the same here. I shall never be mentioned, while Virchow's name will still be on every tongue."

These humanistic reflections on fame and immortality sometimes topple over into bathos in Schliemann's passionate emotions. Was not Gladstone one of his first supporters, lending the support of his name to the cause of the harassed dilettante? His portrait hung in Schliemann's study. Yet this availed him nothing when, as statesman, he did something that offended against humane ideas. When, at the beginning of 1885, General Gordon was shut up in Khartoum, Gladstone, who at that time was the English premier, left him — or seemed to leave him — in the lurch, and delivered him to the fury of the

<sup>1</sup> This anecdote was related to the author by his father.

Mahdis by sending relief too late. Schliemann was furious. As he never wrote on political matters, he had to relieve his feelings in some other way. Should he burn his patron's portrait? Gratitude withheld him from this. He found a middle course. He took the portrait, called his wife and children, and Gladstone, framed and glazed, was taken in solemn procession to the W. C. and hung up there.

About this time, in the last five years of his life, Schliemann had stopped writing or speaking modern Greek. It seemed as if he clung more closely to the language of Homer, whose gold was once more to be reft away from him. In Homeric language, he wrote to his wife: "My dearest wife, I am sending you thirty-seven yards of black serge and sixteen and a quarter of blue."

When, in Corfu, he heard the school children reciting the sayings of the Delphic oracle, he interrupted:

"That is wrong, my child."

"That is what it says in the book," said the teacher.

"Then the book is wrong."

And after half a dozen letters had been exchanged, the teacher gave in.

Another time on board ship a friend who was going with him from Athens to Troy saw him squatting down after his fashion behind the wheel case, reading the New Testament in the original Greek. "I thought that he was at his Sunday devotions, but he said, 'No, it is only that I always find here so many words and idioms that I do not know'."

When his brother-in-law asked him whether he never wished to excavate in Germany, he wrote back: "I cannot pass from the greater to the less," and to a friend who wanted him, in his old age, to take an interest in certain sea voyages he replied: "I am only interested in Homeric geography, and only Homer, and what concerns Homer, will interest me in future."

In his last summer he wrote to Bismarck, shortly after his

dismissal; he had often met him at Kissingen, and now he reported to him the progress of his labours at Troy. "Pallas Athene has once again been most gracious, and I have been able to enrich the Trojan Collection in Berlin with some beautiful things. I pray the gods that Your Highness (Herzog von Lauenburg) may be spared for many years to the honour and glory of the German Fatherland."

Bismarck, who was not accustomed to invoke Wotan, may have been as much astonished at this perfectly serious mode of address as was the Minister for Education, Gossler, who about this time read "that His Majesty the Kaiser's most gracious order of 9th April, enabling the Trojan Collection to be taken to the New Royal Museum, gave great pleasure to Pallas Athene, and her goodwill has been lavished upon me in my excavations this year."

So deeply was this German pastor's son sunk in the paganism of the ancient world, that at the end of his life he sent his son these ancient Greek good wishes: "To Agamemnon Schliemann, best beloved of sons, greeting! I am very glad to hear that you are going to study Plutarch and have finished Xenophon, and that you are singing in a choral society. I rejoice with my whole heart over your (twelfth) birthday. I pray Zeus the father and Pallas Athene that they will grant you a hundred returns of the day in health and happiness!"

## IX

When, on 1st August, 1890, Schliemann temporarily stopped working at Troy, he went to Athens, to spend a few weeks at home after his long absence. The sea water had made his ear trouble worse again, "but", as he writes to Virchow in September, "it has vanished again. I will all the same go to Halle, as soon as I can find time for it, and your valuable advice shall be faithfully followed." Virchow's advice was only

to submit to operation if strictly necessary; the great doctor knew the danger of every surgical operation, and also estimated correctly the impatience of his patient.

Schliemann, however, who but for the storms and cold of the Trojan mountains, could have got along with his old trouble for many years more, was now driven to the knife by his fanatical zeal for health, by his impatience, and his itch always to have all his affairs in order, although there was no urgent necessity for it whatever.

His plans for the next year involved the uncovering of those mysterious walls, but included first a voyage with Virchow to the Canary Isles, "which, as Homer himself said, enjoy an eternal spring. How would it be, if we went there for our next trip! . . . Or would you prefer Mexico?" Dim ideas which he occasionally mentioned to his family, but never put into writing, drove him toward Atlantis, and he hoped to come on its traces during a voyage to Mexico.

What he was feeling in his heart for his wife, is shown by a letter he wrote to her, in classical Greek, of course, at the end of September, to Vienna:

"On this day, our wedding day, we have never been in Athens. . . . To-day I am inviting the relations. I am proud of it, and I pray the gods that they will allow us to celebrate this day together here, for we have lived together in health and happiness for twenty-one years. When to-day I look back over this long time, I see that the Fates have meted out to us much that is sweet, and much that is bitter. . . . I can never glorify our marriage enough, for you have always been my beloved wife and, at the same time, my comrade, a guide in difficulties and a friendly and faithful companion in arms, and moreover an exceptional mother. I continually rejoice in your virtues, and by Zeus! I will marry you again in the next world!"

Is there not here something of the sound of farewell? Soon

afterwards he went from Athens to Germany, for the operation. It was the beginning of November, and he was oppressed by forebodings. When his wife, who had returned in the meantime, was helping him to pack, he said, "Who knows who will wear these clothes?" He discussed his will with the directors of the National Bank, and, when he was going away, Sophia held him back by his watch chain. "It is my intention," he wrote to a friend, "to set off to-morrow by ship to the land of the barbarians; but I cherish a hope of being back in six weeks' time."

In the clinic at Halle he ordered an Arabian edition of the "Arabian Nights", and after the preliminary examination he wrote from there to Virchow: "Long live Æsculapius! Professor Schwarz declares the operation practicable and will perform it to-morrow on both ears simultaneously."

Afterwards he described to a friend of his youth the operation, "which took place on a board covered with white oil-cloth, resembling closely the tables on which dead bodies are dissected. Its aspect was not, in fact, very enlivening. When I was stretched on it, the chloroform soon brought forgetfulness of all earthly things, and made me so insensible that I knew nothing whatever of the operation, which lasted one and three quarter hours."

There he sat, lonely, surrounded by books, not permitted to receive anybody, describing his position to his friend, feeling his impatience rise within him, but for the moment restraining himself. With Dörpfeld, a difference had arisen, for to him, a fortnight after the operation, he wrote the following magnificent lines:

"I cannot possibly explain your behaviour in any other way than that there is a misunderstanding between us, and that you must have taken something in very bad part. But such things must not happen, for we have accomplished great things together, and many great things still remain to do,

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which we can only do together, and which without us would be impossible. As I wrote to you last winter in other circumstances, the mere shadow of discord must never come between us. And if you should ever think you have cause to be angry with me, you must say frankly to my face what you have against me, and you will always find me ready and happy to do what is right and fair. Before everything, this present misunderstanding must be removed, and this must happen at once, as it is causing me great pain."

And this is written by a world-famous investigator to his assistant, thirty years his junior, in pain and anxiety, over which he laments. Two weeks later: "I have read your letter of the 2nd with great satisfaction, and hope that we shall work together for many years yet."

Three weeks after the operation he writes to Virchow that he cannot come to Berlin the following week because of very severe pain, for the doctor "told me to-day that I should endanger my life if I travel before the pain disappears. To my horror, he does not know what is causing the pain, but he thinks that in the operation the periosteum must have been injured, and is inflamed." At the same time he wrote to his wife, in words that concealed the truth, "To the wisest of all women, Sophidion Schliemann, I read with wet eyes that you are well."

In spite of this warning from the doctor and from pain, he travelled five days later, apparently in a better state of health, going first to his publisher at Leipzig, then to Virchow in Berlin. Impatience drove him homewards, the feeling of domesticity which seized on him with particular force at Christmas — for the time of which we write was December 12th. To Virchow he did not seem ill, but very hard of hearing. The invalid, restored to cheerfulness, laid on the table before the physiologist, as a special present, two little boxes containing bones from his ears, breakfasted with him, and

called to him, as he bade him farewell, "Our next journey must be to the Canaries!"

On the fifteenth he was in Paris, in thirty-two degrees of frost, which must have been bad for his trouble. To his wife: "I have received your six letters and rejoice that you are well. I am deeply moved by this most sweet news. . . . At last you are well, are sound in body, can take long walks without getting tired. Andromache must weigh you every week. It is not possible for me to bring you the large tablecloth, I have no room. Once we are together here in Paris we will buy it. . . . The right ear, which had completely healed, has taken cold on the journey from Halle, because I forgot to protect it with wadding. So I am deaf again, and shall have to go to the doctor to-morrow. I am sure that it is nothing bad, and that I shall be able to travel on Wednesday evening. I wish to stay two days at Naples (Museum)." Immediately afterwards to Virchow: "Long live Pallas Athene! At least I can hear again with the right ear, and the left will get well too."

Christmas was eight days away, and he hurried homeward. Was it not, at the end, with this old man just as it had been with his forefathers in the tragic poets, who sought, with ever brighter faces to escape their fates, and yet did not heed some little mistake, arising from their own peculiar character? An invalid, far off, alone, estranged from his fatherland, longing for the blue shores of friendship and work, for his wife and children, hurrying away too soon from his doctor's care, forgot in this northern cold to put the wadding in his ear, because he was reading Arabic in the draughty railway carriage, quickly sought out, in his own hasty manner, any doctor on the journey, and travelled on again, this time to Naples. Suddenly he felt fresh pain, dared not go on board the waiting ship, wired home asking them to put off the Christmas celebrations, visited a third doctor, then a fourth who, not realising the danger, made



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a gesture or two, reassured the famous invalid, and drove with him, through the cold, to Pompeii.

On Christmas Day he was on his way, on foot, to the doctor once more, when he suddenly collapsed near the Piazza della Santa Carità, bereft of speech but not of consciousness. A crowd gathered, police came up; he could say nothing and was taken off to the hospital. Here he was refused admission, as only the seriously injured were accepted, and this man, good God! was apparently merely unable to talk. Back to the police station. They searched him for papers and found no money, noticed also that he was quite poorly clad. At last they found in his pocket a letter from the doctor. He was fetched, explained who the sick man was, and called for a conveyance. A miserable vehicle arrived, and the doctor ordered a more comfortable one.

"But he is quite poor!" said the official.

"That's impossible," said the doctor. "I have seen a heavy wallet filled with gold in his hands."

Schliemann was searched again, and this time they found the wallet on his breast. While this was going on he appeared to be conscious, although still speechless, but too weak to intervene. In the hotel a surgeon opened the ear, but said that the trouble had attacked the brain. He would decide next day whether to undertake trepanning. The invalid, gradually becoming paralysed down the whole of the right side, passed a night of pain. Next day, while eight experts were holding a council in the hotel on what should be done, the great diletante passed away in the next room.

Thus died Heinrich Schliemann: a foreigner, falling down in the street in a strange city, in the middle of his journey from his first to his second home, an unknown wanderer, poorly clad, with a wallet of gold on his breast.



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