

THE BABY SORCERESS.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm-trees,
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her hands;
She twines and twists the many-colored strands,—
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.
Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can please
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands
From passion's fires; or yellow, like the sands
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.
And so with sweet, incessant toil she fills
A summer hour, still following fancies new,
Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills
Lest, as she weaves, her aimless choice prove true.
Thank God! our fates proceed not from our wills:
The Power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SCULPTURES OF THE GREAT PERGAMON ALTAR.

"And to the angel of the church in Pergamum write: These things saith he that hath the sharp two-edged sword: I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's throne is."

The Revelation of John, ii: 12-13, Revised Version.

THE recently discovered sculptures of the Pergamon Altar, the fragments of which are now being set up in the Berlin Museum, constituted, so far as we know, the last great plastic work of the Greek genius, and are to the Hellenistic Age* what the monumental marbles of the Parthenon are to the age of Pericles. They consist of a colossal marble frieze representing the fierce conflicts of gods with giants, smaller reliefs picturing quiet mythic scenes, and imposing fragments of cornice, column, and ceiling, and, with other portions not yet found or wholly destroyed, composed the Great Altar, which was in antiquity the glory of the summit of Pergamon (or Bergama, as the Turks call it),—one of the seven cities of the Apocalypse.

The history of these important discoveries is as follows: In 1861, Carl Humann, a young German engineer, who had been ordered south for his health, came, in his wan-

derings, to the summit of Pergamon. Here he found the natives engaged in excavating marble, which they were feeding to lime-kilns and breaking up for building purposes. On closer inspection he discovered that what they were so ruthlessly destroying were fragments of a great ruin, and of its noble decorative sculptures. Indignant at such vandalism, he succeeded in stopping the destructive work of the kilns. His further investigations impressed him still more with the archæological and artistic value of the discovery, and he determined to devote himself to organizing an expedition for the purpose of excavating. Five long years elapsed before he was able again to visit Pergamon, when, to his dismay, he found that the lime-kilns had resumed their work. So energetic, however, were his measures during this visit, that the wholesale destruction of ancient sculptures was stopped by the direct influence of the Grand Vizier. Three years

* By an inadvertence, for which the author was not responsible, the title of Mrs. Mitchell's last article (see THE CENTURY for May, 1882) was printed as "The Hellenic Age of Sculpture," when the sculpture of the "Hellenistic Age," which followed the Hellenic, was the subject treated. The significance of the word "Hellenistic," as it is now employed by historians and archæologists, is too useful to be lost sight of. The Hellenic Age, or the "Golden Age," ends properly with the conquest of the world by Alexander, after which the Greeks became cosmopolites, and foreign elements mingled with the population. The civilization resulting from these political changes showed a decline from the pure Greek or "Hellenic" model, and is called "Hellenistic."—EDITOR.

later, having contracted to build several roads in the neighborhood, he was able to make Pergamon his head-quarters, and to watch with jealous eye the attempts at destruction. One day, in wandering over the Acropolis, he came upon the glorious full figure of a god in high relief, just exhumed; returning, shortly after, to conceal this new treasure, he found, alas, that it had been ruthlessly hacked up to make a step in a flight of stairs. How much more of surpassing strength and beauty perished at the hands of ignorant natives can never be told. In 1871, Humann took from the long Byzantine fortification wall two grand fragments of relief, and presented them to the Berlin Museum. Although seized with a consuming desire, which never left him, to excavate on this summit, in the conviction that very much more was to be found, he succeeded in obtaining no assistance until 1878, the German Government, up to that time, having been too busy in subsidizing the thorough and extensive excavations at Olympia. After waiting for seven years Humann finally gained the ear of Professor Couze, the new director of the sculpture galleries at Berlin, and found a liberal patron in the Crown Prince of Germany. A nearly forgotten passage in an obscure author, Ampelius, which speaks of a great marble altar at Pergamon, forty feet in height, with colossal sculptures (*cum maximis sculpturis*), relating to the combats of gods and giants (a *gigantomachie*), suggested an object to the learned professor, and he advised Humann to search for this very altar, as he believed the reliefs already found to belong to those described by Ampelius. A Turkish firman was secured, workmen were engaged, and a ship of war was put at Humann's disposition; but all was done so secretly that when, at the end of two years, a multitude of cases suddenly appeared unheralded and unwelcomed in front of the Berlin Museum, the questions flew from mouth to mouth: "Where do they come from?" "What is in them?" "Who has sent them?" Once they were safe under the protecting care of the German eagle, it was announced that, in thanks for aid given the poor Mohammedan refugees from Circassia, Turkey had granted the Germans the privilege of digging at Pergamon, and that these four hundred and sixty-two boxes had cost in all but one hundred and fifty thousand marks or thirty-five thousand dollars. Humann is still at work with his skilled band of excavators, and new cases are continually arriving.

The Great Altar belongs almost incontrovertibly to the long and glorious reign of Eumenes II. (197-159 B. C.), under whom

Pergamon reached its highest level. On a lofty terrace of the city's southern slope, there long stood a simple, almost rude, structure, the ancient shrine and temple of Athene Polias. To this sacred spot the devout brought their offerings, and here they lifted up their prayers. But, when Attalus, king of Pergamon, having compelled submission from powerful foes and accumulated great wealth, had raised his city from obscurity to be the capital of a mighty kingdom, such primitive shrines no longer sufficed. A great open-air altar, imposing in size and glorious in significant decorations, was raised at the foot of the older and humbler temple, where its smoke should rise as grateful incense before this ancient shrine. This site confirms the belief, already gathered from inscriptions, that the altar was built in honor of "Athene Nikephoros," the victory-bringing daughter of Zeus (or Jupiter). Strabo informs us, in a tantalizingly short sentence, that Eumenes II. adorned his capital with magnificent structures. The recent discovery, by the French, at Delphi, of a decree, made by the Ætolians for Eumenes, has, happily, thrown further light on the great activity of this prince. From this, it appears that, after success in war and the extension and consolidation of his dominion, Eumenes II. celebrated competitive games, and made offerings to Athene Nikephoros, thus rendering more glorious the old rites, or establishing new ones. Sending three ambassadors to the Ætolians, he craved a recognition of all these pious services; and the decree, set up in sacred Delphi, and now brought to light, testifies that his request was granted. Thus, at the zenith of his power, Eumenes II. appears occupied with erecting thank-offerings for his successes. That the Great Altar itself was one of these memorials of thanks is most probable, and this idea receives confirmation from the forms of the letters inscribed on it, which are identical with those of other inscriptions discovered at Pergamon commemorative of Eumenes' wars, but very different from the letters in inscriptions of either earlier or later kings.

Eumenes' brother and successor, Attalus II., also erected thank-offerings for victory to the gods. His Stoa, decorated with all the paraphernalia of battle, in terrible and speaking confusion, is a revelation of the ability of the Greek sculptor of that time to make attractive even trophies of war. Inscriptions commemorative of public victory, side by side with others erected to the memory of private individuals, have also been discovered on Pergamon's summit, witnessing to the existence of other monuments.

This great art activity was, however, con-

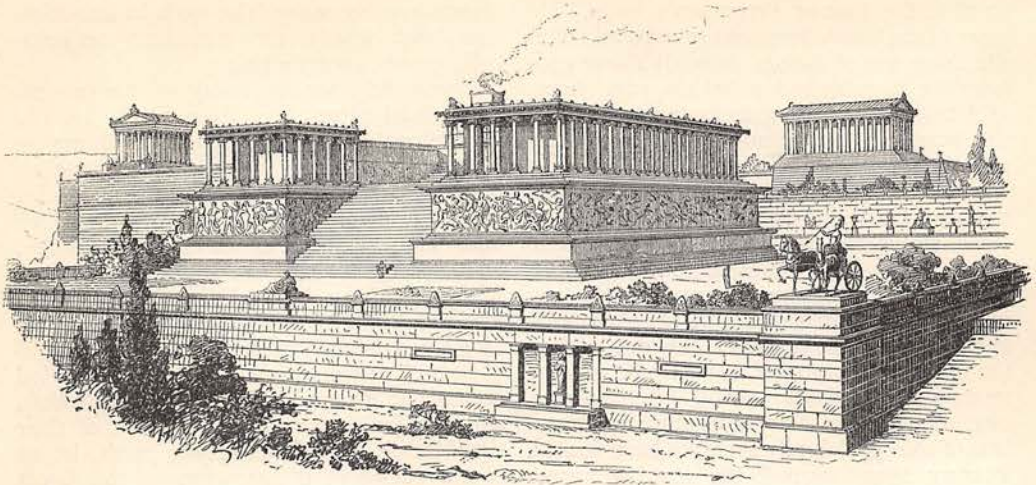
fined to the time of Pergamon's kings. The glory of the Greek dominion soon paled before the rising sun of Rome. Scarcely thirty years after the Romans had aided the royal house of Attalus in extending its conquests far into the heart of Asia Minor, Pergamon passed into the possession of Rome. This was done by the testament of Attalus III. With this new rule artistic life began to wane; an occasional statue was erected in honor of a priestess of the goddess, or of some high Roman official. To Augustus a new temple was built on the very summit of the Acropolis, above the ancient shrine of Athene; and on the square in front of her temple a large monument to him was erected. After Hadrian, even the erection of honorary statues to members of the royal family seems to have ceased. Poverty soon usurped the seat of former grandeur. The Athene temple was in ruins when upon a part of its substructure was raised the last monument of peace,—a Christian church. From the ruins of still another, and a more spacious basilica, in the lower town, it would appear that the Christian community of Pergamon was large. Christians settled on the Acropolis itself, and to obtain building material for their huts tore out whole slabs from the Great Altar. The fortifications must, in time, have become too extensive for their scanty forces to defend; they broke down the altar and raised from the material a wall five to six meters thick, running across the summit, thus greatly contracting the line of defense. Although the Mohammedans, when occupying the citadel as a fortress, may occasionally have repaired the fortifications, the Christians seem mainly to have been instrumental in the destruction there carried on. No sign of a mosque, or even a Turkish grave, has been found; but the testimony of Byzantine buildings is confirmed by oral tradition that Christian families dwelt there, sustaining a precarious existence, till within a few generations. The fact that most of the heads of the gods from the frieze are gone seems to find a natural explanation in the zeal of the early Christians for establishing the new religion on the ruins of the old. Since they regarded the whole Greek Pantheon represented on the altar as remnants of a hated idolatry, it is not improbable that they mutilated their statues. A passage in the Revelation of St. John, addressed to the angel of the church at Pergamos, seems to hint at this spirit of animosity: "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat (throne) is." That this colossal open altar to the heathen gods should be called the throne of Satan is most probable, when we remember the size and form of the altar, the

presence of so many false gods in its sculptures, and, finally, the numerous serpents' coils carved upon its base.

Fortunately for us, many of the sculptures, rudely torn from their places by the Byzantine Christians, were with soft mortar built into their new structures (the principal of which was a long wall eighteen feet thick), in such a manner as to preserve many of the lines and surfaces in excellent condition. Sadder far has been the fate of much else, which could not be used directly as building material, but was thrown into the kilns, and long since reduced to shapeless lime.

Before attempting to study the varied scenes and groups of these wonderful reliefs, and in order better to gain an idea of their significance, as well as artistic merit, let us cast a glance at the structure of the Great Altar and the place these slabs occupied upon it.

On the terraced slopes of the Acropolis, at the foot of the ancient temple of Athene Polias, and looking far off over the plain and away even to the sea beyond, stood the sacred altar. Its foundation was laid on a platform built upon older structures, in which are still traces of ancient paintings. About the center of this large platform arose the main structure of the altar, as is proved by its foundations, measuring 34.60 by 37.70 meters. By a careful study of the numerous fragments and of the site, Richard Bohn has succeeded in making a most skillful restoration of the whole, reproducing for us the magnificent architectural forms of old. As the Greek temple, the dwelling of the gods was always slightly raised above that of mortals, so the structure supporting this altar proper was raised above the profane level by three steps. Around this substructure, broken only on one side by the grand stairway leading up to the altar, and lining the sides of the stairway itself, ran the great frieze on which was to be seen the battle of the gods with the giants. Above and below the frieze were powerful cornices, measuring 144 meters long and 2.30 meters high, and combining the fineness of architectural detail peculiar to the works of the Phidian Age with a grandeur and boldness of composition leading over into the massive forms of Roman architecture. Thus, by these strongly pronounced and regular cornices, solidity and repose were given to the surging lines of this sea of sculpture. In the upper cornice, we should see the names of the gods, in the lower those of the giants, and still below them those of the artists modestly added in very small letters, but these letters are unfortunately gone, excepting a very few fragments. One of these, however,



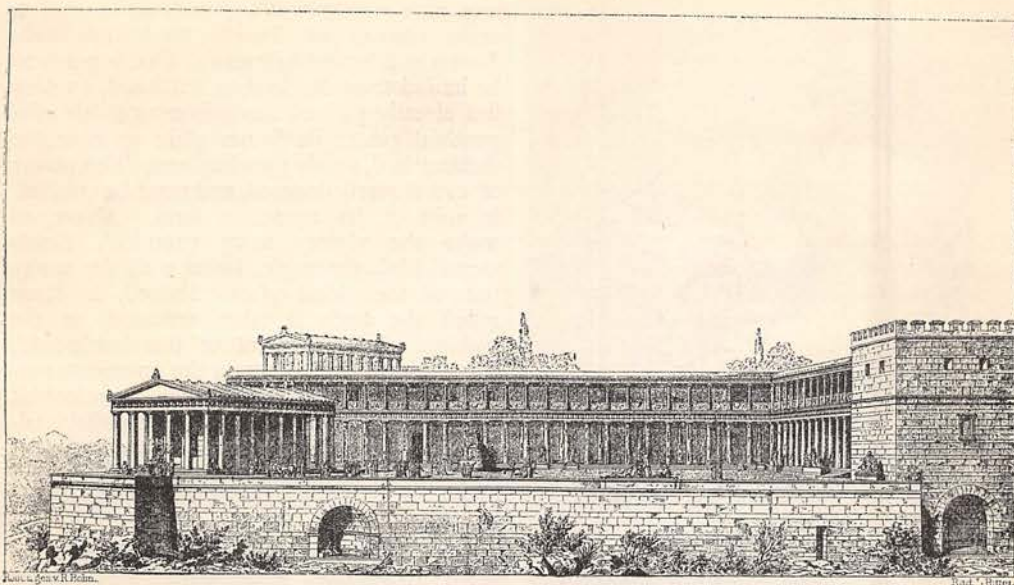
RESTORATION OF THE GREAT ALTAR AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT PERGAMON, BY RICHARD BOHN.

inscribed NEKPATO, is thought to throw some light upon the question. It is probably a fragmentary part of the genitive of the name Menekrates, a master mentioned by Pliny in close relationship with Apollonius and Tauriscus, two sculptors from Tralles, near Ephesus, who seem to have been the sons by adoption of Menekrates, and who executed for Rhodes that well-known group, called the Farnese Bull, now in the Naples Museum. This shattered word NEKPATO points to a connection between the art activity in these several places, and we may imagine the sculptors of Tralles wandering about, serving, now republican Rhodes, now the art-loving sovereigns of Pergamon.

Crowning the imposing substructure of the altar, was a graceful portico of Ionic columns, its inner wall surrounding the open platform in the center of which, it is supposed, was once the burning altar itself. As worshipers walked about this platform they doubtless saw, lining the wall surrounding it, those smaller reliefs 1.57 meters high, which now fill the workshop of the Berlin Museum, and read, from their elegant forms, the idyllic stories of mythic heroes. On one, in the midst of a rocky landscape, Hercules (in form and pose very like the colossal Farnese Hercules at Naples) stands under the broad-spreading branches of a palm tree and watches his child, the babe Telephus, at his feet, playing with the udder of its feline nurse. On another relief are depicted wedding scenes; on still others people engaged in unloading or in building ships; they partake of festive meals, join in processions, sit in quiet converse, or engage in conflicts of arms. These chatty sculptures are all composed without the reserve of older relief. The sculptor ren-

ders *genre* scenes of every-day life with a disregard of the limits of his medium not before met with in Greek art, but in a spirit which gains the ascendancy in the reliefs of the coming age. Although the composition is thus deficient, the story told is intensely interesting, and the single figures are beautiful.

In the ruins of the Great Altar were also found a number of statues, which perhaps once occupied the colonnade, or the platform about the place of sacrifice. Some of these doubtless represented priestesses of Athene, as is indicated by inscriptions found on the spot; others seem to represent deities. One head, a pearl of beauty, is, both in features and expression, so like the Venus of Melos as to strike the most hasty observer. The drapery on the right side of another, a semi-nude statue, also suggests the Venus by the identical arrangement of the folds. In fact the general features of some of these Pergamon statues are so like the whole treatment of the Venus of Melos that it would seem as though the riddle of her age were approaching a solution. Of these statues, four finely executed figures of stately women, as well as eight standing ones, each a treasure in itself, are all still inaccessible to the public, the disposable space in the Berlin Museum being inadequate for the complete exhibition of these new treasures. It is an interesting sight to watch the white-robed sculptor, Freres, with marble bits, stepping around among the colossal forms, trying to adjust a hand, an arm, or a stray lock in its fit place. Indeed, the tourist or student who allows himself time in the German capital, may see this frieze, under Freres's skillful hand, grow little by little toward perfec-



RESTORED VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE (PERGAMON).*

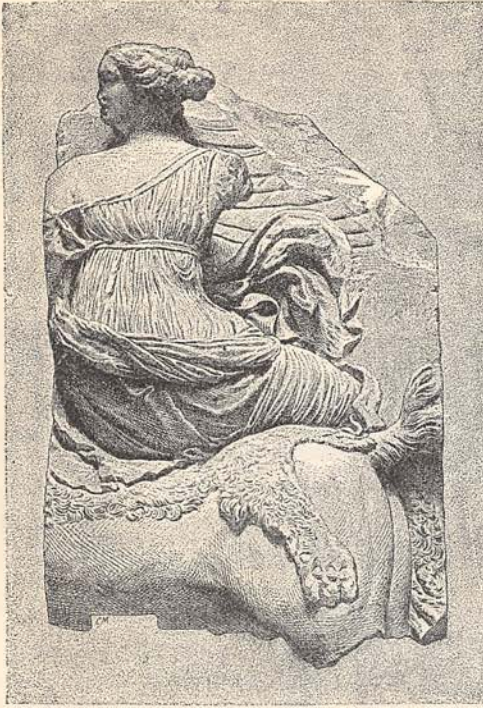
tion. New motives, startling combinations not dreamed of, are so constantly revealing themselves, that much may be expected from the fragments still packed away, or laid out on shelves in the workshop. Unfortunately, far more hands and feet are preserved than figures, and the mind recurs with a terrible sense of loss to the smoking lime-kilns, and the busy barbarians pounding up glorious sculptures to feed the hungry fires.

As the figures of the giants play such an important part in the Pergamon reliefs, we are interested to know their story. To Homer they were a race of the far-off, unknown West, who, in the remote ages, by their wantonness and presumption, called down upon themselves the destroying vengeance of the gods, which proved their complete annihilation. Hesiod likewise describes them as lawless spirits, born of the Earth (Ge), who fought the Olympic gods in armor like that of the Greek heroes. It was Pindar, however, who sang more fully the deeds of this wild, earth-born race, and he was followed by many others who gave the giants semi-human, semi-dragon shapes. So vehement was the insolence and violence of this brood born of Ge,

that the dwelling of the gods itself trembled, and all the powers of Olympus were called to the defense. Zeus's lightnings, Apollo's arrows, Hephæstus's fire, and Athene's bravery, as well as the strength of the human hero Hercules, were required to overpower this heaven-daring host; and in spite of the might and cunning of their mother Ge, who sought to make harmless the terrible weapons of the gods, the latter were at last triumphant, destroying the power of evil which had threatened to overturn their beneficent rule. Doubtless, to others besides Pindar, this meant that fruitless was the opposition of any power to the divine rule of the gods, who wrought order out of chaos. In the later poetic myths, other monsters are drawn into the battle. Titans, Hecatoncheires and Typhon as well as the presumptuous pair, the Aloidae, who piled Ossa on woody Pelion to scale the dwelling of the Eternals. Indeed, so imminent was the danger that even gentle Aphrodite and love-inspiring Eros join in the tumult.

Such a universal conception of the mythic contest must have filled the sculptor's mind as he executed the tremendous frieze around

* Restored view of the beautiful ancient square about the temple of Athene on the Acropolis of Pergamon. (It was excavated in the summer of 1881, and the results of the discoveries are very rich.) On the left rises the temple of Athene at one end of this ancient *piazza*. Behind this temple is the Stoa of Attalus II., a most beautiful colonnade, with sculptures of trophies taken in war, forming the balustrade of the upper story. In the remote background is the temple of Augustus, a much later addition, and in the foreground the pedestals on which stood bronze statues, which we may now believe to have been originals of such great works as the "Dying Gladiator." Mr. Bohn, who made this drawing and directed the excavations, has placed the "Dying Gladiator," as will be seen, on the long pedestal by the front wall of the square. At the right is the gate which led up to the top of the Acropolis.



SELENE. FROM THE GREAT PERGAMON FRIEZE. (BERLIN.)

the altar at Pergamon. The names of fifteen gods inscribed on the cornice are preserved: Aphrodite and her mother Dione, Athene, Hercules, Amphitrite, are among them, likewise Oceanus and Triton, the gods of the sea, Ares, Themis, Leto and her sister Asteria, the mother of Hecate, and probably the name of Enyo. Among the numerous gods and goddesses preserved in these marbles, only Athene's name finds its undoubted figure, known by her warlike accouterments, ægis, helmet, and shield. But the characteristics of a few of the other gods are rendered with such clearness that they may also be recognized. That regal form about which the robes flow in lines of power is, doubtless, the mighty Zeus, symbolizing the superiority of spiritual over brute force, which is embodied in that bearded, shaggy-haired giant with bestial pointed ears and threatening gesture, who, rising up on his snaky legs, violently attacks the highest himself. With left arm raised and wrapped in a shaggy skin, the giant strives to shield himself from Zeus's thunder-bolt and death-striking ægis. One beautiful giant in the prime of youth, paralyzed by the sight of this ægis, has sunk already, powerless in his agony. Physicians see in this figure all the symptoms of convulsions and not wounds; the muscles of the right arm conglobate, the groins contract, the head falls back, and the

legs give way in writhing such as is seen in actual convulsions. Besides his terrible ægis, Zeus wields forked lightnings. One is ready to be hurled from his broken left hand, another has already pierced the quivering thigh of a youthful giant; its flames glide up over the outstretched, vainly pleading arm. This power of evil is surely doomed, and must be crushed, in spite of its attractive form. Above, to make the victory more complete, Zeus's sacred bird, the eagle, fights with the snaky part of the oldest giant. Indeed, in these reliefs the eagle is often repeated, as the emblem of the general of this battle-field. They appear five times in the fragments preserved, sometimes bringing the thunder-bolt to Zeus, or again plunging their pitiless talons into the opened jaws of their serpent foe. As of yore, these powerful birds still sweep in majestic flight over Pergamon's summit.

In the great frieze, many gods of light are easily recognized, while others still remain an enigma. That figure with youthfully slender but glorious form, having a quiver-strap across the superb chest, must be Apollo. His swift-footed sister, Artemis, we recognize in a beautiful figure with flowing drapery girt about the waist so as least to impede motion, and feet delicately shod. That triple-headed, six-armed figure, before which every one pauses, must be Hecate, and the strong charioteer with fluttering robes, cautiously but surely guiding his four fiery steeds while swinging a flaming torch at the enemy, is, doubtless, Helios, god of day. Before him, heralding his approach, is perhaps Eos, goddess of the early morning, and the broken figure that once rode in advance of this stately group is supposed to be the gentle moon goddess, Selene. (Notice, in the representation of this figure, the generous folds of her fluttering mantle, as well as the exquisite imitation of fur in the skin thrown over the beast she rides.) All there is left to remind us of giants in this gently riding figure, is the indicated motion of her right arm, and the signs of colossal wings in the background of the slab.

Strange as it may seem, the form of pleasure-loving Dionysus is also to be seen in this turmoil of battle, in a corner slab of the altar. With the ivy wreath in his long curling hair, the nebris bound above his thin *chiton* and fastened to the right arm, the god rushes forward, accompanied by his panther. A fragment of his face, showing us long, oval, dreamy eyes, and a band across the low forehead, has recently been identified among the fragments. These eyes are strikingly different from those upon another fragment,—a helmeted head, doubtless belonging to Ares,



IDEAL BRONZE HEAD. (BRITISH MUSEUM.) See page 96.

god of war,—which are almost round, and, while deeply set, seem ready to start from their sockets in their eager, intense life. Turning from the gods to their enemies the giants, we find their names, carved in smaller letters, on the cornice below the great frieze. Sixteen such names have been preserved, either wholly or in fragments, only one of which is familiar,—a noticeable fact, which hints at unknown fields in mythology.

How rich the imagination that gave these monsters form! Sometimes they are so noble and beautiful that we can scarcely believe them to be enemies of the gods, and again so bestial that we feel they merit utter annihilation. Thus we find one whose body is human, his legs serpents' coils ending in venomous heads, his neck and ears those of a buffalo, and his

colossal wings have a finny and feathery texture strangely mingled, and about his bearded face appear a finny growth, pointed ears and horns. But what a contrast to his still unbroken force is the pathos of that youthful giant behind him who has fallen vanquished to the ground. The agony of his face haunts us as the left hand feebly seeks the arrow which has pierced the manly chest, but fails to draw it out. Death, as in the face of the so-called Dying Gladiator, is already written on his youthful brow, furrowed now like that of age. In strong contrast to these fallen forms are those of the contending giants, perfect human shapes, clad in full armor, and represented in vigorous action.

So hopeless is the feeling of wild disorder received from these groups of the great frieze,



ZEUS GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

face, although human in feature, fully in keeping with the beastly neck. Another bears on snaky coils a human body, which, in turn, carries a lion's colossal head, the arms ending in lions' claws. Among the giants we sometimes find grand, bearded faces, so similar in type to the traditional head of Zeus that we might readily believe them akin, were it not for their look of passionate suffering or rage, so foreign to the benignant faces of the King of Olympus. One of these monsters, a colossal human form, springing back from the flaming torch of his beautiful female antagonist, suggests the Beelzebub of Milton; his

especially in their present shattered state, that we may ask, Is there here any of that symmetry so characteristic of earlier Greek composition? Going back to the Æginetans we find there a monotonous correspondence of part to part. In the Parthenon, likewise, this balance, although most gracefully veiled, is always present. But can we bring order out of this entanglement of serpent coils, human bodies, triumphant gods with their attendant lions, dogs, winged horses, and eagles? Are not all the limitations and traditions of the sculptor's art hopelessly lost in this confusion? Even in these fragments, however, close observation

discovers in the midst of apparent disorder and contrast of detail, a harmony directing the whole. If this is true of these broken fragments how much more must it have been true in the originally perfect composition. Thus the Zeus and Athene groups, the ones on which depended the whole contrast, correspond in the number of figures, and the tremendous sweep of Zeus to the left seems to offset the swaying of Athene to the right. These two groups probably occupied the east side of the building, which faced the main approach, and, as recent discovery shows, stood beside each other. The fragments remaining from both sides of the grand stairway show how skillfully the sculptor used even that irregular space, bringing its sculpture into harmony with the rest of the frieze. Happily, parts of all the figures on the left side of the stairway, from the corner of the frieze at the bottom, to the very top, are preserved, and have been placed in their proper relation by Mr. Bohn in his drawing. To the worshiper ascending the stairs would have been visible the struggling giants, hard pressed in battle from below by the group of gods and goddesses, and, from above, by one of Zeus's powerful eagles, thus assuring him of the ultimate triumph of the heavenly powers.

How magically the spirit of beauty has been thrown over all this fierce combat! Not even the revolting, oft-repeated lines of serpents' coils break the spell. And, could we see these weird forms once more raised on the wall they adorned, there can be no question that their writhing, struggling motion, set off against the intenser upright action of the gods, would produce an infinitely more powerful impression than they now do, arranged in sundered groups in the Berlin Museum.

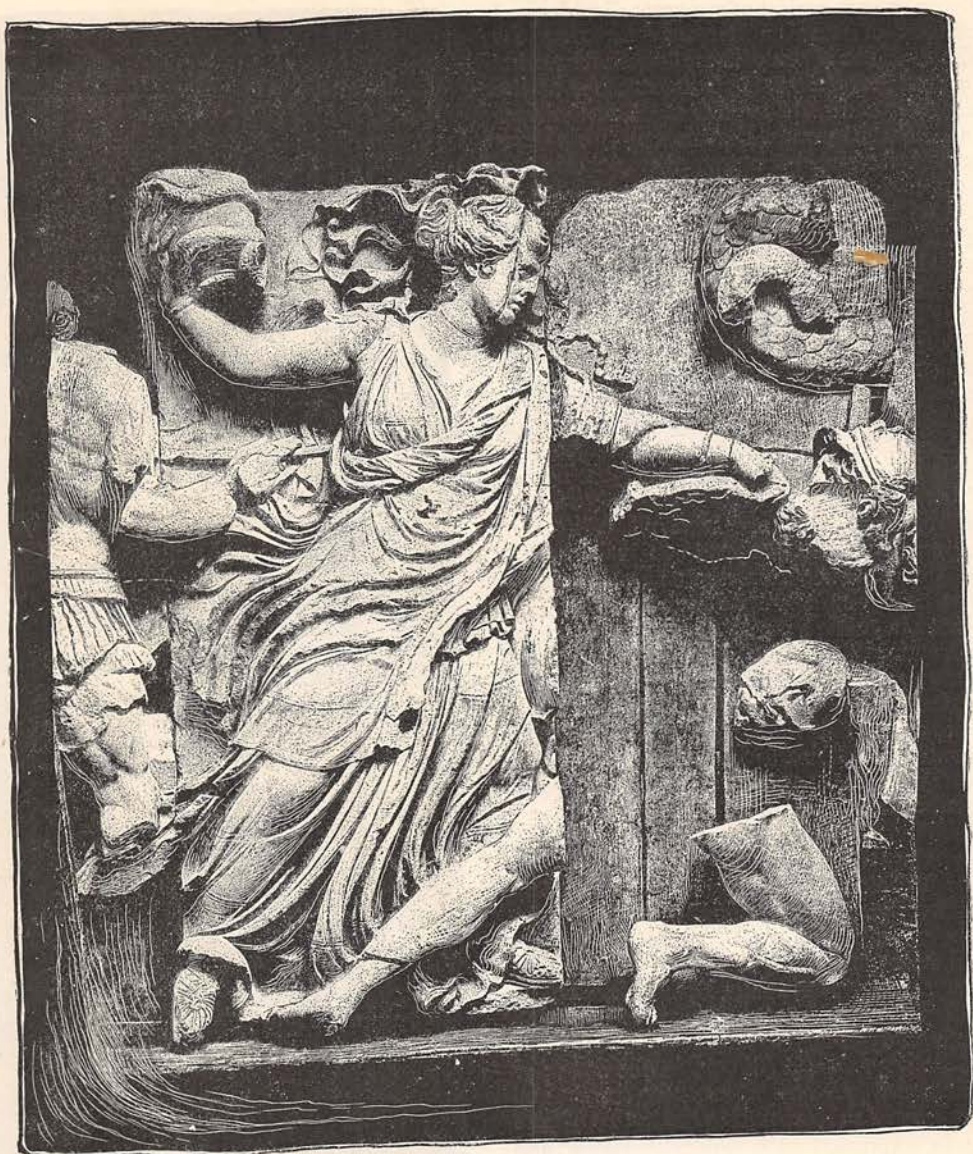
There is, moreover, but little here to remind us of earlier groups: this frieze abounds in new and bolder motives. Where, in the range of ancient art, has the sculptor been so prodigal or successful in representing the back? Where has he expressed such variety in falling, and displayed such fantasy in combining human and animal forms? The Pergamon sculptors seem to have had the human shape, with all its possibilities of plastic representation, as much at their command as the man of letters has his vocabulary. We find nothing, indeed, in the range of ancient art, with which to compare it, except the Parthenon marbles of well-nigh three hundred years before.

We have in these reliefs a very different class of Pergamon works from that to which belongs the Dying Galatian (the so-called Dying Gladiator), with its strongly pronounced individuality. The forms and features of these gods and giants have nothing of this portrait-like realism about them. While the



FIGURE OF GODDESS, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

variety is infinite, they all follow several great ideal types. The same is true of the goddesses, who seem one great sisterhood. That the fundamental type of their faces,



VEILED GODDESS HURLING SNAKE-BOUND VASE AT THE ENEMY. FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

moreover, is different from that of the centuries before, but equally beautiful, will appear on studying the face of that superb nameless goddess, who hurls a vase, coiled about with a snake, at her falling enemy. Observing her beautiful face closely, we find that it is a short oval, pointed toward the chin, and quite unlike the full round ovals of the Parthenon frieze, or the long narrow faces of the gentle mourners on the tombstones of the age of Praxiteles; besides, the forehead is much lower than that of the Demeter, a type of the female figures of Praxiteles, and more pointed than the fore-

heads of the Parthenon maidens; the lips are fuller, the small, proud mouth is more open, and the coiffure is much more elaborate. The hair rolls back more boldly from the forehead, the roots showing in fine contrast to the smooth skin; in front of the ears nestle two beauty curls, likewise unknown to the works of earlier times, as a glance at existing monuments shows.

This grand type of female beauty, a delight in itself, will also throw light on that rare bronze head, purchased a few years ago by the British Museum, it is said for £10,000. This head is more than life size and still has interesting signs

on the neck of the simple way in which the ancient workers in bronze patched up defective places. Deep mystery hangs around the place of its discovery, and the story of Mr. Newton's fruitless search for the site of its provenience is an illustration of the mystification thrown in the way of archæologists by ignorant but crafty Orientals. Comparison of this bronze head with the goddesses of the Pergamon frieze may, at least, aid in assigning to it a date. In both faces we find the same short pointed oval contour, low forehead, full but small mouth and chin, and the same arrangement and treatment of the hair.

Not only was the skill of the Pergamon sculptors shown in their treatment of the human form, but the horse represented in the Parthenon marbles is here no less powerful in his frame-work, and equally far removed from anything ordinary or prosaic. Look but at those two steeds, plunging high over a fallen giant. A piece of a shield appears above their proud necks, the charioteer, perhaps Ares, the god of war, stretching forward in the eagerness of battle. Place alongside of these a photograph of the horses of the Parthenon frieze, and, making all allowance for the difference in the height of the relief, mark the glorious similarity in conception. Finally, notice in the Pergamon fragment the subtle lines of the skin and the excited motion of the hair, more true to nature; and, although it may sound heretical, we ask, Does not this Pergamon span appeal to us moderns more than do the severer and more schematic Parthenon steeds?

While grand ideal types underlie all the work of these later sculptors, we see close observation and conscientious rendering of naturalistic detail. Above the deep undertone of ideal form, they sound a myriad of lighter, more fleeting notes, all caught from nature and blended in one harmonious whole. The hair, eyebrows, ever-changing folds of skin, and varied texture of garments or fur, are astonishingly real, giving life-likeness to these idealized forms on a scale unknown to us before in plastic art. The silken garments of one torch-bearing goddess, the thin *chiton* or thick leathery *nebris* worn by Dionysus, the wonderful surface of Zeus's mantle, whether flowing or lying in horizontal folds, show the master's skill in imitating stuffs. But these particulars are always secondary to the grandeur and beauty of the lines in which the drapery follows the forms, or answers to its motion. Hence it always remains powerful and dignified, never descending to mere display of technical skill,—the details seeming like the delicate surface play over profounder depths.



PLUNGING HORSES, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

These slabs of the great Pergamon frieze—of coarse-grained marble—seem to have been affixed to the building before they were sculptured; and there, away from the comfortable studio, the chisel and the borer did their

work. Moreover, if they were executed like the smaller Telephus frieze from the same altar, then these masters used no convenient points for measurement, but carved direct into the obdurate marble with the freedom that a painter shows in the use of his brush. It caused no little amazement to the Italian sculptors, in cleaning the small frieze, to find that even on the parts which were left only roughly blocked out, there were no signs of the points, so indispensable to the modern workman. May not this freedom of hand have contributed to the pictorial effect of these marbles, banishing anything that might be too severely statuesque in their treatment?

This pictorial character appears not only in tremendous foreshortening,—as, for instance, in the right leg of Athene's fallen enemy,—the freedom in rendering the bodies in most varied postures, and the great depth of the relief (sometimes thirty-one centimeters), but also in the rich surface already referred to. It seems almost as though the master were working in colors with their power of expressing perspective, texture, etc., and not in hard, monotoned marble. Going back to the Parthenon, we see in its exquisite drapery and gently varied surface of skin, the beginnings of this same pictorial conception and rendering, which are thrown over the earlier, sternly statuesque forms, like a transfiguring veil.

But let us pause here, for these Pergamon reliefs of the great frieze, like those of the Parthenon, are not pictures. They do not attempt the minute and intricate composition of a painting, as seen in modern reliefs like that on the doors of the Florentine Baptistry, or that less familiar one in the Pavia Cathedral. In keeping with the character of true relief, the one surface plane is always kept emphatic, not being broken up and made unquiet by attempts at distant groups and accessories of landscape, etc., crowded into the background.

The Laocoon group of the Vatican has some features of strong resemblance to the dying giant of this Athene group. But, in the Laocoon, we see only the writhings and contortions attendant upon physical suffering, and become so distressed by the sight, that the eye, repelled, wanders away, seeking relief. In this group, however, although physical pain is expressed, yet, like the discords in music, it seems introduced only to make more powerful the harmonies in this great symphony in marble. We are fascinated by the beauty of the giant, moved by the anguish of his mother, and taken altogether captive by Athene's noble form and Nike's swift grace, as well as by the glorious thoughts expressed in the whole.

But, even while fancy and chisel were

molding at Pergamon this last great plastic creation of the Greek genius, there were premonitions of a change which should come over the ancient world.

Rome was now striding on, with giant steps, to universal empire, and its machinations were soon to prove fatal to the Pergamon dynasty. Roman power had extended the borders of these kings in order to humble Macedon. This accomplished, they no longer needed Eumenes, and decided to humiliate the very power they had built up. Scandal began to whisper reports about treacherous dealing with their faithful ally, Eumenes. The Roman senate, winking at the renewed invasions of the terrible Galatians into his kingdom, even proclaimed the independence of these wild neighbors of the Pergamon state, and refused to listen to Eumenes' remonstrances. Although this prince succeeded in leaving his kingdom unbroken to his brother, Attalus II., yet, slowly and surely, Pergamon was coming under the iron rule of Rome. With the decline of political power there came also a cessation of creative life in the art of Pergamon, and, in fact, much which had been produced was now, doubtless, transported to Italy, to grace a Roman holiday.

Roman generals were now in Greece, with their formidable legions. With their triumphs in view, they commenced the wholesale transportation of artists and works of art to their capital on the Tiber. In one short year, 189 B. C., two such great triumphs were celebrated: the one drawing on Greece, the other on Asia Minor, for its decorations. Fulvius Nobilior, after conquering the Ætoli-ans, entered Rome in that year with two hundred and eighty-five bronze, and two hundred and thirty marble statues, taken principally from Ambracia and Cnidus; he brought with him many Greek artists, who were to make more showy the festivities connected with his triumph, by the works of their genius. In the same year Cornelius Scipio, after his victory over Antiochus, at Magnesia, near Smyrna, celebrated his triumphal entry into Rome with works, which, it is said by the ancients, first awakened in the Romans a taste for Greek art. How vast the treasure brought to Rome by Paulus Æmilius after his victory over Perseus of Macedon, at Pydna, about twenty years later (168 B. C.) appears from the statement that three whole days were required for the passage of his procession into Rome, and that one day did not suffice for the entry of his two hundred and fifty wagons, laden with statues and paintings.

These few instances, out of many others



ATHENE GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

which might be given, are enough to show what the Roman generals did toward tearing Greek art away from the lands where it had blossomed. Governors of provinces and emperors did not fall behind their predecessors in this work. The fame of Verres is too closely linked with such work, by Cicero's attacks upon him, to need mention. Augustus, who, finding Rome a city of brick left it one of marble, required many Greek works to give his extensive architectural undertakings their proper finish. His example was followed by many others, among whom was his friend Asinius Pollio. As an additional fact of interest, it may be mentioned that, while under Augustus many archaic works, as well as those of the age of Praxiteles, were brought to Rome, almost none of the Phidian or of the later Hellenistic Age are mentioned.

The owning of these statues, as well as the prevalent fashion of visiting the Hellenistic world, and seeing the rich cities there adorned with decorated temples and palaces, aroused among the Romans an emulation of the Greeks, and the amount of art activity, thus created and stimulated, can scarcely be overestimated although this was clearly from no genuine love of art, but from a mere fondness for display. Wherever a public building arose,—and the number of these public buildings was countless,—the chisel of the sculptor was employed. Statues, singly and in groups,

adorned the niches, intercolumniations, and roofs, filled the pediments and lined the steps of the temples, theaters, amphitheaters, basilicas, baths, gate-ways for bridges, balustrades and arches of all kinds. One theater, built by Scaurus, was decorated with three thousand bronze statues and the fountains erected by Agrippa in the year 33 B. C. at Rome were adorned with three hundred bronze and marble statues besides four hundred marble columns, and public squares were filled with statues of the emperors and gods.

But private buildings employed the sculptor even more than public. Pictures and statues were regarded, as early as Sulla's time, as being as necessary a part of a rich man's furniture as his carpets and silver. Even Cicero, who boasted of having little interest in art, spent a large sum of money in buying statuary and reliefs to decorate the academy he had laid out in his Tusculum villa. When the house of a rich man burned down, we are told that his friends sought to make good his loss by giving him "marble statues and fine bronzes by celebrated masters." Often, however, they were cheated as to the master, it having been not uncommon then, as now, to increase the money value of a statue by attributing it to some celebrated master.

Greek works were, of course, used as far as they went, but they could not suffice to

meet the growing demand, which the frequent great fires in Rome, consuming countless treasure, only increased. The extensive multiplication of the same statue,—as, for instance, the so-called Faun of the Capitol, which exists in twenty-nine copies at least,—as well as the numerous duplicates of the Doryphorus, and other statues, show that celebrated originals were copied, often, doubtless, to satisfy the demands of those who could not obtain Greek originals. According to Josephus, Agrippa adorned the whole Phœnician city Berytus (modern Beirut) with statues and copies of old works. Moreover, not only the rich, but also the middle, and even poorer, classes, came in for their share in this beautifying process, using often cheaper materials. In the libraries of those for whom marble and bronze were too costly, as Juvenal tells us, plaster casts were used; representing ancient philosophers and poets.

Besides the accurate copies, there were many variations made in older works, a striking feature of the time of Roman dominion, when little or no creative power seems to have existed. So, clearly, the Venus of Medici is a variation on Praxiteles's Cnidian Aphrodite; the disk-throwers in London, Munich, and Rome, variations on Myron's Discobolus, and the statues of Athene, in the villa Ludovisi, and elsewhere, repetitions of Phidias's Athene Parthenos. Until within a few years we have been able to read only through these feeble Roman imitations, up to the thoughts and inspirations of the older masters; but with the discoveries in the ancient Greek world these Roman works sink back into their proper rank in relation to the originals of the earlier time. Who, after seeing the noble form of the Apollo of the Pergamon frieze, throbbing with life and natural in every line, can look with the admiration of old upon the cold theatrical form of the Apollo Belvedere; or who, after becoming familiar with the beautiful surface-play in the drapery of the statues found at Pergamon, can regard with unmingled pleasure the barren folds worn by the Muses found in Roman villas?

Many of the masters of the Roman time copied even archaic originals, giving them, however, a surface-rendering freer, but less attractive, than that of the genuine unaffected older works. This tendency seems to have prevailed in the school of Pasiteles, who flourished in the first century B. C. Statues with the inscriptions of his scholars exist in the villas Albani and Ludovisi at Rome.

Alongside of this imitation of older works in Rome, this grasping back into the old

store-house of form and subject, there went also a tendency to portraiture and historic relief, representing exactly the men and rulers of Rome, and the battles of their legions. So the triumphal arches and columns appear carved with the chronicle of actual march, siege, or war. The numerous sites where these portraits, statues, and busts of emperors and privates have been found, the galleries where they are collected, and the passages in ancient authors which describe them, give approximately an idea of how prolific was this age in such works. But these works lack that fineness of feeling and careful modeling seen in the portrait heads of the Hellenistic age. The realistic tendency of the former time is carried out, but with more coarseness. The most casual peculiarities of face and form even are given, the very warts in the cheek are imitated; but, too often, the fine perception and rendering of character is lost in unpleasant detail.

Looking over this vast number of monuments from the time of the Roman dominion, we are struck by their similarity wherever found. So the statues found in the widely scattered provinces of Rome, whether England, France, Spain, or those of Asia and Africa, and even Greece itself, are all alike. The subjects, treatment, and even *technique* are the same, and invariably draw from us remarks deprecatory of an art so servilely imitative in character, and so inferior in execution to the great works preserved to us from older times.

Unfortunately, nearly all the statues discovered in Italy, at some time or other, have fallen into the hands of merciless restorers. The passion of discoverers and collectors, in the sixteenth century, to piece out and polish up, to the great injury of the work of art, seems to have been as strong as it is to-day; hence much that in its original freshness might have been agreeable and of use in study is now utterly ruined for scholar or artist.

For about one hundred and fifty years after the commencement of our era this reproductive, imitative, and portrait art maintained itself, holding fast to the technique and traditions handed down to them. But with the Antonines the descent becomes rapid, until by the time of Constantine the capabilities of the ancient sculptors are at so low an ebb that we gladly bid them farewell, and, with freshened joy, we turn to admire that which has been rescued from those elder days of departed glory, and drink in inspiration and strength from the scattered rays streaming into our own lives and thoughts.