

I have a presentiment that you will be happy yet, and that the woman of your heart will be given to your wishes. I love her, I honor her, for her sensibility. May Heaven restore her, and may you both long enjoy that true and unspeakable felicity that springs from a mutual affection! . . . Be assured, that if there is one Muse inhabits the hill of Morven, an event so interesting to my friend shall not be unsung. . . . Let me know from time to time how Miss C. is. I shall be very anxious." Then, with that cheerful confidence in the future with which we are so ready to set aside other people's troubles, Mrs. Stockton proceeds to divert her friend with lighter topics. She tells him of "little waffle parties" formed by her intimates, "to wit, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Clymer, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Armstrong, and myself, meeting once a week at each other's houses. We converse and play whist, as suits our inclinations, without gaming, for that is against our rules. Apropos, I hear you are great gamesters at Annapolis. Fie! it is beneath the dignity of a member of Congress to be a gambler. Tell my friends that I deny positively the charge for them, and undertake to assert that it is no such thing: so it remains for them to make me an oracle. . . . I hope that you will get the fever and ague in the spring, and be shaken into a remembrance of the heights of Princeton, or those above the sweet banks of the Delaware. You were all a party of scurvy fellows for leaving us; but though I abuse you to your faces, I keep the privilege for myself; I can not suffer any one else to do it in my presence."

But the passionate Southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes, according to the presentiments and prophecies of his kind correspondent. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and her lover's happiness. What bitter tears and faltering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation.

And so the short love-dream of those who thus early in life had sounded the depths of that feeling which makes at its flood either the heart's sweetest joy or its

deepest regret was ended, but the remembrance lay with the miniature on the heart of the fair girl until the tomb closed over her beauty and pain.

General Read threw up his chance for that political fame for which he had been so eager, to the astonishment, and in spite of the remonstrances, of his friends and fellow-statesmen. He declined a re-election to Congress, and exchanged the goal of a manly endeavor for the quiet and stagnant pool of an insignificant future.

Man-like, in his sorrow he turned aside in anger to seek forgetfulness in the love of another, and he soon bore a lovely and distinguished bride to his far Southern home. She was a sister of Mrs. Livingston, Miss Katharine Van Horn, and her husband seems to have hidden away from every eye, even his own, after his marriage, the fair painted image of the once-loved face, with all the letters and records of his disappointed passion and relinquished career, leaving his children to bring forth after his death, from the old trunk in a disused garret of a far-away plantation villa, the picture of his lost love, and the Congressional correspondence, which were to him the mementos of the fatal romance of his ardent youth in "the days gone by."

ATHENA PARTHENOS.

ON the thirtieth day of December ($\frac{18}{30}$, as dates run in that part of the world), 1880, a discovery of rare interest and importance was made at Athens. The find was enough in itself to excite the curiosity of every archæologist and lover of antique art, but the form which the news took as it travelled was positively startling. One version had it that the Mayor of Athens had telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London—deep unto deep—that the veritable Athena Parthenos of Pheidias had been unearthed. After the recovery of the Hermes of Praxiteles, to say nothing of the treasure of Priam and the gold mask of Agamemnon, scarcely any tidings from the omnipotent spade can be considered impossible; but those who knew anything about the Athena Parthenos knew that the original was made of gold and ivory, and had long ago been transmuted into coin, or haply into false teeth. Still there was room to hope that the Athena so exposed was a large copy in marble; but as the mist cleared off, the

statue became a statuette, yet a statuette of sufficient dimensions to show many valuable details of the original after which it was modelled. It is, indeed, in many respects one of the most interesting and instructive discoveries made in these days, in which nature and history alike yield up so many secrets to those who have the patience to dig and the audacity to knock. Certainly it deserves to share popular attention, if not with the Venus of Melos or the Hermes of Olympia, at least with the figurines of Tanagra.

The original Athena Parthenos was one of the most famous works of the great master Pheidias, whose name has become typical, although it is to be feared that his personality has been effaced by his reputation. Pericles and Pheidias, Pheidias and Pericles, are conveniently coupled: Pericles prince of his age, Pheidias first and greatest of true sculptors, and there an end. It may, however, be worth while to recall his career in brief outline. Born in Athens about 500 B.C., and carefully trained in the technicalities of his art by a native master, he seems to have come under the influence of a great artist, Ageladas of Argos, who counted among his pupils Myron and Polycleitus. To his earlier period belongs the colossal bronze statue of Athena Promachos (Minerva the champion) on the Acropolis; to the second period, which coincides with the administration of Pericles, the Athena Parthenos, or Virgin Athena, which was finished and consecrated in his sixty-second year (437 B.C.). In his sixty-fifth year Pheidias went to Olympia, where he was received with the highest honors, and where he constructed his chryselephantine statue of Olympian Zeus. His workshop was thenceforward a sacred spot to the Eleans, who granted him the privilege of putting his name on the base of his immortal work—a privilege which might seem to have been denied him by the Athenians in the case of the Parthenos. In 432 he returned to Athens with a crown of glory about his old head, to find that the enemies of Pericles, unable to work their will on the chief of the state, were determined to wreak their vengeance on Pheidias, the friend and familiar of Pericles. Menon, a former assistant of the artist, was bribed to accuse the master of purloining a part of the gold which had been delivered to him for making the Parthenos. But Pheidias, at Pericles's suggestion, as the

story goes, had so constructed the golden part of the statue that it could be removed and weighed, and so this charge was easily quashed. The next plan of attack was more successful. Pheidias was accused of impiety for having introduced portraits of Pericles and himself in the reliefs on the shield of the Parthenos; and to make the story more effective, it is sometimes stated that these figures were so wrought into the composition that it was impossible to remove them without destroying the whole—a misinterpretation of a passage in Cicero. The student of this period of Greek life is often puzzled by the success of accusations of impiety, and is sometimes tempted to the conclusion that orthodoxy, political or religious, covered a multitude of sins; blasphemy which would have been intolerable in an advanced thinker was a mere jest in the mouth of a Tory poet, and while it was no crime to call Pericles a "squill-headed Zeus," or to give him all the attributes of Zeus, it was sacrilege to put his image on the shield of Zeus's daughter. At any rate, upon this charge of impiety Pheidias was thrown into jail, and died soon after—according to one account, of sickness, according to another, of poison. Menon, his accuser, was honored by immunity from taxation, and the authorities were made responsible for his personal safety. We hear nothing of that dramatic repentance which is ascribed to the Athenians upon the death of Socrates. Indeed, reverence for philosophy and art as embodied in philosophers and artists was of slow growth among the people that had done so much for philosophy and art. Socrates was considered a mere sophist, a mere ambulatory professor, for generations after his death; and if we wish to find, at least in literature, what we should consider an approximate estimate of the divine in a man like Pheidias, we should have to come down several centuries into the period of the Greek renaissance.

Pheidias was a worker in bronze and marble as well as in gold and ivory, but of all his works his chryselephantine figures of Athena Parthenos and of the Olympian Zeus were far the most famous. The technical process by which these statues were constructed is not handed down in detail, though the French archæologist Quatremère de Quincy has succeeded in making a probable combination of the few statements that are extant, and in showing at any rate how it was possible

to make ivory plates of sufficient size to cover as a skin the flesh of clay with which an inner skeleton of wood was clothed upon. Glue here, rivets there, kept the ivory in position, and the whole work was then filed into perfection. It is evident that there must have been great danger of the shrinking or swelling of the wooden frame-work, if wooden frame-work it was. The air of the Acropolis was too dry, the atmosphere of the Alpheus too heavily charged with moisture; and it has been supposed that a system of channels was constructed in the interior of these statues to supply the Parthenos with water, and the Zeus with oil.

The high reach of the art of Pheidias is shown by the fact that his main work was on statues of the gods, and historians of Greek plastic art have not failed to point out the importance of the new line struck out by Polycleitus, who set up as his "canon" the purely human of the spear-bearer (Doryphorus). Few men, few heroes even, were honored by the chisel of Pheidias. Zeus and Athena were in the front rank. Next, at an interval, Aphrodite, but not the "weaver of crafty devices," not the winner of hearts, the troubler of homes, the witching goddess of Praxiteles, but the great mother of us all, serene if not severe in her unattainable height.

Pheidias is called the author and the finisher of the ideal in art. He did not imitate what he had seen; he did not make studies after a model; he had an image in his mind, an archetype of beauty, of majesty, of sublimity. The source of his power was the indwelling of the divine. It was the godlike Homer that revealed to him his Zeus, his Athena. His Olympian Jove was an incorporation of the Homeric god as he nods assent to Thetis, and promises to do honor to her son.

"He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head

Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook.*"

And so his Athena is to be sought in the same poem, where Homer pictures, or rather Chapman broiders, her:

"About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,

Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes; through it was drawn to life

The miseries and death of fight; in it fell Pursuit flew;

* Chapman's terseness here is as remarkable as his amplitude elsewhere.

In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view

Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she placed

His four-plumed glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast

It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend;

Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;

And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge, solid lance,

With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,

And overturns whole fields [files?] of men, to show she was the seed of him that thunders."

But these æsthetic commonplaces which have reached the present day are not satisfying. Fortunately this is no place to discuss the problems of the condition of poetry and sculpture, the interpenetration of ideal and real, which, by-the-way, were as carefully studied and almost as obscurely presented among the ancient critics of art as among the modern. With no slavish submission to the *milieu*, and with every disposition to give all glory to the individual, there is no such thing possible as perfect emancipation, no such suspension in mid-air as is claimed for wonder-workers new and old. And so we turn to what is of more importance to us just now than any general theory of plastic art—the comparison of the newly discovered statuette of Athena with the descriptions and imitations of the Athena Parthenos that are known to us. A glimpse into this field of archæological research is all that is possible here, but that glimpse will perhaps do more to give a correct notion of the position of Pheidias than any amount of second-hand æsthetics.

What do we know of the original? According to the combinations of the archæologists, the Athena Parthenos was a colossal figure about forty feet in height. The goddess was represented as standing erect, with a *chiton* that came down to her feet (talaric). On the top of the helmet—the close-fitting Attic, not the Corinthian visor helmet—lay a sphinx in the round, and on either side a griffin in high relief. Pausanias, by-the-way, finds it necessary to tell us what griffins look like—"animals resembling lions, with the wings and beak of an eagle." The particularity with which he states this is of some interest in connection with the dispute as to the character of the animals which occupy corresponding positions in the statuette. On her breast was the ægis-

with the *gorgoneion*, though Pausanias only mentions the "ivory" head of the Medusa. The shield on the left of the goddess rested on the base of the statue. The hand of the goddess, reposing on the rim of the shield, held (but how?) a spear that leaned against her shoulder. Around the shaft curled the serpent Erichthonios, the mystic snake-child of Hephæstus, and the point rose out of a crouching sphinx. A statue of Niké (Victory), four cubits high, stood on the outstretched right hand. Athena has overcome, and sends forth victory to her faithful people. The detail work was wonderful. In fact, this combination of sublimity in conception and minute finish in detail is one of the memorable things in Pheidias. We do not expect everything of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini. We find everything in the Greek. It is true that the material itself in which Pheidias worked demanded the minuteness of the goldsmith's art, but it is the essence of art to recognize the demand of the material, else mere "barbaric gold and pearl." What if each new material shows an emergence out of the forms dictated by the technic of the older? This is a transition which we recognize everywhere in written as in plastic art.

The naked parts of the statue—face, arms, and feet—were made of ivory, the pupils of the eyes of precious stones, attire and armor of gold. One trouble of the archæologists in making out the composition from the descriptions given was the balance of the statue. The three attributes, spear, shield, and serpent, were all on the left side, and so it was conjectured that the mass of the dress fell on the right, which would serve both to restore the balance and to mask the special support that seemed to be needed for the figure of Niké, which must have weighed between three and four hundred pounds. The shield, the high soles, and the base were richly ornamented. On the outer surface of the shield the reliefs represented combats with the Amazons; on the inner, battles of the gods and the giants. Battles of Lapithæ and Centaurs were figured on the rim of the sandals, and on the plinth the birth of Pandora. How long this marvel stood we do not know. According to one story, the tyrant Lachares, in 296 B.C., carried off with him all the gold ornaments that could be removed, but Pausanias, who lived under the Anto-

nines, speaks of the statue as being made of gold and ivory, and Athens was never in condition after 296 B.C. to restore the gold if it had been carried off. Gilding has been suggested as a possible resource. The last mention of the Parthenos that can be trusted occurs in the year 375 A.D., in the reign of Valentinian and Valens.

The type of Athena thus established continued to the end, and yet modifications were inevitable. The later period would insensibly alter it. Ingres's picture of Cæsar is ridiculously like Napoleon. Chinese reproductions of Laurens's "Death of Marceau" give almond eyes and high cheek-bones to Austrians and French alike. I have sometimes fancied that the nationality makes itself felt even in photographs; that the French photographer, the German photographer, manages to give a Gallic or Teutonic deflection to the rays of the sun. So, too, nationality shifts with time. It is impossible to remain Pheidian. Even Pheidias seems to have given his Lemnian Athena more beauty, more grace, than he gave his Athena Parthenos, and the student must look closely in order to discern which reproductions come nearest the type which we are seeking. But the reader will not expect to be taken through a list of the different statues, reliefs, and coins which have been studied for the purpose. Suffice it to say that the statuette which is the subject of the present paper was immediately recognized as by far the closest copy of the Athena Parthenos that has yet been discovered. Hence the shout of joy, the lyric enthusiasm, of the Athenians. In the fervor of recent possession, M. Dragatsis, professor in the Gymnasium of the Peiræus, becomes almost as poetical as Lucian or Philostratus, who can still give the moderns odds in the description of works of art. "Athens," we are told, "she who so long had gazed in wonder on the dwelling-place of her sovereign lady, in ruins though it be, in these last days has had the good fortune to be the witness of the birth of Athena, but this time not from the head of her sire, but from the womb of the universal mother, the earth, and the obstetrician was not Hephæstus, but a simple day-laborer, the instrument not the axe of a deity, but a more plebeian tool, which, indeed, the god of smiths had furnished." So much classical imagery could hardly have been evoked in the latter half of the nineteenth

century, except on classic soil or on a classic occasion.

I will now briefly state the circumstances of the discovery and results so far as I can gather them from the documents accessible to me.* The statuette was found on the 30th of December, 1880, in a short street north of the Varvakion (Βαρβάκειον), and in the immediate neighborhood of the northern boundary of the antique city. In levelling the street the workmen came upon the remains of a Roman house, and just north of the cross wall which connected the eastern and western sides of the building lay the statuette, on the face, only 0.60 m. under-ground, covered by a kind of brick vault, which seems to have been intended to conceal it or to protect it. It was evidently set up inside of the house, perhaps in the house chapel, as a continuation of the western wall northward was afterward laid bare. The material is Pentelic marble of homogeneous formation, free from mica, and is supposed to have come from the quarries on the north side of the Pentelicon.

The height with the plinth is 1.035 m.; the plinth, which is an irregular quadrilateral, is 0.103 m. high—the whole rather more than thirty-nine inches. The base itself is peculiar, as the face of it presents an architectural profile, which is said to be very rare. The rear of the statue is not elaborated, only done in the rough. Three marks, which one archæologist considered ornaments, are with more probability thought to be indications of measurements. The goddess stands with her weight on the right foot, her left knee slightly bent. Her left hand rests lightly on the shield, which is set on edge; her right is extended somewhat outward, and on the palm stands the figure of Niké (Victory). She is dressed in a talaric, sleeveless *chiton*, over it a *diplois* (our girls would call it an over-skirt), which falls below the hips, and is kept in place by a girdle ending in two snakes that face each other. *Chiton* and *diplois* are open on the right side, and the tips are orna-

mented with balls or bobs. Similar *pteryges*, ending in like ornaments, are seen in recent costumes. The breast is covered with an ægis; eleven curling snakes adorn the outer edge, the two uppermost turn their bearded heads toward the spectator. The ægis is fastened by a wingless Medusa head, with the hair parted in the middle. On the centre of the helmet there is a sphinx couchant, the paws on either side of the bow. The central crest rests on the head of the sphinx and on a pillar that rises from her back. The horse-hair of the crest is indicated in relief, and the crest runs down below the neck. On either side of the sphinx there is a winged animal half leaping, half lying, each supporting a side crest. These animals the French archæologist Hauvette calls griffins, and as they are headless, he restores the orthodox eagle head demanded by the description of Pausanias. Lange, on the other hand, declares that there is sufficient indication of a horse's mane, and that the legs of the doubtful animals are the legs of horses, although the tails are thinner than be seems even a winged horse. If the ends of the tails had been preserved, tuft or no tuft would probably have set this matter at rest. The outer wings were connected originally with the cheek-pieces of the helmet, which are raised. On the temples of the goddess are short clustering curls; two long tresses fall on either side in front, and reach half-way down the ægis; four plaits fall down her back. The goddess wears on either arm a bracelet in the form of a snake. The high soles of her sandals are without ornament. Beneath the shield is coiled the Erichthonios snake, with bearded and scaly head turned toward the spectator. The shield is supported by a rest. The only ornamentation of the outer surface is a winged Gorgon's head with waving hair and heavy unidealized features. The handle of the shield is carefully elaborated. The spear is wanting, and there is no indication of it, either in the position of the left hand or otherwise. The right hand of the goddess, which holds the Victory, is supported by an unfluted column, which diminishes toward the top, with a considerable *entasis*. The column has an Attic basis, and a peculiar capital that has no analogy with any of the three orders. The Victory measures without the head, which is missing, 0.14 m.; with the head,

* Articles in the *Mittheilungen des deutschen archæologischen Institutes in Athen* (5ter Jahrg., 4tes Heft.; 6ter Jahrg., erstes Heft.), by Konrad Lange. Our engravings are made from the photographs by Romaides, which appeared in the last-named number. See also an article on the *Παρθενός* by Professor Dragatsis, and a note by C. T. Newton in the *Academy*, February 12, 1881. Much use has been made of Overbeek's *Geschichte der griechischen Plastik* in the historical sketch.

it would be 0.16 m. She is attired like Athena in *chiton* and *diplois*. A scarf passing from behind to the right, and then across her waist, falls in broad folds over her left arm. She is standing on her toes, and leaning forward eagerly, not toward the spectator, but obliquely to the right. In her hands she held a wreath or garland, a fragment of which was found afterward by Professor Lange.

The condition of the statuette is said to be remarkably good; only small pieces are wanting. Especially interesting are the traces of color—red, yellow, brownish-yellow, brown, blue-black, gold. Red is found in the rim of the helmet, at the bottom of the deep lines that represent the hair of the helmet, in the corners of the eyes and mouth, and in the nostrils of the sphinx, in the eyes of the snakes, in ægis and girdle, on the tail of the winged monster, on the rim of the shield. The feathers of the winged Medusa are picked out with red, and the beard of the Erichthonios snake is striped with red. The shield was yellow, and there is yellow on the hair of goddess, sphinx, and the two Medusæ, the two bracelets, and the manes of the griffins or winged horses, whichever we shall determine to call them. Traces of yellow are also found on the border of the robes of Athena and Niké. The scales of all the snakes are brown, and so are the feathers of the Niké. There are traces of gilding which have led Lange to the conclusion that the yellow of the hair and the bracelets and the border of the robes was only a priming for gold. The eyes of Athena have a red rim, the pupil is yellow with a red border, the iris blue-black, the lashes are represented by parallel strokes of red. There is no trace of painting on the naked parts. Such is in substance the description of this statuette as given by Professor Lange. Red, yellow, brown, black, and blue—how familiar all these colors are now as we speak of Greek works of art! and yet many of us can remember the time when it was heresy to believe in "polychromy" to any considerable extent. How much modern art has been influenced by the disappearance of the coloring of the antique models, and how much chemistry is responsible for in our changed attitude! Even in children, I can remember, the natural admiration of the image vender's painted wares was suppressed as something vulgar, and the beauty of cold correctness

was held up as a model. But now I understand that the handmaidens of modern decorative art are sweeping down on plaster casts also with all the confidence of the Pheidian Niké.

I shall now give in brief what I have been able to learn as to the correctness of the copy. The general likeness to the original is evident enough. The omission of the spear seems to have been designed. It is missing in other copies also, and a cumulation of attributes which might have produced a noble effect in the great proportions of the original, would have been too heavy in a reproduction on so small a scale. Besides, we have here the peaceful goddess, and hence this attribute is the more easily dispensed with. The proportion of statuette to plinth is exactly as ten to one. This corresponds nearly enough with recent calculations as to the basis of the statue of the Olympian Zeus. Taking this as a standard, we should find that in the original the column was 5.15 m. high, the shield 4.64 m., the head of the goddess 1.16 m., the helmet above the head 1.45 m., the soles of her sandals 0.17 m.

Another and stronger proof of the accuracy of the copy is the proportion of the Niké to the whole statuette, 0.16 m. to 1.035 m., almost exactly four to twenty-six. Now, according to Pausanias, the Niké was four cubits high; the Parthenos herself, judging by the height of the cell, twenty-six cubits. It is impossible, as Lange says, that this should be an accident; and that the reduction was effected by mechanical means is shown by the three marks on the back of the figures, the three measuring points. This indication of a close copy of the original makes the statuette of the very highest value.

Among the important coincidences in detail may be mentioned the position of the left leg, which is nearly in a line with the right. Even the stiff fold that falls from the left knee re-appears. It may have been as characteristic as the huge hands or the wonderful knee of Michael Angelo's Moses. The girdle with the snakes, the form of the ægis, the number and treatment of the strands of hair, are all similar. So also the broad and round shape of the face, the horizontal position of the right arm, the height of the sole, the circular shape of the shield, the coils of the Erichthonios serpent, and the great advantage gained



ATHENA PARTHENOS.

for the side view by the projection of the head of the serpent beyond the rim of the shield. The exactness of the copy is further guaranteed by the unusual care in the execution of details, unusual especially on this scale. To the artist this mi-

nuteness of reproduction seems to sin against the great canon of all art, *quod satis est*; but the archæologist takes a different view, and comforts himself with the reflection that this servility enables the beholder to call up the original, in

which all this detail would be beauty. This slavish reproduction shows that the statuette does not date from the good Greek time, but from the Roman period, say the reign of Hadrian. "The Greek of the better period translates his original into the style of the material in which he copies," and much fault has been found with the details, and yet the conclusion of the whole matter is that we have a copy of the Parthenos which is of far greater importance than all the others. As to the face, opinions seem to vary. Lange recognizes in the sharply cut nose and the energetic modelling of the chin the Pheidias original, and claims for Pheidias what we moderns should most object to. Newton says that, "while recording certain features of the original design, the copyist has utterly failed to render the higher qualities of the original—the subtle charm of expression in the face, the grace and majesty in the general pose. This is nothing more than might be expected from the servile hand of a copyist in the Roman period, who probably executed this work as a commission for some private person." At any rate the archaeological value must be rated very high. We have seen how sadly the balance was missed in the description of the original. That balance is restored by the device of the column; and if the column is archaic, so much the better, as it shows that Pheidias was, after all rhapsodizing, ancient and modern, the child of his time, and was not so much "the creator of a new principle of composition as the last great representative of an older principle, which he expresses in perfection of form." Another great gain is the position of the Niké, which has been a matter of dispute among archæologists. As she stands here, she is about to crown the conqueror with the wreath of victory in the name of the goddess.

In my account of the statuette I have followed in the main the descriptions of those who have seen the figure itself. Even the best photographs give most imperfect notions of statuary. You can not catch the light of a manuscript from any fac-simile; you can not force any camera to reproduce the thing itself. There is a strong temptation to surround one's self with photographs, engravings, models, of favorite works of art. There is danger in this—danger to the fresh beauty of the actual vision. So I do not consider my-

self as having any right to an opinion of this statuette of the Athena Parthenos; and yet this is what I said to myself when I first saw the photographs, uninstructed, some might say unsophisticated, by the articles which I have since read.

The full face is a disappointment. It reminds me too much of certain archaic Greek work which I was called on in my youth to admire without reserve—work against which every sound instinct rebels. The forehead is too low for the goddess of wisdom; the nose is too doughty (I can not think of another word); the eye is too sleepy; the smile of the mouth too constrained, too official; the breast is almost masculine. Hephæstus was enamored of Athena once. Witness the Erichthonios snake. Hephæstus was a good judge of beauty. Could he have loved the Athena Parthenos? The arms are shapely, and the pose of the left hand is full of grace; but the effect of the whole is—dare I say it?—squab. The goddess is not near so light as the Niké that she holds in her hand. Athena is on her own ground, and by the way in which she comes down on her right foot, she intends to stay. The very folds of her dress hang heavy and stiff over her right foot as over something that was truly planted. The massive plait that plunges from her left knee forms with the thigh an awkward similitude of a wooden leg. But as one studies and ponders it more and more, the queen, the virgin goddess, reveals herself more and more, and the slumbering might in that peaceful form, which reminds one at first of a German maiden, makes itself felt. The snakes curled on the ægis of her collar in easy play are ready for work; the Erichthonios serpent that looms out from behind the shield is poised to strike. A moment's notice, and the virgin will seize the lance that she has laid aside, and woe to those with whom "the daughter of the mighty sire waxeth wroth"! But it is not necessary to resort to the imagination in order to see the full queenliness of the statuette. The side view, as in so many statues of higher claims, shows us what is truly meant, shows us a more adequate Athena—majestic, wise, victorious, proud of herself, proud of her people, and generous in her pride. It is as if she had put on these trappings to please her subjects, who made holiday before her; and despite massive helmet, snaky ægis, mysterious sphinx,

hateful Gorgon breast, and serpent coiled within the shield, she is a divine mistress to be loved by her earthly liegemen.

I turned from my meditation to Professor Lange's article in order to find out what I ought to think, and was informed that though my uneducated eyes were perhaps right in accepting the profile view as the better for the face, the better for the folds, still the statuette was intended to be seen from the front, and only from that position can we gain the proper impression of the fine proportions, the rhythm of the ornamentation from helmet to san-

dal. And then I dared to call the divine creature "squab"! The proportion of the figure, it seems, is normal, somewhat over seven heads. I am as much pleased to know it as any man can be to find out his error. The first account had it nine, which shows the importance of reading proof carefully, or trusting the eye rather than the memorandum-book. "Even helmet and high soles do not make her look slender," is the next piece of information. I should think not; but I leave the photographs to correct my vision, and the archaeologists to vent their wrath on the layman.

EASTER MORNING.

DAME MARGARET spake to Annie Blair,
To Annie Blair spake she,
As from beneath her wrinkled hand
She peered far out to sea.

"Look forth, look forth, O Annie Blair,
For my old eyes are dim;
See you a single boat afloat
Within the horizon's rim?"

Sweet Annie looked to east, to west,
To north and south looked she:
There was no single boat afloat
Upon the angry sea.

The sky was dark, the winds were high,
The breakers lashed the shore,
And louder and still louder swelled
The tempest's sullen roar.

"Look forth again," Dame Margaret cried:
"Doth any boat come in?"
And scarce she heard the answering word
Above the furious din.

"Pray God no boat may put to sea
In such a gale!" she said;
"Pray God no soul may dare to-night
The rocks of Danger Head!"

"This is Good-Friday, Annie Blair,"
Dame Margaret cried again,
"When Mary's Son, the Merciful,
On Calvary was slain.

"The earth did quake, the rocks were rent,
The graves were opened wide,
And darkness like to this fell down
When He—the Holy—died.

"Give me your hand, O Annie Blair;
Your two knees fall upon;
Christ send to you your lover back—
To me, my only son!"

All night they watched, all night they prayed,
All night they heard the roar
Of the fierce breakers dashing high
Upon the lonely shore.

Oh, hark! strange footsteps on the sand,
A voice above the din:
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Is Annie Blair within?"

"High on the rocks of Danger Head
Her lover's boat is cast,
All rudderless, all anchorless—
Mere hull and splintered mast."

Oh, hark! slow footsteps on the sand,
And women wailing sore:
"Dame Margaret! Dame Margaret!
Your son you'll see no more!

"God pity you! Christ comfort you!"
The weeping women cried;
But "May God pity Annie Blair!"
Dame Margaret replied.

"For life is long and youth is strong,
And it must still bear on.
Leave us alone to make our moan—
My son! alas, my son!"

The Easter morning, flushed with joy,
Saw all the winds at rest,
And far and near the blue sea smiled
With sunshine on its breast.

The neighbors came, the neighbors went;
They sought the house of prayer;
But on the rocks of Danger Head
The dame and Annie Blair,

With still, white faces, watched the deep
Without a tear or moan.
"I can not weep," said Annie Blair—
"My heart is turned to stone."

Forth from the church the pastor came,
And up the rocks strode he,
Baring his thin white locks to meet
The salt breath of the sea.

"The rocks shall rend, the earth shall quake,
The sea give up its dead,
For Christ our Lord is risen indeed—
'Tis Easter morn," he said.

Oh, hark! oh, hark! A startled cry,
A rush of hurrying feet,
The swarming of a hundred men
Adown the village street.

"Now unto God and Christ the Lord
Be praise and thanks alway!
The sea hath given up its dead
This blessed Easter-day!"