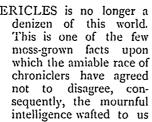
A PERICLESIAN RETROSPECT.



through the long vista of centuries that have passed since the "Golden Age" of Greece, is in every respect worthy of im-

plicit belief.

Pericles died-became a cherub-and was "gathered to his fathers," in the year B.C. 428. Notwithstanding the remoteness of the event, and the pianissimo influence of time in subduing our emotions, we naturally feel chagrined at being forced to concentrate our crocodile-ic pathos in the usual exponent of grief—an extensive Sahara like mouchoir-an expedient to which the American humorist had recourse while viewing the grave of his "revered parent," Adam, in the far-distant East.

Uncomplinientary, as it may seem to the memory of the brilliant Athenian, it is indisputably true, that the catastrophe extinguishing one of the brightest stars that ever rose above the Greek horizon, in no wise disarranged the machinery of the universe, nor (thanks, perhaps, to the scarcity of Joshuas) caused the sun of

progression to "stand still."

Let us close our Israelitish eyes to the charms of the "golden-bovine," our ears to the aggressive sounds o modern civilization, and, deat to the jangle of confused noises issuing from this great nineteenth century "work-shop" of a world-fly on the wings of fancy to Greece—the land of music and poetry, and the home of Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Anaxagoras and a host of other illustrious men. will enter Athens at twilight, the hour best adapted to dreaming, and rest our practical selves on the rock of the Acropolis, in the shadow of the Pantheon. pediments of the superb statue of Pallas Athene ornamenting the Pantheon, and supposed to be the chef d'oeuvre of the immortal Phidias, are among the treasures of the British Museum, a fact eloquent of the development of the national organ of acquisitiveness. It would not be a matter of much surprise, if, sometime in the future, an enterprising antiquarian were to unearth the core of that dramatic apple of Arcadian renown, whereby hung no less a tale than "Pardisê Lost." We will suppose the heat and tumult of the day over, and everything wrapped in that peaceful quiet peculiar to the hour when-" Day, like a Pilgrim reaches the western gate of heaven, and Evening stoops down to loosen the latchets of his silver shoon."

How beautiful the city looks bathed in the soft colors of the glorious sunset! Now that the un-pharisaical sun no longer brings the ravages of time and weather into conspicuous prominence, the Corinthian facades of the houses look almost The streets beautiful in the fading light. are comparatively deserted, save by occasional groups of laughing children. The men are gathered picturesquely about the Doric columns of the Portico, listening enraptured to their beloved Sociates, while the women sit in the low door-ways chatting or hushing their children with some softly murmured Homeric, Sapphic or Pindaric fragment. The modern lullaby had not yet broken upon the ear of profundity-saturated infantdom, and one cannot fancy the metaphysical eye-lids of Grecian baby-hood condescending to close to anything less than an epic set to slow music. Imagine "Young America" sauntering into dream land to the strains of Goethe's "Faust!"

It is not difficult to conceive juvenility of the Periclesian Age ignoring the usual preliminary Ma and Pa, and exercising its untrained vocal organs in an exhaustive analysis of the Eleatic, Pythagorean or Stoic philosophy. The time of Pericles stands out conspicuous among the ages of the world for the number of great men it produced.

The century before had been favored with the philosophy of Xenophanes—who founded the Eleatic school-and Pythagoras had come home from a sojouin in Egypt and Babylon impatient astonish the Athenians-(ever ready to "hear something new") with that fantastic error—the Transmigration of