

After having been admitted to the highest class in the Academy and received a gold medal as a token of regard for his superior skill, he resolved to go to Italy. But in order to do so he was obliged to study Greek and Roman mythology. He did so, and set sail for Rome in 1796. Here a new world opened up for him. The dark, graceful Italians, the magnificent architecture, and exquisite works of art formed a world never before even dreamed of. But the young artist bent all his energies to the study of the masterpieces of antiquity. He wrote come, "Art becomes daily dearer to me; at the same time I am aware how far I am from having attained that perfection which I behold in the masterpieces in this city."

The conception to which Thorwaldsen wished to give a realization, and by which he hoped to establish his reputation as an artist, was a statue of Jason. He pictured this Greek hero as a young man, powerfully built and symmetricaly formed, with a helmet on his head, a spear in his hand, the golden fleece hanging on his left arm, and his cloak thrown across the stump of a tree near him, in the act of returning to the ship, after having killed the dragon. He modelled this figure, life size, in clay. After six months it was finished, but, not suiting the artist, he struck off its head. After two years it was again completed, and it won admiration from artists and travellers who flocked to see it. After twenty years it was reproduced in marble. Now his studio was crowded by those who wished to "sit for their busts," or give orders for "fancy pieces."

In 1812, before the visit of Napoleon I. to Rome, he received the order to complete the decoration of the Quirinal, in his honor. In two months time he completed the decorations of plaster cast in bas-relief, one hundred and ten feet in length, for the cornices.

His next great work was the modelling of "Night" and "Day" in bas-relief; also "Mercury as the Slayer of Argos," and in like manner "Habe," "Three Graces in Sisterly Embrace" and several others.

He now received a pressing invitation to return to Copenhagen. He set out. His fame had preceded him, and in all the cities he entered, he was received with highest honors. At Copenhagen he was the guest of the king. Here he was consulted about the decoration of the Church of our Lady, which, having burnt down, was about to be rebuilt. His plans were adopted and that church shows that he was great in religious as well as classic art. After a year's residence he returned to Rome where he studied more thoroughly the art works of the Renaissance. He was an ardent admirer of Raphael, yet he forbore to copy from his works.

Among the aristocracy of Rome Thorwaldsen was very popular. His noble face and form and gentle manners won for him the esteem of all. His face was like one of his statues,—so lofty were the expression and features. Bartholdi wrote of him, "Thorwaldsen is a man like a lion. It is refreshing to look into his countenance. One knows immediately that he is a creative genius. While he is great, he is nevertheless overflowing in his sympathies."

In 1832 he returned once more to his old home, where he met and became acquainted with Hans Christian Anderson, whose stories were much admired by the great artist. Once more he went to Rome and returned. He died in 1844.

Thorwaldsen's Museum, in the central part of which his remains are resting, is at once a splendid, ornamental and useful monument to the artistic genius of Denmark's illustrious son. In one room is arranged all the furniture of his sitting room, sketches, and drawings, and a model for a bust of Luther, at which he was working on the day of his death.

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### THE BATTLE.

It was Saturday morning. All was still. Suddenly there was quite a stir in the street; the noise came nearer and nearer. "Oh," thought I, "it is some little boys playing soldiers." Sure enough! There was a whole regiment of them. Captain E—t was at their head, beating his drum for all that's out and they all kept perfect step. Only there was a little mystery;—they all carried drums (I thought they must be to supply the captain when his gave out—which it seemed very likely to do soon; he was beating it so vigorously) and the drums were long. But I guess theirs were a new style.

They marched on, gathering recruits on the way until they numbered a formidable army. They were armed with cowboy hats, calico dresses and penknives, the latter of which they lost and cried about afterwards. As they moved along there was a murmur throughout the rank:—"We must conquer or die. Our commander-in-chief has directed the battle, and if we are not faithful to our commissions, we will be hung as traitors and flunkists"

They reached the field where the foe was spread out before them—where the Antelope's silver stream flows through the verdure of a lovely plain. Then General P—y advanced to the front and thus addressed them: "My brave comrades, let us rally to the standard and fight loyally today. The issue of today's battle is not to defeat our foes here in the field, but to gain such a reputation that yonder horde of savages—the '90s—shall no more molest us. By them we have been downtrodden and reviled. Our tender hearts have bled as they have elevated their probosces in scorn at us. This must not be. The '91s—the sweet, intelligent, brave '91s—shall win!

And not only that, but the tyrant, our commander-in-chief, stands yonder in his citadel, protected, whilst he commands us to go and defeat the enemy or we are forever doomed. On, my brave preppies! On, comrades! On!

They made a terrific charge. They proved invincible. The foe lay dead upon the ground. But it was a dear victory; their foes discharged all their ammunition; rank upon rank of the *pulvera* regiment attacked them. They showered their arrows until the faces and uniforms of the brave soldiers were completely *nigri*. Then the *vetus* brigade charged. It robbed them of a good deal of hair, clothing, etc. But the brave soldiers would not stop for that. They pressed on and gained the victory.

They brought back some trophies of their triumph—taken in battle: Gen. *Astralagus Caryocarpus*, Capt. *Baptisia Lencophaea*, Sergeant *Lathyrus Linearis*, and an innumerable number of *Composite* soldiers.

### THE REASON WHY.

On a blossom-strewn bank two lovers sat,  
And gentle zephyrs murmuring low,  
By contrast were fortissimo,  
So very softly did they chat.

And now and then her laughter mellow,  
Would ripple clear at some merry jest,  
While she peits him with blossoms with playful zest;  
He vows revenge, the audacious fellow.

Revenge he got, 'twas sweet don't you think?  
The maiden blushed as maidens should,  
Her handkerchief snatched, as tho' she would  
Erase the kiss from her cheek's soft pink.

"Why rub it off?" he asked in fun;  
She pouted a bit and tossed her head,  
Then with a smile she coyly said,  
"Perhaps to make room for an other one." —Record