

Werk

Titel: Gemmae Antiquae Caelatae: Or, A Collection Of Gems

Untertitel: Wherein are explained many Particulars relating to the Fable and History, the Customs and Habits, the Ceremonies and Exercises of the Ancients ; Taken from the classics

Autor: Ogle, George

Verlag: Du Bosc

Ort: London

Jahr: 1741

Kollektion: Antiquitates_und_Archaeologia; Antiquitates_und_Archaeologia_ARCHAEO18

Digitalisiert: Niedersächsische Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek Göttingen

Werk Id: PPN635315386

PURL: <http://resolver.sub.uni-goettingen.de/purl?PPN635315386>

OPAC: <http://opac.sub.uni-goettingen.de/DB=1/PPN?PPN=635315386>

LOG Id: LOG_0018

LOG Titel: The Explication XI. - XX.

LOG Typ: chapter

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XI.

MERCURY with his *Petafus*. He touches with his *Caduceus* a Millitary Column. The Ancients made Him preside over the Public Ways, and nam'd Him in that Sense MERCURIUS VIALIS. His Figure was erected in the Suburbs as a Guide, to direct and ascertain the Road. The Passengers threw Stones about it; whether with Design to clear the Way; or out of Devotion, as an Offering to that Deity, to whom They had no other Offering to present. This Remark is taken from PHORNUTUS: Hence a great Heap of Stones was always seen about these Images. * As to the *Caduceus* or Wand of MERCURY, the Reader will be pleas'd to take this Description of VIRGIL; who mentions at the same Time his *Talaria* or *winged Sandals*. The *Petafus* of MERCURY shall be explain'd in the next Figure.

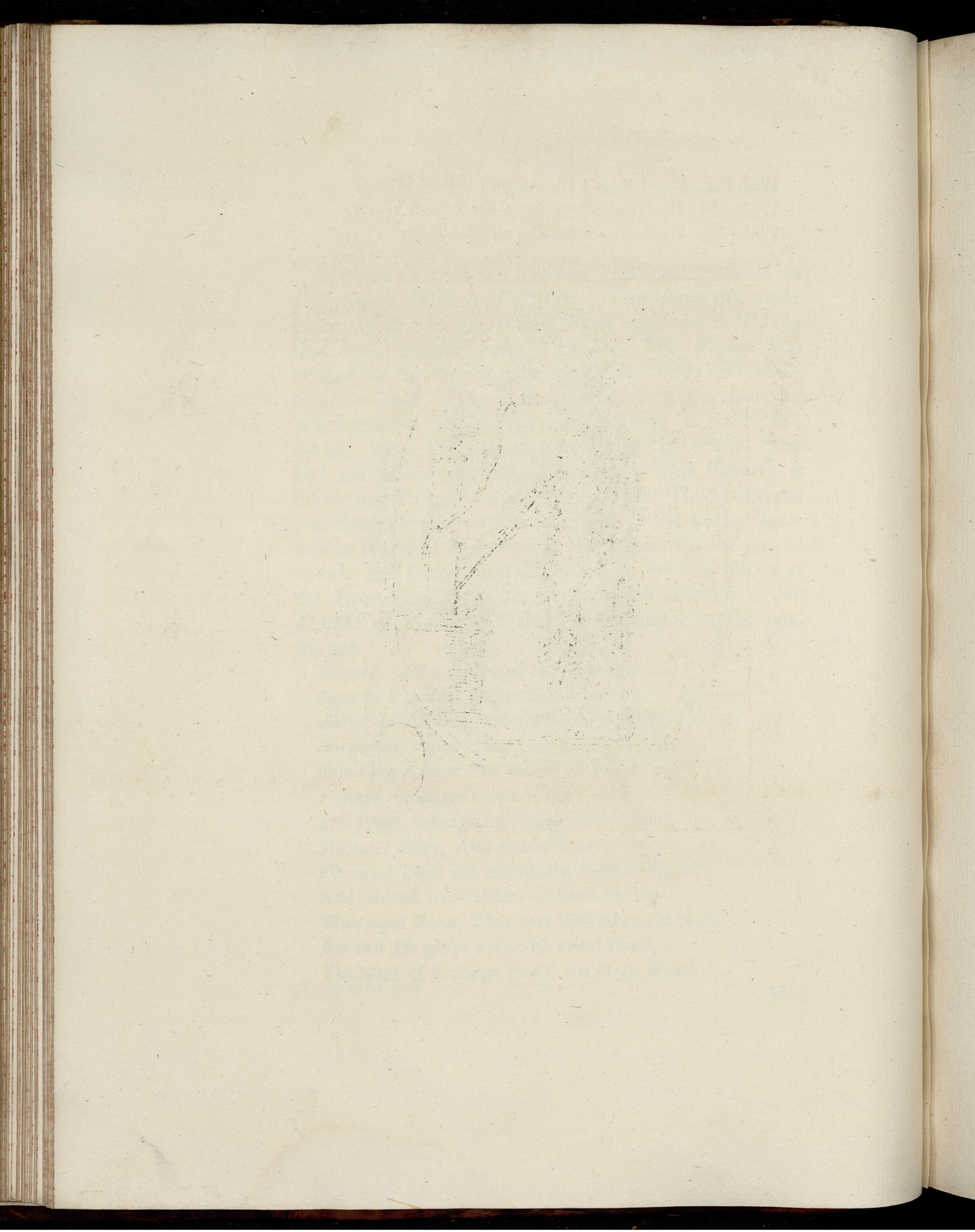
*Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio; et primum pedibus Talaria neſtit
Aurea, quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant,
Tum Virgam capit: Hac animos ille evocat Orco
Pallentes; alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit.*

Dat ſomnos, admitque, et lumina morte reſignat.
HERMES obeys; with Golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the western Winds:
And whether o're the Seas or Earth He flies,
With rapid Force, They bear Him down the Skies.
But firſt He graſps within his awful Hand,
The Mark of Sov'reign Pow'r, his Magic Wand:

With



XI



With *This*, He draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves;
 With *This*, He drives Them down the Stygian Waves;
 With *This*, He seals in Sleep, the wakeful Sight;
 And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light. DRYDEN.

This Passage is imitated from HOMER; but VIRGIL has improv'd upon his Master, in his Description of the *Caduceus*.

ὄσος ἔφατ'· οὐδ' ἀπίθησε διάκλιον ἄργειφόνιης
 αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλά πτέδιλα
 ἀμβρόσια, χρύσεια, τὰ μὲν φέρον ἤμεν ἐφ' ὕγρην,
 ἠδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν, ἅμα πνοῆς ἀνέμοιο·
 εἶλετο δ' ἢ βράβδον τῆ τ' ἀνδρῶν ὀμμαῖα θέλγει
 ὄν θέλει, τὰς δ' αὐτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει
 τὼ μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κράτ' ἄργειφόνιης
 αἴψα δ' ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλάσπολλον ἴκανε·
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι κέρω ἀσσητῆρι ἰσοκῶς
 πρῶτον ὑπηνήτη, τῆπερ χαριεσάτη ἦεν. Iliad. L. VIII. Ver. 239.]

The GOD obeys, his Golden Pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the Wings of Winds,
 That high thro' Fields of Air his Flight sustain,
 O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the boundless Main:
 Then grasps the *Wand* that causes Sleep to fly,
 Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye;
 Thus arm'd, swift HERMES steers his airy Way,
 And stoops on *Hellepont's* resounding Sea.
 A beauteous Youth, majestic and divine,
 He seem'd; fair Offspring of some princely Line. POPE.

XII.

MERCURY, and AMPHITRITE or VENUS. MERCURY in one Hand holds his *Purse*, and his *Caduceus* in the other, his two Attributes. At the Top, and at the Bottom of this Gem, are represented two *Fishes*. Perhaps to denote the Sign of the Zodiac, alluding to some Particularity of the Subject, of which I am ignorant. * VENUS it is well known, was suppos'd to rise from the Sea; the *Fishes* therefore are proper Emblems of Her. Nor are They less proper to MERCURY, who was the GOD OF ARTS, and the Inventor of all the Tackle us'd by *Fishers*. For this Reason OPIAN addresses MERCURY in his *Halieutics*; particularly in that Part where He descends to the distinct Arts of Fishing, invoking his Assistance.

Ἑρμεία σὺ δέ μοι πατρώϊε φέρτατε παίδων
 Αἰγιόχε, κέρδιζον ἐν ἀνθρώποισι νόημα
 φαίνε τε, καὶ σήμαινε, καὶ ἄρχεο, νύσσαν αἰοιδῆς
 ἰθύων· βελαῖς ἢ περισσοῦσάν αἰλιῶν
 Ἄυτὸς ἀναξ̄ πρῶτισ̄ ἐμήσαο, καὶ τέλ̄ ἀγρῆς
 Πανλοῖης ἐνέφηνας, ἐπ' ἰχθύσι κήρας ὑφαίνων.

JOVE'S GREATEST SON, whose partial Cares demand
 Superior Honors from my native Land,
 HERMES! Where Gain invites, inspire the Lay;
 Thro' NEPTUNE's Deeps your *Golden Wand* display;
 Describe the Course; and point the doubtful Way.
 Whate'er *successful Arms* the Fisher knows,
 New from *your Mind* in fair Ideas rose.

You



XII

You first the scaly Fugitive confin'd,
Form'd each *Machine*, each various *Use* assign'd. JONES.

ROSINUS cites FULGENTIUS, to shew that the Word MERCURIUS is deriv'd from MERCIVM CURA; that the Ancients gave Him *winged Sandals*, to describe the Expedition of Commerce. That his *Caduceus* express'd the Profit, and the Damage receiv'd by Traffic, emblematically figur'd in the Conjunction of the Sceptre that bestows, and the Serpent that wounds. And that He was painted with a *Hat* on his Head (his *Petagus* or *Galerus*) in Allusion to the Secrecy observ'd in the *Mer- cantile Way*. *Mercurium dici voluerunt, quasi mercium curam, pennata Talaria, quod negotiantium pedes ubique pergendo quasi pennati sint: Virgam serpentibus nexam, quod mercatoribus det aliquando regnum, ut sceptrum, et vulnus, ut serpentium: Galero cooperto capite pingitur, quod omne negotium sit semper absconsum.* MERCURY'S *Purse* is a proper Emblem of the God that presided over Merchants and Mariners; the Attitude in which He stands, as presenting it to VENUS, who seems also to set no small Value upon her Person, may serve to introduce the Epigram of SIMONIDES, on two lucrative Courtisans.

Βοιδιον ἀνλητρὶς, ἢ Πυθίαις αἰ ποτ' ἔρασαι,
Σοὶ Κύπρι τὰς ζῶνας τὰς τε γραφαὶς ἔθεσαν.
Ἐμπορε, ἢ Φορτηγὲ, τὸ σὸν Βαλαάνιον οἶδεν
Καὶ πῶθεν αἰ ζῶναι, ἢ πῶθεν οἱ πῖνακες.

BODION and PYTHIAS stand at VENUS' Shrine;
Fam'd Beauties, both; but Beauties in Decline!

Her Picture, Each suspends; and Each, her Zone:

MERCHANT and MARINER! To Thee *long-known*.

Zones, so well wrought; and Pictures, drawn so well!

Whence came They? *Ask thy Purse! Thy Purse can tell.*

XIII.

VENUS at the Forge of VULCAN, a CUPID and a little SATYR. * VULCAN seems here imploy'd in making Arrows for CUPID; ANACREON has an ODE on this Subject which shall be inserted in the ensuing Figure. The Poets as well as Painters are not always favorable to the PAINS-TAKING DEITY. He is often represented as furnishing Arms against Himself. It seems an odd Request that VENUS makes Him (in VIRGIL) to fabricate invulnerable Armor for ÆNEAS; Her Son of Love, by ANCHISES. It wanted all the strong Colouring the POET has bestow'd on that Passage, to take off the Impropriety of the Demand.

Ergo eadem supplex venio, et sanctum mihi numen

Arma rogo, genetrix nato: te Filia Nerei

Te potuit lacrymis Titbonia flectere conjux.

Aspice qui cocant populi, quæ mœnia clausis

Ferrum acuant portis in me, excidiumque meorum.

Dixerat et niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis

Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: ille repente

Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas

Intravit calor, et labefacta per ossa cucurrit.

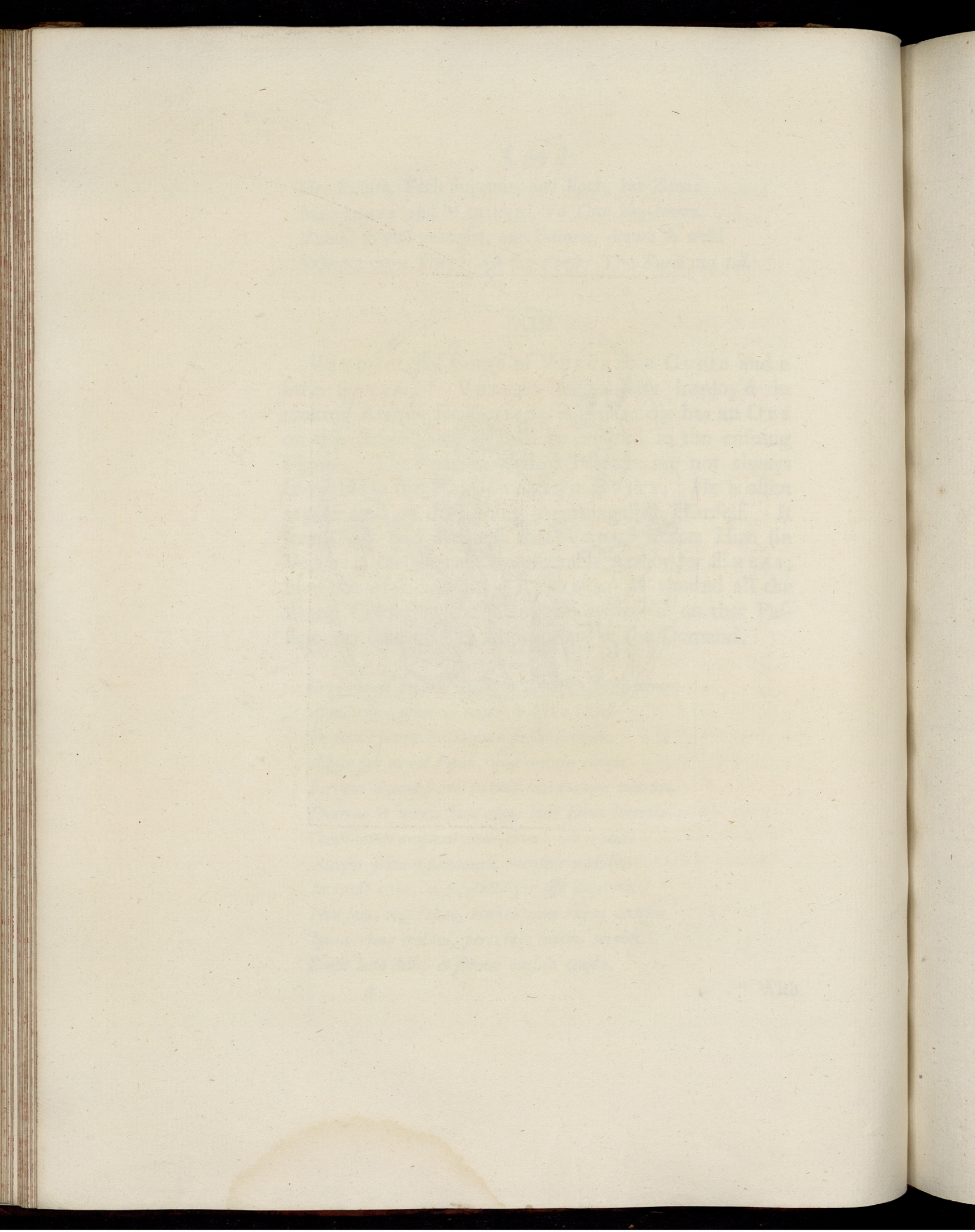
Non secus atque olim, tonitru cum rupta corusco

Igne rima micans, percurrit lumine nimbos.

Sensit læta dolis, et formæ conscia conjux.



XIII



" With humble Suit I ask thy needful Art,
 " O still propitious Pow'r! O Sovereign of my Heart!
 " A *Mother* stands a Suppliant for a *Son*:
 " By Silver-footed THETIS wert Thou won
 " For fierce ACHILLES; and the rosy MORN
 " Mov'd Thee with Arms her MEMNON to adorn.
 " Are these my Tears less pow'rful on thy Mind?
 " Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
 " With Fire and Sword *my People* to destroy,
 " And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*."

She said; and strait her Arms of snowy Hue,
 About her *unresolving Husband* threw;
 Her soft *Embraces* soon infuse *Desire*,
 His Bones and Marrow sudden Warmth inspire;
 And all the Godhead *feels* the wonted *Fire*.
 Not half so swift the rowling Thunder flies,
 Or Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
 The Goddess *pleas'd* with her successful *Wiles*,
 And, *conscious* of her conqu'ring *Beauty*, smiles.

DRYDEN.

Tum Pater æterno fatur devictus amore:
Quid causas petis ex alto? Fiducia cessit
Quo tibi, Diva, mei? - - - - -
Et nunc si bellare paras, atque hæc tibi mens est,
Quicquid in arte meâ possum promittere curæ,
Quod fieri ferro, liquidove potest electro;
Quantum ignes, animæque valent; abste precando
Viribus indubitare tuis. Ea verba locutus,
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

" Then thus the GOOD OLD GOD, (sooth'd with her Charms,
 " Panting and half dissolving in her Arms:)

E

" Why

" Why seek you Reasons for a Cause so *just*,
 " Or your own *Beauty*, or my *Love* distrust?
 " For if You now desire new Wars to wage,
 " My Care, my Skill, my Labor I engage;
 " Whatever *melting Metals* can conspire,
 " Or *breathing Bellows*, or the *forming Fire*,
 " I freely promise; all your Doubts remove,
 " And think *no Task* is difficult to *Love*."
 He said; and eager to enjoy her Charms,
 He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his Arms;
 Till all infus'd in Joy, he lay possess'd
 Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

DRYDEN.

There could not possibly be drawn a juster Picture of domestic Life. Honest VULCAN is always the Burgo-master of the Farce. It cannot well be otherwise; if we believe the *Greek Poet*.

Ἴδιόν ἔχεις τὸν Ἔρωτα, γυναῖκα δὲ τὴν Ἀφροδίτην,
 οὐκ αἰδέως, Καλκεῦ, τὸν πόδα χωλὸν ἔχεις.

To state the Ills of thy domestic Life;
 LOVE, is thy SON, and *Beauty*, is thy WIFE.
 When such a SON, and such a WIFE, we name;
 Who wonders, VULCAN, that thy Foot is LAME?

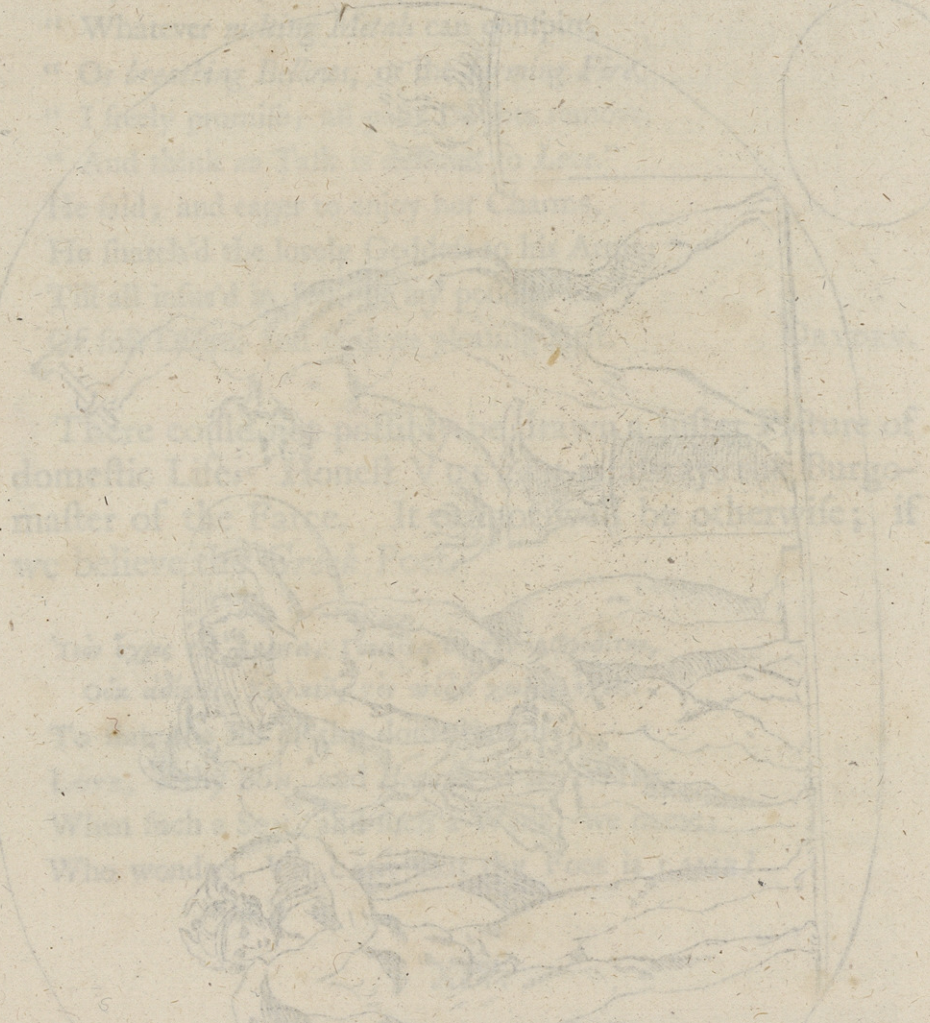
XIV.

Another of the same Subject; But of a Grander Design: VENUS and MARS at the Forge of VULCAN. At one Extremity of the Piece, stands MERCURY; He comes to demand Thunder-bolts for JUPITER. * But MERCURY, is describ'd by DEMODICUS, in HOMER,

as



Why dost you Recline for a Child's joy,
To see the Babe, who is the Image of
My Love, my Self, my Heart, my Soul,
Whoever is my Child, the Image of
My Love, my Self, my Heart, my Soul,
Whoever is my Child, the Image of
My Love, my Self, my Heart, my Soul,



Another of the same Subject, by the same Designer. Design: JESUS and MARY at the Forge of VULCAN. At one Extremity of the Piece, stands MERCURY; He comes to demand Thunder-bolts for JERUSALEM. * But MERCURY, is describ'd by DEMONICUS, in HOMER,

as no great Enemy to the Amours of MARS, and VENUS, whose good Understanding seems to have fallen into the Sculptor's Design.

Ἑρμῶν δὲ προσέειπεν ἀναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων,
 Ἑρμεία Διὸς υἱὲ διάκτορε, δῶπρ' ἐάων.
 Ἡράκεν ἐν δεσμοῖσι θελοῖς κρατεροῖσι πιεθεῖς
 εὔδειν ἐν λέκτροισι παρὰ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ;
 τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα διάκτορ' Ἀργειφόντης,
 Αἰ γὰρ τῆτο γήροιο ἀναξ ἑκατηβόλ' Ἀπολλων
 δεσμῶν μὲν τρεῖς τόσσοι ἀπείρονες, ἀμφὶς ἔχουεν,
 Ἵμεῖς δ' εἰσοράωτε θεοὶ, πᾶσαι τε θείαναι.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν εὐδοίμι παρὰ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

TO HERMES then, the GOD of DAY began;
 Say, Messenger of good Events to Man!
 Much as You honor the fair CYPRIAN Dame,
 Wou'd You, to share the Pleasure, share the Shame?
*Like WRETCHED MARS, to reap her Golden Charms,
 Bound wou'd You lie, tho' bound in VENUS' Arms?*
 " Ah! Yes! Fair SON of JOVE, (the YOUTH reply'd)
 " With Chains on Chains inextricably ty'd,
 " Tho' all OLYMPUS gaz'd, one common Eye,
 " Tho' all your GODS, your GODDESSES stood by,
 " *Like HAPPY MARS, to reap her Golden Charms,
 " I wou'd lie bound, if bound in VENUS' Arms.*"

The Impropriety of the Request, which VENUS makes VULCAN in the Quotation from VIRGIL, inserted in the preceding Figure, is avoided by STATIUS in his THEBAID on a less important Occasion with great Delicacy.

----- *Talem divinâ Mulciber arte*

Ediderat: nondum radiis monstratus adulter

Fœda catenato luerat connubia lecto.

His Art Divine, here, MULCIBER display'd;

E'er yet the * LOVER, by the Sun betray'd,

Severely suffer'd for Adult'rous Stains,

And justly wail'd the Bed involv'd in Chains.

The CUPID, that appears with his Arrows, newly forg'd, in the preceding Gem, and the VENUS and MARS, that are represented in This, may receive some Illustration from the following ODE of ANACREON, which is not the least agreeable of that Author's Compositions. The Poet lays the Scene of this ODE, in the same Place; that is to say in the Forge of VULCAN.

Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης,

Παρὰ Λημνίαις καμίνοις,

Τὰ βέλη τὰ τ' Ἐρώτων

Ἐποίη λαβῶν σίδηρον.

Ἀκίδας δ' ἔβαπτε Κύπρις,

Μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβῆσα·

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως χολῶ ἔμισγεν·

Ὁ δ' Ἄρης πῶς ἐξ αὐτῆς

Στιβαρὸν δόρυ κραδαίνων,

Βέλη ἠυτέλιξ ἔρωτος.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, τὸ δ' ἔστιν, εἶπε

βαρὺ, πειράσας νοήσεις.

Ἐλαβεν βέλεμον Ἄρης·

Ἵπεμείδιασε Κύπρις.

Ὁ δ' Ἄρης ἀνασενάξας,

βαρὺ, φησὶν ἄρον αὐτό.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἔχ' αὐτὸ, φησί.

* MARS.

As

As the GOD of Manual Arts

Forg'd, at LEMNOS, missile Darts;
 Darts of Steel for CUPID's Bow!
 Source of Joy, and Source of Woe!
 VENUS, fast as VULCAN wrought,
 Ting'd Them in a Honey'd Draught:
 But her SON, in bitter Gall,
 Ting'd Them; doubly ting'd Them All.

Here, releas'd from War-Alarms,
 Enters the fierce GOD of ARMS;
 Whether led by Will or Chance,
 Here, He shakes his weighty Lance.
 CUPID's Shafts, with scornful Eyes,
 Strait He views; and strait decries:

“ This, is slight! And That, a Toy!

“ Fit for Children to employ.”

‘ Those (said CUPID) I admit

‘ Toys indeed, for Children fit.

‘ But if I divine aright,

‘ Take it----This, is not so slight.’

MARS receives it. VENUS smiles

At her SON's well-season'd Wiles.

MARS, with sudden Pain possess'd,
 Sighs, from out his inmost Breast;

“ CUPID, you aright divine.

“ Not so slight this Shaft of Thine.

“ Small of Size! But strong of Make!

“ Take it!---I have try'd it---take!

‘ No,’ reply'd the WANTON BOY,

‘ Keep it, MARS, 'tis but a Toy.’

XV.

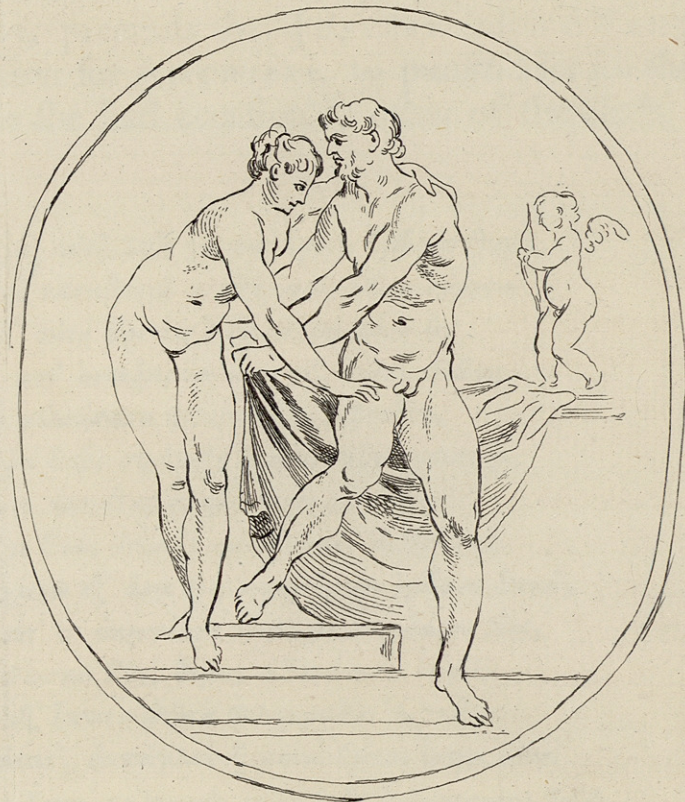
VENUS and ANCHISES. Ancient Authors are agreed upon the Subject of their Amours; They universally allow that ÆNEAS was the Produce of their Love, and that the GODDESS was deliver'd of Him on the Banks of the River SIMOIS.

*Tunc ille Æneas quem Dardanio Anchisæ
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?*
Are You the great ÆNEAS, known to Fame,
Who from celestial Seed your Lineage claim?
The same! Whom VENUS to ANCHISES bore,
And left on PHRYGIAN SIMOIS' winding Shore? DRYDEN.

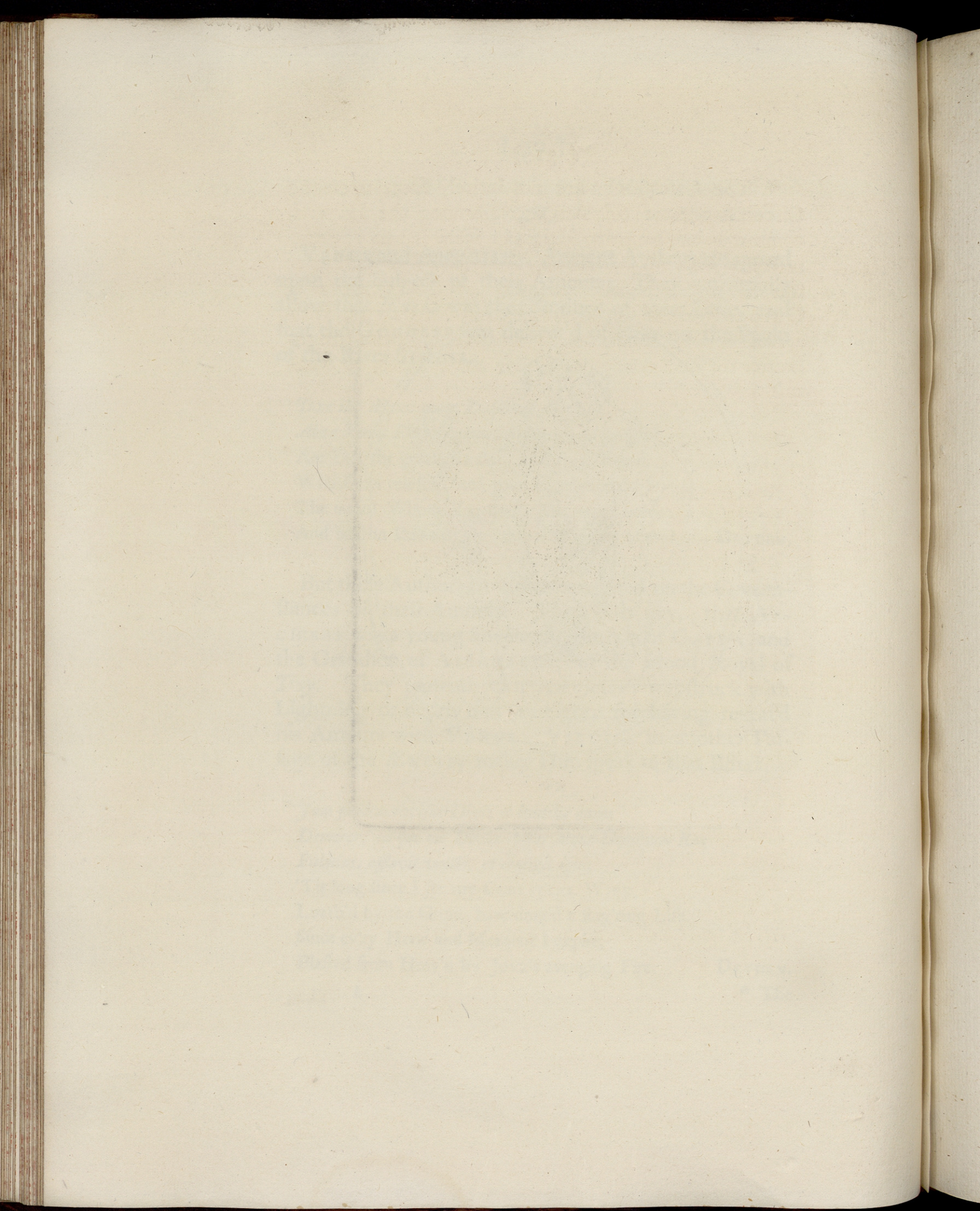
But these Authors have not expatiated on the Circumstances of their Amours. They only say, that ANCHISES was a young Shepherd, the Son of CAPYS, and the Grandson of ASSARACUS, of the Blood Royal of Troy. They pretend, that ANCHISES was struck with Lightning or depriv'd of his Sight, for having reveal'd his Amours with VENUS. VIRGIL, in another Passage of the ÆNEID, makes Him speak to that Effect.

*Jam pridem invisus Divis et inutilis annos
Demoror, ex quo me Divum pater atque Hominum Rex
Fulminis afflavit ventis, et contigit igni.*
'Tis long since I for my CELESTIAL WIFE,
Loath'd by the GODS, have drag'd a ling'ring Life.
Since ev'ry Hour and Moment I expire,
Blasted from Heav'n by JOVE's avenging Fire. DRYDEN.

* The



XV



* The ANCIENTS are not intirely filent upon the Circumstances of this Amour. Among the HYMNS, commonly attributed to HOMER, there is one of extraordinary Length, on this very Subject. The Author of this HYMN, whether HOMER, or CYNÆTHUS of CHIOS, pretends that JUPITER inspir'd VENUS, with a Passion for ANCHISES, to punish Her for the Irregularities she had occasion'd, other of the Gods, to commit.

Τῆ ἢ καὶ αὐτῆ Ζεὺς γλυκῶ ἴμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ
 Ἄνδρα καταθνητῷ μιχθήμεναι, ὄφρα τάχιστα
 Μηδ' αὐτῆ βροτέης εὐνῆς ἀποεργμένη εἴη·
 Καί ποτ' ἐπευξαμένη εἶπη μὲν πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
 Ἦδὺ γελοήσασα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,
 Ὡς ῥα θεὸς σωέμιξε καταθνητῆσι γυναιξί,
 καί τε καταθνητῶς ἡεῖς τέκεν ἀθανάτοισιν,
 Ὡς τε θεὰς ἀνέμιξε καταθνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις.
 Ἀγχίσεω δ' ἄρα οἱ γλυκῶ ἴμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ,
 Ὃς πῶτ' ἐν ἀκροπόλοισι ὄρεσιν πολυπιδάκου Ἰδῆς,
 βυκολέεσκεν βῆς, δέμας ἀθανάτοισιν εἰκῶς·
 Τὸν δ' ἤπειτα ἰδοῦσα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
 Ἠγάσατ', ἐκπάγλως ἢ κατὰ φρένας ἴμερος εἶλεν.

But JOVE at length with just Resentment fir'd,
 The LAUGHING QUEEN herself with Love inspir'd.
 Swift thro' her Veins the sweet Contagion ran
 And kindled in her Breast Desire of Mortal Man.
 That She, like other Deities, might prove
 The Pains and Pleasures of Inferior Love.
 And not insultingly the Gods deride,
 Whose Sons were Human by the Mother's Side:

Thus,

Thus, Jove ordain'd She now for Man shou'd burn,
 And bring forth Mortal Offspring in her Turn.
 Among the Springs which flow from IDA's Head,
 His lowing Herds the young ANCHISES fed:
 Whose Godlike Form and Face, the SMILING QUEEN
 Beheld, and lov'd to Madness soon as seen. CONGREVE.
 Struck with this Passion, VENUS retires to CYPRUS,
 where having bath'd and dress'd, she ascends her Cha-
 riot, and makes directly for Mount IDA, the Abode of
 her Beautiful Shepherd.

Αὐτὴ δ' ἐς κλισίας εὐποιήτους ἀφίκανε.
 Τὸν δ' ἔυρε σαθροῖσι λειμμένον οἶον ἀπ' ἄλλων
 Ἀγχίστῳ ἦρωα, θεῶν ἀπο κάλλ' ἔχοντα.
 Οἱ δ' ἄμα βουσὶν ἔποντο νομοὺς κατὰ ποιήεντας
 Πάντες. ὃ δ' σαθροῖσι λειμμέν' οἶον ἀπ' ἄλλων
 Παλαίτ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα, διαπύσιον κίθαρίζων.
 Στῆ δ' αὐτῆ προπάρουθε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
 Παρθένῳ ἀδμήτη μέγεθ' καὶ εἶδ' ὁμοίη,
 Μῆμιν ταρβήσειεν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας.
 Ἀγχίστης δ' ὄρωαν ἐφράζετο θαύμαινεν τε
 Εἶδός τε μέγεθός τε καὶ εἴματα σιγαλόεντα.
 Πέπλον μὲν γὰρ ἔσο Φαινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς,
 Εἶχε δ' ἐπιγναμπίδας ἑλικίας κάλυκας τε Φαινάς.
 Ὀρμοὶ δ' ἀμφ' ἀπαλῆ δειρῆ περικαλλέες ἦσαν,
 Καλοὶ, χρύσειοι, παμποίκιοι· ὡς δ' Ἰσελίων
 Στήθεσιν ἀμφ' ἀπαλοῖσιν ἐλάμπαστο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.
 Ἀγχίστῳ δ' ἔρ' εἶλεν, ἔπα' δέ μιν ἀντίον ἦδα.
 Mean time the Tent she spies so much desir'd,
 Where her ANCHISES was alone retir'd;

Withdrawn

Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-Swains,
 Who fed their Flocks beneath, and fought the Plains:
 In pleasing Solitude the YOUTH She found,
 Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.
 Before his Eyes JOVE's beauteous DAUGHTER stood,
 In Form and Dress, a Huntress of the Wood;
 For had she seen the GODDESS undisguis'd,
 The YOUTH with Awe and Fear had been surpriz'd.
 Fix'd He beheld Her, and with Joy admir'd
 To see a Nymph, so bright, and so attir'd.
 For from her flowing Robe a Lustre spread
 As if with radiant Flame She were array'd;
 Her Hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held;
 With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,
 And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breast.
 Bright as the Moon She shone, with silent Light
 And charm'd his Sense, with Wonder and Delight.
 Thus while ANCHISES gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein
 A thrilling Joy He felt, and pleasing Pain.
 At length she spake; ----- CONGREVE.

Χαίρε ἄνασσ' ἥτις μακάρων τάδε δάματ' ἰκάνεις,

* Ἀρτεμις, ἢ Λητώ, ἢ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ,

ἢ Θέμις ἢ ὕλης, ἢ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθλίῃ.

ἢ ὡς τὶς Χαρίτων δεῦρ' ἤλυθες, αἶτε θεοῖσι

Πᾶσιν ἐταιρίζουσι, καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονταί

ἢ τὶς νυμφῶν αἶτ' ἄλσεα καλὰ νέμονται,

ἢ νυμφῶν αἶτ' καλὸν ὄρϑον τῶδε ναιετάουσι,

καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ βήσσεα ποιήεντα.

Σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐν σκοπιῇ πεφαινομένη ἐνὶ χάριτι,

Βῶμὸν ποιήσω, ῥέζω δὲ τοι ἱερὰ καλά
 Ὡρησιν πάσῃσι. σὺ δ' εὐφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα,
 Δὸς με μὲν Τρώεσσιν ἀριπρεπέ' ἔμμεναι ἄνδρα.
 Ποίει δ' εἰσοπίσω θαλερὸν γόνον, αὐτὰρ ἔμ' αὐτὸν
 Δηρὸν εὐζῶεν κ' ὄραν φάει ἠελίοιο,
 Ὀλβιον ἐν λαοῖς, κ' γήρα' εἰδὼν ἰκέσθαι,

----- All hail, Celestial Fair!

Who humbly dost to visit Earth repair.

Whoe'er Thou art, descended from above,

LATONA, CYNTHIA, or the QUEEN of LOVE,

All hail! All Honor shall to Thee be paid;

Or art Thou THEMIS? Or the Blue-ey'd MAID?

Or art Thou, fairest of the GRACES THREE

Who with the GODS share Immortality?

Or else some NYMPH, or Guardian of these Woods,

These Caves, these fruitful Hills, or Crystal Floods?

Whoe'er Thou art, in some conspicuous Field,

I, to thy Honor, will an Altar build,

Where Holy Off'rings I'll each Hour prepare;

O! Prove but Thou propitious to my Pray'r.

Grant me, among the Trojan Race, to prove

A Patriot worthy of my Country's Love,

Blest in myself, I beg, I next may be

Blest in my Children and Posterity:

Happy in Health, long let me see the Sun,

And lov'd by All, late may my Days be done.

CONGREVE.

The GODDESS of BEAUTY, thought it necessary, here to make use of her Natural Diffimulation. She disclaim'd all Pretensions to Immortality, and assur'd ANCHISES, that She was the Daughter of a PHRYGIAN Prince call'd

call'd OTREUS. She had been educated, She pretended, at ILIUM, in her Infancy; and thence acquir'd a Facility of speaking the TROJAN Language. Laterly, She had inlisted Herself in the Service of DIANA; and as She was lately pursuing the Chace with her Fellow-Nymphs; MERCURY, the winged Messenger of the GODS, seiz'd upon Her, and bearing Her thro' the Air, convey'd Her to Mount IDA; assuring Her that it was ordain'd by JUPITER, that She should be married to ANCHISES. But Hesitating at this Point, She conjur'd Him, to take Pity of her Innocence, and to forbear all Violation of her Virtue, 'till he had introduced Her to his Parents; after whose Approbation, She desir'd, her own might be consulted. These necessary Precautions taken, She confess'd Herself not unwilling to obey the Commands of JUPITER. But ANCHISES was too impatient to wait for so slow a Conference; and it was not the Intention of VENUS to raise a real Obstruction.

She said, and from her Eyes shot subtle Fires,
Which to his Heart insinuate Desires.
Resiftless LOVE invading thus his Breast,
The panting YOUTH the SMILING QUEEN address'd.
“ Since Mortal You, of Mortal Mother came,
“ And OTREUS, You report, your Fathers' Name;
“ And since th' Immortal HERMES from above,
“ To execute the dread Commands of JOVE,
“ Your wond'rous Beauties hither has convey'd,
“ A Nuptial Life with Me henceforth to lead:
“ Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'r
“ One Minute to defer the happy Hour;

" This Instant will I feize upon thy Charms,
 " Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms.
 " Tho' PHOEBUS, arm'd with his unerring Dart,
 " Stood ready to transfix my panting Heart;
 " Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in Consequence attend,
 " Thou shalt with Me the Genial Bed ascend." CONGREVE.

Or as the AUTHOR of the HYMN expresses it ;

Ὡς εἶπ' ἔσα θεὰ γλυκῶν ἡμερον ἔμβαλλε θυμῷ.
 Ἀγχίστῳ δ' ἔρ' εἶλεν ἔπ' τ' ἔφατ', ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε,
 εἰ μὲν θνητὴ τ' ἐσσι, γῆ δέ σε γείνασθ' μήτηρ,
 Ὀτρύς δ' ἐστὶ πατὴρ ὄνομα κλυτὸς, ὡς ἀγορεύεις,
 Ἀθανάτοιο δ' ἔκητι διακλόμεν ἐνθά δ' ἰάνεις
 Ἑρμῆω· ἐμὲ δ' ἄλλοχ' κεκλήσεαι ἡμᾶλα πάντῃα.
 οὔτις ἔπειτα θεῶν ἔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων
 ἐνθάδε με χήσει πρὶν σῆ φιλότῃτι μιγῶμαι
 αὐτίκα νῦν, ἔδ' ἔκιν ἐκβολῆ' αὐτὸς Ἀπέλλων·
 τόξ' ἀπ' ἀργυρῆς προίῃ βέλεα σονέεντα.
 βελοίμῳ κεν ἔπειτα γῶμαι εἰκῦτα θεῆσι,
 σῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβὰς, διῶμαι δόμον αἰδ' εἶσω.

This Particular of the Story, is what the Artist seem'd to have in View: The feign'd Reluctance of VENUS, and the honest Impatience of ANCHISES. The Poet is luxuriant upon this Point, of their Amour.

Ὡς εἶπ' ἄν, λάβε χεῖρα. Φιλομειδῆς δ' Ἀφροδίτη
 ἔρπε μετασρεφθεῖσα, κατ' ὄμμαλα καλὰ βαλλῆσα
 ἔς λέχ' εὐστρωτον, ἔ, τι παρ' πάρ' ἔσκεν ἀνακτῆ
 χλαίνῃσιν μαλακῆς ἐσφραμένον αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ

Ἄρκων δέρματ' ἔκειτο, βαρυβόγων τε λεόντων,
 Τὸς αὐτὸς κατέπεφνευ ἐν ἔρεσιν ὑψηλοῖσιν.
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὐδ' λεχέων εὐποιήτων ἐπέβησαν,
 Κόσμον μὲν οἱ πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροῶς εἶλε φαεινόν,
 Πέρπας τε, γναμπίδας θ' ἑλικας, κάλυκας τε καὶ ὄρμους-
 Λῦσε δὲ οἱ ζώνην, ἰδὲ εἶμαλα σιγαλέεντα
 Ἐκδυε, καὶ κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἀργυροῆλα
 Αἰγίσις· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα θεῶν ἰότητι καὶ αἴσῃ,
 Ἄθανάτη παρέλελλο θεῶν βροτῶν, εἰ σάφα εἰδώς.

He said and sudden *snatch'd* her Beauteous Hand;
 The GODDESS smil'd, nor did th' Attempt withstand:
 But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,
 Where soft and filken Coverlets were spread;
 And over all a Counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick sown with Furs of many a Savage Beast,
 Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;
 And still remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.
 Now, to ascend the Bed, They both prepare;
 And He with eager Haste dis-robes the Fair.
 Her sparkling Necklace, first, He laid aside;
 Her Bracelets next, and *braided* Hair unty'd:
 And now his busy Hand her Zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waist;
 Her radiant Robe at last *aside* was thrown,
 Whose rosy Hue with dazling Lustre shone.
 The QUEEN of LOVE, the YOUTH thus disarray'd,
 And on a Chair of Gold her Vestments laid.
 ANCHISES now (so JOVE and FATE ordain'd)
 The sweet Extreme of Ecstasy attain'd;
 And Mortal He, was like Immortals blest:
 Not conscious of the GODDESS He possess'd.

CONGREVE.

About the Close of the Evening, the GODDESS involving her SHEPHERD in a profound Sleep; and stealing from his Side put on her Heavenly Apparel. She then awoke Him; who with great Astonishment acknowledging the GODDESS of BEAUTY, humbly intreated Her to bestow upon Him the Blessing of Longevity; a Happiness, that He observ'd, seldom attended those Mortals, that had been honor'd with Immortal Favors. But VENUS with great Tenderness objects to the Vanity of that Request. She lays before Him the miserable Condition of TITHONUS, who had obtain'd that Grace from JUPITER, at the Desire of AURORA. He was indued with Immortality; but of what Advantage to TITHONUS, or of what Gratification to AURORA, was that dry Immortality; destitute of Beauty or Vigor?

Coud'st Thou indeed, as now Thou art, remain,
 Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain;
 Cou'dst Thou for ever thus my Husband prove,
 I might live happy in thy endless Love;
 Nor shou'd I e'er have Cause to dread the Day,
 When I must mourn thy Loss and Life's Decay.
 But Thou, alas! Too soon and sure must bend
 Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;
 Inexorable Age! Whose wretched State
 All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.

CONGREVE.

Ἄλλ' εἰ μὲν τοῖσ' ἐὼν εἶδος τε δέμας τε
 Ζαῖσις, ἡμέτερός τε πόσις κεκλημέν' εἴης,
 Οὐκ ἂν ἔπειτά μ' ἄχ' πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφικαλύπτει.
 Νῦν δέ σε μὲν τάχα γῆρας ὁμοῖον ἀμφικαλύψει

Νηλεὺς,

Νηλεῖς, τό γ' ἔπειτα πάρεξεται ἀνθρώποισιν,
 οὐλόμβρον, καματηρόν, ὅ, τε συγέουσι θεοί περ.

To soften the Refusal, She tells Him ;

Αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ μέγ' ὄνειδ' ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
 Ἔσεται ἤματα πάντα διαμπρὲς ἔνεκα σέο,
 οἱ περὶν ἐμὰς δάρους, καὶ μήτις αἶς ποτε πάντας
 Ἀθανάτους συνέμιξα καταθητῆσι γυναιξί,
 Τάρβουσιν πάντας γὰρ ἐμὸν δάμνασκε νόημα.
 Νῦν δ' ἤκέτι μοι σοναχῆσεται ἔξονομῶναι
 Τῶ πο μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν. ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἀάδην,
 Σχέτλιον ἐν ὀνότατον ἀπεπλάγχθην ἢ νόοιο,
 Παῖδα δ' ὑπὸ ζώνῃ ἐθέμην βροτῶ ἔννηθεῖσα.

Now, know, I also must my Portion share,
 And for thy Sake Reproach and Shame must bear.
 For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love
 Cou'd captivate the Minds of Gods above,
 And force Them, by my all-subduing Charms,
 To sigh and languish in a Woman's Arms:
 Must now no more that Pow'r superior boast,
 Nor tax with Weakness the Celestial Host ;
 Since I myself this dear Amends have made,
 And am at last by my own Arts betray'd.
 Erring, like Them, with Appetite deprav'd,
 This Hour, by Thee, I have a Son conceiv'd ;
 Whom hid beneath my Zone, I must conceal,
 Till Time his Being and my Shame reveal. CONGREVE.]

To these she adds other Considerations and Instruc-
 tions.

Σοὶ δ' ἔσαι Φίλῳ υἱὸς ὃς ἐν Τρώεσιν ἀνάξει,
 Καὶ παῖδες παῖδεσσι διαμπερὲς ἐκγεγάσθηαι.
 Τῷ δ' ἢ καὶ Αἰνείας ὄνομ' ἔσεται, οὐδὲν ἄρ' αἰὼν
 ἔχεν ἄλλῳ ἔνεκα βροτῶ ἀνέρω ἔμπεσον εὐνή.
 Τὸν μὲν ἐπὶ δὴ πρῶτον ἴδῃ Φάῳ ἡελίοιο,
 Νύμφαι μὲν θρέψουσιν ὄρεσσι βάθυκολλοι,
 Αἱ τὸδε ναιετάουσιν ὄρω μέγα τε ζαθέον τε
 Αἱ ῥ' ἔτε θνητῆς ἔτ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἐπόνηαι.
 Δηρὸν μὲν ζώουσι, καὶ ἄμβροτον εἶδαρ' ἔδουσι,
 Καὶ τε μετ' ἀθανάτοισι καλὸν χορὸν ἐρρώσαντο.
 Αἱ μὲν ἐμὸν θρέψουσιν ὡς σφίσι υἱὸν ἔχουσαι.
 Τὸν μὲν ἐπὶ δὴ πρῶτον ἔλη πολυήρατ' Ἥθη,
 Ἄξουσίν σοι δεῦρο θεαὶ δέξουσίν τε παῖδα.

Know, from our Loves, Thou shalt a Son obtain
 Who over all the Realm of Troy shall reign;
 From whom a Race of Monarchs shall descend,
 And whose Posterity shall know no End.
 To Him, Thou shalt the Name ÆNEAS give,
 As One, for whose Conception I must grieve;
 Oft as I think, He to exist began
 From my Conjunction with a Mortal Man
 Him shall the NYMPHS, who these fair Woods adorn,
 In their deep Bosoms nurse as soon as born:
 They nor of Mortal nor Immortal Seed
 Are said to spring, yet on AMBROSIA feed;
 And long They live; and oft in Chorus join
 With GODS and GODDESSES in Dance Divine
 These gentle NYMPHS, by my Persuasion won,
 Shall in their sweet Recesses nurse my Son:
 And when his Cheeks with Youth's first Blushes glow,
 To Thee the SACRED MAIDS the Boy shall show.

And

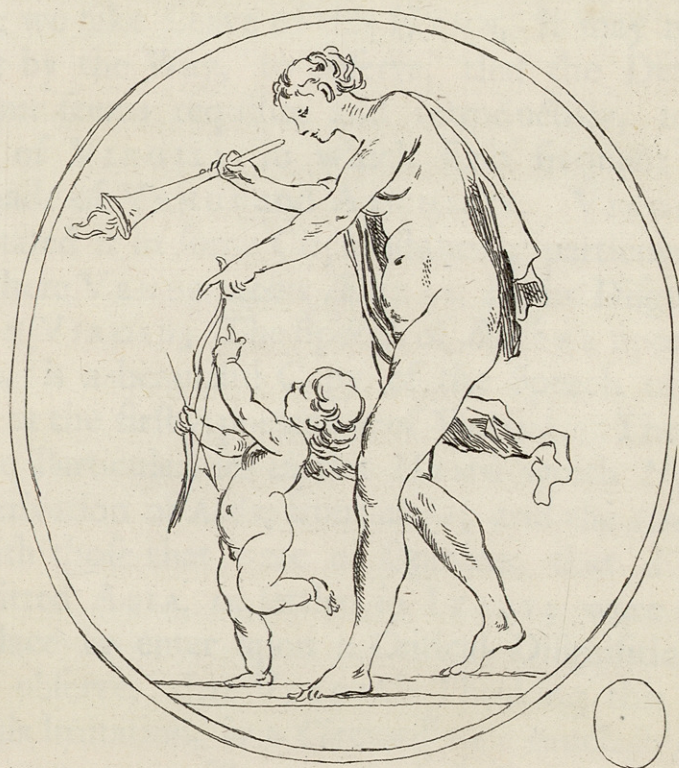
And lastly she directs Him;

Σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ ὄφρα ταῦτα μὲν φρεσὶ πάντα διέλθω,
 Ἔς πέμπον ἔτ' αὐτὶς ἐλεύσομαι υἱὸν ἄγασα.
 Τὸν μὲν ἐπὶ δὴ πρῶτον ἴδης θάλ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
 Γηθήσεις ὄρων· μάλα γὰρ θεοείκελ' ἔσαι.
 Ἄξεις δ' αὐτίκ' ἂν νιν ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν.
 Ἦν δέ τις ἔρηταί σε καταβητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
 Ἦ τις σοὶ φίλον υἱὸν ὑπὸ ζώνῃ θέτο μήτηρ,
 Τῷδε σὺ μυθεῖσθαι μεμνημέν', ὡς σε κελύω
 φασίν τοι νύμφης Καλλυκάπιδ' ἔγγονον εἶναι,
 Αἰ τότε ναιετάσιν ὄρ' καταείμδρον ὕλη,
 Εἰ δέ κεν ἐξείτης ἢ ἐπύξεται ἄφρονι θυμῷ,
 Ἐν Φιλότῃ μιγῶναι εὖ σεφάνω Κυθερείῃ,
 Ζῶς σε χολωσάμεν βαλλέει ψολόεσσι κεραυνῶ.
 Εἴρεταί τοι πάντα σὺ ἢ φρεσὶ σῆσι νοήσας,
 Ἴαχεο, μηδ' ὀνόμεινε, θεῶν δ' ἐποπίζεω μύθων.
 Ὡς εἶπ' ὅσ' ἦίξε πρὸς ἔρανὸν ἠνεμόεσσα.

More to instruct Thee; when five Years shall end,
 I will again to visit Thee descend,
 Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,
 Whose Godlike Form shall fill Thee with Delight.
 Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,
 And will that with Him Thou to TROY repair:
 There if Enquiry shall be made to know
 To whom Thou dost so fair an Offspring owe;
 Be sure Thou Nothing of the Truth detect,
 But ready Answer make as I direct.
 Say of a SYLVAN NYMPH the fair Youth came
 And CALYCOPIS call his Mother's Name.
 For shouldst Thou boast the Truth, and madly own
 That Thou in Bliss hadst CYTHEREA known,

Jove wou'd his Anger pour upon thy Head,
 And with avenging Thunder strike Thee Dead.
 Now all is told Thee, and just Caution giv'n,
 Be secret Thou and dread the Wrath of Heav'n.
 She said; and sudden soar'd above his Sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid Air her Heav'nward Flight. CONGREVE.

Before we take Leave of this HYMN, it may not be improper by the Way, to observe, that the Detail of this Amour seems requisite and introductory, to the ÆNEID of VIRGIL; in which such frequent Mention is made of VENUS and ANCHISES. VIRGIL has even imitated it in some Circumstances; particularly in That, where VENUS meets ÆNEAS, in the Disguise of a SILVAN VIRGIN; The Speech of ÆNEAS upon that Occasion, is a beautiful Copy of the Speech of ANCHISES, at the first Appearance of VENUS. There are also some Particularities in this HYMN worth Notice; as the Derivation of *Aivéas* from *αἰνέω*; and the Author's siding with those that were of Opinion, that ÆNEAS never quitted ASIA, or settled in ITALY; were this a proper Place to enter upon a Critical Disquisition. I will only observe, that VIRGIL's Thinking this Piece worthy his Imitation, is a Circumstance much in Favor of the AUTHOR; as THUCYDIDES's Quoting it in the Name of HOMER, is a better Proof for attributing it to the DIVINE POET, than any that can be given to support the contrary Opinion.



XVI

XVI.

VENUS and CŪPID. The GODDESS of BEAUTY
holds in her Hand the Torch of the GOD of LOVE.

* The Attributes of the Little God, are no where
better explain'd than in the Twelfth Elegy of the Second
Book of PROPERTIUS.

Quincunque ille fuit, Puerum qui pinxit Amorem,

Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?

Is primùm vidit, sine sensu vivere amantes,

Et levibus curis magna perire bona.

Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,

Fecit et humano corde volare Deum.

Scilicet alternâ quoniam jactamur in undâ,

Nostrique non ullis permanet aura locis.

Et meritò hamatis manus est armata sagittis,

Et pharetra ex humero Cnosia utroque jacet:

Ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hostem,

Nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.

In me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago;

Sed certè pennas perdidit ille suas:

Evolat e nostro quoniam de pectore nusquam,

Affiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.

Quid tibi jucundum siccis habitare medullis?

Si pudor est, aliò trajice tela tua.

Intactos isto satius tentare veneno:

Non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea:

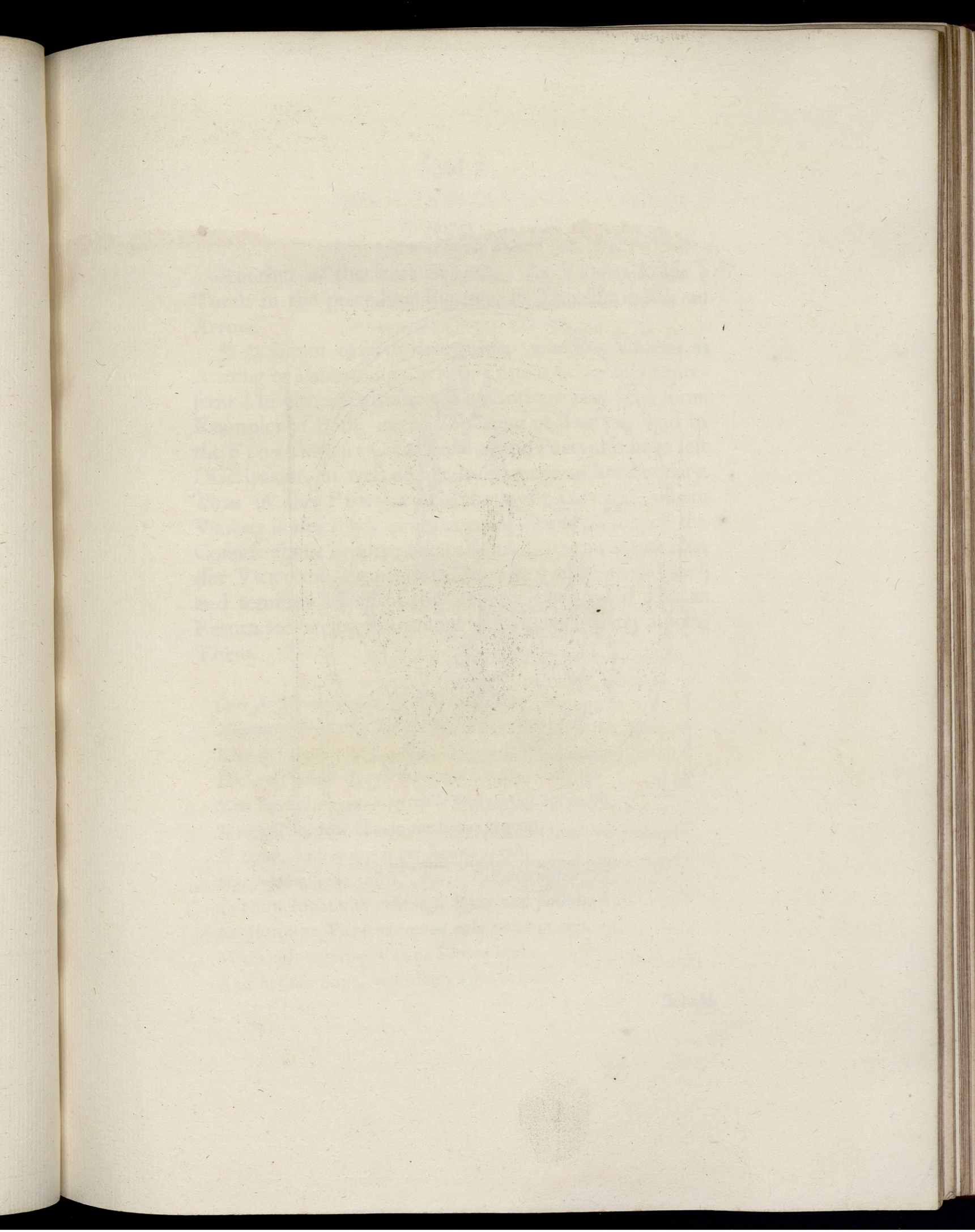
Quam si perdidideris, quis erit, qui talia cantet?

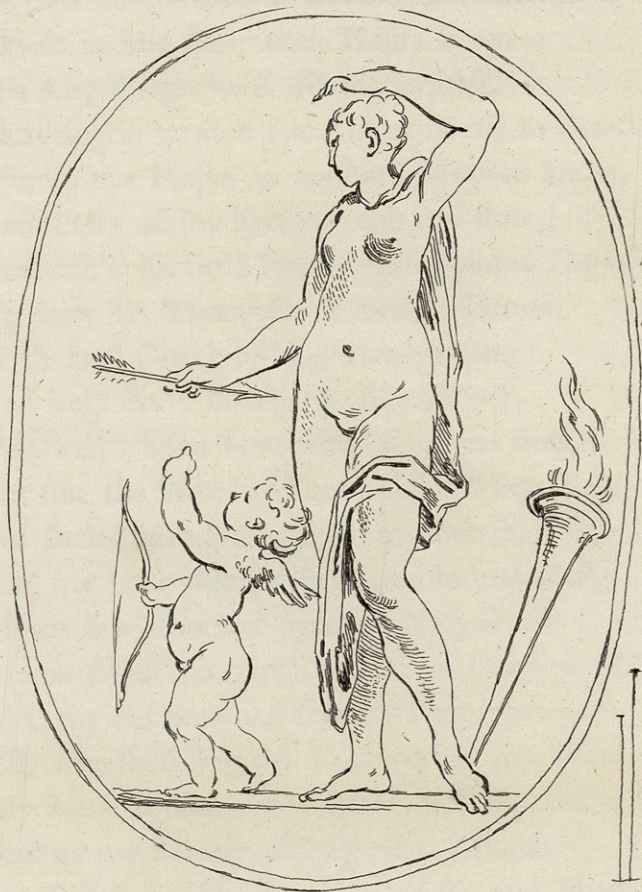
Hæc mea Musa levis, gloria magna tua est.

*Quæ caput, et digitos, et lumina nigra puellæ,
Et canit, ut soleant molliter ire pedes.*

Who first drew CUPID a young Boy and Blind,
With Skill, no doubt, the Moral Piece design'd.
He saw how Lovers with fond Childish Play
Lavish in idle Cares their Hours away.
His Airy *Wings* the Artist too express,
Flutt'ring in wanton Sport from Breast to Breast.
(For so our Hopes no constant Measure know,
And Tides of Joy alternate ebb and flow;)
And arm'd his little Hands with pointed *Darts*,
To shew his Tyranny o'er human Hearts.
With fatal Certainty he draws his *Bow*,
And unobserv'd directs the silent Blow.
Too well I kenn how each fell *Arrow* stings;
But sure the Wanderer has lost his *Wings*:
For settled here He rages in my Breast,
And my poor weary'd Soul can find no Rest.
Ah cease a wretched Spectre to invade!
Attack some blooming Youth, or haughty Maid:
Me, thy old Servant, and thy Poet, spare;
Else who shall sing the Triumphs of thy War?
My Muse oppress'd, now scarce one Note can raise;
Restore my Liberty, I'll sound thy Praise.
I will describe Thy CYNTHIA's Air and Mien,
Those Eyes, That Shape, That Grace in Motion seen.
Harmonious Beauty shall my Song inspire;
And LOVE's bright *Torch* shall set the World on Fire. PACK.

The Design of this Gem, shall be explain'd in the
two following Articles.





XVII

XVII.

Another of the same Subject. As VENUS holds a Torch in the preceding Figure, in This She holds an Arrow.

* It is not easy to determine, whether VENUS is Arming or Dis-arming CUPID. She is frequently represented in either Attitude. The Curious may find some Examples of Both, in the *Thesaurus* of BEGER, and in the FLORENTINE Collection. The Poets also have left Descriptions, as well of her Indulgence as her Severity. Thus in the PUNICA of SILIUS ITALICUS, where VENUS is describ'd, preparing for the Decision of the Contest about Beauty; She calls her CUPIDS about Her, (for VENUS is suppos'd to have had more than One!) and reminds Them of the Services They ow'd Her in Return for having distributed her whole Artillery among Them.

Cum sic suspirans roseo VENUS ore decoros

Alloquitur NATOS: Testis certissima vestrae

Ecce dies pietatis adest. Quis credere salvis

Hoc ausit vobis? De formâ atque ore (Quid ultra

Jam superest rerum?) certat VENUS: Omnia parvis

Si mea Tela dedi blando medicata veneno;

Si vester, cælo ac terris qui fœdera sancit,

Stat supplex, cum vultis, Avus: Victoria nostra

CYPRON IDUMÆAS referat de PALLADE palmas,

Et JUNONE: PAPHOS centum miki fumet in aris.

When soft-respiring VENUS Silence broke,

And her fair SONS, with Rosy Lips bespoke.

Behold

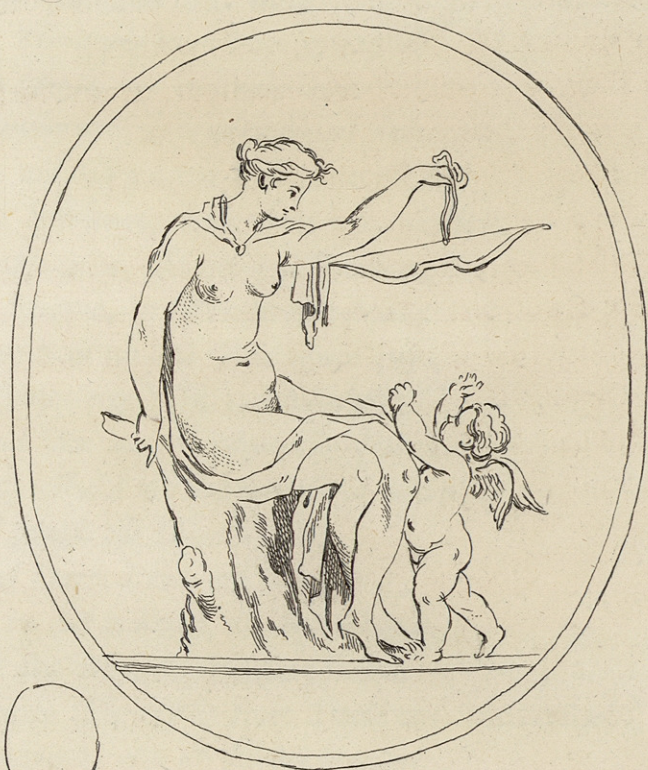
Behold the Day, the Day for Me to prove,
 And You to shew, your Duty and your Love.
 Me! Me! ---- But who so hardy to conceive
 Thought of such Wrong, much less the Fact believe? —
 Me! In my very Empire They invade;
While yet, your Mother, you survive to aid?
 Now----And what more remains our Reign to end? —
 Now VENUS, for her Beauty, must contend;
 The Face, that pleases; and the Shape, their Charms:
But if to You I gave my Proper Arms;
With all my Weapons if your Hands are fraught;
Imposon'd in a sweet, but bitter Draught;
 If He the Pow'r, that Earth and Heav'n commands,
 Your * GRANDSIRE, at your Pleasure, suppliant stands;
 CONQUEST, my Little Guard, shall join our Side,
 And CYPRUS triumph in the Spoils of IDE.
 A Hundred Altars shall at PAPHOS rise,
 And PALLAS yield, and JUNO yield the Prize. STERLING.

XVIII.

VENUS seated, CUPID standing before Her; He seems to demand his Bow, which She had taken from Him.

* CUPID was not so strictly observant of his MOTHER, but that She was sometimes oblig'd to discipline Him. Take her own Words, as APOLLONIUS RHODIUS makes her speak, in that Part of the ARGONAUTICS, where JUNO and MINERVA sollicit VENUS, to employ her SON, to inspire MEDEA with the LOVE of JASON.

* JUPITER.



XVIII

Ἦς ἀρ' ἔφη. Κύπρις ᾗ μετ' ἀμφοτέρησιν ἔειπεν,

Ἦρῃ Ἀθηναίῃ τε, πισθοιτόκεν ὑμῖν μάλισα

Ἦ ἐμοί. Ἵμείων γὰρ ἀναιδήτω παρεόντι

Τύτθῃ γ' αἰδᾶς ἔσσει' ἐν ὄμμασιν αὐτὰρ ἐμῆο

Οὐκ ὄθεται, μάλα δ' αἰὲν ἐρμυαίνων ἀθεοίξει.

Καὶ δὴ οἱ μελένα παρερχομένη κακότητι

Αὐτοῖσιν τῆξισι δυσηχέας ἄξαι οἷσας.

Ἀμφαδίην. Τοῖσιν γὰρ ἐπηπέλιξε χαλεφθεῖς

Εἰ μὴ τηλόθι χείρας, ἕως ἔτι θυμὸν ἐρύκει

Ἔξω ἐμάς, μετέπειτ' ἄτερμοῖμιν εὖ εἰ αὐτῇ.

She spoke; and CYPHEREA strait reply'd,

Less in my Influence, than your own confide,

For tho' Audacious, He may still revere,

Or JUNO's Sceptre, or MINERVA's Spear.

To Me, my SON no just Observance pays,

But oft disputes my Will and dis-obeys.

Ev'n here as late my Mandate He withstood,

(While Rage effac'd all Tendernefs of Blood!)

To curb and punish the Licentious Boy,

His Bow and Darts I threaten'd to destroy;

And seiz'd, in Aet to break, the hurtful Store:

Loud rav'd the Boy, too insolent before.

“ Your Hands (He cry'd) from These my Arms restrain,

“ And be advis'd; e'er all Advice is vain!

“ By Passion, blinded; by Revenge, misled;

“ The Wrong, will but retort upon your Head.

LUCIAN, in his Dialogue of VENUS and LUNA, makes VENUS say in the same Manner. “ Forgive

“ Him, LUNA, He is a most ungovernable Boy.

“ What Injuries has He not done even Me, that am his

“ Mother? Now driving Me to Mount IDA for the Sake

“ of

“ of TROJAN ANCHISES! And now again to Mount
 “ LIBANUS, for the Sake of that * ASSYRIAN Youth,
 “ for whom He also rais'd a Passion in PROSERPINE;
 “ defrauding Me by those Means of Half of my Desire.
 “ Provok'd at this Usage, I have often threaten'd Him,
 “ that unless He behav'd Himself with more Respect,
 “ *I would break his Bow and Quiver, and clip his Wings.*
 “ Already I have given Him some Correction; and
 “ taking Him on my Knee, *chastiz'd Him with my San-*
 “ *dal.* But whatever Marks he bore, of my Resent-
 “ ment; whatever Fear He shew'd; whatever Supplica-
 “ tion He made; on these Occasions: I know not how
 “ it happens, but the promis'd Reformation escapes his
 “ Memory in an Instant.”

Ἐα. ἐκεῖνος ὑβριστής ἐστιν ἐμὲ γέν' αὐτῆ τὴν μητέρα οἷα δέδρα-
 κεν; ἄρτι μὲν, ἐς τὴν Ἰδὴν κατὰγωγ, Ἄγχισθ' ἕνεκα τῆ Ἰλιέως,
 ἄρτι δ' ἐς τὸν Λίβανον ἐπὶ τὸν Ἀσσύριον ἐκεῖνο μειράκιον, ὃ κ' ἢ τῆ
 Περσεφάτῃ ἐπεράσον ποιήσας, ἐξ ἡμισείας ἀφείλετό με τὸν
 ἐρώμενον ὅσπερ πολλάκις ἠπέλιψα, εἰ μὴ παύσεται τοιαῦτα ποιῶν
 κλάσει μὲν αὐτῆ τὰ τόξα, κ' τὴν φάρετραν, περιαιρήσει δὲ κ' ἢ
 τὰ πλέρα. ἤδη δὲ κ' πληγὰς αὐτῷ ἐνέτεινα εἰς τὰς πυγὰς τῷ σαν-
 δάλῳ, ὃ δὲ, ἔκ οἷδ' ὅπως τὸ παραυτίκα δεδιῶς κ' ἰκετεύων, μετ'
 ὀλίγον ἐπιλέλησαι ἀπάντων.

XIX.

VENUS, Having just receiv'd the Golden Fruit from
 the Hands of PARIS.

* VENUS is not improperly represented, as partici-
 pating the Glory of the Conquest with her SON; if we

* ADONIS.

consider



XIX

consider the Quotation from SILIUS ITALICUS, inserted in the XVIIth Article.

COLUTHUS, in his Rape of HELEN, describes VENUS more particularly careful of the Disposition of her Hair, as MERCURY conducted Her, with the other GODDESSES, to the Judge appointed by JUPITER.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἑρμῶνι πατὴρ ἐπέτελλε Κρονίων.
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ πατρώῃσιν ἐφημοσύνῃσι πιθήσας,
 εἰς ὁδὸν ἡγεμόνδε, καὶ ἐκ ἀμέλγησε θεῶων·
 Πᾶσα δ' ἰλαίτερον καὶ ἀμείνονα δίξετο μορφήν
 Κύπρις μὲν δολόμητις ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρον,
 καὶ περόνῳ θυόντα διασήσασα κομῶων
 χρυσῶ μὲν πλοκάμους, χρυσῶ δ' ἐξέψατο χαίτην.

ON HERMES, strict Command SATURNIUS lays;

The winged Messenger his Sire obeys.

Nor ought omitted his obsequious Care,

Guard of the Way, to guide the Heav'nly Fair.

While, with her Rival, Each in Silence vies,

And conscious of her Merit claims the Prize.

Mean time the subtle GODDESS of DESIRE,

Loos'd from her fragrant Hair the rich Attire;

Each straying Lock to juster Order led;

And with a Golden Fillet grac'd her Head.

The same Poet makes VENUS expose her Beauties, to the SHEPHERD that was appointed JUDGE of Them, with almost as little Drapery about Her, as the Artift has given Her, in this Figure.

Ἦ δ' ἑανὸν βαθυκόλπον ἐς ἡέρα γυμνώσασα,
 κόλπον ἀνηώρησε, καὶ ἐκ ἠδέασατο Κύπρις.

χειρὶ δ' ἐλαφρίζουσα μελίφρανα θεσμὸν ἐρώτων,
 Στήθος ἅπαν γύμνωσε, καὶ ἐκ ἐμνήσατο μαζῶν.

Her ample Veil at once aside She lays,
 And the full Splendor of her Neck displays;
 Then from her Waist with ready Hand removes
 The Zone, where lodg'd the GRACES and the LOVES.
 Nor blush'd, her naked Beauties to disclose,
 Or bare her Breasts, that, freed, more proudly rose.

VENUS, in this Figure, appears recounting to CUPID the Particulars of her Triumph, and exulting over her Rivals:

χειρὶ δὲ μῆλον ἔχουσα

And grasp'd the Golden Apple in her Hand.

As the same AUTHOR expresses it. But these Particulars are told at large by PARIS, the Judge of the Controversy, in his Epistle to HELEN, as OVID makes him relate the Story.

Est locus in mediæ numerosis vallibus Idæ

Devius, et piceis ilicibusque frequens.

Qui nec ovis placidæ, nec amantis saxa capellæ,

Nec patulo tardæ carpitur ore bovis.

Hinc ego Dardaniæ muros excelsaque tecta,

Et freta prospiciens, arbore nixus eram.

Ecce pedum pulsu visa est mihi terra moveri:

Vera loquar, veri vix habitura fidem.

Constitit ante oculos, actus velocibus alis,

Atlantis magni Pleïonesque nepos.

Fas vidisse fuit; fas sit mihi visa referre:

Inque Dei digitis aurea virga fuit.

Tresque simul Divæ, Venus et cum Pallade Juno,

Graminibus teneros imposuere pedes.

Obstupui, gelidus comas erexerat horror.

Cum mihi, pone metum, nuncius ales ait.

Arbiter es Formæ: certamina siste Dearum;

Vincere quæ Formâ digna sit una duas.

Neve recusarem, verbis Jovis imperat: et se

Protinus ætheriâ tollit in astra viâ.

A tow'ring Hill there stands in IDA'S Grove,

Unbrowz'd its Turf, and dark with Shades above;

Secrete from tardy Ox, or placid Sheep,

Or shaggy Goat, that loves the Rocky Steep.

Here, as with musing Eyes, I once survey'd

TROY'S Turrets rising thro' the misty Shade,

And, far beneath, the mighty Ocean spread;

(Reclin'd, against an ancient Oak, my Head.)

A sudden Sound of Feet, I seem'd to hear,

And quick Commotions echo'd on my Ear;

(What there befel me, tho' the Truth I tell,

Scarce, will it seem a Truth, What there befel.)

When to my Sight a Form Divine appear'd,

And MAJA'S Son, the Form Divine declar'd;

My wond'ring Eyes confess'd the Heav'nly Power,

Known by the Wand, and Silver Plumes He wore.

But soon----- (and what you gave in open Light,

Ye Gods! To view; now give me, to recite.)

But soon I saw, descending from above,

SATURNIA, PALLAS, and the QUEEN of LOVE.

Aw'd by superior Majesty I stood,

And, trembling, heard the MISSIONARY GOD,

Who thus bespoke my Fears----- " Shepherd! Be bold-----

" These Rivals for their orient Fruit, behold;

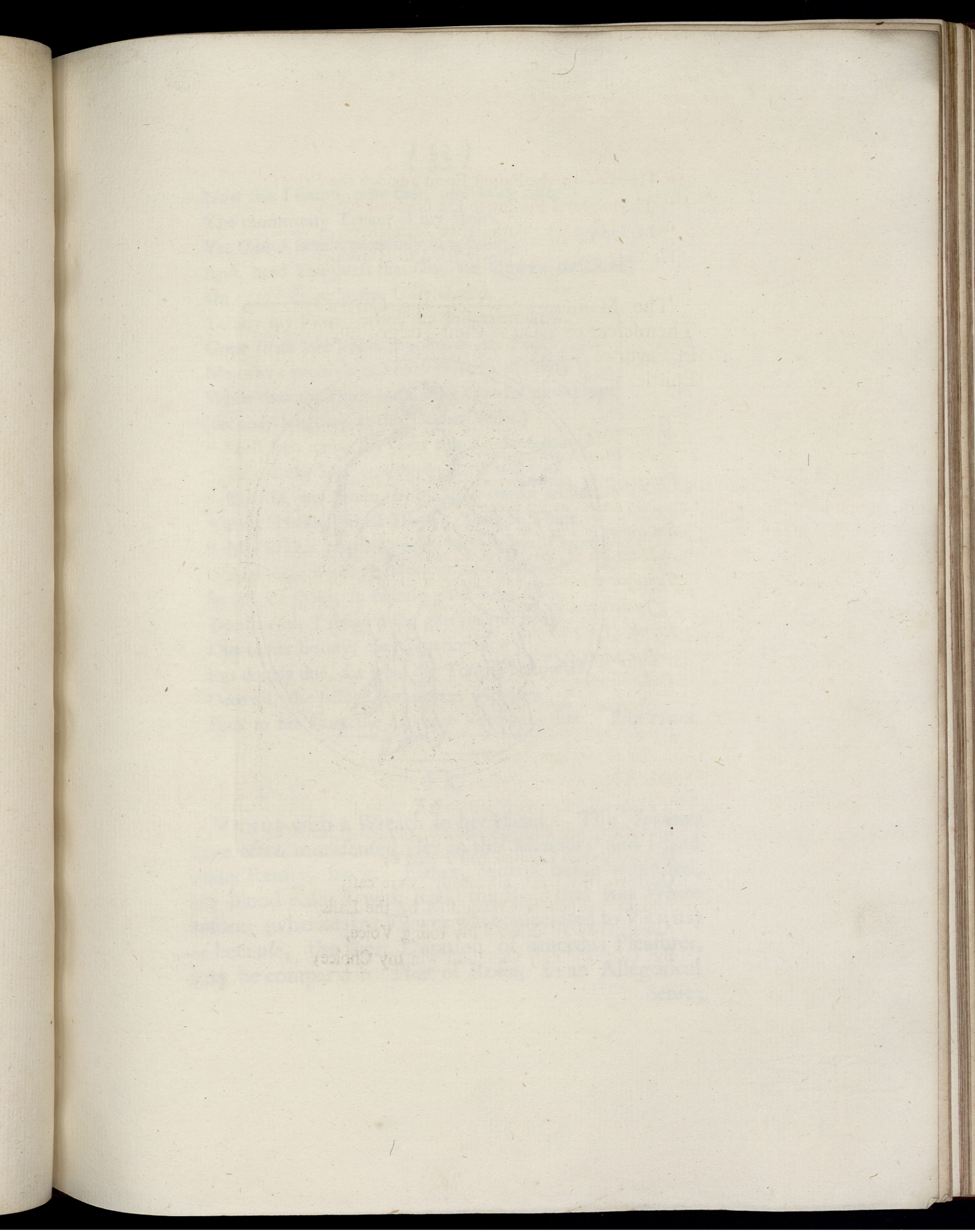
“ Here----- to the Fairest Form adjudge the Prize;
 “ The brightest Present to the brightest Eyes;
 “ In This, obey th’ Almighty Mandate given” —
 He said, and rising, slowly sail’d to Heaven. PATTISON.

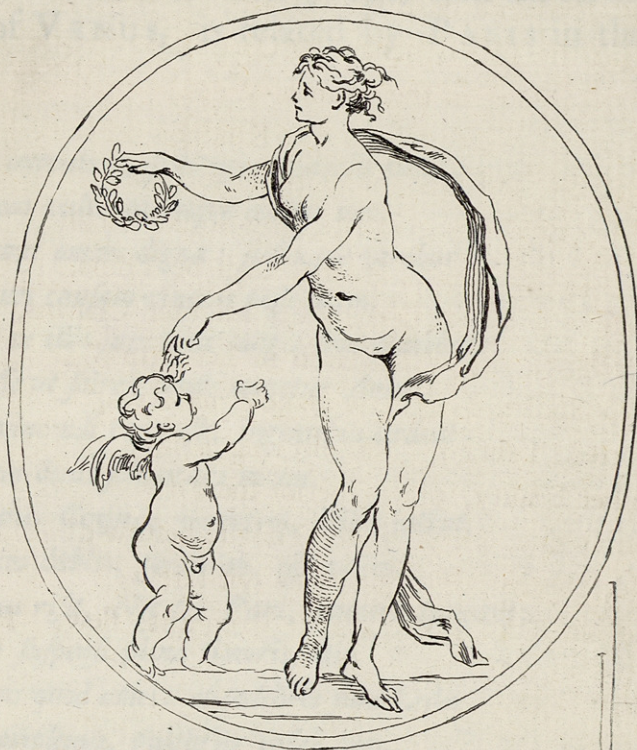
The Manner in which the GODDESSES applied
 Themselves to Him as their Judge, and his Arbitration
 in Favor of VENUS, is related by PARIS in the same
 Epistle.

Mens mea corvaluit, subitoque audacia venit:
Nec timui vultu quamque notare meo.
Vincere erant omnes dignæ: judexque verebar
Non omnes causam vincere posse suam.
Sed tamen ex illis jam tunc magis una placebat:
Hanc esse ut scires, unde movetur Amor.
Tantaque vincendi cura est; ingentibus ardent
Judicium donis sollicitare meum.
Regna, Jovis Conjux; virtutem, Filia jactat.
Ipsè potens dubito, fortis an, esse velim.
Dulce Venus risit, Nec te, Pari, munera tangant;
Utraque suspensi plena timoris, ait.
Nos dabimus quod ames: et pulchræ filia Ledaë
Ibit in amplexus, pulchrrior ipsa, tuos.
Dixit et ex æquo donis formâque probata
Victorem cælo rettulit illa pedem.

And now, my Strength restor’d, my Mind renew’d,
 Distinctly each Celestial Fair I view’d;
 On each, my Eyes, alternately, were cast,
 And ev’ry Look was vanquish’d by the Last.
 Alike, They all deserv’d my voting Voice,
 But One, and only One must win my Choice;

Now





Now this I found, now that, now ev'ry Part,
 The momentary Tenant of my Heart.
 Yet *One*, I seem'd more inly to approve;
 And, need You guess that *One*, the QUEEN OF LOVE!
 On ev'ry Side persuasive Gifts ahail'd,
 To buy my Favor, where my Judgment fail'd.
 Great JUNO laid whole Empires at my Feet,
 MINERVA proffer'd deathless Wreaths of Wit:
 While thus the sweet-enchanting QUEEN OF SMILES,
 (Securely laughing at their vainer Wiles.)
 " Shall such unworthy Gifts thy Kindness move?
 " Thy tender Soul was surely tun'd to Love!
 " To Me, my Swain, to Me, thy Smiles incline,
 " And HELEN, fairest HELEN, shall be Thine.
 " My Wishes crown'd, enjoy her brighter Charms,
 " And reign a greater Monarch in her Arms."
 So soft she spoke, so sweetly glanc'd her Eyes,
 Transported, I resign'd the glitt'ring Prize;
 Due to her Beauty, that superior shew'd!
 But doubly due, for what her Tongue bestow'd!
 Deceiv'd, the baffled GODDESSES withdrew;
 Back to her Skies the LOVELY VICTRESS flew. PATTISON.

XX.

VENUS with a Wreath in her Hand. The *Ancients*
 have often represented Her in this Manner; and I find
 many Reasons for it. Either, because being wounded,
 her Blood color'd with Red, the Rose that was White
 before; (whence that Flower was consecrated to VENUS)
 or because, the short Duration of amorous Pleasures,
 may be compar'd to That of Roses, in an Allegorical
 Sense;

Sense; or lastly, because VENUS crowns successful Lovers.

* But there may still be given a more apt and delicate Explication; such as BEGER gives, to a Figure in his THESAURUS, where CUPID is represented with a Groupe of Flowers in one Hand, and a Wreath in the other. The Reader of Taste, will not be displeas'd to see that little Gem here inserted, with as much of the learn'd Antiquary's Dialogue, as may serve to explain it; from That, He will be better able to judge of the Design of This.

DULODORUS. *Sed ecce etiam Amor Virtutis et Eloquentiæ sub Cupidine latet. Corpore est pulchro, facieque honestâ: gressu incedit sublimi: Manibus flores et Corollas præfert, adeoque diversus planè est ab eo, qui armis instructus, arcuque et pharetra conspicuus passim cernitur.*

De Formâ Cupidinis nihil dubitaverim, inquit ARCHÆOPHILUS, De Floribus et Corollis, qui probare velis, non video.

De Corollis, respondit DULODORUS, Marianus Scholasticus docet Anthol. L. IV. c. 12. Verba eo libentius adjicio, quò aptius pleraque ad propositum Cupidinis simulacrum quadrare videntur. Ita ille:

Πῶ σοι τόξον ἐκείνο παλίντονον, δι τ' ἀπὸ σείο

Πηγνύμενοι μεσάτην ἐς κραδίην δόνακες;

Πῶ ἄλλοι, πῶ λαμπὰς πολυώδυνος; ἐστὶ ᾧ τριστὰ

Στέμματα χερσὶν ἔχεις, κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλο φέρεις

Οὐκ ἀπὸ πανθήμου ξένη Κύπριδος οὐκ ἀπὸ γαίης

Ἐμὶ ἢ ὑλαίης ἐκγονος εὐφροσύνης.

Ἄλλ' ἐγὼ ἐς καθαρὴν μερόπων φρένα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτω
 Ἐυμαθίης, ψυχὴν δ' οὐρανὸν εἰσανάγω.
 Ἐκ δ' ἀρετῶν στεφάνους πισύρων πλέκω, ἃν ἀφ' ἐκάστης
 τοὺς δὲ φέρων, πρῶτῳ τῷ σοφίης στέφομαι.

Die, ubi sunt incurvi arcus? Ubi tela Cupido?

Mollia queis Juvenum figere corda soles.

Fax ubi tristis? Ubi pennæ? Tres unde Corollas

Fert manus? Unde aliam tempora cinctâ gerunt?

Haud mihi Vulgari, est, Hospes cum Cypride quicquam,

Ulla voluptatis nos neque Forma tulit.

Sed puris hominum succendo mentibus ignes,

Disciplinæ animos astraque ad alta traho.

Quatuor eque ipsâ texo Virtute corollas,

Quarum quæ Sophiæ tempora prima tegit.

At in Gemma hac, inquit ARCHÆOPHILUS, tempora nulla tegit, imo ne tres, sed duas tantum Corollas in manu video.

Id nihil obstat, respondit DULODORUS; uti enim sub quatuor Corollis quatuor Virtutes, Justitia, Fortitudo, Temperantia et Prudentia intelliguntur, ita et sub duabus Corollis, duæ tantum latere possunt. Cupido certè non tantum corporearum congressuum fuit, sed etiam Virtutum, eodem modo, quo et Venus, quæ non tantum Πανδημὸς seu Popularis audit, sed etiam Ουρανίος, ἐπὶ ἕρωτι καθαρῷ καὶ ἀππηλασμένῳ πόθε σωματίων, (ut Pausanias in Bœoticis loquitur,) cœlestem Amorem, purum, et corporum cupiditate vacantem significans. Flores, Eloquentiæ Symbolum esse, nihil dubitem asserere. Quis enim nescit, Eloquentiæ Florem, Florem Orationis, Oratorem Floridum apud Ciceronem Aliosque vocari.

DULODORUS.



DULODORUS. Behold! The Love of Virtue and Eloquence conceal'd under the Form of CUPID. His Shape is Beautiful; His Countenance, Honest; And His Walk, Sublime. His Hands are filled with Garlands and Flowers; And in these Circumstances He widely differs from the CUPID, that is seen every where, arm'd with Bows, Arrows, or Quivers.

ARCHÆOPHILUS. As to his Form I agree; but cannot readily apprehend, what Proof you will draw from those Garlands or Flowers.

As to the Garlands (replied DULODORUS) MARIANUS SCHOLIASTICUS, explains Them fully; In the *Anthol.* Book IV. c. 12. I shall insert his Words with greater Willingness, because They seem to tally with this Representation of CUPID.

Where now thy pliant *Bow*, and subtle *Darts*?
 Those Arms that want to pierce our inmost Hearts?
 Where now the *Wings*, that speed thy rapid Flight?
 Where now the *Torch*, that sheds pernicious Light?
 And why those Hands, THREE Flow'ry-Garlands bear?
 And why a FOURTH, restrains thy Golden Hair?

- " Me seek'st Thou, curious Voyager, to know?
 " Not to the CYPRIAN QUEEN my Birth I owe.
 " From no *Terrestrial* Origin I came,
 " And all the VULGAR VENUS I disclaim.
 " *Corporeal* Triumphs please the *Earthly* Boy;
 " Child of *Gross* Passion, and *Material* Joy,
 " But Souls, by Me, to *Heav'nly Science* rise,
 " And fir'd with *Purer Flames* possess the Skies.
 " FOUR curious *Wreaths*, my artful Hands entwine,
 " And Virtues FOUR inspire the fair Design;
 " To mark the Flow'ry Paths I safely tread:
 " And first, the *Wreath of KNOWLEDGE*, binds my Head.

But in this Gem (returns ARCHÆOPHILUS) I cannot discern that He binds his Head with any Wreath. Neither can I discover Three, but two Garlands in his Hand.

That is no Objection, (rejoins DULIDORUS) For as under Four *Garlands*, Four *Virtues* were emblemiz'd, *Justice*, *Fortitude*, *Temperance*, and *Prudence* or *Knowledge*, so under Two *Garlands*, two *Virtues* lie figured. For CUPID was not only the Power of *Corporeal*, but of *Spiritual* Injoyments; in the same Manner as VENUS was not only the *Popular* Πανδημος; but the *Celestial* Ουρανιος; to denote a *Heavenly* Passion pure, and exempt of all *Bodily Concupiscence*: AS PAUSANIAS observes in his BOEOTICA. I shall not hesitate to assert, that the *Flowers* in his other Hand, are the *Symbols* of *Eloquence*. And Who is ignorant of those Terms so frequent in CICERO and OTHERS; The *Flower of Eloquence!* The *Flower of Oratory!* A *Florid*, that is to say, an *Eloquent Orator!*

To turn the Explication of BEGER to our present Purpose: As the *Vulgar* VENUS is represented *Arming* the *Vulgar* CUPID with Bows and Darts, Torches and Quivers; VENUS the *Celestial*, is here *Crowning* the *Celestial* CUPID with a *Wreath* of *Virtue*. The Contraste or Opposition of the *Two* CUPIDS is well known, the Ἐγῶς and Ἀνῆγῶς of the ANCIENTS. It matters little whether this Wreath be the Emblem of *Justice*, of *Fortitude*, or of *Temperance*; or whether in Compliment to MARIANUS, We nominate It, the *Wreath* of *Prudence* or *Knowledge*.

————— Πρώτῳ τῷ Σοφίῃς σέφομαι.

And *first* the Wreath of KNOWLEDGE binds my Head.

XXI.

VENUS *Marine*. She is convey'd upon the Waters in a Car drawn by Four Sea-Horses.

* The Power of VENUS was absolute, not only on the Land, but on the Water. APULEIUS describes in very pompous Words her Progress on the Ocean. He gives her a magnificent Attendance of Sea DEITIES. The Passage is in the Fourth Book of his *Golden Ass*. *Ecce jam profundi maris udo resedit Vertice: Et ipsam quod incipit velle, statim quasi pridem præcepit, non moratur marinum Obsequium. Ad sunt Nerei filia, chororum canentes; et Portunus cæruleis barbibus hispidus; et gravis pisceso sinu Salacia; auriga parvulus delphini Palæmon; jam passim maria persulcantes Tritonum ceteræ. Hic conchâ sonaci leniter buccinat; Ille serico tegmine flagrantia Solis obstitit inimici; Alius sub oculis*