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 Ἔρως and Ἀντέρως 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 Σοφίης 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 ipsum quod incipit velle, statim quasi pridem præcepit, non moratur marinum Obsequium. Adsunt Nerei filiæ, chorum canentes; et Portunus cæruleis barbis hispidus; et gravis piscoso sinu Salacia; auriga parvulus delphini Palæmon; jam passim maria persulcantes Tritonum catervæ. Hic conchâ sonaci leniter buccinat; Ille serico tegmine flagrantiæ Solis obstitit inimici; Alius sub oculis*

XXI

lis Dominæ ſpeculum prægerit; currus bijuges Alii ſubnatant. Talis ad Oceanum pergentem Venerem comitatur exercitus. " Behold her ſeated on the Dewy Bo-
" ſom of the Deep. Nor heſitate the Marine Attendants
" to obey her Will; Even what She wiſhes to have done,
" They do; preventing her Commands. Around Her
" throng the Daughters of NEREUS, and joining the
" Chorus ſing Her Praiſes. PORTUNUS here, rough
" with his cerulean Beard; And there, SALACIA with
" her prolific Boſom; Here little PALÆMON, mounted
" on his Dolphin; And there the whole Order of TRI-
" TONS, plough the Main. *This*, ſlowly ſwells his
" ſonorous Shell; and *That*, oppoſes his Silken Veil to
" the injurious Ardor of the Sun. *Another* precedes his
" Miſtreſs, bearing her Glaſs within her Sight; While
" Others ſwim beneath her Two-yok'd Chariot. Such
" was the Train of VENUS as She proceeded to the
" Courts of OCEAN.

With one Hand, VENUS guides her Horſes; and with the Other She holds a String, to which a Quiver hangs. She appears to triumph in the Survey of her Watry Dominions; and to commit Them to the Government of CUPID; Who attends Her. OPPIAN, in the Fourth Book of his HALIEUTICS, invokes CUPID, as the Preſident of the Seas.

Σχετλί' Ἔρως, δολομῆτα· θεῶν κάλλιστε μὲν ὄσσοις
Εἰσιδέειν, ἄλγιστε δ' ὅτε κραδίην ὀροθύνεις,
Ἐμπίπτων ἀδίκητος; . . . . . .
Σοὶ δ' ἅτ' ἐρανίης γενεῆς ἅλις, ἤτέ τι φύτλης
Ἀνδρομέης· ἐ θῆρας ἀναίνεαι, ἐδ' ὅσα βόσκει
Ἀὴρ ἀτρυγέτη· νεάτης δ' ὑπὸ κεύθεσι λίμνης
Δύνεις· ὁπλίζεις ᾗ κῇ ὀν νεπόδεσσι κελαινὲς

Ἀτράκτυς, ὡς μή τι τεῆς ἀδίδακτον ἀνάγκης
λείπηται, μηδ' ὅσις ὑπόδρυχα νήχεται ἰχθύς.

Imperious LOVE, thou dear deluding Boy,
Parent of conſtant Pain, and fickle Joy,
Faireſt to mortal Sight of Pow'rs Divine,
Moſt gentle too, cou'd Sight thy Force confine:
The treach'rous Eyes admit the thrilling Smart,
Neglect their Charge and gaze away the Heart.
Nor Human Race, nor Heav'n born Pow'rs divine
Content thy Conqueſts, or thy Sway confine,
Their Pains the Sylvan and the Feather'd Kinds,
Roar to the Woods, and warble to the Winds.
The Burning Arrows thro' the Watry Way
The pow'rful Summons of the GOD *convey,*
No Breaſt eſcapes the Flame; the Sea-born Slaves
Burn unextinguiſh'd in their Native Waves. JONES.

XXII.

VENUS, waſhing Herſelf in a Vaſe. A CUPID ſtanding and holding the Linen with which She was to dry Herſelf.

* The Curious may form ſome Idea of this Manner of Bathing, and of the *Lavacrum* of the Ancients, from the Account PETRONIUS ARBITER gives of TRIMALCHIO's Bath. *Quid faciamus: homines miſerrimi, et novi generis Labyrintho incluſi, quibus lavari jam cœperat notum eſſe. Ultro ergo rogamus, ut nos ad Balneum duceret; projectiſque veſtimentis, quæ Giton in aditu ſiccare cœpit, Balneum intravimus, anguſtum ſcilicet, et ciſternæ frigidariæ ſimile, in quâ Trimalchio rectus ſtabat.* "What could we do in this Misfortune? We found

 "Ourſelves

XXII

" Ourſelves now involv'd in a new Kind of Labyrinth.
" We had been but too well waſh'd already. Con-
" ſtrain'd by Force to continue in this Place, We in-
" treated the Porter to ſhew Us the Way to the *Bath*;
" which We enter'd firſt Throwing aſide our Cloaths,
" which GITO begun to dry in the Porch. *The Bath*
" *was narrow, and ſunk into the Earth, not unlike a*
" *Rain-water Ciſtern. In this ſtood* TRIMALCHIO
" *Erect.*

The Baths of the Ancients were often built and adorn'd with great Magnificence. There is an Epigram of LEONTIUS on a *little* Bath, adjacent to the *great* Bath of ZEUXIPPUS, that ſeems to tally with this Repreſentation.

Μὴ νεμίσα Ζεύξιππε παραντέλλοντι λοέτρῳ·
Καὶ μεγάλην παρ' ἄμαξαν Ἐρώτυλος ἡδὺ φαείνει.

The Bath, that here preſumptuous ſeems to riſe,
ZEUXIPPUS! view not with diſdainful Eyes;
The Oppoſition charms Us from afar:
So *little* CUPID fits his *ſpacious* Car.

CUPID, in this Figure, attends the Bathing of his MOTHER; MARIANUS has left Us the Following Lines, on a ſimilar Subject.

Μητέρα Κύπριν ἐλούσεν Ἔρως ποτὲ τῷδε λοέτρῳ,
Αὐτὸς ὑποφλέξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ὕδωρ.
Ἱδρὼς δ' ἀμβροσίοιο χυθεὶς χροὸς, ἄμμιγα λευκοῖς
Ὕδασι, φεῦ, πνοιῆς ὅσον ἀνῆψεν ἄερ.
Εἴθεν ἀεὶ ῥοδόεσσαν ἀναζείουσιν ἀϋτμὴν,
Ὡς ἔτι τῆς χρυσῆς λουόμενος Παφίης.

As

As in this Bath LOVE wash'd the CYPRIAN DAME
His Torch the Water ting'd with subtle Flame.
The while his busy Hand his Mother laves,
Ambrosial Dews inrich the Silver Waves;
And all the undulating Bason fill:
Such Dews! As her Celestial Limbs distil.
Hence how delicious float these tepid Streams?
What Rosy Odors? What Nectarean Steams?
So pure the Water, and so soft the Air;
It seems as if the GODDESS still was There!

It is not improbable, but that some such Representation as appears in this Figure, might have furnish'd the Poet with the Idea of this little Epigram; which We are inform'd was made upon a Bath, call'd, *the Bath of* CUPID; Εἰς Λούτρον ὀνομαζόμενον Ἔρωτα.

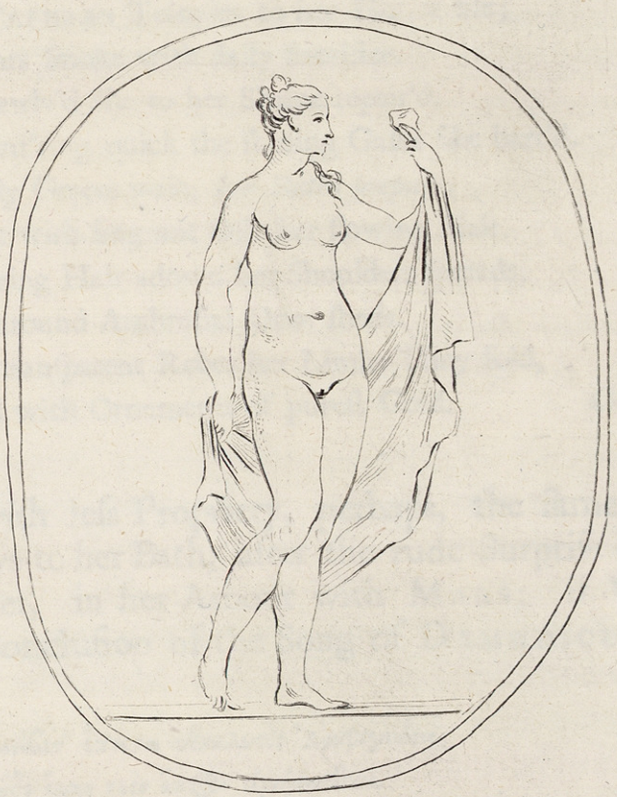
XXIII.

VENUS standing. She holds a Piece of Drapery in her Hands with Design, as it seems, to dry Herself.

* Antiquity, to speak of the Poets as well as the Artists, is rich in Representations and Descriptions of the Bathings of VENUS. With great Propriety, the Father of the Poets, makes That her first Care, before She sallied forth upon her Amour with ANCHISES. The Reader will find the Following Account in the HYMN, which furnish'd Us with Materials to explain the XVth Figure.

Ἐς Κύπρον δ' ἐλθοῦσα, θυώδεα νηὸν ἔδυσεν,
Ἐς Πάφον. ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυώδης·

Ἐνθ'



XXIII

Ἔνθ' ἤγ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινὰς·
Ἔνθα δέ μιν Χάριτες λοῦσαν, καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ,
Ἀμβρότῳ, οἷα θεοὺς ἐπενήνοθεν αἰὲν ἐόντας,
Ἀμβροσίῳ ἑανῷ, τό ῥά οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν.
Ἑσταμένη δ' ἐν πάντα θεὶ χροῖ εἵματα καλὰ,
Χρυσῷ κοσμηθεῖσα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,

To CYPRUS ſtrait the wounded GODDESS flies,
Where PAPHIAN Temples to her Honor riſe;
And Altars ſmoke with daily Sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd She to her Shrine repair'd,
Where ent'ring quick the ſhining Gates She barr'd.
The ready Graces wait; *her Baths prepare*,
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair.
Her flowing Hair adown her Shoulders ſpreads,
And all around Ambroſial Odor ſheds.
Laſt in tranſparent Robes her Limbs They fold,
Enrich'd with Ornaments of pureſt Gold. CONGREVE.

Nor with leſs Propriety, perhaps, the ſame Author re-conveys to her Bath, after the rude Surpriſe of VULCAN's Net, in her Amour with MARS; if We look on the Concluſion of the Song of DEMODICUS.

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα πολύκλυτος Ἀμφιγυήεις,
Οὐκ ἔς' ὅδε ἔοικε τεὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι.
Ὡς εἰπὼν, δεσμὸν ἀνίει μένος Ἡφαίστοιο.
Τὼ δ' ἐπεὶ ὀκ δεσμοῖο λύθεν κρατεροῦ πὲρ ἐόντος,
Αὐτίκ' ἀναΐξαντε, ὁ μὲν θρήκηνδε βεβήκει,
Ἡ δ' ἄρα Κύπρον ἵκανε φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἐς Πάφον. ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις·
Ἔνθα δέ μιν Χάριτες λοῦσαν, καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ

Ἀμβρότῳ,

Ἀμβρότῳ, οἷα θεὸς ἐπευλιόθεν αἰὲν ἐόντας·
Ἀμφὲ ᾗ εἵματα ἕσαν ἐπήρατα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.

" Tis Thine (re-anſwers VULCAN) to command."
And to the Net applies his ſkilful Hand.
The ſtrong Incloſure yields, and, thrown afar,
Frees the chain'd Pow'RS of BEAUTY and of WAR.
To THRACIAN Hills the RAGING GOD removes;
The LAUGHTER-LOVING DAME to PAPHIAN Groves.
Where num'rous Slaves her pleaſing Smiles invoke,
And num'rous Altars, rich in Odors, ſmoke.
Round their *diſorder'd* QUEEN, in wonted State,
The GRACES, her aſſiduous Handmaids, wait;
Her wearied Limbs refreſh with Heav'nly Show'rs,
Ambroſial Sweets! That bathe Immortal Pow'rs;
Then glorious cloath anew in Robes Divine;
And give, in their full Blaze of Charms, to ſhine.

It is not eaſy to diſcover whether the Drapery, VENUS holds in this Figure, is intended for the Linen with which She may be ſuppoſed to dry Herſelf, newly riſen from the Bath; or for the Veil (the firſt and moſt material Part of her Dreſs) which She is going to throw looſely round her Body; *Simplex Munditiis*, as HORACE would have expreſs'd it: Her Hair being already diſpoſed in the moſt exact Order.

XXIV.

VENUS, viewing Herſelf in a Looking-Glaſs, ſuch as was us'd by the Ladies of Antiquity. Upon the Ground ſtands a Vaſe, out of which comes a Kind of Sprig: This ſerv'd perhaps, to ſprinkle Them with Perfumed Water in their Baths. * As

XXIV

* As to the Odors us'd by VENUS in her Bathings, the Reader is referr'd to the Deſcriptions from HOMER in the Foregoing Article; and as to the Conduct of her Hair, He will remember the Paſſage from COLUTHUS in the XIXth. CLAUDIAN in his Nuptials of HONORIUS and MARIA, finds Imployment for All the GRACES on this Occaſion.

Cæſariem tunc forte Venus ſubnixa coruſco
Fingebat ſolio: dextra lævaque ſorores
Stabant Idaliæ. Largos Hæc nectaris imbres
Irrigat: Hæc morſu numeroſi dentis eburno
Multifidum diſcrimen arat: Sed Tertia retro
Dat varios nexus, et juſto dividet orbes
Ordine, neglectam partem ſtudioſa relinquens:
Plus error decuit.

The Deſcription is Beautiful. There is a Spirit and Elegance in every Word. It has been very happily tranſlated by two Hands; for which Reaſon I beg Leave to add Both Imitations; becauſe where the One may be thought to loſe, the Other ſeems to catch the Delicacy of the Original. The Firſt is by Mr. EUSDEN.

It chanc'd upon a radiant Throne reclin'd,
VENUS her Golden Treſſes did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either Hand
Th' IDALIAN Siſters, rang'd in Order, ſtand.
Ambroſial Eſſence ONE beſtows in Show'rs,
And laviſhly whole Streams of Nectar pours,

With iv'ry Combs ANOTHER's dextrous Care
Or curls, or opens the diſhevel'd Hair.
A THIRD, induſtrious with a nicer Eye,
Inſtructs the Ringlets, in what Form to lie:
Yet leaves ſome Few, that, not ſo cloſely preſt,
Sport in the Wind, and wanton from the Reſt.
Sweet Negligence! By artful Study wrought;
A graceful Error, and a lovely Fault!

The other Tranſlation is by Mr. PATTISON; a young Gentleman of great Virtues, and great Errors; whoſe Genius was as Happy, as his Life was Unfortunate!

It happen'd then, with future Joys elate,
His GODDESS MOTHER at her Toilet ſate;
On either Side th' IDALIAN Siſters ſtand,
Proud of the SMILING GODDESS's Command;
THIS, ſcatter'd Odors o'er the fragrant Fair,
THAT, thred the mazy Tendrils of her Hair;
THAT exercis'd the nice correcting Comb,
Smooth'd the ſoft Curls, and call'd the Straglers home;
The comely Fav'rites, doubtfully deſign'd,
They leave to curl and wanton in the Wind;
The comely Fav'rites, with adorning Grace,
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
With cooling Airs create an eaſy Pride,
And, but increaſe the Charms, They ſtrive to hide.

VENUS ſeems to have perform'd for Herſelf, in this Figure, all that the GRACES perform'd for Her in CLAUDIAN.

Having

Having ſpoke ſo largely of an *Antique* Toilet, it may be permitted to add ſomething of a *Modern*; eſpecially of One that is founded upon the *Plus decuit Error* of CLAUDIAN.

Inventory of PHANELIA's *Dreſſing-Room.*

BEAUTY alone inſpires my Lay,
SHE! traces out the Flow'ry Way;
SHE! varies ev'ry Song I ſing;
BEAUTY! of LOVE and Verſe the Spring!
Where BEAUTY chuſes her Abode;
There! tends the true PARNASSIAN Rode.
There! his Abode APOLLO chuſes,
And There! unſummon'd, tend the Muſes.
For tho', from Vulgar Eyes retir'd,
(As ſacred Laws of Dreſs requir'd!)
The NYMPH her crouded Levée flies;
SHE could not ſcape Poetic Eyes.
The licens'd Bard, from forth the Throng,
(Still may that Licence crown his Song!)
Step'd boldly in, behind the Screen;
Unſeen, or ſeemingly Unſeen.
No formal Order here He found;
One gay Confuſion ſtrow'd the Ground.
A Shop of Millenery Wares!
A Magazine of Female Airs!
What, Arms defend, or what oppoſe;
LOVE's Torches! Quivers! Arrows! Bows!
What, Hands can ſhape, or Heads produce;
All Modes, in Uſe! Or out of Uſe!

A Fan, that many a Mounting coſt!
And Equipage, the Trinkets loſt.
A Feather, late a ſhining Flow'r!
A Watch, that never minds the Hour!
A Buſk, ſubdued beneath the Yoke!
A Croſſiate, from the Necklace broke!
An Ear-ring, that demands a Drop!
An Harpſicord, that knows no Stop!
A Shell, retentive once of Snuff!
A Caſe, once Maſter of a Muff!
A Mantle, that has loſt a Wing!
A Cawl, with diſobedient String!
Far, from its Head, a Wire miſlaid!
A Slipper, from its Fellow ſtray'd!
Here Knots, that can no longer kill!
There Lappets, learning to lie ſtill!
Here Aprons, throwing off their Fringes!
There Twyzers, flying from their Hinges!
Loſt Petticoats, worn Mantuas mourning!
Full-Dreſſes, into Night-Gowns turning!
To Tippets, Tuckers lending Laces!
And Breadths, like Stateſmen, changing Places!
A Girdle, o'er its Buckle wound,
Wrapt, as a Snake, in its own Round!
A Hood, long pleas'd, with decent Pride,
To ſhew the Face, It feign'd to hide!
A Frame, doom'd many a Day to ſtand,
Or freed by NELLY's aiding Hand!
Here, ſhatter'd Hoops of Fencing Cane,
Exiled from their ELYSIAN Reign!
There, Ribs of Whale, by Age decay'd,
Proud of the Shape They took, not made!

A Ring,

A Ring, with Motto out of Date;
' Sad Prophet of the Giver's Fate!'
A Seal of HERCULES and YOUTH ;*
' Hence, BEAUTY, know, the Prize of Truth!'
A Breaſt-Knot, late a dang'rous Snare;
' That bids, of fleeting Time beware.'
A Monkey chain'd to good Behavour;
' Let Malice never win thy Favor.'
A Dog, that leſs delights, than ſhocks;
' There weigh the Worth of Toupéed Locks.'
A Parrot, of leſs pleaſing Parts;
' Fools keep not long our Ears or Hearts!'
A Cage, its flutt'ring Inmate flown;
' Thus warn'd, ſecurely guard your Own!'
The Story of a Maid † Undone;
' Sweet Ruin, taught by Others, ſhun!'
A Sermon, never to be read;
' They need no Guide, that cautious tread!'
The Toilet here, not laid in State,
Scarce half imploys the Hands that wait.
Ill-furniſh'd with Coſmetic Pow'rs,
Of Stiptic Balms, or Eſſence Show'rs.
Well may the GRACES ſpare their Aid;
For Art wou'd but undreſs the Maid.
Here, no falſe-flatt'ring Glaſs is fix'd!
Here, no Camelion Water mix'd!
No Brow with Plaſtic Labor ſpread!
No Furrow ſmooth'd with level Lead!
And how cou'd Cheeks of *Spaniſh* Die,
With Nature's purer Roſes vie?

* HEBE. † A Novel.

How!

How! The ſick Pale of Biſmute ſhow
With Hands more white than feather'd Snow?
What envious Breath of faint Perfume
Regale like Health's ſweet-flow'ry Bloom?
What pounded Pearl pretend to deck,
The Luſtre of that orient Neck?
What mimic Tinge of Ruby Hue,
Supply that Lip's Ambroſial Dew?
None, here, the Chymic Oil prepare,
To give the Gloſſey Cheſnut Hair;
Or Nightly Trap, inſidious, lay,
To catch new Eye-brows for the Day.
Vain Arts! That in ſlight Fetters hold;
Arts! Left to the Deform'd and Old:
Who, Deſtitute of native Charms,
Attempt to wound with borrow'd Arms.
Let no rich Jar adorn this Room!
No Carpet, wrought in *Perſian* Loom!
No Branch from Figur'd Ceiling fall!
No *Belgic* Tap'ſtry cloath the Wall!
Hang, here, no Piece of *Roman* Hand!
Here, let no *Grecian* Sculpture ſtand!
Might *That*, SUSANNA's Bath explain,
This, VENUS riſing from the Main;
Where Art and Nature ſeem at Strife:
No Image truly equals Life.
Then Who, by Folly not betray'd,
Wou'd quit the Subſtance, for the Shade?
Where BEAUTY condeſcends to reign,
' All other Ornament is vain.

But

But to return from this Poetical Digreſſion; The Looking-Glaſs that is ſeen in this Figure could ſuit no Hand more properly than that of VENUS; The GODDESS of Unbounded Love, and Eternal Beauty! For this Reaſon LAIS, in the Decline of Life dedicated Her Looking-Glaſs to VENUS, as We are told by JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS.

Λαῖς ἀμαλδωθεῖσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφὴν
Γηραλέῳ ϛυγέει μαρτυρίῳ ῥυϊδων
Ἔνθεν πικρὸν ἔλεγχον ἀπεχθήρασα κατόπτρῳ
Ἄνθετο δεσποίνῃ τῆς πάρος ἀγλαΐης.
Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι Κυθέρεια δέχῳ νεότητος ἑταιρῶν
Δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφὴ σὴ χρόνον ἐτρομέει.

LAIS, when Time had ſpoil'd her wonted Grace,
Abhorr'd the Look of Age that plow'd her Face,
Her *Glaſs*, ſad Monitor of Charms decay'd!
Before the QUEEN OF LASTING BLOOM She laid.
" The ſweet Companion of my Youthful Years
" Be Thine! (She ſaid) No Change thy Beauty fears."

PLATO has given another Turn to the ſame memorable Dedication.

Ἡσοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἡ τὸν ἐρώντων
Ἐσμὸν ἐνὶ προσύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,
Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον. ἐπεὶ τόιη μὲν ὁρᾶσθαι
Οὐκ ἐθέλω, ὅιη δ' ἦν πάρος, ὃ δύναμαι.

LAIS, The Joy of Youth, of Love the Pride,
That wont all GREECE to charm and to deride;
Lo! VENUS, at thy ſacred Altar ſtands,
And dedicates her *Glaſs* with grateful Hands.

 For,

For, ſee I *cannot* what I us'd *to Be*,
And what I *muſt Be* now, I *wou'd not* ſee.

From Both Theſe AUSONIUS drew the following conciſe and elegant Imitation.

Lais *anus* Veneri *ſpeculum dico: dignum habeat ſe*
Æterna æternum forma miniſterium.
At mihi nullus in hoc uſus: quia cernere talem,
Qualis ſum, nolo: qualis eram, nequeo.

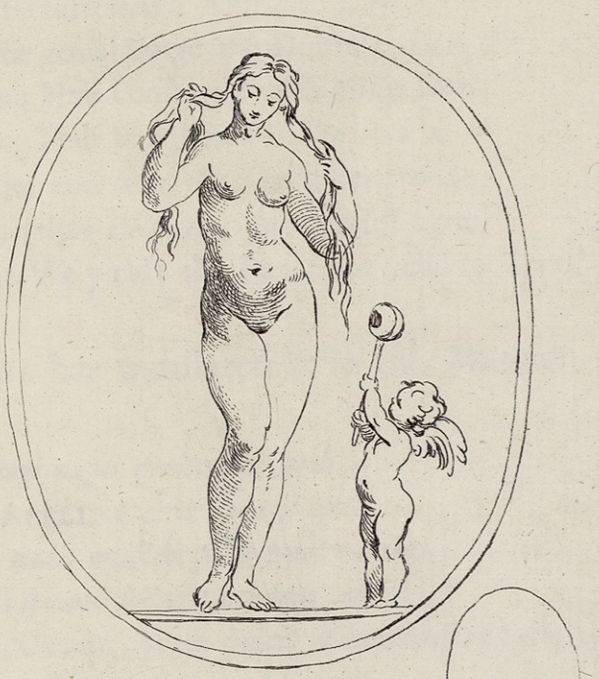
XXV.

VENUS ANADYOMENE, or Riſing from the Sea, and Drying her Beautiful Hair. She is in the very Attitude of that famous Picture, drawn by APELLES, which was One of the Fineſt Ornaments of the Palace of AUGUSTUS. OVID, in the Firſt Elegy of his Fourth Book *de Ponto*, with many Others, has greatly commended this Piece.

Et Venus Artificis labor eſt et gloria Coï,
Æquoreo madidas quæ premit imbre comas.
Here VENUS her unſullied Charms diſplaies,
Of *Coan* Art the Labor, and the Praiſe!
Where ſtands, confeſs'd to Sight, the *Cyprian* Pow'r,
And preſſes from her Hair the Briny Show'r.

The Anthologia gives Us ſeveral Deſcriptions of It in various Epigrams; among Which, is This that follows, *(Book the Fourth, Chapter the Twelfth)* by ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

Τάν



XXV

Τὰν ἀναδυομένναν ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θάλαττας
Κύπριν, Ἀπελλείᾳ μόχθον ὅρα γραφίδος.
Ὡς χερὶ συμμάρψασα θέβροχον ὕδαι χαίταν
Ἐκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἄφρον ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.
Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν Ἀθηναίητε ϗ Ἥρη,
Οὐκ ἔτι σοὶ μορφᾶς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.

The QUEEN OF LOVE emergent from the Wave! —
Life to the Picture fam'd APELLES gave.
New from the genial Surge the GODDESS view;
Her charming Hair conſpers'd with briny Dew.
Her charming Hair She preſſes as She ſtands,
And explicates and dries with both her Hands.
" To Thee, (thus PALLAS, JUNO muſt agree)
" The Prize We yield! the Pref'rence yield to Thee!

AUSONIUS has tranſlated It in this Manner.

Emerſam pelagi nuper genitalibus undis
CYPRIN APELLEI *cerne laboris opus.*
Ut complexa manu madidos ſalis æquore crines,
Humidulis ſpumas ſtringit utrâque comis:
Jam tibi nos CYPRI, JUNO *inquit et innuba* PALLAS,
Cedimus, et Formæ præmia deſerimus.

ATHENAEUS reports, that APELLES drew this VENUS, after the Reſemblance of the famous PHRYNE. She conceived ſuch Pride from having been the Model of ſo Beautiful a Picture, that, at the ELEUSINIAN Feaſts, She ſtripp'd Herſelf quite Naked, and with diſhevel'd Hair ran to the Borders of the Sea, to imitate in every Particular the VENUS of APELLES.

 There

There is alſo a Medal of ADANA, a City in *Cilicia*, which repreſents VENUS ANADYOMENE.

* There is an Error in the Conſtruction of the Senſe of ATHENAEUS. PHRYNE, the Courteſan, ſo celebrated for the beautiful Conſtructure of her Body, is not ſaid by that Author, to have ſtripp'd Herſelf at the ELEUSINIAN Feaſts, out of vain Oſtentation to imitate the VENUS of APELLES; It was cuſtomary, with the Votaries of Love, to expoſe all their Beauties at the Feaſt of VENUS ELEUSINE; PHRYNE conform'd on this Occaſion. ATHENAEUS ſays no more, than, that this Accident furniſh'd the Painter with the Idea of a Naked Beauty; and that from the Model of thoſe Perfections which He had obſerv'd in PHRYNE, He drew his VENUS ANADYOMENE. The Paſſage is curious, and ſhall be quoted at full Length.

Ὑπερείδης δὲ ὁ ῥήτωρ, ἐκ τῆς πατρῴας οἰκίας τὸν υἱὸν ἀποβαλὼν Γλαύκιππον, Μυρίνην τὴν πολυτελεςάτην ἑταίραν ἀνέλαβε, καὶ ταύτην μὲν ἐν ἄςει εἶχεν· ἐν Πειραιεῖ δὲ Ἀριςαγόραν, Φίλαν δ' ἐν Ελευσῖνι, ἣν πολλῶν ὠνησάμενος χρημάτων εἶχεν ἐλευθερώσας, ὕςερον δὲ καὶ οἰκουρὸν αὐτὴν ἐποιήσατο, ὡς Ιδομενεὺς ἱςορεῖ. ἐν δὲ τῷ ὑπὲρ Φρύνης λόγῳ Ὑπερειείδης ὁμολογῶν ἐρᾷν τῆς γυναικὸς, καὶ οὐδέ πω τοῦ ἔρωτος ἀπηλλαγμένος τὴν προειρημένην. Μυρίνην εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν εἰσήγαγεν. ἦν δὲ ἡ Φρύνη ἐκ Θεσπιῶν· κρινομένη δὲ ὑπὸ Ευθίου τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ, ἀπέφυγε. διόπερ ὀργισθεὶς ὁ Ευθίας οὐκ ἔτι εἶπεν ἄλλην δίκην, ὥς φησιν Ερμιππος. ὁ δὲ Ὑπερείδης συναγορεύων τῇ Φρύνῃ ὡς οὐδὲν ἤνυε λέγων, ἐπίδοξοί τε ἦσαν οἱ δικαςαὶ καταψηφισόμενοι, παραγαγὼν αὐτὴν εἰς τοὐμφανὲς, καὶ περιῤῥήξας τὸς χιτωνίσκους γυμνά τε τὰ ςέρνα ποιήσας; τὸς ἐπιλογικοὺς οἴκτους ἐκ τῆς ὄψεως αὐτῆς ἐπερρητόρευσε, δεισιδαιμονήσαί τε ἐποίησεν τὸς δικαςὰς τὴν ὑποφῆ-

τιν

τιν ϗ ζάκορον Αφροδίτης ἐλέῳ χρησαμένους μὴ ἀποκτεῖναι· ϗ ἀφεθείσης, ἐγράφη μετὰ ταῦτα ψήφισμα, μηδένα οἰκτίζεσθαι τῶν λεγόντων ὑπέρ τινος, μηδὲ βλεπόμενον τὸν κατηγορούμενον, ἢ τὴν κατηγορουμένην κρίνεσθαι. ἦν δὲ ὄντως μᾶλλον ἡ Φρύνη καλὴ ἐν τοῖς μὴ βλεπομένοις· διόπερ οὐδὲ ῥάδιον ἦν αὐτὴν ἰδεῖν γυμνήν. ἐχέσαρκον γὰρ χιτώνιον ἀμπείχετο. ϗ τοῖς δημοσίοις οὐκ ἐχρῆτο βαλανείοις. τῇ δὲ τῶν Ελευσινίων πανηγύρει ϗ τῇ τῶν Ποσειδωνίων, ἐν ὄψει τῶν πανελλήνων πάντων ἀποτιθεμένη θοιμάτια, ϗ λύσασα τὰς κόμας, ἐνέβαινε τῇ θαλάττῃ· ϗ ὑπ' αὐτῆς Ἀπελλῆς τὴν ἀναδυομένην Αφροδίτην ἀπεγράψατο.

" While PHRYNE continued under the Patronage
" of HYPERIDES; that Orator undertook her Defence,
" upon an Accusation that was exhibited against Her.
" And when He found it manifest that She would be
" condemn'd by a Majority of Voices; He produced Her
" before the Assembly; There tearing off her Vestment,
" He expos'd her Bosom, more than Half Naked to the
" Court; And in the Close of his Discourse turn'd Him-
" self entirely to exaggerate and plead upon the Beauty
" of her Person; which carried that Prevalence with It,
" that the Judges touch'd with Compassion, and struck,
" as it were, with a Religious Awe, (as if a real Ser-
" vant or Priestess of VENUS had appear'd before
" Them) could by no means consent to put Her to
" Death. But She had no sooner evaded the Sentence,
" than it was forbid by a Public Decree; that for the
" Future, *Any Pleader should attempt to move the Judges*
" *to Compassion, for Fear of Corrupting their Judg-*
" *ment*; and that, for the same Reason, *Any Criminal*
" *or Cited Witness, should be admitted to continue in the*
" *Court, during the Passing of Sentence.* For the Great

 " Beauty

" Beauty of PHRYNE lay in those Parts of the Body
" which Decency forbids to uncover. Nor was it easy
" to see Her naked without Emotion; upon which Ac-
" count She was interdicted the Public Baths. But
" amidst the frequent Concourse of People that assem-
" bled at the Feasts of ELEUSINE and NEPTUNE,
" She laid aside her Cloaths, and with her Hairs all
" loose about Her, entered into the Sea; *On which Oc-*
" *casion She appear'd so Beautiful; That after Her,*
" APELLES *painted his* VENUS ANADYOMENE.

XXVI.

VENUS and CUPID. CUPID is mounted on a Wheel; a SATYR stands behind VENUS. This Gem is singular. I have never before observ'd, the moving Pedestal of FORTUNE attributed to the GOD OF LOVE: yet it seems not incongruous with the Inconstancy of his Nature.

* The Singularity of this Design may be put in a clearer Light; If We consider the Allusion of TIBULLUS, in these Lines of the Sixth of his First Book of Elegies, where He warns his Rival.

At tu qui potior nunc es, mea furta timeto.
Versatur celeri Fors levis orbe rotæ.

But Thou, more Potent in her Favor grown,
Warn'd, by my baser Usage, fear your own.
For FORTUNE, to no certain Motion bound,
Her lightly-rolling Wheel turns swiftly Round.

TIBULLUS,

XXVI

TIBULLUS, it is allow'd, but barely hints, that the Chance of LOVE, is as inſtable, as the Chance of FORTUNE. PROPERTIUS will give Us a ſtronger Proof. For in the Eighth Elegy of his Second Book, He directly attributes to LOVE the mutable Wheel, that is univerſally given to FOUTUNE.

Eripitur nobis jam pridem cara Puella,
Et tu me lacrymas fundere, amice, vetas? . . . .
Omnia vertuntur: certe vertuntur amores:
Vinceris, aut vincis, hæc in Amore rota eſt.
Torn from my Sight the Maid I held ſo Dear!——
And wou'd my Friend reſtrain each tender Tear?
Round, All Things turn; We tread unfaithful Ground:
But more than All our Miſtreſſes turn round.
Captiv'd, or Captivating, ſtill We prove
One Change; ſo various is the *Wheel of* LOVE!

In the ſame Senſe AGATHIAS introduces FORTUNE diſputing with VENUS, the Acquiſition of an Unequal Match.

Γρίπευς τὶς μογέεσκεν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι. τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα
Εὐκτέανος κούρη θυμὸν ἔκαμνε πόθῳ·
Καί μιν θῆκε σύνευνον. ὁ δ' ἐκβιότοιο πενιχροῦ
Δέξατο παντοίης ὄγκον ἀγλωορίης.
Ἡ ἦ Τύχη γελόωσα παρίσατο, ἢ ποτὶ Κύπριν
Οὐ τεὸς ἄυτος ἀγὼν, ἀλλ' ἐμός ἐστιν, ἔφη.
A *Fiſher* for Subſiſtence plow'd the Main;
Great was the Labor, and but ſmall the Gain.
A ſoft-eyed *Heireſs* views his Drudging Life;
And viewing loves: The Lover turns to Wife.

The Wretch, by Bounty rescued from the Tide,
Insults with all a Wealthy Husband's Pride.
When strait to VENUS, FORTUNE smiling said,
(For either Goddess watch'd the Nuptial Bed.)
" All Claim, FAIR SISTER, to this Sport resign!
" Not Thine this Match! The Oddness proves it Mine."

The Ludicrous and Wanton Figure that stands behind VENUS, may be very well suppos'd to be of the Party; We shall treat of the SATYRS and FAUNS on another Occasion.

XXVII.

CUPID seated on a Shell. He lifts up with both his Hands a Butterfly, the Emblem of the *Soul*, to denote, that *Love* often elevates the *Soul* to great Undertakings. The Soul is frequently represented under this Figure in Antiquities; and it is from its *Greek* Nomination Ψυχὴ, that the MISTRESS of CUPID is call'd PSYCHE. The Wings of a Butterfly which they give Her, are meant as Symbols of the Immortality of the *Soul*; because thro' the Course of her various Metamorphoses, the Butterfly revives from Herself. PETER-SANTEZ has ingraved a large Bas-Relief, and a Sepulchral Urn, on which this GOD is seen embracing PSYCHE, who is drawn with Butterfly-Wings.

* As to what more particularly relates to the Butterfly, that CUPID holds in his Hand; We must refer the Reader to the Explication of the XCVIIIth Figure; where We shall speak at large of CUPID and PSYCHE; and of the Fabulous as well as the Mythological Sense of their Amour.

CUPID

XXVII

CUPID in his Divine Contemplation of the Soul, may be well ſuppos'd to ſit in Triumph on his Mother's Shell. This is the noted *Concha*, which ſerv'd as a Vehicle to convey the wanton GODDESS to *Cyprus*; For at *Cyprus* She was ſaid to land, juſt newly riſen from the Sea. Hence TIBULLUS;

Adſis, et timidis . . . . . votis
Faveas conchâ, Cypria, vecta tuâ.
Aſſiſt thy Vot'ry, and his Fear diſpel,
O CYPRIAN GODDESS, *borne upon thy Shell.*

And, not to forget that delicate Imitator of the Ancients, hence *Secundus* in his VI. *Baſium.*

Tu quoque cum Dea ſis, Divâ formoſior illâ
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter.
Nor leſs a GODDESS Thou. Thy Heav'nly Face,
A GODDESS ſpeaks Thee, of Etherial Race.
Speaks Thee ev'n Her in Beauty to excel,
Who roams o'er Ocean on her vagrant Shell.

Why this Vehicle was aſſign'd to VENUS, FULGENTIUS informs Us; as I find Him quoted to my Hand by BROUKUIUS, in his Notes on TIBULLUS. *Concha etiam marina pingitur portari, quod hujus generis animal toto corpore ſimul aperto in coitu miſceatur, ſicut Juba in Phyſiologis refert*, Mythol. l. 2. c. 4. " She is " repreſented borne upon a *Concha*, becauſe that Species " of Sea Animals open and mix their whole Bodies in " Procreation; as JUBA relates in his Phyſiologies.

XXVIII. The

XXVIII.

The Education of Love. VENUS ſtooping, ſeems to give Him her Breaſt.

* It was ſome Gem or Statue of CUPID and VENUS in this Attitude, that furniſh'd the Poet MELEAGER with the elegant Compliment He pays his Miſtreſs ZENOPHILE.

Πωλείσθω ϗ μάτρος ἐτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων·
Πωλείσθω. τὶ δ' μοι τὸ θρασὺ τοῦτο τρέφειν;
Καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφυ, ϗ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δ' ὄνυξι
Κνίζει. Καὶ κλαιὸν πολλὰ, μεταξὺ γελά.
Πρὸς δ' ἔτι λοιπὸν, ἄτρεκτον ἀειλαλον, ὀξὺ δεδορκὸς,
Ἀγρίον· οὐδ' ἀυτᾶ ματρὶ φίλα τιθασον.
Πάντα τέρας. τοὶ γὰρ πεπράσεται· ὅτις ἀποπλοὺς
Ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλοι, προσίτω.
Καί τοι λίστετ' ἰδοὺ δεδακρυμένος. ὅτί σε πωλῷ.
Θάρσει, Ζηνοφίλα σύντροφος ὧδε μένε.

Who buies, the wanton GOD OF LOVE, Who buies?
While on his Mother's beauteous Breaſt He lies?
I will not nurture the Audacious Boy,
That loads, with laſting Pain, momentous Joy;
Equipt, with Darts to wound, and Wings to fly;
Of open Face, but of a piercing Eye.
Or Griev'd, or Pleas'd, ſtill various He appears;
With Smiles his Grief, his Pleaſure mix'd with Tears.
Beſides his Will, no other Law He ſeeks;
Loud, when He laughs; Loquacious, when He ſpeaks.
Perverſe, by Habit; as by Nature, Wild;
Tho' Little, Strong; and Cruel, tho' a Child.

XXVIII

XXIX

No Act of Violence his Hand forbears;
The Wretch not even his own fond Mother ſpares.
In ev'ry Part, a Monſter, in the Whole;
A Monſter! both in Body and in Soul.
Come, Merchant, You that navigate the Seas,
Come take the Miſcreant, at what Price You pleaſe.
Sold He ſhall be.——Hold! haſty Merchant, hold!
The Boy relents; The Boy ſhall not be ſold.
How loth He ſeems to quit the ſoft Embrace!
Behold, what pearly Tears bedew his Face!
What moving Pray'rs, his Voice diſcloſes, hear!
Well! Love, thy Sentence ſhall be leſs ſevere.
With my Zenophile for ever reſt,
Thou wilt not wiſh for Cytherea's Breaſt.

XXIX.

Cupid teaches the Fauns to play upon the Flute, to ſhew that this God humanizes and diſciplines the moſt Savage.

* How applicable is this Figure to the *Third Idyllium* of Bion. The Fable and Moral of Both Pieces are the ſame.

Ἁ μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις ἔθ' ὑπνώοντι παρέστα,
Νηπίαχον τὸν Ἔρωτα καλᾶς ἐκ χειρὸς ἄγοισα,
Ἐς χθόνα νωτάζοντα· τόσον δέ μοι ἔφραστε μῦθον,
Μέλπειν μοι φίλε βᾶτα λαβὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα δίδασκε.
Ὡς λέγε, χ' ἁ μὲν ἀπῆλθεν· ἐγὼ δ' ὅσα βακολίασδον,
Νήπιον, ὡς ἐθέλοντα μαθεῖν τὸν Ἔρωτα δίδασκον,
Ὡς ἕυρε πλαγίαυλον ὁ Πὰν, ὡς αὐλὸν Ἀθάνα,
Ὡς χέλυν Ἑρμάων, κίθαριν δ' ὡς ἀδὺς Ἀπόλλων.

Ταῦτά μιν ἐξεδίδασκον· ὁ δ' ἐκ ἐμπάζετο μύθων,
Ἀλλά μοι αὐτὸς ἄειδεν ἐρωτύλα, καί μ' ἐδίδασκε
Θνατῶν ἀθανάτων τε πόθες, ἠ ματέρος ἔργα.
Κ' ηγὼν ὀκλαθόμαν μὲν ὅσων τὸν Ἔρωτα δίδασκον·
Ὅσα δ' Ἔρως μ' ἐδίδασκεν ἐρωτύλα πάντ' ἐδιδάχθη.

As late in Sleep I clos'd my weary Sight,
This Vision rose to dissipate the Night.
Full in my View great VENUS seem'd to stand,
Young CUPID holding in her lovely Hand;
Who, all the while She spoke, in Childish Guise,
Look'd modest on the Ground with pensive Eyes.
" To Thee, behold, my Infant Son I bring,
" To Thee, lov'd Swain! Inform Him Thou to sing."
She said, with softest Voice and sweetest Air;
And, saying, left Him with a Mother's Care.
Strait I begun my Rustic Voice to raise,
And sport, as wont, my old Bucolic Lays;
Such as I deem'd might most instructive prove:
Ah simple Thought! Instruct the GOD OF LOVE?
I sung; ' How PAN the reedy Syrinx found!
' How PHOEBUS gave the Lyre harmonious Sound!
' How PALLAS form'd the undulating Flute!
' And last, How HERMES tun'd the Vocal Lute!'
But LOVE regardless of my Rural Strain,
To These, soft am'rous Songs return'd again.
' His MOTHER's Charms, He rais'd, His MOTHER's Arts!
' How absolute her Sway o'er Human Hearts!
' The GODS Themselves how potent to inflame!
' With all the Triumphs of the CYPRIAN DAME!'
Hence It arose, that by his Music caught,
I lost the old Bucolic Lays I taught;

But ſtill remain obſervant of his Will,
And LOVE'S *ſoft am'rous Songs remember ſtill.*

It will fall in our Way to treat of the Images of HERMES and PRIAPUS, before We finiſh our whole Explication.

XXX.

This Gem, One of the Largeſt that I have ſeen, is without Diſpute, One of the fineſt in point of Workmanſhip. It is eaſy to diſcern every Part of it, as well from the Beauty of the Compoſition, as the Attitude of the Figures: But It is not ſo eaſy to determine the Subject. VENUS and CUPID occupy the Middle; the Two Extremities are fill'd, One by two FAUNS that play on Muſical Inſtruments, and the Other by a BACCHUS characteriz'd by his THYRSUS and ATTENDANT. Perhaps It was calculated to repreſent, " the Union of the " Pleaſures of Love, with Thoſe of Wine and Harmony." His E. M. the Cardinal DE POLIGNAC has a moſt Beautiful Deſign of RAPHAEL after this Model. What Recommendation is it in Favour of this Gem, that ſo Illuſtrious a Connoiſſeur has preſerv'd the Deſign, and that the Deſign was taken by ſo able a Hand as RAPHAEL?

* ANACREON has left Us an Ode, filled with almoſt the ſame Perſonages that appear in this Figure.

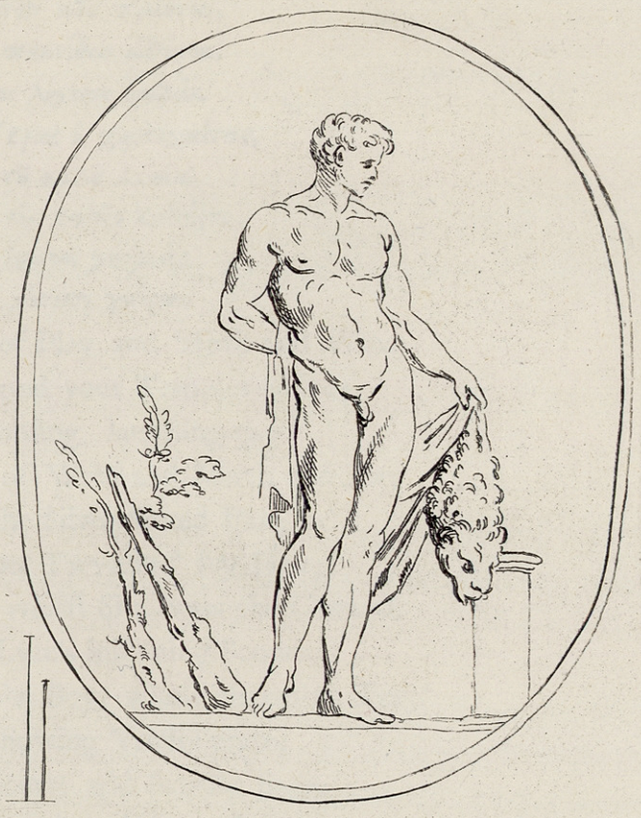
Στεφάνυς μὲν κροτάφοισι
Ῥοδίνυς σωαρμόσαντες
Μεθύομεν ἀβρὰ γελῶντες.

Ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ ἢ κύρᾳ,
Κατὰ κισσοῖσι βρέμοντας
Πλοκάμοις φέρουσα θύρσους,
Χλιδανόσφυρον χορεύει.
Ἀβροχαίτας δ' ἅμα κοῦρον,
Στομάτων ἁδὺ πνεόντων,
Κατὰ πηκτίδων ἀθύρων,
Προχέει λίγειαν ὀμφάν.
Ὁ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαίτας,
Μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου,
Μετὰ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης,
Τὸν ἐπήρατον γηραιοῖς
Κῶμον μέτεισι χαίρων.

Friends of Play and Mirth and Wine,
Roſes round your Temples twine;
Gay-carouſing, laughing-gay:
Friends of Wine and Mirth and Play.
Whilſt the Silver-footed Fair,
Waves her THYRSUS' Ivy Hair;
Nimbly whilſt She beats the Ground,
To the Lyre's inliv'ning Sound:
Whilſt the Boy, whoſe charming Face
Looſely-flowing Treſſes grace,
Softly moves, and ſweetly ſings,
To the Lute's melodious Strings:
Whilſt the beauteous * SON OF JOVE,
Whilſt the beauteous QUEEN OF LOVE,
With the Gold-hair'd CYPRIAN BOY,
Seek the GOD of FEAST, and JOY:
COMUS ſeek! to crown the Whole;
Raiſe the Laughter; ſpeed the Bowl;

* BACCHUS.

Sorrow



XXXI

Sorrow banish; Pain assuage;
COMUS! that gives YOUTH to *Age*.

XXXI.

HERCULES holding the Spoils of the NEMEAN LION.

* As This is the First of Ten Figures, all in a Suite, relating to the Actions and Labors of HERCULES, this seems to be the most proper Place to treat of his Infancy and Birth; before we set out upon the particular Subject of each Figure.

HERCULES, or ALCIDES was the Son of JUPITER by ALCMENA Wife to AMPHITRYON King of THEBES; AMPHITRYON being absent in the Wars against the TELEBOANS, a People of ÆTOLIA, JUPITER assumed his Shape and Dress, and joining three Days and three Nights together, performed the Honors of his House. One of the finest Comedies of PLAUTUS is built upon this Delusion; MOLIERE has introduced It on the *French* Theatre, and DRYDEN on the *English*. ALCMENA brought forth two Sons; one by her Husband, and one by her Gallant; The Matrimonial Twin was called IPHICLUS, and became as celebrated for his Speed, as his Divine Brother for his Strength; For HERCULES was nominated ALCIDES, from Ἀλκὴ *Robur*, that is to say, *Strength*. The Source of all his Labors and Triumphs proceeded from the Resentment of JUNO, whence He was called HERCULES; Ἥρα, that is JUNO, administering Occasion to all his Κλέος or *Glory*. For JUNO inrag'd at the Infidelity of her Husband, and the extraordinary Favor bestow'd

upon

upon her Rival, attempted to destroy the Child in the very Womb of his Mother. She resolv'd in Quality of LUCINA, to retard his Birth; but GELANTHIS, the Attendant of ALCMENA, turn'd her from the Prosecution of her Design, by an artful Contrivance; She assur'd the GODDESS, that her Mistress had been already deliver'd. Failing in this Attempt JUNO had Recourse to another Expedient; Not long after the Child was born, She sent two Serpents to kill Him in his Cradle; but HERCULES seizing One in either Hand dispatch'd Them. JUNO was now reduc'd to her Third Reserve; She had before This obtain'd of JUPITER, that, as ALCMENA and ARCHIPPE had Both conceiv'd about the same Time, the Son of either that was born last should be subject to the Son of the Other. ARCHIPPE was first brought to Bed; For JUNO had hasten'd her Labor; She eas'd Her of her Burthen at the End of seven Months; And hence HERCULES, the Son of JUPITER, became subservient to EURISTHEUS, the Son of STHENELUS, King of MYCENÆ.

This was the Rise of those memorable Labors of HERCULES; the most celebrated are the Twelve Following, compris'd in as many Verses, extracted from the *Third Chiliade* of JOANNES TZETZES:

Πρῶτα νεμέας λέοντα τοξεύσας, χερσὶ πνίγει....
Λέρνης ἐννέα κέφαλον ὕδραν δευτέρως κτείνει....
Ἔλαφον τὴν χρυσόκερον τρίτα ποσὶ κάτεσχεν....
Πρὸς ᾗ τὸν Ἐρυμάνθιον εἶτα βαδίζει κάπρον....
Πέμπτον, τὴν κόπρον ἐκφορεῖ Ἀυγείου φορβαντίδα....
Ἕκτον, κροτάλῳ τε χαλκῷ κ᾽ τόξοις ὄρνις κτείνει....
Ἕβδομον, ταῦρον κρητικὸν νικήσας ἄγει ζῶντα....

Τὰς

Τὰς ἀνδροφόνους, ὄγδοον, ἵππους τοῦ Διομήδους. . . .
Ἔνναλον, πρὸς ζωστῆρα τὲ τρέχει τῆς ἱππολύτης . . . .
Δέκατον, βοῦς τὰς φονικὰς τρισώμου Γηρυόνου. . . .
Μῆλ' Ἑσπερίδων ἀγαγεῖν, ἐνδέκατον κελεύει . . . .
Ἆθλον τελεῖ δωδέκατον, ἀναγωθὴν Κερβέρου.

Or as They are ſummed up in as many *Latin*, though not exactly in the ſame Order.

Prima CLEONEI *tolerata ærumna* LEONIS.
Proxima LERNÆUM *ferro et face contudit* HYDRAM.
Mox ERYMANTHEUM *vis Tertia perculit* APRUM.
ÆRIPEDIS *Quarto tulit aurea cornua* CERVI.
STYMPHALIDAS *pepulit* VOLUCRES *diſcrimine Quinto.*
Thrëiciam Sexto ſpoliavit AMAZONA BALTHEO.
Septima in AUGEÆ STABULIS *impenſa laboris.*
Octava EXPULSO *numeratur adorea* TAURO.
In DIOMEDEIS *victor jam Nona* QUADRIGIS.
GERYONE *extincto Decimam dat Iberia palmam.*
Undecimum MALA HESPERIDUM *diſtracta triumphum.*
CERBERUS *extremi Suprema eſt meta laboris.*
Firſt in his Way CLEONE's (1) LION ſtands,
And falls a Victim to his Naked Hands.
Next, the LERNÆAN (2) HYDRA rais'd his Fame,
Quell'd with united Force of Sword and Flame.
And next from ERYMANTHIAN Woods He tore,
DIANA's Scourge, the dire ARCADIAN (3) BOAR.
A fairer Prey his fourth Attempt adorns,
The Brazen-footed HIND (4) with Golden Horns.
Then ſought ALCIDES the Stymphalic Flood,
And chas'd the Birds (5) that joy'd in Human Blood.

Now

Now yields her Zone (6) the AMAZON of *Thrace*,
And Manly Shoulders Female Trophies grace.
And now to Tasks immunde the Hero falls,
To cleanse AUGEAS' (7) long-neglected STALLS.
Nor was his Round of Labor yet complete,
As witnesses thy BULL, (8) infested CRETE!
Here shines the Victor, glorious from afar;
Lo DIOMED (9) resignes his lofty Car.
And there IBERIA gives a later Prize,
For lo! the Triple-form'd (10) GERYON dies.
HESPERIA (11) then her Golden Fruits allows,
Torn from her Gardens to adorn his Brows.
Then furious CERBERUS (12) He binds in Chains,
The Last of all his Triumphs, and his Pains.

The First of these Labors was his Overcoming the NEMEAN LION. The Detail of this Adventure is no where so well told, as in the twenty fifth of those *Idylliums* vulgarly ascrib'd to THEOCRITUS; though some Critics attribute This, and others of Them to BION and MOSCHUS. This *Idyllium* is imperfect as well in the Beginning as the End. HERCULES is introduced in his Way to AUGEAS, which was his seventh Labor; He meets one of that Prince's Herdsmen, with Whom He holds a long Dialogue. This Herdsman conducts Him to AUGEAS, who is attended by his Son PHYLEUS; They invite Him to the Town; On the Rode HERCULES is attack'd by a Bull belonging to AUGEAS, which the Hero seizes and holds suspended in the Air. This surprising Instance of Strength induces PHYLEUS to address HERCULES in the following Manner.

Τῇ μὲν ἄρα προσέειπε Διὸς γονὸν ὑψίσοιο
Ἀυγείεω φίλος υἱός, ἔθεν μετόπισθεν ἐόντα,
Ἦκα παρακλίνας κεφαλὴν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·
Ξεῖνε, πάλαι τινὰ πάγχυ σέθεν πέρι μῦθον ἀκούσας,
Ὡσεί περ σφετέρῃσιν ἔνι φρεσὶ βάλλομαι ἄρτι·
Ἦλυθε γὰρ τείχων τὶς ἀπ' Ἄργεος, ὡς νέος ἀκμήν,
Ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ Ἑλίκης ἐξ ἀγχιάλοιο,
Ὃς δή τοι μυθεῖτο κὴ ἐν πλεόνεσσιν Ἐπειῶν,
Ὅωεκεν Ἀργείων τις ἔθεν παρεόντος ὄλεσσε
Θηρίον, αἰνολέοντα, κακὸν τέρας ἀγροιώταις,
Κείλω αὖλιν ἔχοντα Διὸς Νεμέοιο παρ' ἄλσος.
Οὐκ οἶδ' ἀτρεκέως ἢ Ἄργεος ἐξ ἱεροῖο
Αὐτόθεν, ἢ Τίρωθα νέμων πόλιν, ἠὲ Μυκήνῃ.
Ὡς κεῖνος ἀγόρευε· γένος δέ μιν εἶναι ἔφασκεν
(Εἰ ἐτεόν περ ἐγὼ μιμνήσκομαι) ἐκ Περσῆος.
Ἔλπομαι οὐχ ἕτερον τόδε τλήμμαι Αἰγιαλήων
Ἠὲ σέ, δέρμα ἢ θηρὸς ἀμφεφαδέως ἀγορεύει
Χειρῶν καρτερὸν ἔργον, ὅ τοι περὶ πλευρὰ καλύπτει.
Εἰπ' ἄγε νῦν μοι πρῶτον, (ἵνα γνῶω κατὰ θυμὸν,
Ἥρως, εἴτ' ἐτύμως μαντεύομαι, εἴτε κὴ οὐκί·)
Εἰ σύ γ' ἐκεῖνος ὃν ἄμμιν ἀκούεσσιν ἔειπεν,
Οὐξ Ἑλίκηθεν Ἀχαιὸς, ἐγὼ δέ σε φράζομαι ὀρθῶς.
Εἰπὲ δ' ὅπως ὀλοὸν τόδε θηρίον αὐτὸς ἔπεφνες,
Ὅππως τ' εὐύδρου Νεμέης εἰσήλυθε χῶρον.
Οὐ μὲν γὰρ κε τοσόνδε κατ' Ἀπίδα κνώδαλον εὕροις
Ἰμείρων ἰδέειν. ἐπεὶ οὐ μάλα τηλίκα βόσκει,
Ἀλλ' ἄρκτους τε σύας τε, λύκων τ' ὀλοφώϊον ἔρνος.
Τῷ κὴ θαυμάζεσκον ἀκούοντες τότε μῦθον·
Οἱ δέ νυ κὴ ψεύδεσσι ὁδοιπόρον ἀνέρ' ἔφαντο,
Γλώσσης μαψιδίοιο χαριζόμενον παρεόντι.

And as They walk'd with a majeſtic Look
Young PHYLEUS turn'd his Head, and thus He ſpoke:

Aright if I but guefs, your founding Fame
Has reach'd our Ears, tho' yet untold your Name.
For One, (an ARGIVE) valiant, ftout and young,
From AELIS came, and pleas'd the lift'ning Throng.
He faid, whilft He was there, and vow'd 'twas True,
A valiant GREEK a furious Lion flew,
Strong, cruel, bloody, that deftroy'd the Swains,
The fierceft Terror of NEMEAN Plains;
But whether ARGOS his great Birth could boaft,
Or *Sparta* gave, my Memory has loft;
But yet He faid (tho' I forget the Place)
For that I mind, He was of PERSEUS' Race;
And you, I hope, are He, the Man that fought,
This Skin proclaims as much, and clears my Doubt.
But pray inform Me, 'twill afford Delight
And pleafe me much, if I conjecture right;
Tell me if You are He, the Brave, the Bold,
Of Whom the ARGIVE's wond'rous Tale was told;
Tell how the Lion fell, what Strokes He ftood,
And how he came to the NEMEAN Wood.
For did You feek it, You would feek in vain
For fuch a Monfter on the GRECIAN Plain,
She breeds not fuch, the Bear, the Wolf, the Bore
Unlucky Beafts She breeds, and breeds no more;
Hence fome admire, and fome the Tale accufe
As if contriv'd to pleafe, and to amufe. CREECH.

To This, HERCULES replies;

Ὦ Ἀυγηϊάδη, τὸ μὲν, ὅτῃ με πρῶτον ἀνήρου,
Ἀυτὸς ϗ μάλα ῥεῖα κατὰ ϛάθμην ἐνόησας.

Ἀμφὶ

Ἀμφὶ δέ σοι τὰ ἕκαστα λέγοιμί κε τῇδε πελώρῃ,
Ὅππως ἐκφάνθεν (ἐπεὶ λελίησαι ἀκούειν·)
Νόσφιν γ' ἢ ὅθεν ἦλθε. τὸ γὰρ, πολέων περ ἐόντων
Ἀργείων, ἠδείς κεν ἔχοι σάφα μυθήσαιτο·
Ὅιον δ' ἀθανάτων τιν' ἐΐσκομεν ἀνδράσι πῆμα
Ἱρῶν μιμήσαντα φορωνήεσσιν ἐφεῖναι.
Πάντας γὰρ Πισῆας ἐπικλύζων ποταμὸς ὤς,
Λῖς ἄμοτον κερδίζε· μάλιστα ᾗ Βεμβινιαίους,
Ὅι ἔθεν ἀγχίμολοι ναῖον, ἄτλητα παθόντες.
Τὸν μὲν ἐμοὶ πρώτιστα τελεῖν ἐπέταξεν ἄεθλον
Ἐυρυθεύς· κτεῖναι δέ μ' ἐφίετο θερμὸν αἰνόν.
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κέρας ὑγρὸν ἑλὼν, κοίλῳ τε φαρέτραν
Ἰῶν ἐμπλείῳ, νεόμιν· ἐτέρῃφι ᾗ βάκτρον
Ἐυπαγές, αὐτόφλοιον, ἐπηρεφέος κοτίνοιο,
Ἔυμετρον· τὸ μὲν αὐτὸς ὑπὸ ζαθέῳ Ἑλικῶνι
Ἐυρὼν, σὺν πυκινῇσιν ὁλοχερές. ἔπασσα ῥίζης.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸν χῶρον, ὅπῃ λῖς ἦεν, ἵκανον,
Δὴ τότε τόξον ἑλὼν, στρεπτῇ ἐπέλασσα κορώνῃ
Νευρείῳ, περὶ δ' ἰὸν ἐχέσσονον εἶθαρ ἔβησα.
Πάντη δ' ὅστε φέρων, ὁλοὸν τέρας ἐσκοπίαζον,
Ἔι μιν ἐσαθρήσαιμι, παρός δ' ἐμέ κεῖνον ἰδέσθαι.
Ἥματος ἷῳ τὸ μεσηγύ· καὶ ἠδ' ὅπῃ ἴχνια τοῖο
Φραδέειν δυνάμῃν, ἠδ' ὠρυθμοῖο πυθέσθαι·
Οὐδέ μιν ἀνθρώπων τις ἔτι ἐπὶ βεστὶ καὶ ἔργοις
Φαιμηνόος πορέμοιο δὶ αὔλακος, ὅντιν' ἐροίμιν·
Ἀλλὰ κατὰ σαθμὸς χλωρὸν δέος εἶχεν ἕκαστον.
Οὐ μὴν πρὶν πόδας ἔσχον, ὅρος τανύφυλλον ἐρεύνων,
Πρὶν ἰδέειν, ἀλκῆς τε μεταυτίκα πειρηθῆναι..
Ἤτοι ὁ μὲν σήριγγα προδείελος ἔστιχεν εἰς ἷῳ.
Βεβρωκὼς κρειῶν τε καὶ αἵματος· ἀμφὶ ᾗ χαίτας
Ἀυχμηρὰς πεπάλακτο φόνῳ, χαλεπόν τε πρόσωπον,
Στήθεά τε· γλώσσῃ ᾗ περιλιχμᾶτο γένειον.
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ θάμνοισιν ἅμα σκιεροῖσιν ἐκρύφθην,

Ἐν ῥίῳ ὑλήεντι, δεδεγμένῳ ὀππόθ' ἵκοιτο·
Καὶ βάλον ἄορ ἰόντος ἀριστερὸν εἰς κενεῶνα
Τηϋσίως· ὁ γάρ τι βέλος διὰ σαρκὸς ὄλισθεν
Ὀκρυόεν, χλωρῇ ἠ παλίωτον ἔμπεσε ποίῃ.
Ἀυτὰρ ὁ κρᾶτα δαφοινὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὦκ' ἐπάειρεν
Θαμβήσας, πάντῃ ἠ διεδραμψ ὀφθαλμοῖσι
Σκεπτόμψος, λαμυρὸς ἠ χανὼν ὑπέδειξεν ὀδόντας.
Τῷ δ' ἐγὼ ἄλλον ὀϊστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆς προϊάλλον,
Ἀχαλόων ὅτι μοι πρὶν ἐτώσιος ἔκφυγε χειρός.
Μεσηγὺς δ' ἔβαλον στηθέων, ὅθι πνεύμονος ἕδρα·
Ἀλλ' ὁ δ' ὡς ὑπὸ βρύσαν ἔδυ πολυώδινος ἰὸς,
Ἀλλ' ἔπεσε προπάροιθε ποδῶν ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως.
Τὸ τρίτον αὖ μέλλεσκον, ἀσώμψος ἐν φρεσὶν αἰνῶς.
Ἀυερύειν. ὁ δέ μ' εἶδε περιγλιωώμψος ὀστοις,
Θὴρ ἄμοτος· μακρὶω ἠ παρ' ἰγνύῃσιν ἕλιξε
Κέρκον, ἄφαρ ἠ μάχης ἐμνήσατο. πᾶς δέ οἱ αὐχὶω
Θυμῷ ἐνεπλήθη, πυρσαὶ δ' ἔφριξαν ἔθειραι
Σκυζομένῳ· κυρτὴ ἠ ῥάχις γένετ' ἠΰτε τόξον,
Πάντοθεν εἰλυθέντος ὑπαὶ λαγόνας τε ἠ ἰξύ.
Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἁρματοπηγὸς ἀνὴρ, πολέων ἴδρις ἔργων,
Ὄρπηκας κάμπτῃσιν ἐρινεῷ ἐυκεάτοιο,
Θάλψας ἐν πυρὶ πρῶτον ἐπαξονίῳ κύκλα δίφρῳ,
Τῷ μὲν ὑπ' ἐκ χειρῶν ἔφυγψ τανύφλοιος ἐρινὸς
Καμπτόμψος, τηλῷ ἠ μιῇ πήδησεν ὑφ' ὁρμῇ·
Ὣς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ λῖς αἰνὸς ἀπόπροθεν ἀθρόος ἆλτο,
Μαιμώων χροὸς ἆσαι. ἐγὼ δ' ἑτέρηφι βέλεμνα
Χειρὶ προεχεθόμψν, ἠ ἀπ' ὤμων δίπλακα λώπιν,
Τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ῥόπαλον κόρσης ὕπερ αὖον ἀείρας,
Ἤλασα κακκεφαλῆς· διὰ δ' ἄνδιχα τρηχὺ ἔαξα
Ἀυτῷ ἐπὶ λασίοιο. καρήατος ἀγρέλαιον
Θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο πέσεν δ' ὄγε, πρὶν ἔμ' ἱκέσθαι,
Ὑψόθεν ἐν γαίῃ, ἠ ἐπὶ τρομεροῖς ποσὶν ἔστη,
Νευσάζων κεφαλῇ· περὶ γὰρ σκότος ὄσσε οἱ ἄμφω

Ἦλθε, βίῃ σειαθέντος ἐν ὀστέῳ ἐγκεφάλοιο.
Τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ὀδυσσαισι παραιφρονέοντα βαρείαις
Νωσάμῳ, πρὶν αὖθις ὑπότροπον ἀμπνευθῆναι,
Αὐχένος ἀῤῥήκτοιο παρ' ἰνίον ἥλασα προφθὰς,
Ῥίψας τόξον ἔραζε πολυῤῥαπτόν τε φαρέτρῃ.
Ἦγχον δ' ἐγκρατέως, σιβαρὰς σὺν χεῖρας ἐρείσας
Ἐξόπιθεν, μὴ σαρκὸς ἀποδρύψῃ ὀνύχεσι.
Πρὸς δ' ὀδὰς πτέρνῃσι πόδας σερεῶς ἐπίεζον
Οὐρανίδας ἐπιβὰς, πλευρῇσί τε μῆρ' ἐφύλασσον,
Μέχρις οἱ ἐξετάνυσσα βραχίονας, ὀρθὸν ἀείρας
Ἄπνευσον· ψυχὴ δ' πελώριον ἔλλαβεν ἄδης.
Καὶ τότε δὴ βάλλον ὅπως λασιαύχενα βύρσαν
Θηρὸς τεθνειῶτος ἀπὸ μελέων ἐρύσαιμι·
Ἀργαλέον μάλα μόχθον· ἐπεὶ ὀκ ἔσκε σιδήρῳ
Τμητὴ, ὀδὲ λίθῳ; πειρωμένῳ, ὀδὲ μῳ ὕλῃ.
Ἔνθά μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε νοῆσαι,
Αὐτοῖς δέρμα λέοντος ἀναχίζειν ὀνύχεσι.
Τοῖσι θοῶς ἀπέδειρα· ὀ ἀμφεθέμην μελέεσιν,
Ἔρκος ὀνυαλίου ταμεσίχροος ὄφρά μοι εἴη.
Οὗτός τοι Νεμέης γένετ', ὦ φίλε, θηρὸς ὄλεθρος,
Πολλὰ πάρος μήλοισι ὀ ἀνδράσι πήματα θέντος.

Brave AUGIAS Son! Whate'er the PRINCE has ſaid
Is right, and his Conjecture duly weigh'd;
Yet I'll inform You how the Monſter fell,
And whence it came; for very Few can tell:
But moſt imagine, 'twas deſign'dly ſent
To prove the baſe PHERONEANS Puniſhment;
Neglect of Duty had provok'd a GOD:
The poor PISEANS, like a head-long Flood,
He ravag'd o'er, and drown'd their Fields in Blood.
But moſt the BEMBINÆANS felt his Rage,
And linger'd out a miſerable Age.

This

This Taſk EURYSTREUS, Whom I muſt obey,
Impos'd,
And hop'd to ſee Me prove the LION's Prey,
I took my Bow; my hollow Quiver bore
Sharp Arrows, arm'd with the LERNEAN Gore;
Whene'er I draw a Shaft, Deaths wait around
To guide the Dart, and enter at the Wound.
My Left Hand graſp'd my Club, ſtrong, knotty, rude,
With all its Bark, unpoliſht from the Wood;
It grew on Helicon; I pluck'd It thence
With all Its Roots, and weild for my Defence:
Approaching to the Wood, I bent my Bow;
My Arrow knock'd, and wiſh'd to meet my Foe;
I look'd around, and try'd, (prepar'd for Fight)
To ſpy the Beaſt, and take Advantage of the Sight.
'Twas Midday now, and yet no Beaſt appear'd;
No Track was ſeen, nor any Roaring heard;
No Herdſman, Swain, that might his Den declare,
All lay at home chain'd up with ſlaviſh Fear.
But ſtill I trac'd the Groves, thro' Woods I preſs'd,
Reſolv'd at laſt to find and fight the Beaſt.
For ev'ry Evening, glutted with the Blood
Of ſlaughter'd Herds, He took the ſhady Wood.
His Mane was ſtiff with Gore; his griſly Beard
His long Tongue lick'd, with Blood and Foam beſmear'd;
Behind a Thicket, I impatient lay,
And wiſh'd each Minute was the Cloſe of Day,
That I might ſee Him: Lo! at laſt He came,
In Look as dreadful as He was in Fame.
I drew my Bow, and ſhot; the String did ſound
And DEATH ſtood ready to attend the Wound:

But

But from his Side the Shaft rebounding fell,
And prov'd the harden'd Beaſt was arm'd too well:
The Lion roar'd, He rais'd his furious Head,
And look'd to ſee from Whence the Arrow fled;
His flaming Eyes ſhot Fire; unſheath'd his Paws,
He gap'd; and Teeth look'd dreadful in his Jaws:
I knock'd another Arrow, drew again,
Inrag'd to ſee the Former ſhot in vain:
The Breaſt It ſtruck, where Life maintains her Seat,
And lab'ring Lungs ſtill fan the vital Heat:
But That in vain did from his Breaſt rebound,
And rais'd his Fury only, not a Wound.
A Third I drew, but e'er I aim'd aright;
The Beaſt perceiv'd Me, and prepar'd for Fight:
His Tail twirl'd round, his Neck was ſwoln with Rage,
And ev'ry Limb ſeem'd eager to engage;
His Mane ſtood up, his fiery Eyes did glow;
And crooked Back was bent into a Bow:
And as when Wheelers take a ſturdy Oak,
Or Elm, and bathe It in the glowing Smoke,
To make a Wheel; at firſt It bends, and ſtands,
And then at once leaps from their graſping Hands:
So leap'd the Beaſt at Me, ſuch Springs as theſe
He made, grown eager and reſolv'd to ſeize.
But I receiv'd Him; in my Left I held
My Darts, and a thick Garment was my Shield;
My Right did wield my *Club*, and aim'd a Blow,
As He was leaping forward, at his Brow;
A lucky Blow! —But on the harden'd Bones
It broke; the Lion ſigh'd in hollow Groans;
Some Steps retir'd, as if all Senſe was fled,
He ſtood with ſhaking Legs, and dizzy'd Head;

Mists seiz'd his Eyes, and an amazing Pain
Ran thro' the crazy Vessels of his Brain:
This I observ'd. And now, an easy Prey,
I threw my Quiver, and my Shafts away,
And seiz'd his Neck; and while his Sense was gone
I grip'd Him hard, and kept the Monster down;
My Gripes I doubled, and behind Him press'd,
Lest his sharp Paws shou'd tear my adverse Breast;
His hinder Feet I trod, and squeez'd his Thighs
With Mine; He spurn'd in vain and strove to rise:
At last o'ercome, (and long He strove in vain)
He lay extended on the fatal Plain;
I held Him breathless, did his Force control,
And gaping HELL receiv'd his mighty Soul.
Then next I sought, how I might gain the Spoils,
And with his precious Skin reward my Toils;
The Task was hard: For neither Wood, nor Stone,
Nor Steel cou'd pierce, and make the Skin my own.
But then some GOD did happy Thoughts infuse,
The Paws He shew'd, and taught Me how to use:
I did, and flead Him, and *the Hide I bear,*
To be my strong Security in War.
Thus fell the Beast, by whom such Numbers fell;
And fled, amidst his slaughter'd Heaps, to Hell. CREECH.

This Passage of the *Greek* Poet, will sufficiently explain the LION's *Skin* that HERCULES carries in the Figure before Us; as also the *knotted Club*, that is plac'd against a Shrub or Tree. The HERCULES, that We see here, the *Greeks* would call, Λεοντοφόνος——that is to say, the LION-SLAYER.

It

It is with great Reluctance, that I am oblig'd to insert this not over-elegant Translation; having delay'd the Press too long already, in Expectation of another Version, of which I have no Copy by Me; For tho' That may fall short of the Simplicity and Spirit of the Original, It might yet be less disagreeable to a Modern Reader, than the Metaphrase of Mr. CREECH; whose Versification is always remarkably Unhappy; I speak not only of his THEOCRITUS or HORACE; which in their Nature requir'd a more delicate and polish'd Turn of Numbers; but of his MANILIUS, and even his LUCRETIUS; The Last of which may be put among our Vulgar Errors. For whenever this Work shall be undertaken a-new, by any Person equally Master of his Subject and our Language; LUCRETIUS will appear in a much more delightful Dress, than Mr. CREECH has given Him. I say not This, because the Essays of Mr. DRYDEN upon that Author, eclipse the Performances of Mr. CREECH. Mr. DRYDEN chose the most pleasing Parts of the whole Poem, and his Design was to render those Parts in the most pleasing Manner; Mr. CREECH had been too Voluminous (as Mr. DRYDEN himself observes) had He follow'd the same Method; such a Latitude could never well become the Interpreter of the intire Work. I speak here of the Measure of Mr. CREECH, which is by many Degrees more obscure, and less harmonious than the Measure of LUCRETIUS. For Mr. CREECH had no Idea of a Flow of Verse, more tuneable than what He had observ'd in Mr. COWLEY; who was his Master of *Prosodia*. Now Mr. COWLEY is much to be admir'd for his Wit, but little for his Versification; to follow Him

in the Turn of his Periods, is to follow a great Maſter, in his great Error. Compare the Numbers of Mr. COWLEY with the Numbers of thoſe Poets, that even preceded Him, You will find Him in that Point greatly deficient. How exact is WALLER? How much more neat is FAIRFAX, and even SPENCER? The very Water-Poet MICHAEL DRAYTON, with his Verſe of Fourteen Syllables, is preferable on this Account to Mr. COWLEY; It would not even be a difficult Taſk to find Ten Lines in old JEOFREY CHAUCER, that run more ſmoothly than any Ten Lines in the *Davideid.*

XXXII.

HERCULES and ANTAEUS. * The Tablature of ANTAEUS, in PHILOSTRATUS the Elder, will ſufficiently explain the Subject of this Gem; and equally entertain the Reader, as that Author writes in a Sort of Poetical Proſe.

Κόνις οἵα ἐν πάλαις ἐκείναις, ἐπὶ πηγῇ ἐλαίᾳ, καὶ δυοῖν ἀθληταῖν ὁ μὲν ξυνδέων τὸ ὦς, ὁ δὲ ἀπολύων λεοντῆς τὸν ὦμον, κολωνοί τε ἐπιτήδειοι, καὶ ςῆλαι, καὶ κοῖλα γράμματα. Λιβύη ταῦτα, καὶ Ανταῖος, ὃν γῆ ἀνῆκε, σίνεσθαι τὰς ξένας, λῃςρικῇ, οἶμαι, πάλῃ. ἀθλοῦντι δὲ αὐτῷ ταῦτα, καὶ θάπτοντι ὃς ἀπώλλυε περὶ αὐτὴν, ὡς ὁρᾷς, τὴν παλαίςραν, ἄγει τὸν Ηρακλέα ἡ γραφὴ, χρυσᾷ ταυτὶ τὰ μῆλα ἤδη ἠρηκότα, καὶ κατὰ τῶν Εσπερίδων ἀδόμενον. οὐκ ἐκείνας ἐλεῖν θαῦμα τοῦ Ηρακλέους, ἀλλ' ὁ δράκων. καὶ οὐδὲ γόνυ, φασὶ, κάμψας, ἀποδύεται πρὸς τὸν Ανταῖον, ἐν τῷ τῆς ὁδοιπορίας ἄσθματι, τείνων τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς εἰς νοῦν τινα, καὶ οἷον διάσκεψιν τῆς πάλης. ἐμβέβληκέ τε ἡνίαν τῷ θυμῷ, μὴ ἐκφέρειν αὐτὸν τοῦ λογισμοῦ. ὑπερφρονῶν δὲ ὁ Ανταῖος, ἐπῆρται, " δυςήνων