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

XXXII

" νων δέ τε παῖδες," ἢ τοιȣτόν τι πρὸς τὸν Ηρακλέα ἐοικὼς, λεγειν, ϗ ῥωννὺς ἀυτὸν τῇ ὕȣρει. εἰδὲ ϗ πάλης τῷ Ηρακλεῖ ἔμελεν, ȣ̓κ ἄλλως ἐπεφύκει, ἢ ὡς γέγραπται. γέγραπται δὲ ἰσχυρὸς οἷος ϗ τῆς τέχνης ἔμπλεως, δι ἐυαρμοσίαν τȣ̃ σώματος. εἴη δ' ἂν ϗ πελώριος, ϗ τὸ εἶδος ἐν ὑπερȣολῇ ἀνθρώπȣ. ἔςιν ἀυτῷ ϗ ἄνθος αἵματος, ϗ αἱ φλέȣες οἷον ἐν ὠδῖνι, θυμȣ̃ τινος ὑποδεδυκότος ἀυτὰς ἔτι. τὸν δὲ Ανταῖον, ὦ παῖ, δέδιας οἶμαι, θηρίῳ γὰρ ἄν τινι ἔοικεν, ὀλίγων ἀποδέων ἴσος εἶναι τῷ μήκει ϗ τὸ ἔυρος. ϗ ὁ ἀυχὴν ἐπέζευκται τοῖς ὤμοις, ὧν τὸ πολὺ ἐπὶ τὸν ἀυχένα ἥκει. περιῆκται δὲ ὁ βραχίων, ὅσα ϗ ὦμοι ςέρνα, ϗ γαςὴρ, ταυτὶ τὰ σφυρήλατα, ϗ τὸ μὴ ὀρθὸν τῆς κνήμης, ἀλλὰ ἀνελεύθερον, ἰσχυρὸν μὲν τὸν Ανταῖον οἶδε. ξυνδεδεμένον μὴν, ϗ ȣ̓κ εἴσω τέχνης. ἔτι ϗ μέλας Ανταῖος, κεχωρηκότος ἀυτῷ τȣ̃ ἡλίȣ ἐς βαφήν. ταυτὶ μὲν ἀμφοῖν τὰ ἐς τὴν πάλην. ὁρᾷς δὲ ἀυτȣ̀ς ϗ παλαίοντας, μᾶλλον δὲ πεπαλαικότας, ϗ τὸν Ηρακλέα ἐν τῷ κρατεῖν. καταπαλαίει δὲ ἀυτὸν ἄνω τῆς γῆς, ὅτι ἡ γῆ τῷ Ανταίῳ συνεπάλαιε, κυρτȣμένη, ϗ μετοκλάζȣσα ἀυτὸν, ὅτε ἐκινεῖτο. ἀπορῶν ȣ̃ν ὁ Ηρακλῆς ὅ, τι χρήσαιτο τῇ γῇ, συνείληφε τὸν Ανταῖον μέσον, ἄνω κενεῶνος, ἔνθα αἱ πλευραὶ, ϗ κατὰ τȣ̃ μηρȣ̃ ὀρθῶς ἀναθέμενος, ἔτι τε ϗ τὼ χεῖρε ξυμβαλὼν, λαγαρᾷ τε ϗ ἀσθμαινȣσῃ τῇ γαςρὶ ὑποσχὼν τὸν πῆχυν, ἐκθλίβει τὸ πνεῦμα, ϗ ἀποσφάτλει τὸν Ανταῖον, ὀξείαις ταῖς πλευραῖς ἐπιςραφείσαις εἰς τὸ ἧπαρ. ὁρᾷς δέ πȣ τὸν μὲν οἰμώζοντα, ϗ βλέποντα ἐς τὴν γῆν, ȣ̓δὲν ἀυτῷ ἐπαρκȣ̃σαν, τὸν δ' Ηρακλέα ἰσχύοντα, ϗ μειδιῶντα τῷ ἔργῳ. τὴν κορυφὴν τȣ̃ ὄρȣς μὴ ἀργῶς ἴδῃς, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ ἐπ' ἀυτῆς θεȣ̀ς ὑπονόει περιοπὴν ἔχειν τȣ̃ ἀγῶνος. ϗ γάρ τοι χρυσȣ̃ν γέγρατται νέφος, ὑφ' ᾧ, οἶμαι, σκηνȣ̃σι. ϗ ὁ Ερμῆς ȣ̓τοσὶ παρὰ τὸν Ηρακλέα ἥκει, ςεφανώσων ἀυτὸν, ὅτι ἀυτῷ καλῶς ὑποκρίνεται πάλην.

Behold (ſays PHILOSTRATUS) what Duſt ariſes from this Contention! Behold, what Profuſion of Oil! One of the two Combatants covers his Ear with the Anto-

 tida;

tida; The other unbinds from his Shoulder the Lion-Skin. Not far from Them appear the Tombs, here not improperly placed, and the Columns inſcribed with memorable Letters. Theſe refer, as may be imagin'd, to the Country of *Libya*, and to ANTAEUS the Son of Earth; that ANTAEUS, ſo unhoſpitable to Strangers, and more a Robber than an Athletic. Imploy'd (as was his Cuſtom after Combat) in burying Thoſe He had ſlain within the very Liſts of the *Palæſtra*, the Painter introduces HERCULES; The Golden Apples, You ſee, are newly gathered; and lately immortalized his Name among the *Heſperides*. Yet is it leſs to be wonder'd that He made Himſelf Maſter of that tempting Fruit, than that He overcame the formidable Dragon that watch'd Them. Long was the Journey, and the Hero looks out of Breath; yet without bending Knee (as They ſay) to Reſt, He marches up to face ANTAEUS. Already He appears prepar'd for Action. What Thoughtfulneſs in his Eyes? How He ſurveys his Antagoniſt? How He ſtudies and meditates the inſtantFight? He ſwells, as if He curb'd and check'd his Anger leſt Paſſion might tranſport Him beyond the Bounds of Reaſon. But ANTAEUS rouſing Himſelf, ſteps forward to meet HERCULES, as if in this Homerical Strain, He ſaid,

Δυςήνων δέ τε παῖδες Ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσιν.

Unhappy They, and born of luckleſs Sires
Who tempt our Fury. POPE.

or uſed ſome ſuch opprobrious Language, taking Strength from Contumely. Saw We the very HERCULES ingage,

ingage, We ſhould not ſee Him differ from this Repreſentation. How Manly? How Robuſt? What Art in the Deſign? What Propriety in the Compoſition? His Stature is Eminent, and more than Human. His Body glows with Heat, as if the boiling Blood had color'd His Skin? Every Vein looks turgid, as ſwelling with Rage. But are You not ſtruck with Horror at Sight of ANTAEUS? And ſure there is much of the Savage in his Figure! The Breadth of his Body is almoſt equal to the Height. His Neck lies buried in his Breaſt. His Shoulders approach his Ears. His Arms drawn backward; His Hands lengthen'd; His Breaſt and Belly compact and Round; His Legs ſtrong but crooked; and this laſt Diſproportion made ANTAEUS, though otherwiſe robuſt, more liable to be ſurpriz'd, and as it were inchain'd by the Legs of his Adverſary. His Skin, beſides, Tawny if not Black; The Sun to which He was continually expos'd, imbrowning his whole Body. And This may ſuffice for the Appearance and Diſpoſition of both the Combatants at their firſt Approach. But now You ſee Them ingaging or rather after having ingaged. And the Victory falls to HERCULES. He ſubdues ANTAEUS, by holding Him ſuſpended from Earth. For Earth, as often as He was overthrown, gave ANTAEUS her Aſſiſtance; She indued his Hands and Feet with new Motion and Vigor. HERCULES, doubtful a while what Courſe to take, at laſt ſeizes ANTAEUS round the Waiſt; He graſp'd Him juſt between the Ribs and Flank; He rais'd Him on his Thigh; and ſqueezing both his Hands together, He placed his Elbow on his Stomach; panting and gaſping for Breath ANTAEUS expires; The extreme Parts

of

of thoſe Ribs that lie near the Liver yielding to the Preſſure of HERCULES. Hark, how He groans! See how He looks upon EARTH, unable now to riſe to his Aſſiſtance. Behold the Victor on the other Side! How invincible He ſtands! With what Diſdain He ſmiles at his concluding Labor. Nor let the Summit of that Mountain paſs unobſerv'd; from which the Gods, as You ſee, ſurvey the Conteſt. A Golden Cloud is ſpread around, beneath whoſe arching Vault They inhabit. And lo! deſcends the Meſſenger of the Gods, who flies, in Return for the glorious Spectacle, to crown the Head of HERCULES with his own Hands.

LUCAN, though He rarely touches the *Fabulous*, gives this Account of ANTAEUS.

Nondum poſt genitos Tellus effæta Gigantas,
Terribilem Libycis partum concepit in antris.
Nec tam juſta fuit terrarum gloria Typhon,
Aut Tityos, Briareuſque ferox: cœloque pepercit,
Quod non Phlegræis Antæum ſuſtulit arvis.
Hoc quoque tam vaſtas cumulavit munere vires
Terra ſui fœtus, quod, cum tetigêre parentem,
Jam defecta vigent, renovato robore, membra:
Hæc illi ſpelunca domus: latuiſſe ſub alta
Rupe ferunt, epulas raptos habuiſſe leones.
Ad ſomnos non terga feræ præbere cubile
Aſſuerunt, non ſilva torum: vireſque reſumſit
In nuda tellure jacens. Periere coloni
Arvorum Libyes:
The teeming Earth, for ever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a Giant Son was ſtrong;

When

When lab'ring, here, with the prodigious Birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born ANTÆUS forth.
Of all the dreadful Brood which erſt She bore,
In none the fruitful Beldame gloried more.
Happy for Thoſe above She brought Him not,
Till after PHLEGRA's doubtful Field was fought:
That this her Darling might in Force excel,
A Gift She gave; whene'er to Earth He fell.
Recruited Strength He from his Parent drew,
And ev'ry ſlackning Nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon Cave his Den He made; where oft for Food,
He ſnatch'd the Mother Lion's horrid Brood.
Nor Leaves, nor ſhaggy Hides his Couch prepar'd,
Torn from the Tyger, or the ſpotted Pard;
But ſtretch'd along the naked Earth He lies:
New Vigor ſtill the native Earth ſupplies.
Whate'er He meets his ruthleſs Hands invade,
Strong in Himſelf, without his Mother's Aid,
The Strangers that, unknowing ſeek the Shore,
Soon a worſe Shipwreck on the Land deplore,
Dreadful to All, with matchleſs Might He reigns,
Robs, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple Swains,
And all unpeopled lie th' *Libyan* Plains. ROWE.

The ſame Author gives Us a moſt circumſtantial Account of his Combat with HERCULES.

- - - - - - - - - *Tandem vulgata cruenti*
Fama mali, terras monſtris æquorque levantem,
Magnanimum Alciden Libycas excivit in oras.
Ille Cleonei projecit terga leonis;
Antæus Libyci, perfudit membra liquore

Hoſpes,

Hospes, Olympiacæ servator more palæstræ.
Ille parum fidens pedibus contingere matrem,
Auxilium membris calidas infudit harenas:
Conseruêre manus, et multo brachia nexu,
Colla diu gravibus frustra tentata lacertis,
Immotumque caput fixa cum fronte tenetur.
Miranturque habuisse parem. Nec viribus uti
Alcides primo voluit certamine totis,
Exhausitque virum: quod creber anhelitus illi
Prodidit, et gelidus fesso de Corpore sudor.
Tunc cervix lassata quati: tunc Pectore pectus
Urgeri: tunc obliquâ percussa labare
Crura manu. Jam terga viri cedentia victor
Adligat, et medium compressis ilibus arcat:
Inguinaque incertis pedibus distendit, et omnem
Explicuit per membra virum, rapit arida tellus
Sudorem: calido complentur sanguine venæ:
Intumuere tori, totosque induruit artus,
Herculeosque novo laxavit corpore Nodos.
Constitit Alcides stupefactus robore tanto:
Nec sic Inachiis, quamvis rudis esset, in undis
Defectam timuit reparatis Anguibus hydram.
Conflixêre pares, telluris viribus Ille,
Ille suis. Nunquam sævæ sperare novercæ
Plus licuit. Videt exhaustos sudoribus artus,
Cervicemque viri, siccam, cum ferret Olympum.
Utque iterum fessis injecit brachia membris,
Non Exspectatis Antæus viribus hostis,
Sponte cadit, majorque, accepto robore, surgit.
Quisquis inest terris, infessos spiritus artus
Egeritur: tellusque, viro luctante, laborat.
Ut tandem auxilium tactæ prodesse parentis

Alcides ſenſit: ſtandum eſt tibi, dixit, et ultra
Non credere ſolo, ſternique vetabere terra.
Hærebis preſſis intra mea pectora membris:
Huc, Antæe, cades. Sic fatus, ſuſtulit alte
Nitentem in terras juvenem, morientis in artus
Non potuit nati Tellus permittere vires.
Alcides medium tenuit. Jam pectora pigro
Stricta gelu, terriſque diu non credidit hoſtem.
Hinc, æviæ veteris cuſtos famoſa vetuſtas,
Miratrixque ſui, ſignavit nomine terras.

At length, around the trembling Nations ſpread,
Fame of the Tyrant to ALCIDES fled.
The Godlike Hero, born, by JOVE's Decree,
To ſet the Seas, and Earth, from Monſters free;
Hither in gen'rous Pity bent his Courſe,
And ſet Himſelf to prove the Giant's Force.
Now met, the Combatants for Fight provide,
And each puts off the Lion's yellow Hide.
Bright in Olympic Oil ALCIDES ſhone,
ANTÆUS with his Mother's Duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly Force to aid his own.
Now ſeizing fierce their graſping Hands They mix,
And labor on the ſwelling Throat to fix;
Their ſinewy Arms are writh'd in many a Fold,
And Front to Front, They threaten ſtern and bold,
Unmatch'd before, Each bends a ſullen Frown,
To find a Force thus equal to his own.
At length the Godlike Victor *Greek* prevail'd
Nor yet the Foe with all his Force aſſail'd.
Faint dropping Sweats bedew the Monſter's Brows,
And panting thick with heaving Sides He blows,

His trembling Head the ſlackning Nerves confeſt,
And from the Hero ſhrunk his yielding Breaſt.
The Conqueror purſues, his Arms intwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his craſhing Chine,
While his broad Knee bears forceful on his Groin.
At once his fault'ring Feet from Earth He rends,
And on the Sands his mighty Length extends.
The Parent Earth her vanquiſh'd Son deplores,
And with a Touch his Vigor loſt reſtores:
From his faint Limbs the clammy Dews She drains;
And with freſh Streams recruits his ebbing Veins.
The Muſcles ſwell, the hardning Sinews riſe,
And burſting from th' HERCULEAN graſp He flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the Sight ALCIDES ſtood:
Nor more He wonder'd when in LERNA's Flood,
The dreadful Snake her falling Heads renew'd.
Of all his various Labors, none was ſeen
With equal Joy by Heav'n's unrighteous Queen;
Pleas'd She beheld, what Toils, what Pains He prov'd;
He! who had borne the Weight of Heav'n unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the Foe He flew;
The falling Foe to Earth again withdrew:
Earth ſtrait again her fainting Son ſupplies,
And with redoubled Forces bids Him riſe:
Her vital Pow'rs to ſuccour Him She ſends,
And Earth herſelf with HERCULES contends.
Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal Fight,
And that the Parent Touch renew'd his Might;
" Thou ſhalt not longer fall, ALCIDES cry'd,
" Henceforth the Combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
" Lean if Thou wilt, to me alone incline,
" And reſt upon no other Breaſt but mine."

He

XXXIII

He ſaid, and as He ſaw the Monſter ſtoop,
With mighty Arms aloft he bears Him up;
No more the diſtant Earth her Son ſupplies,
Lock'd in the Hero's ſtrong Embrace He lies;
Nor Thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the Ground,
'Till Death in ev'ry frozen Limb was found.
Thus, fond of Tales, our Anceſtors of Old
The Story to their Children's Children told;
From Thence a Title to the Land They gave,
And call'd this hollow Rock, ANTÆUS Cave. ROWE.

XXXIII.

HERCULES chaining CERBERUS. There are various Gems on this Subject, but They differ from This in ſome Particulars.

*MINERVA, in the Eighth Book of the ILIAD, ſays JUPITER commanded Her to aſſiſt HERCULES in this Infernal Expedition.

Τῷ δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
Καὶ λίαν ἔτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειε,
Χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·
Ἀλλὰ πατὴρ ὁ ὑμὸς φρεσὶ μαίνεται ἐκ ἀγαθῇσι,
Σχέτλιος, αἰὲν ἀλιτρὸς, ἐμῶν μηνέων ἀπερωεύς.
Οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, ὅ οἱ μάλα πολλάκις ἦον
Τειρόμενον σώεσκον ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.
Ἤτοι ὁ μὲν κλαίεσκε πρὸς ὠρανόν· αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
Τῷ ἐπαλεξήσεσαι ἀπ' ὠρανόθεν· προΐαλλεν.
Εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τάδε ἤδη ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πόλκαλίμῃσιν,
Εὖτέ μιν εἰς ἀΐδαο πυλάρταο πρὸ πέμψεν,

Ἐξ Ἐρέβους ἄξουσα κυώα ϛυγερῆς Ἀΐδαο,
οὐκ ἂν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὕδατος αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα.

So ſpoke th' Imperial * Regent of the Skies;
To Whom the Goddeſs † with the azure Eyes;
Long ſince had HECTOR ſtain'd theſe Fields with Gore,
Stretch'd by ſome ARGIVE on his native Shore:
But He ⁎ above, the Sire of Heav'n, withſtands,
Mocks our Attempts, and ſlights our juſt Demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my Service and deſerv'd Reward:
Sav'd I for This his FAV'RITE ‡ SON diſtreſt,
By ſtern EURISTHEUS with long Labours preſt?
He begg'd, with Tears He begg'd, in deep Diſmay;
I ſhot from Heav'n, and gave his Arm the Day.
Oh! had my Wiſdom known this dire Event,
When to grim PLUTO's *gloomy Gates He went,*
The TIPLE DOG *had never felt his Chain,*
Nor STYX *been croſs'd, nor* HELL *explor'd in vain.* POPE.

In the Sixth Book of the Æneid, CHARON tells the Son of ANCHISES,

Nec vero Alciden me ſum lætatus euntem
Accepiſſe lacu: nec Theſea Pirithoumq;
Dîs quanquam geniti & invictis viribus eſſent:
Tartarium Ille manu cuſtodem in vincla petivit,
Ipſus a ſolio Regis, traxitque trementem.
Nor was I pleas'd PIRITHOUS once to bear;
Nor haughty THESEUS with his pointed Spear;
Nor ſtrong ALCIDES; Men of mighty Fame!
And from th' immortal Gods their Lineage came.

* JUNO. † MINERVA. ⁎ JUPITER. ‡ HERCULES.

In

XXXIV

In Fetters One the barking Porter ty'd,
And took Him trembling from his Sov'reign's Side. DRYDEN.

For a Deſcription of this triple-headed Monſter, I muſt refer the Reader to the following Lines from the ſame Book of VIRGIL.

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Perſonat, adverſo recubans immanis in antro.
Cui vates, horrere videns jam colla colubris,
Melle ſoporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit. Ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
Corripit objectam; atque immania terga reſolvit
Fuſus humi: totoque ingens extenditur antro.
No ſooner landed, in his Den They found
The Triple Porter of the Stygian Sound;
Grim CERBERUS: Who ſoon began to rear
His creſted Snakes, and arm his briſtling Hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A Sop, in Honey ſteep'd, to charm the Guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, She caſt before
His greedy grinning Jaws, juſt ope'd to roar.
With three enormous Mouths He gapes; and ſtrait,
With Hunger preſt, devours the pleaſing Bait.
Long Draughts of Sleep his monſtrous Limbs enſlave;
He reels, and falling fills the ſpacious Cave. DRYDEN.

XXXIV.

HERCULES ſubduing with his Arrows the Birds called the STYMPHALIDAE. The ancient Poets and Hiſtorians have highly celebrated this Victory of HERCULES.

Theſe

Theſe Birds, ſay the Authors, had Talons and Beaks as hard as Iron, Whomever They could ſeize, They tore to pieces in the moſt cruel Manner.

- - - - - - - - - Unciſque timendæ
Unguibus Arcadiæ volucres Stymphala colentes.

as LUCRETIUS deſcribes Them in his Fifth Book.

ARRCADIAN Birds, on Lakes STYMPHALIC bred,
With crooked Talons raiſe a gen'ral Dread.

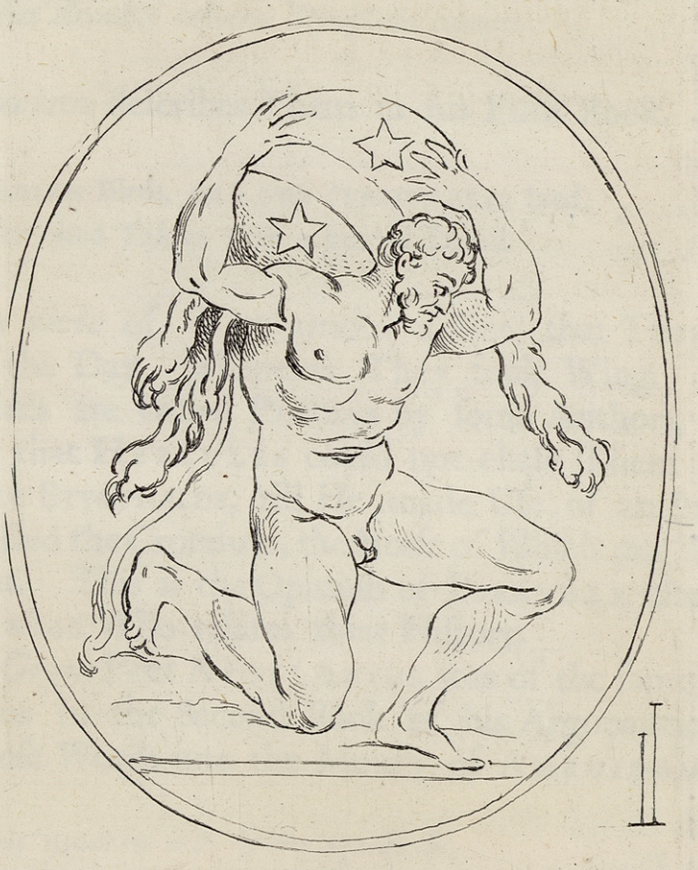
They were of ſo enormous a Size, that They obſcured the Day, whenever They took Wing. The ſame Birds are called PLOIDAE by ſome Authors, who pretend that HERCULES could not chaſe Them from the Lake STYMPHALUS, till He made Uſe of an Inſtrument called the Crotalum, the Noiſe of Which put Them to Flight. This is the Opinion of PISANDER cited by PAUSANIAS Who relates their Hiſtory.

The *Greek* Poet APOLLONIUS was of the ſame Opinion; for in the Second Book of his Argonautics He puts theſe Words into the Mouth of AMPHIDAMAS.

Οὐδὲ γὰρ Ἡρακλέης ὁπότ' ἤλυθεν Ἀρκαδίηνδε,
Πλωΐδας ὄρνιθας Στυμφαλίδας ἔαθενε λίμνης
Ὠσαθαι τόξοισι (τὸ μὲν τ' ἐγὼ αὐτὸς ὄπωπα)
Ἀλλ' ὅγε χαλκείην πλαταγὴν ἐνὶ χερσὶ τινάσσων
Δούπει ἐπὶ σκοπιῆς περιμήκεος· αἱ ᾗ φέβοντο
Τῆλυ, ἀτυζηλῷ ὑπὸ δείματι κεκληγυῖαι.

Not thus ALCIDES cou'd thoſe Monſters quell;
(Myſelf a Witneſs to the Truth I tell.)

When



XXXV

When thro' ARCADIAN Plains He took his Way,
To chase from STYMPHALUS the Birds of Prey:
For tho' with all his Shafts He arms his Hands,
The feather'd Host his ev'ry Shaft withstands.
But when his Brazen Crotalum He shakes,
At once the PLOIDÆ forego their Lakes;
Far from the dreadful Sound in Terror fly;
And with dire Clamor fill the distant Sky.

This Crotalum, it is pretended, was made by VULCAN; HERCULES received It from PALLAS. The Definition of that Sounding Instrument is differently given, by different Authors. Some assure Us, that It was made of Brass; Others describe It, as formed of a Rod or Reed cut in Two, Both Parts of Which, when struck together, emitted a Sound, after the Manner of our Castagnets. This latter Description agrees with the Sentiment of SUIDAS and the Scholiast of ARISTOPHANES. See Figure XLIX.

Some Authors maintain, that under this Fable of the STYMPHALIDAE, was figured a certain Band of Robbers Who infested this Country, and were exterminated by HERCULES.

XXXV.

HERCULES, easing ATLAS of the Burthen of the Heavens. ATLAS was Brother to PROMETHEUS, and Son to JAPETUS. He applied Himself to Astronomy, and having discovered the PLEIADES and the HYADES, the Poets feigned that He was Father to those Constellations. As, in order to make his Observations, He used

to aſcend to the Top of a neighbouring Mountain, the Name of Atlas was given to that Mountain after the Death of this Aſtronomer. OVID in the Fourth Book of his Metamorphoſes, pretends that PERSEUS, bearing in his Hand the Head of MEDUSA, and deſiring to retire within the Territories of ATLAS, that Prince would not receive him; and that PERSEUS exaſperated at the Refuſal, petrified ATLAS with that terrible Head, and turned Him into a Mountain.

——————— *Lævâque a parte Meduſæ*
Ipſe retroverſus ſquallentia protulit ora.
Quantus erat, mons factus Atlas.
He turn'd; and from behind expos'd to Light
MEDUSA's ſquallid Head; tremendous Sight!
This, ATLAS view'd. The View congeal'd his Blood.
The mighty Man, a mighty Mountain ſtood.

HERCULES was thought to have learned from ATLAS the Courſe of the Stars; and Hence it is, that the Poets took Occaſion to ſay, that HERCULES bore the Weight of Heaven upon his Shoulders for ſome Time, in the Place of ATLAS.

CARRACCI had certainly this Gem in View when He painted the ſame Subject in the Cabinet of the Palace *Farneſe*; for the Attitude of the Principal Figure in that Piece, is almoſt the ſame with That of this Gem.

* We muſt again apply to the Tablatures of PHILOSTRATUS for a Deſcription of this Labor of HERCULES; for tho' it is rare to find, the Authors and Artiſts agreed in every Particular, yet on the Whole They will be found the beſt Expoſitors of Each Other.

Καὶ Ἄτλαντι ὁ Ἡρακλῆς, οὐδὲ προσάξαντος Εὐρυσθέως, ἤρισεν ὡς τὸν οὐρανὸν οἴσων μᾶλλον ἢ ὁ Ἄτλας. τὸν μὲν γὰρ συγκεκυφότα ἑώρα, καὶ πεπιεσμένον, καὶ κείμενον ἐς γόνυ ἕτερον, καὶ μικρὰ καταλειπόμενα αὐτῷ τοῦ ἑσάναι. αὐτὸς δ' ἂν καὶ μετεωρίσαι τὸν οὐρανὸν, καὶ σῆσαι ἀναθέμενος εἰς μακρὸν τοῦ χρόνου, τὸ μὲν δὴ φιλότιμον τοῦτο οὐδαμοῦ ἐκφαίνει. φησὶ δὲ συναλγεῖν τε τῷ Ἄτλαντι ἐφ' οἷς μοχθεῖ, καὶ μετασχεῖν ἂν τοῦ ἄχθους αὐτῷ. ὅδ' ὅτω τι ἄσμενος εἴληπται τοῦ Ἡρακλέους, ὡς ἱκετεύειν αὐτὸν τλῆναι ταῦτα. γέγραπται δὲ ὁ μὲν ἀπειρηκὼς, ὡς τῷ ἰδρῶτι συμβαλέσθαι, ὁπόσος ἂν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ σάζοι, βραχίονός τε ξυνεῖναι τρέμοντος, ὁ δὲ ἐρᾷ τοῦ ἄθλου. δηλοῖ δὲ τοῦτο ἥτε ὁρμὴ τοῦ προσώπου, καὶ τὸ ῥόπαλον καταβεβλημένον, καὶ αἱ χεῖρες ἀπαιτοῦσαι τὸν ἆθλον. σκιὰς δὲ τὰς μὲν τοῦ Ἡρακλέους ὅπω θαυμάζειν ἄξιον, εἰ ἔρρωνται τὸν ἆθλον. τὰ γὰρ τῶν χειμένων σχήματα, καὶ οἱ ὀρθοὶ, μάλα ἔυσκιοι, καὶ τὸ ἀκριβῶν ταῦτα, ὅπω σοφόν. αἱ δὲ τοῦ Ἄτλαντος σκιαὶ σοφίας πρόσω. οὕτωσὶ γὰρ συνιζηκότος, συμπίπτουσί τε ἀλλήλαις, καὶ οὐδὲν τῶν ἐκκειμένων ἐπιθολοῦσιν, ἀλλὰ φῶς ἐργάζονται, παρὰ τὰ κοῖλά τε καὶ εἰσέχοντα τὴν γαστέρα, καὶ προνενευκότος τοῦ Ἄτλαντος ὁρᾷν τε ὑπάρχει, καὶ ἀσθμαίνοντος ξυνιέναι. τάτε ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ, ὃν φέρει, γέγραπται μὲν ἐν αἰθέρι, ὁποῖος περὶ αὐτὰ ἕστηκεν. ἔστι δὲ ξυνεῖναι τάυρου τε, ὃς δὴ ἐν οὐρανῷ ταῦρος, ἄρκτων τε, ὁποῖαι ἐκεῖ ὁρῶνται. καὶ πνευμάτων. γέγραπται γὰρ τὰ μὲν ξὺν ἀλλήλοις, τὰ δὲ ἐξ ἀλλήλων. καὶ τοῖς μὲν φιλία πρὸς ἄλληλα, τὰ δὲ σώζειν ἔοικε τὸ ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ νεῖκος. νῦν μὲν ὃν ἀναθήσεις ταῦτα, Ἡράκλεις. μετ' οὐ πολὺ δὲ ξυμβιώσεις αὐτοῖς ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ, πίνων, καὶ περιβάλλων τὸ τῆς Ἥβης εἶδος. ἄξῃ γὰρ τὴν νεωτάτην καὶ πρεσβυτάτην τῶν Θεῶν, δι' αὐτὴν γὰρ κἀκεῖνοι νέοι.

HERCULES (ſays PHILOSTRATUS) contended with ATLAS; This Labor was not impoſed by EURISTHEUS: But HERCULES conceived, that He was more able to ſupport the Heavens than ATLAS. He obſerved that

 the

the Other was bent and oppreſt; and that He totter'd, leaning on one Knee, in ſuch a Manner, as if He ſunk beneath his Burthen. He revolved in his own Mind, that He could not only bear the Load more ſublime, but for ever ſuſtain It; Yet He made not an open Diſcovery of his ſecret Ambition. He condoles ATLAS on the unfortunate Situation, and offers his Service to ſhare Part of the Labor with Him. ATLAS attends with great Pleaſure, and even with Prayers intreats HERCULES to eaſe Him of the Weight. In the One, You may obſerve the ſtrongeſt Marks of Fatigue; You may almoſt ſee the fainting Sweats that roll from his Body, and the laſt Tremblings of his failing Arm; He ſeems the very Picture of Laſſitude! The Attitude of the Other demonſtrates his Acceptance of the Labor; The Poſture of Readineſs in which He ſtands; The Earneſtneſs of his Look; His Club thrown aſide; and his Hands, which, extended, demand the Burthen. As for the Shades thrown upon HERCULES, They furniſh no great Occaſion of Admiration; Tho' They raiſe the Figure, and give It that Strength and Life. For it is eaſy to mix the Shades in Incumbent or Erect Poſtures; Succeſs in this Point is no great Proof of Art. But what exquiſite Art is diſcoverable, in the Shades thrown upon ATLAS? For as his Body is incurved and contracted, They bend with every Curve and ſink with every Contraction; yet blended with ſuch Skill, that thoſe Parts which ought to project, are not obſcured, but lighted by Them. For as in that ſtooping Attitude, his Belly is drawn inward, ſo his Head and Breaſt are puſhed outward; How prominent He appears? Methinks I ſee him pant, and hear

Him

XXXVI

Him breath! As for the Heaven He bears, the Ground is pure Æther; ſuch as We ſee the real Firmament of Heaven. Here You may behold the Bull, the ſame that poſſeſſes the Celeſtial Fields; And Here, as well as There, You may diſcern the Greater and the Leſſer Bear. Not to forget the tumultuous Nation of the Winds. Some of Theſe are repreſented breathing in Amity; Others contending for Superiority. Their Agreement and Animoſity, the ſame in this Imagery, as in the Real Heavens. This ſoon, O HERCULES, ſhalt Thou take upon thy Shoulders; This Habitation of the Gods; And ſoon, ſhalt Thou thyſelf, enter that Habitation; admitted to partake their Eternal Feaſts, and enjoy the immortal Beauties of HEBE. HEBE, ſhall be Thine! HEBE, the youngeſt and the oldeſt of the Goddeſſes! For the Gods Themſelves renew their Youth, by the Miniſtry of HEBE!

XXXVI.

HERCULES ſubdued by CUPID. There are many different Gems on this Subject.

* The following Gem extracted from BEGER, in which HERCULES is repreſented kneeling on his Club, and CUPID hovering over Him with an Arrow in his Hand, is well deſigned.

But not ſo well filled as the Gem before Us. HERCULES is here attacked by two CUPIDS; One of which is mounted on his Back, while the Other faces Him on the Ground, and ſeems to brave the vain Reſiſtance, the Kneeling Hero threatens with his Club. Nothing can better explain the Deſign of the Artiſt, than the Dialogue GEMINUS frames between HERCULES and a TRAVELLER.

Ἡρακλες, ποῦ σοι πῶρθος μέγας, ἥτε Νέμειος
χλαῖνα, καὶ ἡ τόξων ἔμπλεος ἰοδόκη;
Ποῦ σοβαρὸν μίμημα; τὶς ἔπλασεν ὧδε κατηφῆ;
Λύσιππος χαλκῷ δ' ἐγκατέμιξ' ὀδύνην.
Ἄχθη γυμνωθεὶς ὅπλων σέο; τίς δὲ σὲ πέρσεν;
Ὁ πῆρόεις, ὅπῶς εἷς βαρὺς ἆθλος, Ἔρως.

TRA. Where now the Club by great ALCIDES borne?
The Skin, from the *Lernean* Lion torn?
Where, the bent Bow? The full-fraught Quiver, where?
The Walk Majeſtic, and Diſdainful Air?
Who dar'd the mighty HERCULES debaſe,
With abject Poſture, and dejected Face?
HER. In molten Braſs LYSIPPUS made Me bow;
And caſt this Cloud of Sorrow on my Brow.
TRA. Spoil'd of your Arms, You mourn the ſecret Shame;
But Who the mighty Son of JOVE could tame?
HER. LOVE of his Arms the Son of JOVE deſpoils;
The only heavy Toil of all my Toils.

I ſhall not appear too profuſe of Quotation to the Reader of good Taſte, if I add this little Piece of PHILIPPUS upon the ſame Subject; He ſeems to have continued the Thought of GEMINUS.

Ἥρη

Ἥρη τοῦτ' ἄρα λοιπὸν ἐβούλετο πᾶσιν ἐπ' ἄθλοις,
Ὅπλων γυμνὸν ἰδεῖν τὸν θρασὺν Ἡρακλέα.
Πῦ χλαίνωμα λέοντος, ὁ τ' ἐυρείζηνος ἐπ' ὤμοις
Ἰὸς, καὶ βαρύπους, ὄζος ὁ θηρολέτης;
Πάντα σ' Ἔρως ἀπέδοσε· καὶ ὦ ξένον, εἰ Δία κύκνον
Ποιήσας, ὅπλων νοσφίσαθ' Ἡρακλέα.

Each Toil attempted, and each Toil ſurpaſt,
JUNO reſerv'd this Labor for the Laſt.
Spoil'd of his Arms She wiſh'd Him and She view'd,
And ſmil'd to ſee the Son of JOVE ſubdu'd.
No more ALCIDES, formidably dreſt,
Arms with the Lion's Skin his milder Breaſt!
His winged Quiver ſeems an uſeleſs Freight!
Nor feels He, of his Club, the Force but Weight!
Depos'd by Love, apart each Weapon lies.
Nor wonder Thou, dread Empreſs of the Skies!
If JOVE was humbled to a Swan by LOVE;
Why may not LOVE diſarm the *Son of* JOVE?

I cannot forbear inſerting here a Gem from the Cabinet of the Duke of *Tuſcany*; on Which a Number of little CUPIDS are repreſented, as playing with the Arms of HERCULES. No leſs than Four of that Lilliputian Party are employed, in Raiſing his enormous Club from the Ground.

There

There is a beautiful Deſcription of a ſimilar Piece of Painting, among the Tablatures of PHILOSTRATUS; Which he intitles HERCULES among the Pygmies.

Εν Λιβύῃ καθεύδονϊι τῷ Ηρακλεῖ, μετὰ τὸν Ανταῖον. ἐπιτίθενται οἱ Πυγμαῖοι, τιμωρεῖν τῷ Ανταίῳ φάσκοντες· ἀδελφοὶ γὰρ εἶναι τοῦ Ανταίου γενναῖοί τινες, οὐκ ἀθληταὶ μὲν οὐδ' ἰσοπαλεῖς, γηγενεῖς δὲ, καὶ ἄλλως ἰσχυροί. καὶ ἀνιόντων ἐκ τῆς γῆς, ὑποκυμαίνει ἡ ψάμμος. οἰκοῦσι γὰρ οἱ Πυγμαῖοι τὴν γῆν, ὅσα μύρμηκες, καὶ ἀγορὰν ἀποτίθενται, ἐπισιτίζονται δὲ οὐκ ἀλλότρια, ἀλλ' οἰκεῖα καὶ αὐτουργά. καὶ γὰρ σπείρουσι, καὶ θερίζουσι, καὶ Πυγμαίῳ ζεύγει ἐφεσᾶσι. λέγονται δὲ καὶ πελέκει χρήσασθαι ἐπὶ τὸν ἄσαχυν, ἡγούμενοι αὐτοὺς δένδρα εἶναι. ἀλλὰ τοῦ θράσους ἐπὶ τὸν Ηρακλέα ὅτοι, καὶ ἀποκτεῖναί φασι καθεύδοντα, δείσαιαν δ' ἂν οὐδ' ἐγρηγορότα, ὁ δ' ἐν ἀπαλῇ τῇ ψάμμῳ καθεύδει, καμάτου αὐτὸν ὑποδεδυκότος ἐν τῇ πάλῃ. καὶ παντὶ τῷ σέρνῳ τὸ ᾆσθμα ἐφέλκεται, χανδὸν ἐμπιπλάμενος τοῦ ὕπνου. αὐτός τε ὁ ὕπνος ἐφέσηκεν αὐτῷ ἐν εἴδει, μέγα οἶμαι ποιούμενος τὸ ἑαυτοῦ, ἐπὶ τῷ τοῦ Ηρακλέους πτώματι. κεῖται καὶ ὁ Ανταῖος. ἀλλ' ἡ τέχνη τὸν μὲν Ηρακλῆν ἔμπνουν γράφει, καὶ θερμὸν, τὸν δὲ Ανταῖον τεθνηκότα, καὶ ἄψυον, καὶ καταλείπει αὐτὸν τῇ γῇ. ἡ σρατιὰ δὲ οἱ Πυγμαῖοι, τὸν Ηρακλέα περισχόντες· μία μὲν ἄυλη φάλαγξ τὴν ἀριστερὰν χεῖρα βάλλουσι· δύο δὲ ὅτοι λόχοι σραλεύουσιν ἐπὶ τὴν δεξιὰν, ὡς μᾶλλον ἐρρωμένην, καὶ τῶ πόδε πολιορκοῦσι τοξόται, καὶ σφενδονηλῶν ὄχλος, ἐκπληττόμενοι τὴν κνήμην, ὅση. οἱ δὲ τῇ κεφαλῇ προσμαχόμενοι τέτακται μὲν ἐνταῦθα ὁ βασιλεὺς, καρτερωτάτου αὐτοῖς τούτου δοκοῦντος. ἐπάγουσι δὲ καὶ οἷον ἀκροπόλει μηχανὰς, πῦρ ἐπὶ τὴν κόμην, ἐπὶ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς δίκελλαν, θύραι τινὲς ἐπὶ τὸ σόμα, καὶ τὰς τῆς ῥινὸς, οἶμαι, πύλας, ὡς μὴ ἀναπνεύσοι ὁ Ηρακλῆς, ἐπειδὴ ἡ κεφαλὴ ἁλῷ. ταυτὶ μὲν περὶ τὸν καθεύδοντα. ἰδὸ δὲ καὶ ὡς ὀρθοῦται, καὶ ὡς ἐπὶ τῷ κινδύνῳ γελᾷ, τοῦς τε πολεμίους πανσυδὶ συλλεξάμενος, ἐς τὴν λεονῆν ἐνιδεῖν, καὶ οἶμαι τῷ Ευρυσθεῖ φέρει.

HERCULES

HERCULES, having ſubdued ANTÆUS, lays Himſelf down to ſleep in LIBYA. The PYGMY Nation invade Him, calling Themſelves the Revengers of ANTAEUS. "For "We are Brothers (ſay They) to ANTAEUS, not equal "indeed in Athletic Skill, and the Dexterity of Wreſt-"ling; Yet have We Spirit and Strength proportioned "to our Bodies; And We, like ANTAEUS, are the Sons "of Earth." As forth they ſally from their ſubterraneous Habitations, the Sands move and fluctuate like the Waves of the Sea. For the PYGMIES live underground, in the manner of the Ants; and there depoſite and preſerve whatever is requiſite to ſupply their future Wants. Not that They live in Common or at the Expence of Others. For each provides for his proper Suſtenance by the Labor of his Hands. They ſow and reap their own Fields; and uſe Chariots drawn by Horſes of the PYGMAEAN Breed. Flails They make of Reeds, which in their Eyes appear lofty Trees. But O the Temerity! Theſe little People bear Arms againſt HERCULES; Sleeping, (They vow) to kill Him; nor Waking, fear Him. Such is their Intrepidity! But HERCULES ſleeps at Eaſe upon the Sands; ſinking beneath the Weight of his paſt Labor. Profoundly He ſleeps; and Draws in Air with open Lips; reſpiring from his inmoſt Breaſt. SOMNUS, the God of Reſt, ſtands before Him; and ſeems to triumph in his Conqueſt of HERCULES. ANTAEUS lies beſide Him. But the Painter with great Art has repreſented HERCULES, breathing and tepid; And reſigned ANTAEUS to Earth breathleſs and cold. Behold a whole Army of PYGMIES ſurround HERCULES. That PHALANX there advances to attack his Left Hand; And

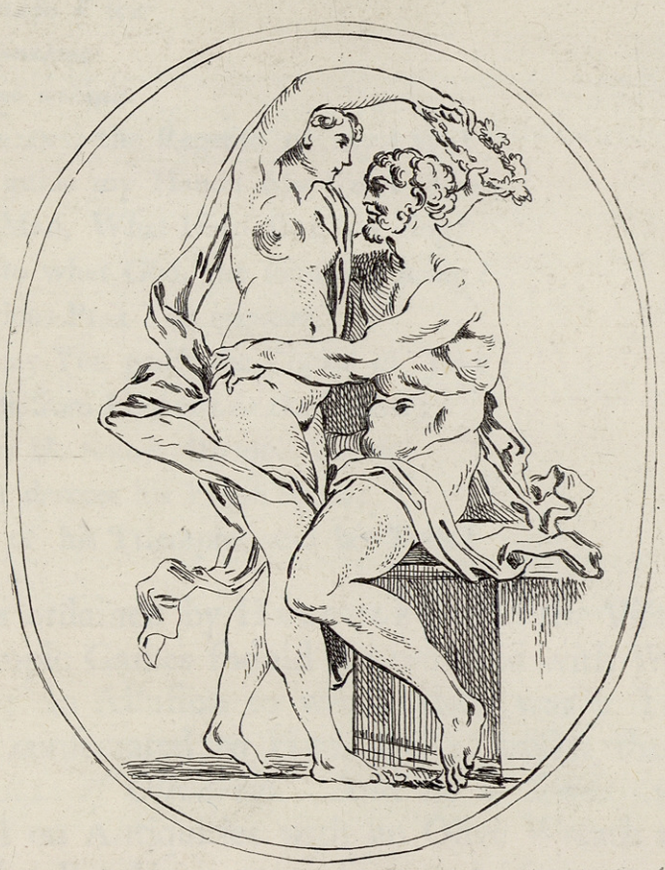
those Two Cohorts march to his Right, which as the Stronger required a larger Number. The Archers with the whole Train of Slingers assail his Feet, amazed at the stupendous Pillars of his Legs. The Party that besiege his Head, is conducted by the Monarch of the PIGMIES; That seemed the most dangerous and honorable Station. To This, as to a Tower, They apply their Warlike Machines. Brands for his Hair; Spades for his Eyes; and Gates and Barriers for his Lips and Nostrils; that having blocked up every Avenue Without, the Enemy might not be able to breath Within. The Citadel thus taken; the whole HERCULEAN Garrison, must necessarily fall into their Possession. This was the Posture of Affairs, while HERCULES slept; But observe the Hero rises and laughs at their vain Attempt. And now collecting the whole Army, and infolding Them in his Lion's Skin; He conveys Them from the Field of Battle, as I suppose, to EURYSTHEUS.

XXXVII.

HERCULES, crown'd by the Hands of OMPHALE. The Subject of this Gem is not very minutely characterized.

* It is well known that HERCULES instituted the Olympic Games, at *Pisa* or *Elis*, in Honor of PELOPS, from Whom He was descended on the Mother's Side. Here the young Hero consecrated the First Fruits of his Labours, as PINDAR says in the Second of his *Olympics*; which HORACE has so well imitated in his Ode *Quem Virum aut Heroa &c.*

Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες



XXXVII

Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι,
Τίνα Θεὸν, τίν' Ἥρωα
Τίνα δ' Ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν;
Ἤτοι Πίσα μὲν Διός·
Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔστε-
-σεν Ἡρακλέης
Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου.

Ye HYMNS, the Regents of my Lyre!
That, guide my Hand! My Voice inſpire!
What Man, What Hero, ſhall We ſing?
Raiſe, to what God, the ſounding String?
If glorious PISA You approve,
Well may You praiſe the Choice of JOVE;
Nor leſs from HERCULES She claims:
For Her He founds Olympic Games.
To Her devotes his Virgin Spoils;
Fruits, of his Triumphs, and his Toils!

It was ordained by HERCULES, that the Victors in the Olympic Games ſhould be crowned with Wreaths of Olive; In Alluſion to which there was a Temple at *Rome* conſecrated to HERCULES, under the Title of HERCULES *of Olivarius.* And he is ſometimes repreſented on Antiquities with an Olive Wreath round his Head. But He is more frequently ſeen crowning Himſelf; to denote, that He was the Inſtitutor of that Cuſtom. Hence STATIUS, in the Sixth Book of his *Thebaid.*

——————— *Primus Piſæa per arva*
Hunc pius ALCIDES PELOPI *certavit honorem,*
Pulvereumque fera crinem deterſit Oliva.

 Theſe

These Honors first the great ALCIDES paid
To please old PELOPS venerable Shade:
What time near PISA He inhum'd the Dead,
And bound with *Olive-Wreaths* his dusty Head. HARTE.

But the Wreath, here offered to HERCULES, seems rather designed for the Lover than the Warrior. In their Debaucheries of Love and Wine the Ancients were used not only to crown their Heads with Flowers, but to cover their Beds with Them, and even to throw Them into their Bowls. IOLE or OMPHALE (for it is not easy to distinguish, which of the Two was in the Artist's Fancy) may be supposed Crowning HERCULES with a softer Wreath, than That He had instituted for the Olympic Games. Such a Wreath as the *Teian Poet* calls for, in his Twenty-First Ode.

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,
βρομίου πιεῖν ἀμυστί·
Ὑπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη
Προποθεὶς ἀναστενάζω.
Δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνου
Στεφάνους οἵους πυκάζω·
Τὰ μέτωπά μου 'πικαίει.
Τὸ γὰρ καῦμα τ' Ἐρώτων
Κραδίῃ τίνι σκεπάζω;

Fill, kind Females, fill the Bowl.
Lo! for Wine expires my Soul.
Wine alone can give Me Breath.
Lo! I pant, I thirst, to Death.
Spread the Wreath, kind Females, spread.
Bind anew my burning Head.

How

How the Heats the Flow'rs consume?
Spoil their Odor? Spoil their Bloom?
Cease your Arts, kind Females, cease.
Thirsts, like Those, We soon appease.
Heats, like Those, We soon allay.
Stay your Hands, kind Females, stay.
Teach Me rather to remove,
These my Thirsts, my Heats, of Love.
For when These my Heart invade,
What can quench Me? What can shade?

Or, perhaps, IOLE crowns HERCULES with her own Hands; in Return for the Labors He had undertaken for her Sake. For EURYTUS King of *Oechalia*, a City of *Eubœa*, had promised HERCULES to give Him his Daughter IOLE. But refusing afterwards to perform the Contract; HERCULES laid Siege to *Oechalia*, and recovered his Mistress at the Expence of her Father's Life. The great Influence, if not Authority, that IOLE preserved over HERCULES, is well painted by his Wife DEIANIRA, as OVID makes her speak.

Gratulor Oechaliam titulis accedere vestris:
Victorem victæ succubuisse queror.
Fama Pelasgiadas subito pervenit in Urbes
Decolor, et factis inficianda tuis;
Quem nunquam Juno, seriesque immensa Laborum
Fregerit; huic Iolen imposuisse jugum.
Hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc Germana Tonantis;
Lætaque sit vitæ labe noverca tuæ.
At non Ille velit, cui nox (si creditur) una
Non tanti, ut tantus conciperere, fuit.

 Plus

Plus tibi, quam Juno, nocuit Venus. Illa premendo
Sustulit : Hæc humili sub pede colla tenet.
Respice vindicibus pacatum viribus Orbem,
Qua latam Nereus Cærulus ambit humum.
Se tibi pax terræ, tibi se tuta æquora debent :
Implesti meritis Solis utramque domum.
Quod te laturum est, Cœlum prior ipse tulisti :
Hercule supposito sidera fulcit Atlas.
Quid nisi notitia est misero quæsita pudori,
Si cumulas turpi facta priora nota?
Tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter anguis?
Cum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus eras.
Cæpisti melius quam desinis. Ultima primis
Cedunt : dissimiles hic vir, et ille puer.
Quem non mille feræ, quem non Stheneleius hospes
Non potuit Juno vincere ; vincit Amor. . . .
Hæc tamen audieram : licuit non credere famæ,
En venit ad sensus mollis ab aure dolor.
Ante meos oculos adducitur advena pellex :
Nec mihi, quæ patior, dissimulare licet.
Non sinis averti? mediam captiva per urbem
Invitis oculis aspicienda venit.
Nec venit incultis captarum more capillis,
Fortunam vultus fassa tegendo suos.
Ingreditur latè lato spectabilis auro :
Qualiter in Phrygia tu quoque cultus eras.
Dat vultum populo sublime sub Hercule victo :
Oechaliam vivo stare parente putes.
Forsitan et pulsâ Ætolide Deianirâ,
Nomine deposito pellicis uxor erit :
Eurytidosque Ioles, atque insani Alcidæ
Turpia famosus corpora junget Hymen.

Mens

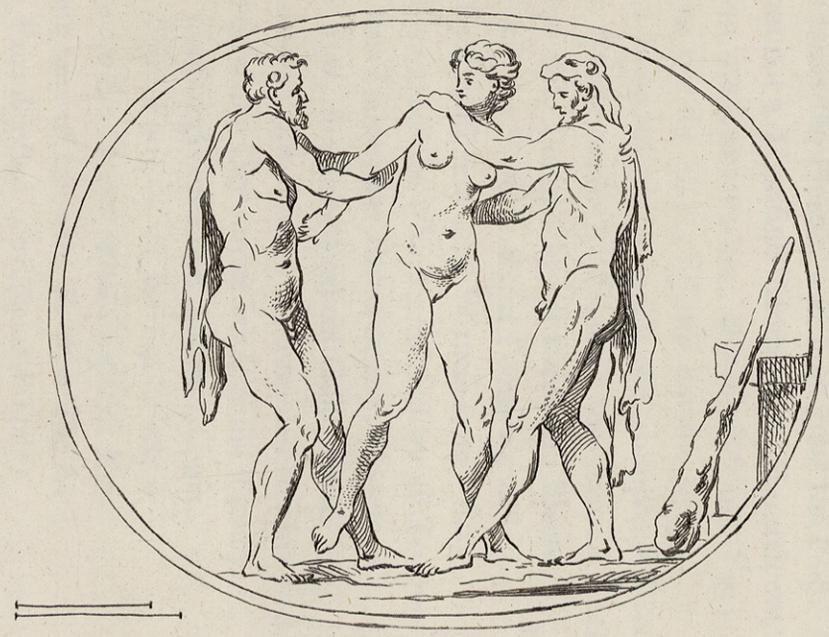
Mens fugit admonitu, frigusque perambulat artus.
Et jacet in gremio languida facta manus.

OECHALIA raz'd by your resistless Sword;
I joy and pride in my victorious Lord.
But when a Slave before his Slave He lies;
My abject Lord I pity and despise.
Thro' wond'ring GREECE quick flew malignant FAME;
And as She spreads your Glory, spreads your Shame.
Lo! JUNO's Hate, and more than Human Toils,
Advance your Triumphs, and increase your Spoils.
But, lo! the Conqu'ror of a World in Arms
Stoops, the mean Victim of his Captive's Charms!
Him, Who the Malice of EURISTHEUS braves,
A wanton Glance of IOLE inslaves.
This JUNO sees, EURISTHEUS sees, with Joy;
The *Man* ALCIDES sunk below the *Boy*.
This sees, but sees with Pain, superior JOVE;
Who stamp'd his Image in luxuriant Love.
Was it for This, collecting all his Might,
He lengthen'd into three one labor'd Night?
To form this Sample of Etherial Race,
Why Half that Ardor? And why half that Space?
Less hurtful JUNO's Frowns, than VENUS' Smiles;
That rais'd your Fame, whose Splendor This defiles.
Peace to the ravag'd Earth your Arms restore;
In Safety may the Sailor quit the Shore.
Nor Monsters now, of Beasts or Men, are found;
Far as old OCEAN laves th' extremest Ground.
Far as surveys the POW'R, That all surveys,
Or with his Rising, or his Falling Rays.
When ATLAS droop'd beneath his Starry Load;
A Man you bore, what shall bear you, a God.

And

And ſhall one Action all the Reſt efface?
And all your Glory turn to your Diſgrace?
Two Serpents periſh'd by your Infant Ire!
What more could JOVE with his Cœleſtial Fire?
But ill You finiſh, what you well began!
How much the *Boy* ſuperior to the *Man?*
Compare the Firſt ALCIDES with the Laſt;
How mean the Preſent, and how great the Paſt?
Whom not a Thouſand Monſters cou'd o'erthrow,
Whom not EURISTHEUS, thy more ſavage Foe;
Whom not the Hate of JUNO nor the Art:
Him! LOVE o'erthrows with one triumphant Dart.
This, FAME convey'd; I ſcorn'd the Voice of FAME.
I knew not, I or would not know my Shame.
But, lo! the Slave in Regal Pomp appears;
My Eyes muſt now bear Witneſs to my Ears.
All Eyes muſt ſee what's publiſh'd by all Tongues;
Nor can I hide your Errors or my Wrongs.
Ev'n now, in all the Pride of Guilty State,
She comes! She comes! Triumphant o'er her Fate.
Slow thro' the City moves her ſplendid Train;
The Captive glories in her Victor's Chain.
Her abject Fortune, all her Looks bely;
She awes the Crowd with a ſuperior Eye.
Where now of Slave the Habit or the Air?
The Face dejected, or diſhevel'd Hair?
Her Sire ſtill ſeems his Kingdoms to poſſeſs;
The Spoils of Nations laviſh'd on her Dreſs.
Thus were You ſeen, thro' *Phrygia* ſeen, and ſcorn'd,
In Female Robes, diſhoneſtly adorn'd!
But hold!——This Alien Slave You mean to wed!
Already ſtain'd She mounts my ſpotleſs Bed.

My



XXXVIII

My cruel Lord! what Madneſs fires your Brain,
The ſacred Torch of HYMEN to profane?
Call not the chaſter God to join and aid,
The perjur'd Huſband, and polluted Maid.
The diſtant Thought unable to withſtand;
Low ſinks into my Lap my languid Hand.
The vital Heat forſakes thy injur'd Wife;
And the laſt Tremor ſtops the Springs of Life.

XXXVIII.

HERCULES reſcuing MEGARA, his Wife, out of the Hands of LYCUS King of THEBES: The Story is This. HERCULES deſcended to the Infernal Regions, in order to reſtore ALCESTES to her Husband. His Abſence occaſion'd in the World a general Rumor of his Death. It was not preſumed that he could find a Way back from that Place.

Unde Fata negant quemquam redire
Whence Fate permits no Mortal to return.

Upon this Preſumption LYCUS, King of THEBES, reſolv'd to carry off MEGARA, Whom He conſidered as the Widow not the Wife of HERCULES. But having happily finiſhed his Enterpriſe, HERCULES appeared again, in the very Inſtant of Time, in which LYCUS was going to marry his Wife. The King of THEBES was killed in the Conteſt; to revenge whoſe Death JUNO, it is ſaid, made HERCULES mad; Who in his Phrenzy laid violent Hands on the Children He had by MEGARA and ſlew Them.

BEGER

BEGER exhibits a Gem upon this Subject; It differs in ſome little Circumſtances from Ours; particularly as to the Form. His is a perpendicular Oval; Ours is an Oval couched: The Latter appears to Me to be more exquiſitely wrought, and more ingeniouſly contraſted.

BEGER ſuſpects, that this Deſign may be interpreted as a Satir upon the Emperor COMMODUS; Who uſed in his Nocturnal Debauches, to force the Daughters and the Wives, from the Arms of their Fathers and their Husbands. But the Workmanſhip of the Gem He explains, ſeems rather of too good a Taſte, for the Time of COMMODUS; An Æra in which the Arts begun to decline. And after All; why ſhould We labor to extract a forced Conſtruction, when in a known Fact of Hiſtory or an eſtabliſhed Point of Fable, We find an eaſy and natural Explication? I throw aſide the ſatiric Species in General; It was but rarely uſed in antique Gems and Medals.

* There is nothing in Antiquity more applicable to the Subject of this Gem than the FURIOUS-HERCULES of EURIPIDES. The Reader may not be diſpleaſed to find in this Place as much of the Plan of that excellent Tragedy, and of the *Chorus* in the third Act, as may ſerve to illuſtrate the Gem before Us.

The Firſt Act opens with AMPHITRYON; the Scene is laid at THEBES, and in the Porch leading to the Houſe of HERCULES, not far from that of LYCUS. Here AMPHITRYON, in a long Soliloquy, (which by the Way expoſes the Subject of the Piece) intimates, that HERCULES had by his firſt Marriage taken to Wife, MEGARA the Daughter of CREON King of THEBES,

 that,

that, after many glorious Exploits, He had descended to the Courts of PLUTO; and was now reputed Dead. That, a new Sedition had arose in THEBES, headed by one LYCUS; the Issue of that LYCUS Who had formerly reigned there. That this Conspirator, assisted by a powerful Party, had put CREON to Death; whose Throne He usurp'd. AMPHITRYON proceeds to inveigh against this LYCUS, Whom He describes as a Tyrant rather than a King; And, lamenting the unfortunate Situation of his Family, takes Refuge at the Altar of JUPITER; which was erected by HERCULES within the Porch of His House. He is attended by his Daughter-in-Law MEGARA, and her three infant Sons, his Grandchildren. MEGARA begins to bewail her Misfortunes; the Absence of her Husband, and the Tyranny of LYCUS; Who had proscrib'd not only her Father and Herself, but her three innocent Children. AMPHITRYON endeavours to console Her; a *Chorus* of ancient *Thebans*, the few Friends that remain'd, take Part in their Sorrow; but are soon interrupted by LYCUS. The Tyrant demands, with great Inhumanity, how They dar'd presume to think that any *Asylum* would secure Them from his Proscription. From Thence He proceeds to calumniate HERCULES; whose Honor AMPHITRYON supports. As to the severe Sentence passed upon Them, AMPHITRYON intreats LYCUS to remit the Rigor of It, and banish Them from THEBES. The Request serves only to exasperate the Tyrant; He had before declared, that, as He had slain CREON, He could not suffer Those to live, Who might in Time become the Revengers of his Death. He now commands his Guards to sur-

round Them with combuſtible Matter; by that Means to drive Them from the Altar, or conſume them in their *Aſylum*. He upbraids the *Chorus* of Friends Who gave the Unfortunate their Compaſſion, more than their Aſſiſtance; telling Them, that They were the Slaves of a new Maſter. The *Chorus* reply, "that it "was their greateſt Concern to think, their Power of "relieving the Diſtreſt from his Tyranny was not equal "to their Will." MEGARA thanks Them for their Affection, and encourages her Children to meet Death with an Intrepidity worthy the Sons of HERCULES. She animates AMPHITRYON and even reproaches Him with Puſillanimity. He replies; that He was prepar'd to act his Part; and that the Sorrow He expreſs'd aroſe for his Family, not for Himſelf. Then turning to the Tyrant; "If theſe Children muſt periſh, ſays He, "permit Us only to periſh firſt. Let Us not hear "Them implore in vain, the Aſſiſtance of their Grand-"father and Mother." To which MEGARA adds; "Permit Me alſo to prepare the funeral Veſtments for "my Children. Open, on this occaſion, the Palace "of their Father; from which They have been ex-"cluded; let Them enjoy this Part at leaſt of their "Paternal Poſſeſſions." LYCUS conſents and retires; firſt telling Them that He would ſhortly return to inſpect the Sacrifice. MEGARA enters with her Children; The *Chorus* fills up the Vacancy with a long Enumeration of the Exploits of HERCULES. Till MEGARA followed by AMPHITROYN again appears with her three Sons, all dreſt in their Funeral Habits.

The ſecond Act begins with a pathetic Lamentation of MEGARA, in which ſhe reproaches HERCULES with

Neglect. AMPHITRYON on his Side reproaches JUPITER; and then addresses the *Chorus* upon the Instability of Human Affairs. It is certain that EURIPIDES has worked up this Scene of Distress with great Dexterity; and the pleasing Surprize that follows, is equal to the Horror pre-conceived. In the very Crisis, when All seem'd lost, HERCULES enters; The Theatre perhaps was never fill'd with a more interesting Scene. The Surprize and Fury of HERCULES; The Transport and Impatience of MEGARA; The Hope mixed with Fear of the Infants; are all beautifully expressed and characteriz'd. HERCULES consults with AMPHITRYON concerning the Punishment of LYCUS; And agrees to wait for the Tyrant, till He came to demand MEGARA and her Children. This Interval is again fill'd up by the *Chorus*; Who sing a kind of BACCHANALIAN Ode.

In the Third Act, LYCUS appears impatient for the Sacrifice; He questions AMPHITRYON about the Delay. AMPHITRYON replies, that the Victims were seated, as suited their Condition, near the Altar of JUPITER. The Tyrant bids him summon Them; He excuses Himself, from so unbecoming an Office; in Order to draw LYCUS into the Train laid for Him. The Impatience of LYCUS hurries Him on towards the Palace of HERCULES; there to seize MEGARA and her Children; By this Stratagem the Butchery, that follows, is thrown at a proper Distance from the Audience. The Cries of LYCUS are immediately heard from behind the Scenes; and the triumphant *Chorus* explains the Rest.

STROPHE 1.

Μεταβολὰ κακῶν.
Μέγας ὁ πρόσθ' ἄναξ,
Πάλιν ὑποστρέφει
Βίοτον εἰς ἅιδαν.
Ἰὼ δίκα, ϗ θεῶν
Παλίῤῥους πότμος.
Ηλθες χρόνῳ μολὼν, οὗ δίκλω δώσεις θανὼν,
Υβρεις ὑβρίζων τοὺς ἀμείνονας σέθεν.

Tremendous Change of Human Things!
Precarious Rise and Fall of Kings!
And is the Mighty doom'd to go,
And view the dreary Realms below;
Whom JUSTICE seizes soon or late?
O the swift-refluent Course of FATE!
Consign'd to PLUTO shall He yield his Breath;
And DEATH o'ertake the MINISTER of DEATH.

STROPHE 2.

Χαρμοναὶ, δακρύων
Εδοσαν ἐκβολάς.
Πάλιν ἔμολεν, ἀ πάρος
Οὔποτε Διὸ φρενὸς ἤλ-
πισε παθεῖν γᾶς ἄναξ.
Αλλ' ὦ γεραιὲ, ϗ τὰ δωμάτων ἔσω
Σκοπῶμφ, εἰ πράσσει τις ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω.

What Floods of Tears my Eyes o'erflow?
The Tides, of Rapture, not of Woe!
And is thy instant Ruin wrought?
O TYRANT! TYRANT, still in Thought!

Thou!

Thou! that usurp supreme Command!
That govern THEBES with Iron Hand!
But hold, my Friends, approach the sacred Walls;
Attend, if to our Wish the Tyrant falls.

STROPHE 3.

Ἰώ μοι μοι. τόδε καταρχεται
Μέλος ἐμοὶ κλύειν
Φίλιον ἐν δόμοις.
Θάνατος ἐπόσω βοᾷ,
Βοᾷ, σεναζων φροίμιον γ', ἄναξ, φόνυ.
Ω πᾶσα Κάδμυ γαῖ', ἀπόλλυμαι δόλῳ.
Καὶ γὰρ διώλλυσ'. ἀντίποινα δ' ἐκτίνων,
Τόλμα, διδούς γε τῶν δεδραμένων δίκλω.
Attend! the TYRANT's Voice I hear---
What Song so pleasing to my Ear?
More loud, and yet more loud, He cries;
"O THEBES! thy murther'd Monarch dies!"
Yet cou'd that Monarch joy in Blood;
Not Innocence his Rage withstood.
Now Something, worthy of the TYRANT, dare;
Thou, that could bear the Crime, the Justice bear!

STROPHE 4.

Τίς ὁ θεοὺς ἀνομίᾳ χραίνων, θνητὸς ὢν,
Αφρονα λόγον ἐρανίων μακάρων
Κατέβαλ', "ὡς ἄρ' ἐ θένυσι θεοί;"
Γέροντες, ἐκέτ' ἐστι δυσσεβὴς ἀνήρ.
Σιγᾷ μέλαθρα. πρὸς χορούς τραπώμεθα.
Φίλοι γὰρ εὐτυχῆσιν, οὓς ἐγὼ θέλω.
Where now the Man, that impiously defies
The GODS, Who guide our Fates, and rule the Skies?

"The

The Man, that pictures Heav'n, ' A Seat of Reſt,
' Where, To be Indolent, is, To be Bleſt?
' Where ev'ry Pow'r enjoys ſelf-grateful Eaſe;
' Nor ſees our Pain, or minds not, if He ſees?'
The Man, that laughs the GODS, whom We implore?
The Man, that ſpoke thoſe Follies, ſpeaks no more.
Thoſe GODS, whom We implore, have ſign'd his Doom.
The Shrine of JOVE is now his ſilent Tomb.
Not ſilent, We. Ye Men of THEBES, rejoice!
And join, to raiſe the Choir, one Social Voice!
Not to exult, when Freedom You regain,
Proves You, unfit for Earth, to Heav'n profane.

ANTISTROPHICA.

STROPHE.

Χοροὶ, χοροὶ, ϗ θαλίαι μέλεσι Θήβας
Ἱερὸν κατ' ἄεν.
Μεταλλαγαὶ γὰρ δακρύων,
Μεταλλαγαὶ σωτυχίας
Ἔτεκον ἀοιδάς.
Βέβακεν ἄναξ ὁ κλεινός.
Ὁ ὃ παλαίτερος
Κρατεῖ, λιμένα λιπὼν γε τὸν Ἀχερόντιον.
Δοκημάτων ἐκτὸς ἦθλεν ἐλπίς.

The Choir awake; awake the Choir!
Raiſe the Song; and raiſe the Lyre!
Give, O THEBES, a Looſe to Joy!
Now in Feaſts your Hours employ!
Now to Laughter turn your Tears!
Turn to Safety now your Fears!

Change

Change of Fortune This demands;
Other Measures, from your Hands;
From your Voices, other Lays;
Sounds of Triumph! Sounds of Praise!
Low the proud Usurper lies;
Never more from Earth to rise:
Great ALCIDES, Lov'd and Known,
Mounts, from ACHERON, the Throne.
HOPE revives, to banish Care;
Hope more pleasing from Despair!

ANTISTROPHE.

Θεοὶ, θεοὶ, τῶν ἀδίκων μέλεσι, κ̓ τῶν
Οσίων ἐπαίειν
Οχρυος, ἅ τ' ἐυτυχία,
Φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ἐξάγεται,
Δύνασιν ἄδικον
Εφελκων. χρόνον γὰρ ἔτλα
Τὸ πάλιν εἰσορᾶν.
Νόμον παρὶμενος, ἐυνομίᾳ χάριν δίδους
Εθραυσεν ὄλβου κελαινὸν ἅρμα.

Attend the GODS; the GODS attend.
Human Pray'rs to Heav'n ascend,
Pray'rs a free Admittance gain;
Pure or Impious, Wise or Vain.
Tho' the Tyrant's Wish succeeds;
JOVE condemns the Tyrant's Deeds.
Thirst of Gold, and Pride of State,
Various Ills, and Crimes create;
Rage of Lawless Pow'r instill:
JUSTICE centers in his Will.

Flatter'd

Flatter'd by the fav'ring Wind,
All the Man forſakes his Mind.
But the Wiſe-informing SOUL,
HE ! that views and guards the Whole !
Launching the red Bolt from far,
Tears Him from his gilded Car.

I paſs over the Reſt of this Piece, becauſe It relates to the Diſtraction of HERCULES; a Circumſtance foreign to the Gem in View. But I muſt not omit ſome Scenes in the Second Act of SENECA's *Hercules Furens*; becauſe They will put this Deſign in its full Light. I ſhall make Uſe of the *Theatre des Grecs*, publiſhed by the PERE BRUMOY; Whoſe Critic is equally delicate and judicious.

In the following Scenes, (ſays the PERE BRUMOY) we begin to diſcover ſome Air of Dialogue. AMPHITRYON comes to conſole MEGARA; He founds his Argument upon the Hope of her Husband's Return. MEGARA replies,

——*Quod nimis miſeri volunt*
Hoc facile credunt.
The Wretch Himſelf induſtriouſly deceives;
The *good* Event He *hopes*, He ſoon *believes*.

To which AMPHITRYON.

——*Quod metuunt nimis*
Nunquam amoveri poſſe nec tolli putant.
To pain Himſelf induſtrious He appears;
And ſoon *believes* the *bad* Event He *fears*.

These two Sentences are the Subject-Matter of the Whole Scene; For MEGARA demands

Demersus, ac defossus, & toto insuper
Oppressus orbe, quam viam ad Superos habet?
Intomb'd beneath; All Earth constrain'd to bear;
What Road remains, that leads to upper Air?

AMPHITRYON on the other Hand reminds Her of the surprising Efforts of ALCIDES; Who waded safe thro' the LYBIAN Sea, on which He had been Ship-wreck'd. This short Discourse is interrupted by LYCUS, Who appears upon the Stage. He gives however MEGARA the Leisure of painting Him to the Spectator; by six Lines barely importing, that this LYCUS was the Usurper of the *Theban* Throne. LYCUS falls into a Soliloquy, where He exposes Himself in Sentences truly worthy his Character. He agrees, that He has neither Birth nor Right to the Sceptre. But He maintains that Force is better than Either; that the Safety of a Prince consists in the Power of his Arms; and that all other Pretensions are but feeble Supports to a Throne. Yet He is resolv'd to repair the Defect of his Birth by Marriage. MEGARA was at Hand and in his Power. Master of so great a State, He had no Apprehension of her Refusal. Or should She reject Him, He would exterminate, in Revenge, the whole Race of HERCULES. This is All, that properly belongs to SENECA in this Play; and the Turn He gives It, is most happily imagined. For besides that the Love of LYCUS for MEGARA, falls within

the Rules of Probability; It opens a larger Field for the Poet; and gives a better Color to the Cruelty of the Tyrant; Whose Motive appears too Base in EURIPIDES. LYCUS takes hold of this Occasion, and addresses Himself to MEGARA; Who had retired with AMPHITRYON to the Altar of JUPITER. His Overture is not such as We find it in EURIPIDES. He does not tell Her in rude and direct Terms, that He comes to Sacrifice Her to his Interest; On the Contrary, He makes Her a submissive and artful Declaration of his Passion. RACINE seems to have had Him in View; where PYRRHUS, applying Himself to ANDROMACHE, tells Her,

Hé quoi, votre courroux n'a-t-il pas eu son cours?
Peut-on haïr sans cesse, & punit-on toujours?
And will You never your Disdain suspend?
Hate without Cease! And punish without End?

MEGARA's Reply is not in the Manner of ANDROMACHE. She had to deal with a Tyrant less generous than PYRRHUS. She tells Him; She will never touch the Hand stained with the Blood of her Father and Brothers. No rather let the Universe be subverted (for This is the Substance of five or six *Latin* Turns that follow) than MEGARA yield to Him, that robb'd Her of her Father, Brothers, Scepter, Country! But, continues MEGARA;

——*Quid ultra est? Una res superest mihi,*
Fratre ac Parente carior, Regno, ac Lare,

Odium

Odium tui; quod esse cum populo mihi
Commune doleo.
Remains there ought that I may call my own?——
Dear, as my Brother, Father, Country, Throne,
This, This remains (beyond the Pow'r of Fate)
My Hate of Thee! My everlasting Hate!
That THEBES partakes this Blessing grieves my Soul;
In This MEGARA wou'd ingross the whole.

After this Declaration She lays before the Tyrant, the most celebrated Crimes transacted in THEBES, and punished by the Gods. And She presages, that his Destiny will be conformable to the Destiny of those Monsters, whom He succeeded in Time, but surpassed in Wickedness. To This, LYCUS makes no very good Defence. He allows that He infringes all Law, Divine, or Human. Yet he undertakes to justify the Death of CREON and the Brothers of MEGARA. His Reasoning is This.

——Cruento cecidit in bello Pater.
Cecidere Fratres. Arma non servant modum
Nec temperari, nec reprimi potest
Stricti ensis ira. Bella delectat Cruor.
Sed Ille regno pro suo; Nos improba
Cupidine acti; quæritur Belli exitus
Non Causa.
Your Sire fell headlong from his Royal Car,
Your ev'ry Brother fell; The Fate of War!
And when the lifted Sword begins to rage,
What Hand can sheath, what Temper can assuage,

Its Thirſt of Blood? Then Slaughter yields Delight.——
But would you judge the Wrong, or judge the Right?
Your Father fought, his Scepter to maintain;
I fought, by mad Ambition fired, to gain:
Who beſt deſerv'd to loſe It, or poſſeſs;
Decide not by the Motive, but Succeſs.

He concludes; that MEGARA ought to forget all former Diſobligations, and ſurrender Herſelf to the Conqueror. It is a Wife, and not a Captive, that He is willing to attach to his Party. He admires, rather than condemns, her Magnanimity of Soul. The Magnanimity of MEGARA, is the very Conſideration, that makes Him think Her worthy of LYCUS. The Widow of HERCULES confirms her refuſal by Execrations. LYCUS ſtrengthens his Demand with Menaces. He calumniates the Actions and Birth of HERCULES. AMPHITRYON juſtifies Him on both theſe Points. The Conteſt is lively and cloſe; but there is Nothing ſublime or intereſting in the Subject; ſo ridiculous is the Fable upon which it is founded. SENECA, it muſt be granted, took this from EURIPIDES. But He has made a bad Thing worſe. Upon the Whole, the HERCULES of SENECA is well attacked, but ill defended.

Fortem vocemus, cujus ex humeris Leo
Donum puellæ factus, & clava excidit,
Fulſitque pictum veſte Sidonia latus?
Fortem vocemus, cujus horrentes comæ
Maduere nardo? Laude qui notas manus
Ad non virilem tympani movet ſonum,

Mitra

Mitra ferocem barbara frontem premens?
The Great! And ſhall we call Him Great of Mind;
That to the LYDIAN DAME his Club reſign'd?
Strips the rough Lion from his harden'd Sides?
And in a pictur'd TYRIAN Veſtment prides?
Great ſhall We call Him? That with female Air,
And female Odors laves his knotted Hair,
Whoſe weighty Hand upon a Timbril plays?
Whoſe ſounding Voice attempts unmanly Lays?
Him Great? Whoſe known Ferocity of Face
A *Phrygian* Mitra ſoftens to Diſgrace?

What anſwers AMPHITRYON? Far from diſowning ſo diſhonorable a Part of the HERCULEAN Story, He attempts to juſtify the HERO by the Example of BACCHUS. He even adds; that great Labors require Relaxation. LYCUS proceeds to the moſt outragious Insolence: A Proof that the Author of this Piece, was as ill inſtructed in What regards the Manners, as in What relates to the other Rules of the Theatre. This Verſe of LYCUS, applied to MEGARA, is a ſufficient Inſtance.

Vel ex coactâ nobilem partem feram.

That is, "He propoſes to uſe Violence, as well to "gratify his Paſſion, as to get an Heir of illuſtrious "Deſcent." Upon this, MEGARA atteſts the *Manes* of CREON, OEDIPUS, and the Houſe of LABDACUS; determined, as She is, "to complete the Number of "the DANAIDES;" meaning to aſſinate ſuch a Huſband as LYCUS, and to act what all thoſe fifty Siſters acted,

acted, except HYPERMNESTRA. From Love the Tyrant passes to Fury. He commands his Attendants to surround the Altar with Wood; resolved to sacrifice the whole Race of HERCULES. AMPHITRYON in vain desires to die the First. He has now no Recourse, but to HERCULES; whom He invokes with loud Exclamations. The Earth seems already to tremble, and the Heavens to open. The *Chorus* declaims as usual; and loads the Goddess FORTUNE with Imprecations; invoking HERCULES, in their Turn, to rise from the INFERNAL Regions. The Example of ORPHEUS is detailed at Length; and Valor, it is hoped, would gain as much from PLUTO, as Music.

Quæ vinci poterit Regia cantibus,
Hæc vinci poterit Regia viribus.
The Court subdued by *Music*'s Charms,
That Court may be subdued by *Arms.*

In the midst of this Calamity HERCULES enters; and It is in this Point of Light we are to consider the Gem here exhibited.

XXXIX.

OMPHALE or IOLE drest in the Arms of HERCULES. There are several Gems of the same Subject, and almost the same Composition. AGOSTINI has given Us some. See likewise the *Florentine* Collection.

* We have spoke at large of IOLE in the XXXVIIth Article. In this Place We shall treat of

XXXIX

OMPHALE; Who was in her Turn One of the most celebrated Mistresses of HERCULES. It is hard to say, according to the Character Antiquity has left of HERCULES, whether He was more frequently engaged in the Fields of MARS, or in the Camps of VENUS. For besides his more legitimate Wives MEGARA and DEIANIRA; or OMPHALE and IOLE already mentioned; He is said to have forced AUGE, Daughter of ALEUS, and ASTEDAMIA Daughter of ISMENUS; Both of Royal Blood. Not to forget the fifty Princesses of BOEOTIA, Daughters of THESPIUS Son of THEUTRANTES; by Whom, as some Authors say, He got no less than Fifty Male-Children in one Night; or as Others sum Them, Fifty-One, by Forty-Nine of these Sisters; The Fiftieth heroically maintaining her Honor against the mighty Force of HERCULES. DEIANIRA seems of a different Opinion in OVID, when She reproaches Him.

Hæc mihi ferre parum; peregrinos addis Amores:
Et mater de te quælibet esse potest.
Non ego Partheniis *temeratam vallibus* AUGEN,
Nec referam partus, Ormeni *Nympha, tuos.*
Non tibi crimen erunt, Theutrantia *turba, sorores:*
Quarum de populo nulla relicta tibi.

But worse your Foreign Loves my Peace invade.
From You, may rise a Mother, any Maid.
Not that your ancient Flames anew molest;
Your * Nymph of ORMENUS, by Force compreſt!
Your AUGE, in *Parthenian* Vallies won!
Nor either Princess with her spurious Son!

* ASTYDAMIA.

Nor

Nor will I here Reproach You with the Stain,
Or Conquest, of the whole THEUTRANTIAN Train;
A Croud of Sisters witness to your Rapes:
Not One of all that Croud of Sisters scapes.

The present Concern of DEIANIRA arose from his Love of OMPHALE, Daughter to IARDANUS, and Queen of LYDIA; What follows will sufficiently explain the Character She bears in this Gem.

Se quoque Nympha tuis ornavit Iardinis armis,
Et tulit e capto nota trophæa viro.
I nunc, tolle animos, & fortia gesta recense.
Quod tu non esses jure, vir illa fuit. . . .
Illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum.
Cede bonis: hæres laudis amica tuæ.
Pro pudor! hirsuti costas exuta Leonis,
Aspera texerunt vellera molle latus.
Falleris & nescis: non sunt spolia ista Leonis,
Sed tua. Tuque feri victor es; Illa tui.
Fœmina tela tulit LERNÆIS *atra venenis,*
Ferre gravem lanâ vix satis apta colum:
Instruxitque manum clavâ domitrice ferarum:
Vidit & in speculo conjugis arma sui.

HERCULEAN Dress assumes the LYDIAN Dame,
Who on her vanquish'd Hero builds her Fame.
Prides in his Weapons, to the World well-known,
And all his noted Triumphs makes her own.
Go now, and boast your Valour and your Might!
Recite each Labor! And again recite!
To OMPHALE the great Applause is due;
In Thee the Maid, In Her the Man, We view.

The

XL

The Trophies rais'd by Thee her Glory raiſe.
Praiſe not Thy-ſelf; A Woman heirs thy Praiſe.
Tear from her Breaſt, for Shame, that briſtly Hide.
A ſofter Skin ſhould cloath that ſofter Side.
Ill with thy Boaſts, the Spoils She wears, agree,
Not taken from the Lion, but from Thee.
Subdu'd the SON OF JOVE the Savage Brood;
But OMPHALE, the SON OF JOVE, ſubdu'd.
In Him the Victor of the Beaſt We ſee.
The Victor of the Beaſt and Man is She.
A Woman bears, what late ALCIDES bore,
The Quiver'd Arrows ſtain'd in LERNEAN Gore.
And ſinks She not beneath the warlike Freight,
To Whom a loaded Diſtaff ſeem'd a Weight?
Vain of the Conqueſt, at her Glaſs She ſtands
And brandiſhes his Arms with feeble Hands,
And wields his pond'rous Club, or ſtrives to wield;
His Club that made ſo many Monſters yield!

XL.

HERCULES repoſing after his Labors. Some of his moſt glorious Exploits are here repreſented. He is ſeated on the Skin of the NEMEAN Lion. Behind Him lies the Bow, with which He ſubdued the STYMPHALIC Birds. At his Feet are the three HESPERIAN Apples, and the Head of the ERYMANTHIAN Boar. On a Riſing appears a SPHYNX, and behind that Animal the Club of HERCULES; ſo fatal to Monſters and Robbers. Above Him is wrote a *Greek* Inſcription; the Characters perfect and the Senſe intelligible; It implies that, " An honorable Repoſe is only attainable by " Labor.

CARRACCI has again made uſe of this Deſign in the ſame Apartment of the Palace FARNESE, mentioned in the XXXVth Article. This Gem is the Ground-work of his Compoſition. He has omitted Nothing but the *Greek* Inſcription and the SPHYNX. Nor can I well deviſe, what Occaſion there was for the Latter in this Place. HERCULES had never any Engagement with the SPHYNX. There are two Sorts of theſe Monſters repreſented on Antiquities. The One is called *Egyptian*, and always imploy'd in the Monuments of *Egypt*; The Other, *Theban*. The *Egyptian* SPHYNX is diſtinguiſhed by the Bandages, round her Head like the *Mummies*; The *Theban*, wears the common Female Head-dreſs, and has Wings. Perhaps, it was intended to emblemize the Prudence that ought to accompany the Hero in all his Enterprizes. As well in this Gem, as in the Painting, HERCULES holds a Sword upon which He leans. This Weapon, It ſeems to Me, was leſs familiar to Him than the Bow or Club.

The Compoſition of this Piece is exquiſite; The Stone is a *Cornelian*; and lies in the Cabinet of Monſieur CROZAT. There have been many Antique Copies taken from It.

*Tho' the Bow, Club, and Lion Skin were more familiar to HERCULES; The Artiſt is not guilty of the leaſt Impropriety; when He attributes the Sword to the ſame Hero. EURIPIDES, ſpeaking of his Engagement with LYCUS, calls It, the *Contention of the Sword*, or the *Sword-Conflicted-Combat*. And VALERIUS FLACCUS gives Him the ſame Weapon, in the Third Book of his *Argonauticon*.

Has,

Has, precor, exuvias & prima cadavera, NESTOR,
Linquite, ait: ferro potius mihi dextera, ferro
Navet opus: prensumque manu detruncat AMASTRUM.
Let not those Spoils or Heaps thy Course delay,
(O NESTOR!) the first Honors of the Day.
My Sword, this Field demands, my Sword! (He said)
And left AMASTER, shorter by the Head.

As for his Club and Lion's Skin, They have been already illustrated in the XXXIst Article. But It will be necessary to explain here the Design of those three Apples and the Boar's Head; other noted Symbols of HERCULES. As to his Labor of the *Erymanthian* Boar; QUINTUS CALABER gives Us this short Picture of It, in his Description of EURIPILUS's Shield; on which the twelve principal Labors of HERCULES were represented.

Ἐξείης δ' ἐτέτυκτο βίη συὸς ἀκαμάτοιο
Αφρόων γενύεσσι· φέρεν δέ μιν ὡς ἑτέον περ,
Ζωὸν ἐς Εὐρυσθῆα μέγα σθένος Ἀλκείδαο.
There pants and foams the ERYMANTHIAN Boar,
And yields his savage Tusks, untam'd before.
Rais'd on the Hero's Back, the Monster lies,
To stern EURISTHEUS borne; a Living Prize!

The same Shield supplies us with the following Account of the HESPERIAN Apples.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ χρύσεα μῆλατε τευχέατο μαρμαίροντα
Ἑσπερίδων ἀνὰ πρέμνον ἀκήρατος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
Σμερδαλέος δέδμητο δράκων. ταίδ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι
Πτόσσυσαι, θρασὺν ἷα Διὸς μεγάλοιο φέβοντο.

 And

And there HESPERIAN Fruitage You behold,
That ſhone, on Trees untouch'd, with native Gold.
No more thoſe Trees ſhall boaſt their ſplendid Hue!
Sretch'd on the Ground their Guardian Dragon view.
The while the NYMPHS fly various thro' the Grove;
And tremble at the dreadful SON OF JOVE.

The Deſcription of this Shield lies in the VIth Book of the *Paralipomenon* of QUINTUS CALABER; or as ſome call Him COINTHUS SMYRNÆUS.

Theſe Golden Apples, which were Three in Number, TZETZES makes the Preſent of JUPITER to JUNO, on his Marriage. See the ſecond Book of his *Chiliad.*

Ἥρας τὰ μῆλα τὰ χρυσᾶ Ζεὺς ἅπερ γάμοις ἔσχε,
Επὶ τῆς Ἥρας γαμικὸν κάλλιςον ἔδνον εἶναι.
Ων φύλαξ δράκων ἄγρυπνος, Τυφῶνος παῖς ὑπῆρκε.
Theſe Golden Apples, as a pretious Dow'r,
JOVE gave to JUNO in the Nuptial Hour.
O'er which the Guardian Dragon watchful hung;
Terrific Form! from horrid TYPHON ſprung.

As for the SPHYNX that appears in this Figure; She ſtands always for the Symbol of Wiſdom. HERCULES (notwithſtanding ſome Errors of Paſſion) was by the Antients eſteemed a Hero of great Conduct as well as Courage. His twelve principal Labors are ſufficient Proofs; To which may be added thoſe occaſional Exploits, that fell in his way, and were equal to his other Labors. Such as his Conflict with ANTEUS, his Relief of ATLAS already mentioned. BUSISIS, THEO-

DAMUS

DAMUS, LAOMEDON, were Tyrants that inlarged the Number of his Conquests; as well as LYCUS, EURITUS, and Others, that have been mentioned in this Explication. DIODORUS SICULUS has given Us an Historical Account of the Actions of this Hero. The Reader will there find; that, HERCULES, divested of his Fabulous Dress, appears a Prince of consummate Prudence and Bravery. We see Him here in his Poetic and Mithologic Character. The SPHYNX that is introduced in this Gem of HERCULES, is not the Chimerical Production of one single Artist. The same Companion is attributed to this Hero in other Antiquities. I will not take Advantage of Those, which treat this Subject, in a Manner so similar, that it is hard to guess, which is the Original, and which the Copy. But that the Artist had good Authority to throw this SPYNX into his Design, is evident from the two *Chian* Coins exhibited by BEGER in his Third Volume. On one Side of These is represented a SPHYNX with a Female Face, and the Body of a Lion, resting one of her Fore-paws on the Rudder of a Ship; and on the Other a HERCULES with his Club; a God held in great Veneration by the *Chians*. The Female Part of SPHYNX demonstrates the *Beauty*, and the Lion Part the *Force*, of *Wisdom*. The Commentator upon the ODYSSEY of HOMER furnishes Us with an excellent Remark; agreeable to the Motto of this Gem. " There is a " beautiful Moral (says He) couch'd in the Fable of " his being married to HEBE or YOUTH, after Death: " to imply, that a perpetual Youth, or a Reputation " which never grows old, is the Reward of those " Heroes, who, like HERCULES, imploy their

 " Courage

" Courage for the Good of Human Kind." The Paſſage of HOMER, to which this Note is added, ſeems to deſcribe the Hero, of Whom We have been treating, in ſuch as He is here repreſented. This Paſſage is in the Eleventh Book of the ODYSSEY; We need but ſuppoſe Him in a Standing Attitude, to acknowledge the Reſemblance. ULYSSES giving a Detail of Infernal Regions, ſays,

Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην Ἡρακληείην,
Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
Τέρπεται ἐν θαλίῃς, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον ἥβην,
Παῖδα Διὸς μεγάλοιο καὶ Ἥρης χρυσοπεδίλου.
Αμφὶ δέ μιν κλαγγὴ νεκύων ἰὼ, οἰωνῶν ὡς,
Πάντοσ' ἀτυζομένων. ὁ δ', ἐρεμνῇ νυκτὶ ἐοικὼς,
Γυμνὸν τόξον ἔχων καὶ ἐπὶ νευρῇφιν ὀϊστὸν,
Δεινὸν παπταίων, αἰεὶ βαλλέοντι ἐοικώς.
Σμερδαλέῳ δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ θὲὶ ϛήθεσσιν ἀορτὴρ,
Χρύσεος ἰὼ τελαμών· ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα τέτυκτο,
Αρκτοι τ', ἀγρότεροί τε σύες, χαροποί τε λέοντες,
Υσμῖναί τε, μάχαι τε, φόνοι τ', ἀνδροκτασίαι τε.
Μὴ τεχνησάμενος, μηδ' ἄλλό τε τεχνήσαιτο,
Ος κεῖνον Τελαμῶνα ἑῇ ἐγκάτθετο τέχνῃ.
Εγνω δ' αὐτίκα κεῖνος, ἐπεὶ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσι
Καὶ μ' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα,

Now I the Strength of HERCULES behold,
A tow'ring Spectre of gigantic Mold,
A ſhadowy Form! for high in Heav'n's Abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods;
There in the bright Aſſemblies of the Skies,
He Nectar quaffs, and HEBE crowns his Joys.

XLI

Here hov'ring Ghosts, like Fowl, his Shade surround,
And clang their Pinions with terrific Sound;
Gloomy, as Night He stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial Arrow from the twanging Bow.
Around his Breast a wond'rous Zone is roll'd,
Where woodland Monsters grin in fretted Gold;
There sullen Lions sternly seem to roar,
The Bear to growl, to foam the tusky Boar:
There WAR and HAVOC and DESTRUCTION stood,
And vengeful Murther, red with Human Blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the Figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with Skill divine.
The Mighty Ghost advanc'd with awful Look,
And, turning his grim Visage, sternly spoke. BROOME.

The Character the Poet gives of his Shade in the Infernal Regions, is correspondent to the Picture the Artist gives Us of his Life in This. There are some Circumstances relating to HERCULES in the XLIII and XLIV Articles.

XLI.

GANYMEDE borne away by JUPITER in the Shape of an Eagle.

* The Story is told by Ovid in this Manner, who accounts for JUPITER's taking on Him the Form of an Eagle.

Rex Superum Phrygii *quondam* GANYMEDIS *Amore*
Arsit, & inventum est aliquid, quod JUPITER *esse*
Quam quod erat, mallet: nulla tamen alite verti

Dignatur,

Dignatur, nisi quæ portet sua fulmina terræ.
Nec mora percusso mendacibus aëre pennis
Arripit Iliaden ; *qui nunc quoque pocula miscet,*
Invitâque Jovi *Nectar* Junone *ministrat.*
The King of Gods admir'd the *Phrygian* Boy,
Nor, without Ganymede, cou'd Heav'n enjoy.
A feather'd Shape determin'd to assume ;
Where best might Jove his Majesty implume?
All Form of Volatiles He scorn'd to wear ;
All but the Bird that cou'd his Thunder bear.
With Eagle-Flight, (nor Love admits Delay)
From High, thro' Air, He speeds his downward Way,
Nor lighted till He touch'd the *Trojan* Shore :
Then back to Heav'n the beauteous Shepherd bore.
Who ministers to Jove the nectar'd Bowl ;
By Juno shar'd, but with invidious Soul.

The Hymn of Venus, attributed to Homer, gives the following Detail of the Rape of Ganymede. Jupiter being still supposed the Ravisher of that beautiful Boy. For in this Hymn Venus tells Anchises ;

Αγχι θεοὶ ᾗ μάλιςα καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων
Αἰεὶ ἐφ' ὑμετέρης γλυκεῖς εἶδός τε φυλά τε·
Η τοι μὲν ξανθὸν Γανυμήδεα μητίετα Ζεὺς
Ηρπασ' ἑὸν διὰ κάλλος, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη,
Καί τε Διὸς κλῃδὸν δῶμα θεοῖς ἐπιοινοχοεύοι,
Θαῦμα ἰδεῖν, πάντεσσι τετιμένος ἀθανάτοισι,
Χρυσέῃ ἐκ κρατῆρος ἀφύσσων νέκταρ ἐρυθρόν.
Τρῶα ᾗ πένθος ἄλαςον ἔχε φρένας, οὐδέ τι ᾔδει
Οπτῃ οἱ φίλον υἱὸν ἀνήρπασε θέαπις ἄελλα·
Τὸν δ' ἤπφτα γόασκε διαμπερὲς ἤματα πάντα.

Καὶ

Καί μιν Ζεὺς ἐλέησε, δίδου δέ οἱ ἠΰς ἄποινα
Ἵππους ἀργίποδας, τοί τ' ἀθανάτους φορέουσι,
Τές οἱ δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἔχφν· εἴπέν τε ἕκαστα
Ζήνὸς ἐφημοσύνῃσι διάκτορος Αργφφόντης,
Ὡς ἔοι ἀθάνατος ἠ ἀγήρως ἤματα πάντα.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ Ζήνὸς ὀγ' ἔκλυεν ἀγγελιάων,
Οὐκέτ' ἔπφτα γόασκε, γεγήθφ ᾗ φρένας ἔνδον,
Γηθόσυνος δ' ἵππωσιν ἀελλοπόδεσσιν ὀκεῖτο.

But Troy, of all the habitable Earth,
To a Superior Race of Men gives Birth;
Producing Heroes of Etherial Kind,
And next resembling Gods in Form and Mind.
From Thence, great Jove to azure Skies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' Immortals honor'd (strange to see!)
The Youth enjoys a blest Eternity.
In Bowls of Gold, He ruddy Nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended Hours.
Long did the King, his Sire, his Absence mourn,
Doubtful, by Whom, or Where, the Boy was borne.
Till Jove at length, in Pity to his Grief,
Dispatch'd Argicides to his Relief;
And more with Gifts to pacifie his Mind,
He sent Him Horses of a deathless Kind,
Whose Feet outstrip'd in Speed the rapid Wind.
Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
The Youth's Advancement to a Heav'nly State;
Where all his Hours are past in circling Joy,
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death destroy.
Now when this Embassy the King receives,
No more for absent Ganymede He grieves;

The pleasing News his Aged Heart revives;
And with Delight his swift-heel'd Steeds He drives.

CONGREVE.

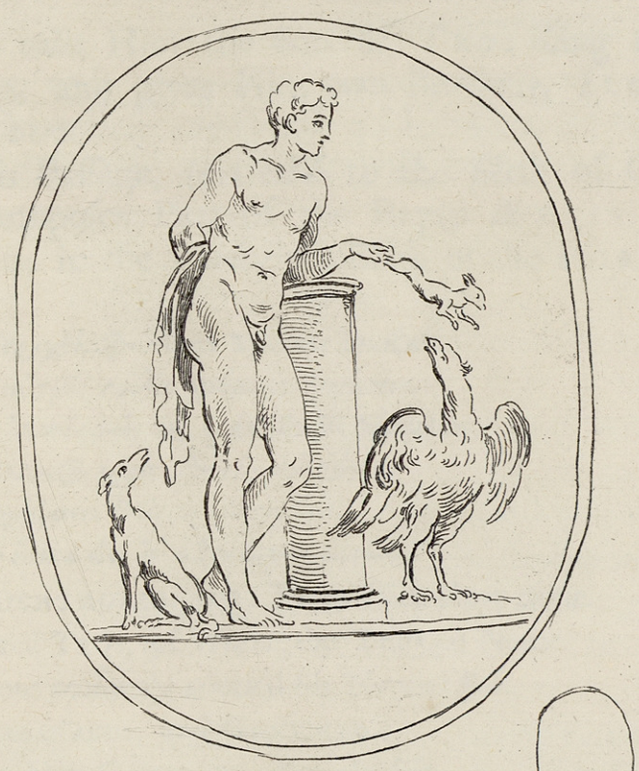
The Name of this *Trojan* King, Father to GANYMEDE, will be told in the following Article.

XLII.

Another GANYMEDE. He stands in this Figure and leans upon a Column. The Eagle, that stands on the Ground, and looks up at Him, shews the Boy was designed for GANYMEDE. This GANYMEDE was a young Sportsman; and for this Reason He is represented with a Levret in his Hand, and a Hound at his Feet. VIRGIL touches the Story of this Youth, which he supposes was imbroidered on a Vestment, given as a Prize to the Victor of the Naval Course, described in the Fifth Book of the ÆNEID.

Intextusque PUER *frondosâ* REGIUS IDA
Veloces jaculo cervos cursuque fatigat,
Acer, anhelanti similis; quem præceps ab IDA
Sublimem pedibus rapuit JOVIS *armiger unguis.*
Longevi palmas nequicquam ad sidera tendunt
Custodes; sævitque canum latratus in auras.
There, GANYMEDE is wrought with living Art,
Chasing thro' IDA's Groves the trembling Hart:
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft, descends in open View,
The Bird of JOVE; and sowsing on his Prey,
With crooked Tallons bears the Boy away.

In



XLII

In vain with lifted Hands, and gazing Eyes,
His Guards behold Him ſoaring thro' the Skies;
And Dogs purſue his Flight, with imitated Cries.

DRYDEN.

HOMER calls Him the Son of TROS King of the TROJANS, and gives Him two Brothers, ILUS and ASSARACUS.

* This Paſſage, (material to the Birth of GANYMEDE) compoſes Part of the Reply ÆNEAS makes ACHILLES in the Twentieth Book of the ILIAD.

Τρῶα δ' Ἐρεχθόνιος τέκετο Τρώεσσιν ἄνακτα·
Τρωὸς δ' αὖ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο.
Ἶλός τ', Ἀσσάρακός τε, καὶ ἀντίθεος Γανυμήδης,
Ὃς δὴ κάλλιστος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
Τὸν καὶ ἀνηρείψαντο θεοὶ Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν,
Κάλλεος εἵνεκα οἷο, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη.

Such ERICHTHONIUS was: From Him there came
The Sacred TROS, of Whom the TROJAN Name.
Three Sons renown'd adorn'd his Nuptial Bed,
ILUS, ASSARACUS, and GANYMED:
The matchleſs GANYMED, divinely fair,
Whom Heav'n enamour'd ſnatch'd to upper Air,
To bear the Cup of JOVE, (ætherial Gueſt!)
The Grace and Glory of th' Ambroſial Feaſt. POPE.

Whom HEAVEN (that is to ſay the GODS in general) ſnatched to upper Air; HOMER ſeems in this Paſſage to imply, that this Rape was not the particular Act of JUPITER. The Reader will find a further Account of GANYMEDE in the XLIIId and XLIVth Articles.