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PERICLES.

*from a Bust in the Possession of Charles Townley Esq.*

*Engraved by J. Smith del. by J. Flaxman sculp.*

AN  
E S S A Y  
ON  
S C U L P T U R E:  
IN A SERIES OF EPISTLES  
TO JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ. R.A.  
WITH NOTES.

Τα ἀγαλματα τῆς παλαιᾶς τέχνης, αὐτοὶ δύνανται εἰς τὸ θαυμάσαι καὶ ὀφθαλμῶν  
ἀκριβεστέρων.

THEMISTIUS, Orat. de Amicitia.

Scrissi i fenfi d'un cor sincero e bianco

Che se in vaghezza poi manca lo stile

Nel zelo almeno, e nell amor non manco.

SALVATOR ROSA.

---

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers Street;

FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

1800.





## INTRODUCTORY LETTER

TO

*MR. FLAXMAN.*

**R**ECEIVE, my dear friend, with your usual kindness, the long-suspended Work, of which I had the pleasure of repeating to you a few verses (as a joyous salute) on your safe arrival from Rome in the year 1794. I then hoped to render it a more early and a more chearful tribute to your improved talents, and to our long friendship. My production is not such as I intended; yet I trust, in its present state, it is not utterly unworthy of your acceptance, or of that favour which every warm heart must be inclined to hope its endeavours to celebrate the genius of a friend may receive from the public.

You know but too well what impediments of anxiety and affliction have thwarted, for years, the progress of a performance that the honest pride of friendship would have zealously laboured to make more worthy of the artist to whom it is inscribed. I am yet willing to think that affliction (so often useful in life) may have had some sort of beneficial influence on this composition :

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

As much as my Work has lost, in knowledge and refinement, by the severe trouble, that interrupted and changed its course, it may have gained, perhaps, in nature and pathos. I could hardly convert the sufferings of your dear disciple to a use more noble, than that of making them instrumental, in any degree, to the reputation of such an instructor.

When I began the Poem, I intended that it should comprize a sketch of modern as well as ancient art : but

my attention has been turned from Donatello, Ghiberti, and their successors, to the dearer juvenile artist who, after the fairest promise of future excellence, under your tender and animating care, has been destined to lose the uncommon advantages he possessed, and valued, by a length of sickness and complicated sufferings.

I have now watched, you know, considerably more than two years over this interesting invalid : I have seen him enduring a horrible series and variety of increasing tortures ; yet in this very long trial of a martyr's constancy and courage I have never heard a single murmur escape from his lips ; but have beheld him triumph over the severest unmerited corporeal torments by the serenity, fortitude, and sweetness of a spirit truly angelic. In a part of this long and distressing period I have resumed, at his affectionate request, my suspended Work, and advanced in it, by such troubled industry, as those only can perfectly conceive, who have forced the mind to labour

with motives of similar affection, and with similar disquietude.

Under such circumstances, you will not blame me for allowing my just admiration of your affectionate and magnanimous, though disabled disciple, to alter the intended current of my verse. Writing, as I have ever done, from the heart, I have followed its imperious suggestions; and your sympathy, my dear friend, which I am confident I shall obtain, in this part of my subject, will form, at once, my justification and my reward.

For your credit I ought, perhaps, to apprise my reader, that whatever defects he may discover in my Book, they are to be ascribed solely to myself. As my sequestered life has not allowed me to derive from several distant friends (of intelligence far superior to mine on the subject which I presume to treat) that light which might otherwise have embellished my composition, I ought not to expose them to a suspicion of having suggested, or countenanced any

erroneous ideas, that a production of retired, yet often interrupted study, may happen to contain.

To guard myself also from a charge of presumption, it may be proper to declare that, in venturing to write upon Sculpture, I pretend not to instruct the accomplished artist, or the real connoisseur; (two classes of men whom I ought rather to consult for information, and from whom I must ever have much to learn!) but I had persuaded myself, that, by an extensive Poem on this untried subject, I might be so fortunate as to promote the celebrity of a friend, in whose talents I delight; and afford some kind of assistance to all the admirers of Sculpture, in their various endeavours to naturalize a deserving Art, which may still be considered as little more than an alien in our country, if we compare the portion of public notice and favour, which it has hitherto obtained among us, to the honour and influence it enjoyed in the ancient world.

To encourage a general delight in the ingenious Arts, and to extend the reputation of their successful professors, has ever appeared to me one of the most desirable purposes that Poetry can pursue; and particularly when that purpose is happily blended with the interest and the honour of friendship.

Should the wishes of those whom I regard induce me, in a season of more tranquillity and leisure, to delineate the rise and progress of modern Art, in another Poem, for which I have abundant materials, I shall probably introduce that new subject by a sketch of the injuries that Sculpture sustained from the sect of Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, and the animation it might acquire from the discovery of Herculaneum, and a more spirited research in the subterranean cities.

I intimate these topics, to obviate any surprise that my reader might feel on not finding them mentioned in the present Work. They appeared to me as more suited to



form the line of connexion between the two distinct provinces of ancient and modern Sculpture.

But whatever fortune may attend me as the admirer and the eulogist of your noble art, that you, my excellent friend, may long cultivate and improve it, and that universal applause and increasing felicity may be justly and graciously bestowed by earth and Heaven on your labours and your life, is the cordial wish of

Your very sincere and fervent,

Though deeply-afflicted friend,

APRIL 19, 1800.

W. H.

form the line of connexion between the two distinct provinces of ancient and modern sculpture.

But whatever fortune may attend me as the admirer and the eulogist of your noble art, that you, my excellent friend, may long cultivate and improve it, and that universal applause and increasing felicity may be justly and graciously bestowed by earth and Heaven on your labours and your life, is the cordial wish of

Your very sincere and devoted

Though deeply-afflicted friend,

W. H.

April 19, 1800.

***EPISTLE THE FIRST.***

=====

**Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur !**

=====

**MILTON.**

ARGUMENT  
OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

*Fervent wishes for the safety of the Sculptor, returning from Rome.—A sketch of the studies and situation of the Author and his friend.—The aim of the former in the present composition.*



## EPISTLE I.

**I**NFURIATE WAR! whose gory flags unfurl'd,  
Waft dire contagion round the madd'ning world,  
Spare, in thy rage, or in thy pride defend,  
Art's hallow'd pilgrim, Virtue's gifted friend,  
The travell'd Sculptor, after years of toil,  
Nobly purfu'd on many a foreign foil,  
Haft'ning, with deep-stor'd mind and practis'd hand,  
To prize and decorate his native land!  
Fierce as thou art, those shadowy forms revere,  
By Science hoarded, and to Fancy dear;

10

Which in the plastic soul of Genius rest,  
 Folded, like future gems, in Nature's breast !  
 To peaceful Sculpture's unarm'd son accord  
 Safety and honour for no mean reward:  
 He can requite thy favour—he can give  
 Thy dear lost heroes yet again to live;  
 And faithful still to thee, with martial fire  
 To speak in marble, e'en till War expire.

Thus, ardent Flaxman ! while you now review  
 Rome's sculptur'd glories in a fond adieu, 20  
 Now haste, admonish'd by instructive Time,  
 With filial pride to England's rougher clime.  
 The studious hermit, who, in that dear isle,  
 You left depriv'd of Health's inspiring smile,  
 To prosper your return, with votive lays  
 Refumes the lyre of friendship and of praise.

Dear Student ! active as the Greeks of old,  
 In toil as steady, as in fancy bold ;  
 Blending of discipline each separate part,  
 Diffusive knowledge with concenter'd art ; 30

And adding, as you climb Discovery's hill,  
 The scholar's learning to the sculptor's skill ;  
 Those years that roll'd o'er thee with lustre kind,  
 Rip'ning thy labours much, and more thy mind,  
 Those years, that gave thy faculties to shine,  
 In mists of malady enshrouded mine.

Think with what grief the spirit of thy friend,  
 Anxious as thine, but anxious to no end,  
 Year after year, of feverish sloth the prey,  
 Has seen each project of his mind decay, 40  
 And drop, like buds that, (when the parent rose,  
 Sick'ning in drought where no kind current flows,  
 Feels parching heat its genial powers enthrall,)  
 Unblown, unscented, and discolour'd, fall.

Disease, dread fiend ! whatever name thou bear,  
 I most abhor thee as the child of Care ;  
 Nor fix'd of feature, nor of station sure,  
 Thy power as noxious as thy shape obscure ;  
 While thy cold vapours, with a baleful gloom,  
 Blight intellectual fruits howe'er they bloom : 50



Yet e'en o'er thee, in thy despotic hours,  
 When thou hast chain'd the mind's excursive powers,  
 Though to thy gloomy keep by pain betray'd,  
 That mind can triumph by celestial aid :  
 From thee, dull monitor! e'en then can learn  
 A mental lesson of most high concern —  
 To know the suffering spirit's sure resource,  
 And hail the hallow'd fount of human force.

God of those grateful hearts that own thy sway,  
 Howe'er their fibres flourish or decay, 60  
 Safe in thy goodness, with no will but thine,  
 Thy dearest gifts I cherish or resign!  
 Yet, if by storms of many a season tried,  
 And tofs'd, not funk, by life's uncertain tide,  
 I yet may view, benevolently gay,  
 A brighter evening to my darken'd day :  
 Grace it, blest Power! whate'er its date may be,  
 With lustre worthy of a gift from thee!

Poets, dear Sculptor! who to fame aspire,  
 Fearless pretend to inspiration's fire. 70

We boast of Muses, who, without reward,  
 Furnish the favour'd harp with golden chord :  
 Yet, to be frank, though pensive from my youth,  
 I play'd with Fiction as a child of Truth.  
 When my free mind in health's light vest was clad,  
 A feeling heart was all the lyre I had :  
 But quick as Memnon's statue felt the day,  
 And spoke responsive to the rising ray ;  
 So quick the fibres of that heart I deem,  
 Of excellence, new risen, to feel the beam ; 80  
 Feel the pure light a vocal transport raise,  
 And fondly hail it with melodious praise.  
 But Pain, dear Flaxman ! the dull tyrant Pain,  
 A new Cambyfes, broke this lyre in twain :  
 Still, like ~~the~~ statue sever'd on the ground,  
 Though weaker, still its wonted voice is found :  
 Warm'd by that light they love, the very fragments  
 found \*.

\* See NOTE I.

O could the texture of this suffering brain  
 The pleasing toil of patient thought sustain,  
 Unwearied now, as when in Granta's shade  
 Friendship endear'd the rites to Learning paid;  
 When keen for action, whether weak or strong,  
 My mind disdain'd repose; and to prolong  
 The literary day's too brief delight,  
 Assign'd to social study half the night!  
 With ardour then, proportion'd to thy own,  
 My verse, dear Flaxman! in a louder tone  
 Should lead thy country, with a parent's hope,  
 To give thy talents animating scope;  
 Pleas'd, ere thy genius its best record frame,  
 To found a prelude to thy future fame.

But worn with anguish, may thy bard command  
 Such notes as flow'd spontaneous from his hand  
 In that blest hour, when his applauded Muse,  
 Fond of no theme but what his heart might choose,  
 Appear'd that heart's ambitious hope to crown,  
 The happy herald of a friend's renown;

When Truth re-echoed her ingenuous praise,  
And our lov'd Romney triumph'd in her lays.

The Arts and Friendship are angelic powers, 110  
Worshipp'd by me through all my chequer'd hours ;  
My early offerings at their feet I cast :  
Be theirs my present song, and theirs my last !  
If Health to him, who oft, with fruitless sighs,  
Watches the glance of her averted eyes,  
Those eyes, whose light can wither'd minds renew,  
Those stars, that shed an intellectual dew —  
If Health will yet her inspiration give,  
Call into life my verse, and bid it live !

Years that, like visions, vanish all by stealth, 120  
When Time is dancing to the harp of Health —  
But long, long links of an oppressive chain,  
When his dull steps are told by lassitude and pain —  
Years have elaps'd since, full of hope for thee,  
Thy bard, though wreck'd on Study's restless sea,

Yet aim'd to give, by friendship's kind controul,  
 Miltonic \* temper to thy fervent soul ;  
 And well hast thou, to make those years conduce  
 To future honour and immediate use,  
 Assign'd of early life thy studious prime 130  
 To bright Italia's art-enlighten'd clime ;  
 That clime, where Milton, at an age like thine,  
 Imbib'd the fervour of sublime design,  
 As emulation wing'd his soul with fire,  
 In song to triumph o'er the Tuscan quire ;  
 And Taffo's Muse, with epic glory bright,  
 Impell'd his fancy to a nobler flight :  
 So may the modern lord of Sculpture's sphere,  
 Whose mighty hand to many an art was dear—  
 May lofty Angelo thy mind inflame, 140  
 As happily to vie with Tuscan fame !  
 Then shall thy country, while thy works display  
 Force, feeling, truth, and beauty's moral sway,

\* See NOTE II.

Radiant, at last, with sculptural renown,  
 (A gem long wanting in her lucid crown,)  
 Feel new distinction animate her heart,  
 And high precedence hold in every art.

Pass not this preface in Detraction's eyes  
 For partial friendship's weak or vain surmise ;  
 'Tis hope well grounded, such as heaven inspires 150  
 When man submits to heaven his proud desires.  
 May'st thou, my friend ! whose well-instructed youth  
 Grav'd on thy heart this animating truth,  
 " Talents are power which men from God deduce,  
 " And best acknowledge by benignant use ;"—  
 May'st thou, by years of prosperous study, reach  
 Remote Perfection, that no precepts teach !  
 May'st thou, like Angelo and Milton, close  
 A life of labour in divine repose,  
 In that calm vale of years, by Science blest, 160  
 Where well-earn'd honour warms the veteran's breast,  
 Acknowledg'd (to reward his mental strife)  
 A sovereign of the art to which he gave his life !

Enough for me, whose thrilling nerves confess  
Sincerest transport in a friend's success—

For me, who hold, in life's autumnal days,  
Private esteem more dear than public praise—

If I may pour, benevolently clear,  
Incentive notes in Friendship's partial ear ;

By zealous verse uninjur'd minds inflame

170

To toils of highest hope and hardest aim,

Urge those I love in lovely arts to shine,

And make their triumphs by affection mine.

As when, through hazards on a sea untried,

Philanthropy and Fame the vessel guide,

A crippled boatswain, for Old England's sake,

By his shrill note may abler seamen wake

To happier service than himself could yield,

If yet unshatter'd on the watery field.

O generous passion, under just command,

180

Enlighten'd fondness for our native land !

Thy potent fire the Grecian arts refin'd,

And made them idols of the cultur'd mind :



From thee the hero, as the artist, caught.  
 Vigour of nerve and dignity of thought.  
 Great were thy wonders in the world of old,  
 When glory triumph'd o'er inferior gold.  
 But sceptics say that, in the modern breast,  
 The patriot passion is a sordid jest ;  
 The knavish politician's pompous mask,  
 That to the wife betrays his secret task  
 To cheat a nation with fictitious zeal,  
 And ape the noble warmth he ne'er can feel.

190

O, blind to Nature the false sage, who thinks  
 That by the touch of Time her treasure sinks !  
 The mighty Parent draws from heaven the power  
 Freely to lavish her exhaustless dower ;  
 That useful pride which, under many a name  
 The spring of action in the human frame,  
 Gives, at all periods, through her wide domain,  
 Force to the heart, and fancy to the brain —  
 The fruit may fail, as time and chance decree,  
 But every age and soil produce the tree —

200

That pride, the generous root of Grecian praise,  
 Lives yet, unweaken'd lives in modern days;  
 And oft it shoots, as many bards attest,  
 With attic vigour in an English breast!

Say, fervent Flaxman! when, with new delight,  
 Thy travels led thee first to feast thy sight  
 Where Sculpture reigns, and holds her triumph still, 210  
 With hoarded miracles of ancient skill;  
 When first thine eyes those darling forms survey'd  
 That make the colours of description fade,  
 Feeling their potent charms in every vein,  
 Till admiration rose almost to pain—  
 Prov'd not thy swelling heart a proud desire  
 That, if pure Health will guard thy mental fire,  
 Thou, by impassion'd Toil's repeated touch,  
 For thy dear England may'st achieve as much  
 As ever Grecian hand for Greece achiev'd, 220  
 When hands gave life to all the soul conceiv'd?

Feelings like these the fervent Milton found,  
 Roving, in studious youth, o'er Tuscan ground;

Such, of refin'd ambition justly proud,  
 His candid spirit to the world avow'd,  
 When of his lot he spoke his early sense,  
 And consecrated life to toil intense \*.  
 Let pert Conceit, whom lighter fancies guide,  
 The aid of Toil and Piety deride ;  
 Let flippan't Wit conceive them dull allies, 230  
 That might forbid his active wing to rise,  
 And with a swallow's flight to dart at gilded flies ;  
 Pure minds, to whom the highest powers are given,  
 Own what they owe to industry and heaven.  
 Milton by ceaseless toil to glory climb'd,  
 And strong devotion's fire his soul sublim'd ;  
 Meek Newton thus his modest wisdom taught,  
 " All that I've done is due to patient thought †."

Hard is their fate, most pitiably hard,  
 Who feel the shatter'd mind from toil debarr'd ; 240  
 Whom, on exploits of intellect intent,  
 Distemper holds in Sloth's dark prison pent,

\* See NOTE III.

† See NOTE IV.

Forbid in Fancy's favourite wilds to range,  
 And destin'd with reluctance to exchange  
 Refin'd ambition's brave and spotless strife,  
 For low and little cares of languid life \*.

How oft, dear active friend! in listless pain,  
 Thy distant invalid has wish'd in vain  
 For strength, through Roman fanes with thee to rove;  
 And pausing near the Capitolian Jove, 250  
 In scenes with solemn inspiration fraught,  
 Catch the strong impulse of inspiring thought!

While thou, in mental luxury refin'd,  
 Hast nobly banqueted thy thirsty mind  
 With all that art could yield, or taste require,  
 As purest aliment to Fancy's fire—  
 While thy unwearied hand, and soul elate,  
 Have jointly toil'd to copy or create,  
 My suffering mind would to itself complain,  
 Too conscious that the cloister of the brain 260

\* See NOTE V.

Seem'd like a fabric ransack'd by a Goth,  
 Whose cruel enmity and wasteful wrath,  
 Defacing all that Truth had treasur'd there,  
 Left but a cell for Sorrow's silent prayer.  
 But hence, desponding Sloth! hence, dull Complaint!  
 That make e'en Pity's wearied spirit faint!  
 If Health, like Fortune, with capricious sway  
 Chequers the course of life's contracting day,  
 From each coy goddess with delight we learn,  
 Long absence but endears the late return. 270

Since my firm friend, for travel's noblest use,  
 Sail'd with the blessing of a sick recluse,  
 I have not lost, though cramp'd and cabin'd here,  
 In fruitless sloth each intervening year.  
 Though Health denied me limbs that might ascend  
 Rough Alpine heights with my excursive friend,  
 A different cause, and of a later date,  
 Fixing to English ground my studious fate,

Bade me no more that pleasing hope resume,  
 With thee, instructive guide, to study Rome\*. 280  
 The high and hallow'd bard, whose Muse of Fire  
 May, as I wish'd, thy plastic hand inspire:  
 Milton himself, with unresisted sway,  
 Held me from thee and Roman joys away.  
 Justice and truth, with strong affection join'd,  
 Imperious rulers of the feeling mind,  
 Urg'd me to vindicate from many a wrong  
 The slander'd paramount of English song:  
 Happy, dear friend! if this reviving hand  
 The line of just resemblance may command, 290  
 True as thy chissel, that can marble warm  
 With all the life that speaks in outward form.

O! if, in kind beneficence profuse,  
 Heaven deigns, at destin'd periods, to produce  
 Superior spirits on this earthly stage,  
 To light and elevate a grov'ling age,

\* See NOTE VI.

To shew how Genius bears Affliction's rod,  
 And fix the defultory soul on God ;  
 Such, the fond reverence of the world to claim,  
 Nature to England gave, in Milton's name, 300  
 By darkness undismay'd, by toil untir'd,  
 When conscience dictated, or Heaven inspir'd.

First of poetic minds ! if, fondly true,  
 My willing heart has paid thee homage due ;  
 If this weak hand, elaborately just,  
 Clear'd thy bright image from detraction's rust ;  
 Teach me to baffle adverse Health's controul  
 With all thy fervency, and force of soul !  
 As amulets against all worldly ill,  
 In my free breast thy sentiments instill ! 310  
 Not thy crude thoughts of democratic sway,  
 The hasty fruits of a distemper'd day,  
 But, never changing with the changeful hour,  
 Thy sense of human hopes and heavenly power !  
 In one sensation, one—my dearest pride—  
 Well may I boast a heart to thine allied :

In this my thoughts with thy frank words agree,  
 That, " if by Nature, or by Fate's decree,  
 " No toils of mine can teach me to ascend  
 " Heights of perfection that may wait my friend,  
 " The powers of heaven or earth will ne'er prevent  
 " My mind's persisting in its favourite bent  
 " To joy in excellence, and honour those  
 " On whom that coyest queen her smile bestows \*."  
 Bleft, if to future time my verse descend  
 A just record of an excelling friend;  
 Bleft, if, with generous sympathy survey'd,  
 And its pure aim against its failings weigh'd,  
 It serve to quicken in the public mind  
 Love for those gentler arts that grace mankind. 330

Thus, my dear Flaxman ! while I now descry  
 Thy goddess, Sculpture ! in my mental eye,  
 Hoping the winds, by her entreaties won,  
 Will waft in safety home her travell'd son,

\* See NOTE VII.



Thy bard, refuming long-forfaken rhyme,  
 Soothes, in this rambling verfe, the anxious time ;  
 Mufing, if Heaven may to his mind afford  
 Joy's infpiration for a friend reftor'd,  
 How he may raife, in that propitious hour,  
 An altar worthy of thy guardian Power ; 340  
 Describe her progrefs from her diftant birth,  
 And all her bounty to th' embellish'd earth ;  
 Then how pure zeal, in this enlighten'd ifle,  
 May court her prefence, may enfure her fmile ;  
 And cherifh hope that here fhe may attain  
 Dominion equal to her attic reign !

Yes, though fierce havoc, in thefe frantic times,  
 Makes each fine art recoil from mortal crimes,  
 Yet, in celestial wrath's relenting day,  
 Thofe friends of earth fhall reaffume their fway ! 350

Angels of light ! who deeds of blood abhor,  
 Enchain that homicidal maniac, War !  
 All hell's dire agents in one form combin'd  
 To fire the globe, and demonize mankind !

Let Arts, that render men divinely brave,  
 To Peace's temple turn Destruction's cave ;  
 And form, to counteract infernal strife,  
 New bonds of friendship, and new charms of life !

THE END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

## *EPISTLE THE SECOND.*

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— Dædala signa polire  
Ufus, et impigræ simul experientia mentis  
Paulatim docuit pedetentim progredientis.

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LUCRETIVS.

ARGUMENT  
OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

*Invocation to Sculpture.—Different ideas on the origin of Art.—A sketch of  
its progress in Asia, Egypt, and the early ages of Greece.*



## E P I S T L E II.

THOU first and simplest of the Arts, that rose  
 To cheer the world, and lighten human woes !  
 Friend of the mourner ! Guardian of the tomb !  
 May I, chaste Sculpture ! without blame, presume,  
 Rude in thy laws, thy glory to relate,  
 To trace, through chequer'd years, thy changeful fate ;  
 And praise thee, forming with a potent hand  
 Thy new dominion in my native land ?

While zeal thus bids the breath of incense roll  
 From that pure censer, a benignant soul,

10

And, with the fond sincerity of youth,  
 Would blazon merit in the tints of truth,  
 Enlivening Friendship shall those aids supply,  
 That injur'd health and troubled years deny :  
 Her hallow'd fire, like Inspiration's beam,  
 May raise the poet to his honour'd theme.

As death-like clay, dear Flaxman! to fulfil  
 The kind behest of thy creative skill,  
 Lives at thy touch, and, with affection warm,  
 Of changeful beauty wears each varying form ;  
 So languid thought, that, lifeless and disjoin'd,  
 Floats a dark chaos of the cumber'd mind,  
 At Friendship's bidding in new shapes may shine,  
 With each attractive charm of just design ;  
 And gain from her, as an immortal dower,  
 The vivid grace of that inspiring power :  
 In lucid order teach my verse to rise,  
 Dear as a magic glass to Sculpture's eyes,  
 Where thy pleas'd goddesses may with pride survey  
 Her ancient honours, and her future sway !

20

30

What eye may hope to pierce the distant gloom  
 Where, in their cradle shadowy as the tomb,  
 Breathing, scarce breathing the dark air of strife,  
 The infant Arts first struggled into life?

There are who, led by Fancy's airy clue,  
 In Scythian wilds the birth of Sculpture view,  
 And image to themselves her youthful hand,  
 Prompted by dark Devotion's fond command,  
 To form, of yielding stone or ductile clay,  
 An early symbol of Almighty sway ;  
 The bull's stern front, to which rude myriads kneel,  
 The favourite idol of benighted zeal \*.

40

Others a softer origin assign  
 To the young beauties of this art benign—  
 To Love, inspiring the Corinthian maid  
 Fondly to fix her sleeping lover's shade ;  
 And her kind fire's congenial skill they trace  
 The new attraction of a modell'd face †.

\* See NOTE I.

† See NOTE II.

The king, whose power, by intellect refin'd,  
 Enthron'd each science in his ample mind, 50  
 Tells, in his hallow'd page, how Sculpture rose,  
 To soothe the anguish of parental woes ;  
 How first a father, in affliction's storm,  
 Of his dead darling wrought the mimic form,  
 Impassion'd Nature's laudable relief,  
 Till impious worship grew from tender grief \*.

No single region of the spacious earth  
 Can take exclusive pride in Sculpture's birth.  
 Wherever God, with bounty unconfin'd,  
 Gave man, his image, a creative mind, 60  
 Its lovely children, Arts mimetic, sprung,  
 And spoke, through different lands, in every tongue.

Though keen research, elate with Learning's pride,  
 From vain conjecture would in vain decide  
 How Sculpture first, in early twilight's hour,  
 Made the first essay of her infant power ;

• See NOTE III.



Though clouds of fabulous tradition hide  
 Her fam'd Prometheus, her primæval pride \* :  
 Still can the eyes of Fancy and of Truth  
 Behold her shining in attractive youth,  
 By Love, by Grief, by Piety carefs'd,  
 Alternate nurfling of each hallow'd breast; 70  
 Rear'd, by their care, to work as each inspires,  
 And fondly ministring to their desires.

Where first imperial Pride, with wealth her dower,  
 Spoke in a voice of vivifying power,  
 And, charm'd in Asia with her new domain,  
 Summon'd the Arts as vassals of her train,  
 Sculpture, perchance, ennobled by her sway,  
 Gave her first wonders to the eye of day.  
 If, credulously fond, the Muse may speak,  
 Nor doubt the bold description of a Greek, 80  
 Her favourite Art's primæval skill was seen  
 To form the semblance of that Syrian queen,

\* See NOTE IV.

Whose daring hand the dart of triumph hurl'd,  
 Who rul'd, in Babylon, the eastern world;  
 And, pleas'd the bounds of transient life to pass,  
 Aim'd at eternal sway in animated brass\*.

Alas! how vain, in Asia's crumbling foil,  
 Prov'd the proud efforts of imperial Toil!  
 Where are thy wonders, Babylon? What eye  
 May now a vestige of thy art descry? 90  
 The cautious students in historic lore  
 Question the marvels they in vain explore;  
 Thy boasted fights a splendid fable deem,  
 And hold Semiramis herself a dream†.

But haste, thou lovely goddess of my lays,  
 Whose varying powers command my willing praise!  
 Lead me from ruins, where I hardly meet  
 Uncertain traces of thy long-past feet,  
 To scenes of solid, though of gloomy truth,  
 The dark asylum of thy busy youth! 100

\* See NOTE V.

† See NOTE VI.

Hail, Ægypt ! hail, laborious, patient land !  
 Sublime in purpose, in performance grand !  
 Thy steady spirit to young Sculpture taught  
 To scape destruction in the works she wrought ;  
 And blind Oblivion's torrent, swell'd by storms,  
 Has fail'd to bury thy colossal forms.  
 If taste fastidious may with scorn deride  
 Ægyptian tributes to despotic pride ;  
 If Wonder stand in joyless trance aghast  
 At regal blocks, elaborately vast — 110  
 Protentous copies of a mortal frame,  
 Though firm, uncouth ; and though enormous, tame —  
 If Fancy shrink from Superstition's shapes,  
 Dog-headed gods and consecrated apes,  
 From dark conceits to Learning's self unknown,  
 And the mute riddle on the mangled stone ; —  
 Yet highly, Ægypt, of thy worth I deem,  
 And view thy patient efforts with esteem.  
 Is it not wonderful, and worthy praise,  
 That men, untouch'd by Inspiration's rays, 120

Strangers to Freedom, gaiety, and grace,  
 Could build renown upon a lasting base ;  
 And all the ravage of destruction foil  
 By the calm powers of persevering toil?  
 Yes, Ægypt, here let thy just praise be read,  
 Thy tender rev'rence for the virtuous dead ;  
 And thy fond care, by Sculpture's noblest aim,  
 To give beneficence a deathless name !  
 Time on that care bestows the wish'd effect,  
 And guards thy massive monarchs with respect \*. 130

Let not nice Taste, of purer fancy vain,  
 This praise of old and graceless art arraign :  
 Should a magician usher to our view  
 An ancient wrinkled dame of dingy hue,  
 Big-bon'd and stiff, and muttering mangled verse,  
 Then should he say, with truth, " See Helen's nurse !"  
 The swarthy beldam friendly hands would shake,  
 And all would bless her for her nursing's sake.

\* See NOTE VII.

Such Memphian art, to attic minds endear'd;  
 For Greece, their Helen ! was by Ægypt rear'd \*. 140

Ye first and fairest of ideal forms,  
 Whom beauty decorates, and passion warms!  
 Ye Graces, who beheld, with just delight,  
 All Greece one temple, by your presence bright!  
 Conduct a modern bard, in fancy's hour,  
 To view that temple ; conscious of your power,  
 Conscious your favour full success ensures ;  
 The paths of knowledge, truth, and fame are yours †.

Your aid a vital charm to toil imparts,  
 The deathless soul of transmigrating arts. 150  
 Offspring of Freedom and of Feeling! you  
 Outlive your parents, and their life renew :  
 Immortal in their works, your endless sway  
 Can bring departed talents into day ;  
 Convince the world your influence sublime  
 Fears no fictitious bars of foil or clime ;

\* See NOTE VIII.

† See NOTE IX.

Exalt my country with your kindest smile,  
And raise an Athens in this northern isle!

My daring verse avows the patriot aim  
To quicken Britain's love for boundless fame; 166  
To raise her pitch of emulation high,  
With Grecian Sculpture's perfect fons to vie.

When foreign pride would British minds enchain,  
Perish the doubt, preposterously vain,  
That mental tyrants arrogantly start  
To limit England in the sphere of art\*! 170  
Has she not borne, to men and angels dear,  
A poet who, beyond his Greek compeer,  
In Fancy's field the disk of glory hurl'd —  
The hallow'd Homer of the Christian world?  
Associate Arts alternate lustre lend;  
Each, in her hour, appears a sister's friend.  
Say why in sculpture Greece has reign'd supreme?  
Nature with marble gave her rocks to teem;

\* See NOTE X.

And fostering Freedom bade her chiffel trace  
 Unfetter'd forms of dignity and grace ;  
 Propitious both to Art : but higher still  
 Flows the bright fountain of her plastic skill.  
 Homer first vivifi'd the public mind,  
 Arm'd it with strength, with elegance refin'd ; 180  
 From him, that mind with images replete,  
 As Sculpture potent, and as Painting sweet,  
 Grew by degrees, in various branches bright ;  
 Congenial faculties pursu'd his flight ;  
 And Phidias rose, while Art and Nature smil'd,  
 The mighty poet's intellectual child  
 Whom Sculpture boasted in her proudest hour,  
 By Heaven invested with Homeric power.

When, truer to itself, the British mind,  
 More keen for honours of the purest kind, 190  
 To Milton's genius such regard shall pay  
 As Greece for Homer gloried to display,  
 Like Phidias, then, her sculptors shall aspire  
 To quicken marble with Miltonic fire ;

And attic deities shall yield the palm  
To lovelier forms, seraphically calm.

Fine Art's important growth in every clime  
Requires the slow progressive aid of Time.  
In Greece, where Sculpture reach'd such heights at last,  
That Nature, smiling, own'd herself surpass'd,  
Observe how ages her long childhood nurs'd,  
And how her ripen'd charms excell'd the first!

Behold her Dædalus, whom fables praise,  
The boast and wonder of her early days!  
He, daring artist, in a period dark,  
In death-like forms infus'd a living spark;  
He loosen'd from the side the lifeless arm,  
Gave to the open'd eyes a speaking charm,  
And such an air of action to the whole  
That his rude statue seem'd to have a soul.

Thou great artificer of deathless fame!  
Thy varied skill has prov'd the sport of Fame,  
Who shews, half shrouded in the veil of Time,  
Thy real talents, thy imputed crime;



A crime as false, in Reason's friendly fight,  
 As through the buoyant air thy fabled flight.  
 Theseus and Hercules with thee combin'd  
 By different toils to meliorate mankind :  
 They labour'd to secure, by glorious strife,  
 And thou, by glorious arts, to sweeten life. 220  
 Though dim traditions all thy merit show,  
 Too well one feature of thy fate we know :  
 Genius and misery, (so oft, on earth,  
 Severely blended in the lot of worth,)—  
 These both were thine, and both in rare extremes,  
 Yet both were recompens'd by glory's beams :  
 Thy native Athens in thy praise was loud,  
 And grateful Ægypt to thy image bow'd.  
 Ruin has sunk within her drear domain  
 Thy attic figures, thy Ægyptian fane ; 230  
 Glory still grants, thy fav'rite name to grace,  
 One monument that Time can ne'er deface,  
 Where Pathos, while her lips thy pangs rehearse,  
 Shews thy parental heart enshrin'd in Virgil's verse.

Unhappy genius of a brutal age!  
 Admir'd and spurn'd by ignorance and rage!  
 Though styl'd a murd'rer, who, with envy blind,  
 Kill'd the keen scholar to his charge consign'd;  
 Though doom'd to sorrow's most oppressive weight,  
 To mourn a darling son's disastrous fate; 240  
 Just Heaven allow'd thy tortur'd mind to rest  
 On one disciple, in thy guidance blest—  
 Thy kind Endæus joy'd thy lot to share,  
 Thy friend in exile, and in art thy heir!  
 A witness of his skill Minerva stood—  
 Colossal deity in sculptur'd wood;  
 And from his touch less-yielding ivory caught  
 Of life the semblance, and the air of thought.  
 The different uses of an art divine  
 From thee he learnt; for Art's wide field was thine: 250  
 Rich, though yet rude; where her prophetic eyes  
 Saw distant wonders from thy genius rise,  
 Whose native strength, like England's early sage,  
 Bursting the barriers of a barbarous age,

Emerg'd, while Nature bade thy mimic strife  
 Make bold advances to ideal life.  
 Not vain, O Dædalus ! thy toil, to raise  
 A varied column of inventive praise ;  
 Though loft to fight each boldly-labour'd mass  
 Of wood, of stone, of ivory, of brass, 260  
 That from thy spirit vital semblance won ;  
 Though Time, unfeeling, crush'd thy sculptur'd son,  
 Whose form, more fondly labour'd than thy own,  
 In radiant bronze with radiant lustre shone,  
 And long to strangers would thy love attest,  
 An idol of the land that gave thee rest —  
 Though these were sunk in early ruin, still,  
 An happier offspring of thy plastic skill,  
 Schools of Greek art arose, with spirit free,  
 And blest a bold progenitor in thee \*. 270

Ægina, like the morning's early rays,  
 And Corinth, bright as the meridian blaze ;

\* See NOTE XI.

Sicyon, ingenious Beauty's native earth,  
 And Rhodes, who gloried in Minerva's birth—  
 Hence Sculpture drew her nurseries of skill,  
 Rich as a river fed by many a rill;  
 While earth and Heaven exult in its advance  
 To shine reflected in its bright expanse!  
 Nor there alone did liberal Art display  
 The sweet enchantment of her early sway: 280  
 Even rough Sparta, though engross'd by arms,  
 Esteem'd the patient chissel's softer charms.  
 Proud of her dauntless race in battle tried,  
 She rear'd a sculptor with parental pride;  
 Pleas'd that her son Gitiades combin'd  
 Three kindred arts in his accomplish'd mind.  
 He built, he deck'd with bronze Minerva's fane,  
 Then fung the goddess in a hallow'd strain.  
 The triple homage won her kind regard,  
 And from oblivion fav'd the artist and the bard\*. 290

\* See NOTE XII.

But, like the cast of Spartan manners, coarse,  
 And slighting softer charms for finewy force,  
 E'en Grecian art, through all its studious youth,  
 Reach'd not the latent grace of lovely Truth.  
 Her chiefs, her gods, as in a mental storm,  
 Aw'd with a proud austerity of form ;  
 Yet Sculpture's sons, with Nature in their view,  
 Increas'd in talents, and in honour grew. .  
 Such power Dipæus gave to Parian stone,  
 That gods appear'd to make his cause their own ;      300  
 And Terror thought they curs'd the sterile soil  
 Where haste insulted his unfinish'd toil \*.

Thy sons, Anthermus, with a filial pride  
 Their dear hereditary talents plied,  
 And bade, the measure of her fame to fill,  
 Their native Chios glory in their skill :  
 But, in an evil hour of angry haste,  
 They with malignant skill their art debas'd ;

\* See NOTE XIII.

Pleas'd to devote to mockery's regard  
 The homely visage of no trifling bard : 310  
 Hipponax, fam'd for acrimonious song,  
 Soon with Iambic rage aveng'd the wrong.  
 Deform'd of foul, Derision fann'd the strife :  
 But the mild patrons of enlighten'd life,  
 The nobler Graces, mourn'd the bickering hour,  
 And blam'd the mean abuse of mental power \*.

For aims more worthy of an art divine,  
 A purer fame, Antenor, shall be thine,  
 Whose skill to public reverence consign'd  
 The patriot idols of the Grecian mind — 320  
 The young Tyrannicides, whose dauntless soul  
 Disdain'd submission to usurp'd control ;  
 Whose brave achievement, and whose blended praise,  
 Athens rehears'd in her convivial lays —  
 Athens, exulting those dear forms to see —  
 Whose very silence cried aloud, " Be free † ! "

\* See NOTE XIV.

† See NOTE XV.

Instructive Sculpture ! chaste and awful queen  
 Of Arts that dignify this earthly scene !  
 Thy finest skill, thy most empassion'd powers,  
 Form'd to outlive the pencil's fading flowers, 330  
 Are well devoted, as true honour's prize,  
 To Freedom's son who for his parent dies :  
 For she, the prime ennobler of the mind,  
 That, wanting her blest beam, is weak and blind —  
 Freedom, of Excellence the fostering friend,  
 Whom Virtue loves, and Sciences attend —  
 Freedom first made in Greece, her favourite land,  
 Beauty and Force the creatures of thy hand :  
 She taught thee with such forms to deck thy sphere  
 As wise Idolatry may yet revere ; 340  
 Forms, in which Art refin'd on Nature's plan,  
 At once resembling and surpassing Man.

'Twas in the splendor of those glorious days,  
 When attic valour won eternal praise —  
 When, happy to have clear'd her cumber'd coast  
 From fierce Invasion's foil'd barbaric host —

Exulting Liberty to Sculpture cried,  
 " Aid thou our triumphs, and our joys divide !  
 " Since I and Nature in this scene conspire  
 " To warm accomplish'd minds with happiest fire, 350  
 " That Fame may see them in her fane preside,  
 " And deem her attic sons her dearest pride !  
 " To memorize their noble forms be thine !  
 " Grace thou the mortal with an air divine !  
 " That Grecian excellence, eluding fate,  
 " Age after age may shine supremely great ;  
 " That Greece herself, and every polish'd clime,  
 " May, through the long vicissitudes of time,  
 " Hail those who sav'd her from Oppression's rod,  
 " The patriot hero, or the guardian god !" 360  
 So Freedom spake, and at her potent call  
 Obedient Sculpture peopled every hall ;  
 The generous artist fix'd, with proud delight,  
 The state's brave champions in the public fight ;  
 And grateful Genius felt his powers expand,  
 While public virtue taught his willing hand



To honour chiefs who every danger brav'd,  
And decorate the land their valour fav'd.

Nor gave just Gratitude to man alone  
This vital tribute of expressive stone, 370  
But to Athenians who, in beauty's form,  
Reprefs'd their female fear in ruin's storm ;  
Who, in the hour when their delightful home,  
Domestic altars, and each sacred dome,  
Were seen to sink in fate's barbaric blaze,  
Disdain'd despair, and look'd for happier days  
In Grecian arms still daring to confide  
With tender fortitude and virtuous pride ;  
Pleas'd in Trezene's sheltering walls to wait,  
Till attic force restor'd their native state. 380  
Ye patient heroines ! not vain your trust,  
By love suggested, and to valour just !  
Athens, the favourite theme of every tongue,  
(A real Phenix,) from her ashes sprung —  
Athens, endear'd to every feeling heart,  
A throne of Genius, and a mine of art —

Athens was proud your conduct to review ;  
 She to your courage rais'd memorials due,  
 And with your sculptur'd charms Trezene deck'd,  
 Who fav'd her fugitives with fond respect. 390

Ye heroines of hope, whose force of mind  
 Induc'd relenting Fortune to be kind !  
 Teach me to copy what I justly praise !  
 Teach me, like you, in dark affliction's days—  
 Now while the lyre, by sorrow's stern command,  
 Sinks in forc'd silence from my troubled hand—  
 Teach me to wait, in Quiet's friendly bower,  
 The future sunshine of a fairer hour\*.

\* See NOTE XVI.

THE END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

### *EPISTLE THE THIRD.*

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καὶ ποσσὶν κατὰ  
Ἑλλάδ' εὐρησάς· ἑαυτὸν  
Μακρόν, ἢ ὡς ἰδμεν.  
Ἀλλὰ κνέφουσιν ἐκνεύσαι ποσσὶν  
Ζεῦ τίλει, αἰδῶ δίδως,  
Καὶ τύχαι τιρῶσιν γλυκύναι.

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PINDAR.

ARGUMENT  
OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.

*The Grecian sculptors of later time—Myron—Polycletus—Phidias—Praxiteles—Euphranor—Lysippus—The Colossus of Rhodes.—Address to Time, as the restorer of buried Art.—The Laocoon.—Niobe.—Hercules. Apollo.—Venus.*



## E P I S T L E    I I I .

JUSTICE and Honour call !    Awake, my lyre !  
 Artists of Attica thy voice require !  
 Ye Greeks ! ye demi-gods of ancient days !  
 Whose life was energy, whose passion praise !  
 What patriot rapture must your hearts have known,  
 When with new charms your native Athens shone !  
 Conspiring Arts strain'd every nerve to crown  
 Their rescu'd darling with unmatch'd renown ;  
 And of those earth-ennobling Arts who strove,  
 Fost'ring her glory, to ensure her love.

10

Nor last, nor least, O Sculpture ! was thy claim,  
 Delightful minister of deathless fame !  
 E'en at this day, when Time's illusive cloud  
 Enwraps departed empire like a shroud,  
 Rending Oblivion's veil in Fancy's fight,  
 Thy Grecian sons my willing praise invite.

Thy Myron, first of that accomplish'd race  
 Who gave to ruder forms true vital grace ;  
 See him with smiles his brazen cow cares,  
 While herds applaudive round the sculptor press !      20  
 His work they hail with fond amazement wild,  
 And deem their kindred statue Nature's child :  
 A numerous train of rival bards rehearse  
 His brazen heifer's praise in partial verse.  
 But not to brutes was his pure art confin'd ;  
 Myron in nobler forms infus'd a mind.  
 'Twas his in Bacchus' fane that god to place,  
 With such commanding and such cheerful grace,  
 That the pleas'd eye, of potent form the test,  
 Gladly the joy-inspiring power confess.      30

'Twas his with genius, in position rare,  
 To show the labouring limbs with learned care.  
 His keen Discobolos in every part  
 Spoke toiling Nature trac'd by patient Art ;  
 And his fleet Ladas, train'd for Piza's prize,  
 Hope in his heart, impatience in his eyes,  
 Through all his shape express'd his eager soul,  
 A thirst for praise, and panting for the goal\*.

Of higher studies and superior note,  
 See Polycletus his strong mind devote, 40  
 To frame for studious youth instruction's plan,  
 And found his precepts on his faultless man!  
 The model, fam'd through long-succeeding time,  
 Display'd young Vigor in his martial prime.  
 Nor did thy female forms with weaker claim,  
 Accomplish'd artist! at perfection aim :  
 Witness Ephefian Dian's ample fane,  
 Fill'd with her active Amazonian train.

\* See NOTE I.

By many a sculptor, emulously keen,  
 These rival nymphs, high-wrought, enrich'd the scene. 50  
 There, where the judges of thy art declare  
 Which figure they pronounce supremely fair,  
 How great the triumph of thy chaste design !  
 The Amazon of Phidias yields to thine\* !  
 But as low vallies to the mountain grove,  
 As humble deities to awful Jove,  
 Such, in his time, was every fam'd compeer  
 With Phidias match'd in Art's sublimest sphere ;  
 Where the rapt mind, to Heaven itself convey'd,  
 Imbibes celestial form by Fancy's aid, 60  
 And gives adoring mortals to survey  
 Features that indicate Almighty sway.

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose influence ran  
 Through every talent that ennobles man ;  
 O'er bright ideas taught the mind to brood,  
 And feast on glory, as its native food ;

• See NOTE II.



Bear me, in vision bear me, to that ground  
 Where Honor's fervent spirit breath'd around ;  
 Where gay Distinction held the garland high,  
 And thy prime wonders gladden'd every eye ! 70  
 Thy favourite precincts at my wish appear,  
 Where hymns of triumph fill the raptur'd ear ;  
 My eager feet have pass'd thy olive grove,  
 And touch the threshold of Olympian Jove !

Lo, in calm pomp, with Art's profusion bright,  
 Whose blended glories fascinate the sight,  
 Sits the dread power ! Around his awful head  
 The sacred foliage of the olive spread,  
 Declares that in his sovereign mind alone  
 Peace ever shines, and has for ever shone. 80

The temple's spacious precincts scarce enfold  
 The grand quiescent form of ivory and gold.  
 The symbols of his sway, on either hand,  
 Delight and reverence at once command.  
 Behold his right sweet Vict'ry's image bear,  
 Form'd, like his own, elaborately fair :

His left a sceptre with rich light invests,  
 And tranquil on its point his eagle rests ;  
 His sandals are of gold ; a golden robe  
 Proclaims his empire o'er the living globe : 90  
 For earth's mute creatures, on his vest are seen  
 With flowers, and first the lily as their queen.

The rich compartments of the throne enfold  
 Ivory with ebony, and gems with gold :  
 Adorn'd with images, four massive feet  
 Sustain the radiance of the regal seat.  
 Around each foot four joyous forms advance,  
 Four Vict'ries, weaving a triumphant dance.  
 The throne's high summit shapes more lovely still  
 With animation and with beauty fill : 100

The Graces here upon their parent wait ;  
 His filial Seasons there, and both in triple state.

The labouring eye, with admiration smit,  
 Labours in vain each figure to admit,  
 That blended arts conspiring toil'd to raise  
 On this grand spectacle, surpassing praise.

Yet here all eyes, the skilful and unskill'd,  
 Impres'd with awe, and with amazement fill'd,  
 From the blest features of the god imbibe  
 Such thoughts as meliorate his mortal tribe. 110  
 Phidias! all vouch thy fame, though not in speech —  
 Thine, the prime glory pagan minds could reach —  
 Thine, to have form'd, in superstition's hour,  
 The noblest semblance of celestial power!  
 Illustrious artist! in thy signal lot  
 What stains the glory of thy country blot!  
 Genius of Athens! sorrow seals thy lips,  
 And all thy splendour sinks in dark eclipse,  
 When history shews with a regret benign,  
 The sins of base ingratitude were thine — 120  
 Ingratitude to men, whose skill sublime  
 Gave thee to triumph o'er the rage of time!

How, Phidias! was thy heart with anguish stung,  
 When public malice, by thy pupil's tongue,  
 Charg'd thee, whose mind was cast in honor's mould,  
 With the mean sacrilege of pilfer'd gold!

But thee thy Pericles, that noble name  
 Who rear'd thy talents, and who shares thy fame,  
 By generous Friendship's providential care  
 Rescu'd from Slander's execrable snare— 130  
 Vengeance was thine, that vengeance just and grand,  
 Which fires wrong'd genius with an eager hand  
 Of national iniquity to foil  
 Th' oppressive aim, by new and nobler toil,  
 Till Envy's self with wonder stand aghast,  
 Seeing the works that wak'd her rage surpass'd.  
 So with himself this injur'd artist strove,  
 His far-fam'd Pallas yielded to his Jove;  
 And grateful Elis, proud new palms to gain,  
 Boasted, with truth, of Phidias justly vain, 140  
 That Athens was eclips'd by her Olympian fane \*.

Still dear to fame, though fickleness, thy joy,  
 Urg'd thee, by turns, to cherish and destroy  
 The very excellence thy breast supplied,  
 Child of thy love, and nursing of thy pride,

\* See NOTE III.

Even thy foes, O Athens! mourn'd thy fate,  
 When fierce Lyfander thunder'd at thy gate,  
 And all thy wounded Arts felt War's o'erwhelming  
 weight—

War, whence the worst of human misery springs;  
 The people's folly, and the guilt of kings. 150  
 Thy Pericles, whose talents seem'd to claim  
 A monarch's empire, with a patriot's name—  
 He, thy untitled king, whose liberal mind  
 Genius enrich'd, and discipline refin'd;  
 Whose potent voice control'd a people free,  
 As Heaven's presiding breath commands the sea—  
 He, who delighted on fine Art to raise  
 The deathless fabric of his country's praise;  
 Taught public wealth to rear ingenious worth,  
 Exalted Nature, and embellish'd earth— 160  
 He, by mild virtues to the world endear'd,  
 Whose dying boast Humanity rever'd—  
 E'en he, by fits of martial frenzy sway'd,  
 To blood's dire demons a rash offering made;

And, blind to ill his nature must abhor,  
 Hurried his nation to that fatal war  
 Whose lengthen'd horrors on his Athens threw  
 Disgrace that Death hid kindly from his view,  
 When at the savage Spartan's foot she lay ;  
 Her shame his pride, her ornaments his prey \*. 170

Wherever Liberty, when doom'd to weep  
 In tranfient pangs, or fink in death-like fleep,  
 Loft her quick fpirit, wounded or betray'd,  
 Her foster'd Arts with filial grief decay'd.

But fhort, in Athens, was the baleful courfe  
 Of envious Tyranny and Spartan force.  
 Her thirty tyrants, with a robber's dread,  
 From the juft arm of Trafybulus fled :  
 His patriot virtue burft the fervile yoke,  
 And, bright from brief eclipse, effulgent Freedom  
 broke; 180

Attendant Arts her fatellites appear,  
 And fhed new luftre round her Attic fphere.

\* See NOTE IV.

When happy Genius, by a daring flight,  
 Has seem'd to perch on proud Perfection's height,  
 Afraid on disproportion'd wings to rise,  
 Aw'd and abash'd, weak Emulation dies.  
 Such fate had Poesy for Homer's Muse,  
 No Greek with prosperous rivalry pursues.  
 Sculpture, more fruitful, though she joy'd to claim  
 For her dear Phidias pure Homeric fame, 190  
 Not to one darling felt her pride confin'd,  
 But to new sons new excellence assign'd\*.

Scopas ! in wond'rous harmony 'twas thine  
 The charms of passion and of grace to join ;  
 Thy skill express'd new shades of soft desire,  
 Each varying character of Cupid's fire.  
 In thy gay figure Bacchus smil'd to see  
 His gambols of tumultuary glee.  
 Thy genius wrought, by different powers inspir'd,  
 As fondness wish'd, or dignity requir'd ! 200

\* See NOTE V.

'Twas thine to decorate the gorgeous scene,  
 Where Arts were proud to aid the Carian queen.  
 Richly she rais'd, for widow'd love's relief,  
 The grand memorial of imperial grief,  
 The Mausoleum, whose immortal name  
 Records her sorrow, and preserves her fame.

Of feelings exquisite, to fondness prone,  
 And pleas'd to make peculiar praise thy own,  
 Praxiteles! the power that sway'd thee most,  
 Made it thy joy, thy privilege, thy boast,  
 To see coy Beauty own thy kind control,  
 And show each soft emotion of her soul ;  
 While breathing stone accomplish'd thy behest,  
 And every charm of tender grace express'd ;  
 Till thy fine Work such perfect life display'd,  
 Venus with pride her marble self survey'd.  
 Enchanting artist! whose warm heart was seen  
 Devoting all thy skill to Beauty's queen !  
 'Twas not thy fate to serve a thankless power ;  
 Her smile is gratitude, delight her dower.

210

220



Love, her young darling, thy dear Art cares'd,  
 Child of thy genius, sovereign of thy breast!  
 Thy sportive patroness to thy embrace  
 Consign'd the fairest of her Grecian race,  
 Whose wit to beauty could new charms impart,  
 Pleas'd to inspirit and reward thy art.  
 This playful fair would secret knowledge seek,  
 Which her unboasting friend declin'd to speak :  
 She wish'd to know (a wish in vain express'd)  
 Which of his happy works he deem'd the best :        230  
 The best is hers, if she the best will choose,  
 But self-applause his modest lips refuse.

A subtle fiction aids her strong desire :  
 " Praxiteles ! thy gallery 's on fire !"  
 With fear well feign'd the fond enthusiast cries.  
 Quick, in alarm, the man of art replies :  
 " Oh, angry Vulcan ! mar each meaner shape,  
 " But let my Cupid and my Faun escape !"  
 The smiling fair relieves him in a trice,  
 And Cupid, soon her own, repays the fond device \*.        240

\* See NOTE VI.

Of sterner spirit, and with bold design,  
 Toiling in two congenial arts to shine,  
 With energetic truth Euphranor wrought  
 The forceful features of heroic thought;  
 And ere the youth a vanquish'd world o'errun,  
 In glory's car he seated Philip's son \*.

Hail to that graceful youth ! whose fervid mind  
 Feeling and taste in early life refin'd ;  
 Who on the soul of cherish'd art impress'd  
 That zeal for glory which his own confess'd ! 250  
 Let the stern sage chastise with Reason's rod,  
 Ambition's victim, and Delirium's god,  
 More pleasing duties to the bard belong,  
 While tracing Sculpture's march in moral song.  
 Honour's just tribute to the prince he pays,  
 Who view'd her beauty with a lover's gaze ;  
 And nobly sav'd it from a quick decline  
 By liberal care, and bounty's warmth benign :  
 Who bade her favourite son his power surpass,  
 And call to life in fame-conferring brass 260

\* See NOTE VII.

(A work, where Gratitude with glory blends!)

His guardian group, his self-devoted friends.

Proud of the victor's praise, and pleas'd to aid

A hero's spirit by affection sway'd,

With such enchanting skill Lyfippus' hand

Rais'd to distinction this devoted band,

That as each Macedon their forms beheld,

With kindred fire each martial bosom swell'd ;

Each for their lot would gladly yield his breath,

And deem their honor cheaply bought by death: 270

How blest, Lyfippus! was thy signal fate,

Whose genius found all graces in the great !

Nature and Fortune seem'd for thee to blend,

In one bright form, the model, patron, friend.

His taste enlighten'd whom his power sustain'd,

And in the sculptor's heart the hero reign'd.

Hence, for thy godlike Ammon 'twas thy praise

Each varying semblance of his form to raise ;

Marking of changeful life the gradual course,

From childhood's tenderness to manhood's force; 280

And these appropriate images to fill  
 With such felicity of latent skill  
 As labour, led by love alone, can find,  
 By love, the offspring of a grateful mind.

Ever, Lyfippus! be thy name rever'd,  
 By moral dignity of mind endear'd!  
 Glory, well-pleas'd, thy double worth beheld,  
 The matchless artist by the man excell'd;  
 Thy upright spirit, firm in manly sense,  
 Scorning to favour impious Pride's pretence, 290  
 Reprov'd thy friend Apelles, that he strove  
 To lavish lightning on a fancied Jove;  
 And to thy statue, rationally grand,  
 Gave the just weapon of a hero's hand.  
 Thy taste ador'd, with Virtue's temperate flame,  
 Truth, as the fountain both of art and fame;  
 Yet no ill-founded rule, no servile fear,  
 Chain'd thy free mind in Fancy's fav'rite sphere.  
 Thy dauntless thought, proportion for its guide,  
 From life's trite field each brave excursion tried: 300

Thy changeful genius, patient and acute,  
 Toil'd on colossal forms, or play'd with the minute;  
 And Nature own'd each work, with fond surprize,  
 True to her soul, though faithless to her size.  
 The hallow'd bulk of thy Tarentine Jove  
 Check'd the proud spoilers of each sacred grove;  
 Roman rapacity, in plunder's hour,  
 Paus'd, and rever'd the mighty sculptor's power.

Thy Hercules, the table's grace and guard,  
 Rais'd to extatic joy a Roman bard, 310  
 Whose social Muse delighted to rehearse  
 The festive statue's charms in friendly verse;  
 Prais'd the small form where force and spirit dwelt,  
 Small to be seen, but mighty to be felt;  
 And, pleas'd in grateful numbers to relate  
 The sculptur'd powers, Felicity and Fate,  
 Told how young Ammon, with affection's pride,  
 Drew martial fire from this inspiring guide —  
 This, the choice idol of his life, carefs'd  
 To prompt his battle, or protect his rest — 320

To this, when poison forc'd his frequent sighs,  
 Turning, in death, his elevated eyes,  
 He view'd the pain-tried power with fresh delight,  
 And fed his fearless spirit on the fight.

The life of Ammon clos'd, the statue pass'd  
 To a new victor of a direr cast.  
 With ruthless Hannibal, by Rome abhorr'd,  
 The priz'd associate of the Punic lord,  
 This idol visited Italia's shore,  
 And saw Rome's eagles drench'd in Roman gore : 330  
 But when the African, so fiercely great,  
 Fell by the dark vicissitude of fate,  
 This sculptur'd Hercules, still known to Fame,  
 As worshipp'd by a chief of highest name,  
 Felt, e'en in Rome, his influence increas'd,  
 As the presiding power of Sylla's feast.  
 The darling image Time at last consign'd  
 To a new master, of a nobler mind.  
 Hail, gentle Vindex ! 'twas not thine to buy  
 A name immortal at a price too high. 340

No bloody fword, with mangled Nature's pain,  
 Carv'd thee a passage into glory's fane,  
 But manners sweetly mild, and mental grace,  
 In Mem'ry's temple fix thy purer place.  
 Thy genuine praise Affection gladly penn'd ;  
 For Arts were thy delight, a poet was thy friend.  
 Happy distinction ! and rever'd by Time !  
 Sweet in its use, in consequence sublime !

Accomplish'd Vindex ! all thy sculptur'd store,  
 Though Genius fill'd with life the finish'd ore— 350  
 All that thy perfect taste, by Fortune's aid,  
 With liberal joy collected and display'd—  
 All, all in dark Perdition's gulph are drown'd,  
 Nor can an atom of the wreck be found.  
 But shining still, and still in lustre strong,  
 Such is the sacred power of friendly song,  
 Thy virtues are beheld in living lays,  
 Where feeling Statius thy pure feast pourtrays,  
 And makes thy cherish'd Arts confederate in thy praise.

He, juſt to merit of benignant mein, 260  
 Fondly deſcribes the maſter of the ſcene  
 So free from ſenſeleſs pride and ſenſual vice,  
 Of mind ſo poliſh'd, and of taſte ſo nice,  
 That under his regard, true honour's teſt,  
 Lyſippus might have wiſh'd his works to reſt \*.

To reſt! vain word, that ſuits not ſcenes like theſe,  
 Where empires fluctuate as Time decrees!  
 The mighty deſpot, of a double ſway,  
 The guide of growth, the monarch of decay,  
 Grants, ever buſy in the changeſul plan, 270  
 No laſting quiet to the works of man.  
 Witneſs, Lyſippus, that ſtupendous frame  
 Form'd by thy pupil for his country's fame;  
 Who, when ſoil'd War renounc'd her rich abodes,  
 Rear'd the proud trophy of triumphant Rhodes  
 In giant ſplendour which the world amaz'd,  
 Protentous in his bulk this proud Apollo blaz'd;

\* See NOTE VIII.



So large, so lofty, that, beneath his base,  
Mortals seem'd shrunk below the pigmy race.

Yet let not vain, sensorious spleen deride      380  
This Pagan monument of tow'ring pride.  
Great in his aim, in patriot purpose good,  
A glorious witness the Colossus stood :  
How his brave isle, in valour's trying hour,  
Joy'd to resist Invasion's ruffian power ;  
Still to invading arms this fortune fall,  
To deck those isles they threaten to enthrall.

But with what speed can time and chance destroy  
The piles of honour, and the pomp of joy !  
Though rear'd with ablest art that might defy      390  
Tempestuous seasons and a raging sky,  
Subtler Destruction waits the sovereign block,  
The deep foundations of his island rock ;  
Earth, as insulted, to her center shakes,  
Th' enormous idol reels—he falls—he breaks !  
Amazement's eye his smallest fragments fill,  
In ruin mighty, and a wonder still :

His fall is felt through Glory's wounded heart,  
 And Grief's convulsion shakes the sphere of Art\*.  
 Ye Rhodians! early a distinguish'd race 400  
 For arts and arms, Minerva's double grace;  
 Ye, who around this shatter'd mass lament  
 Your honour ruin'd in the dire event!  
 Mourn not your fall'n Colossus, but complain  
 Of change more ruinous to Sculpture's reign!  
 Mourn for degenerate Athens, where the king,  
 From whose foil'd arms your statue seem'd to spring,  
 No more refused, finds a servile crowd  
 Tam'd to his yoke, and in his praises loud;  
 Where Art is seen, in Prostitution's hour, 410  
 Dejecting virtue, and exalting power.

Ye slaves! who station, blind to public good,  
 A tyrant's statues where a sage's stood!  
 Ye prove the love of liberty alone  
 Enlivens Art with lustre all its own.

\* See NOTE IX.

Where that best passion of the soul refin'd,  
 That firm Colossus of th' unshaken mind —  
 Where that exists no more, all mental power  
 Takes the cold tint of twilight's sunless hour ;  
 The energies of Art and Virtue cease, 420  
 Servility benumbs the soul of Greece\*.

That wondrous land, where Nature seem'd to shower  
 A bright profusion of all mental power ;  
 Where talents glitter'd to delight the mind,  
 Rich as the groves by silv'ry frost enshrin'd;  
 From her spoil'd shores saw every grace withdraw,  
 Like groves unsilver'd in a misty thaw ;  
 While Strife and Slavery, in union base,  
 Disfigure earth, and Nature's self deface,  
 The tender Arts in hasty terror fly, 430  
 To seek a refuge in a milder sky ;  
 Driv'n from their darling Athens for a while,  
 They seem'd reviving by a monarch's smile :

\* See NOTE K.

Seleucias' Court the fugitives cares'd,  
 And Ægypt nurs'd them on her fertile breast.  
 But not the Ptolemies' imperial grace,  
 A bounteous, splendid, but enervate race —  
 Not all their fond protection could impart  
 True Attic lustre to transplanted Art :  
 The sweet exotic scorn'd the soil it tried,  
 And, faintly promising to flourish, died \*.

440

Genius of Greece! whom love can ne'er forget!  
 Exhaustless source of rapture and regret!  
 Of all the changes that Time's wild command  
 Works on this globe, the rattle of his hand,  
 Is there vicissitude more worthy tears  
 Than what in thy disastrous fate appears,  
 When Learning's retrospective eyes survey  
 Thy bright ascendant, and thy dark decay !

Resistless despot! all-controlling Time!  
 Though Pride may curse thy ravage as a crime;

450

\* See NOTE XI.

Let Truth, more just, thy milder power declare,  
 And boast with gratitude thy zeal to spare;  
 For thou hast spar'd—and be such mercy blest,  
 Of Grecia's literary chiefs the best.  
 The pure Triumvirate, of potent minds,  
 Whom in her zone ideal Beauty binds;  
 The radiant three, who palms unrivall'd bore  
 In verse, in eloquence, in moral lore—  
 Yes, in the letter'd world, that lofty sphere 460  
 Whence light descends to Art divinely clear.  
 Great is thy clemency, O Time! nor less  
 Thy zeal to save, may Sculpture's field express\*!  
 Man's rage has given to Havoc's hateful powers  
 Gods and their altars, statues, temples, towers:  
 But mark where Time, with more benignant pride,  
 Redeems the wreck of desolation's tide!  
 Lo, at his bidding, curious hands explore  
 Imperial Ruin's subterranean store!

\* See NOTE XII.

Behold where once a virtuous emp'ror glow'd, 470  
 And thy rich bath, benignant Titus! flow'd!  
 For ages buried, and Oblivion's prey,  
 The master-piece of Sculpture springs to day.

How Rapture bends o'er the receding earth,  
 Blessing the skilful wonder's second birth!  
 Hail, thou sublime resemblance of the fire,  
 Excruciated to see his helpless sons expire!  
 Though Fate's fierce serpent round thy manly frame  
 Wind its vast volumes, and with deadly aim  
 Dart its impetuous poison near the heart; 480  
 Though thy shrunk flank announce the wounded part;  
 To selfish pangs superior thou art seen,  
 And suffering anguish, more intensely keen,  
 I see the father in thy features rise,  
 To Heaven directing his death-darken'd eyes,  
 And for his sons, in agony's extreme,  
 Yet asking mercy from the fire supreme!  
 Alas! thy younger hope, already pierc'd  
 By quick Perdition's snake, expires the first!

Thy elder darling, lock'd in snaky folds, 490  
 With fruitless pity his rack'd fire beholds !

Ye happy Sculptors! who in this your pride  
 Enjoy th' immortal fame for which you figh'd !  
 Your blest ambition Ruin's hand disarms ;  
 Hostility reveres the work, whose charms  
 At once amaze the mind, and melt the heart,  
 The soul of pathos, the sublime of Art!

Let Rhodes, exulting in your birth, proclaim  
 Her title to renown, her Agefander's name—  
 Him, if kind Fancy sanction with applause 500  
 The pleasing picture that conjecture draws—  
 Him, life's best blessings once were seen to crown,  
 Blessings more rare than genius or renown—  
 The bliss, to see two sons in art aspire  
 To serve as friendly rivals to their fire !  
 The triple group, so suited to their state,  
 They form'd with parity of love elate ;

And Nature, pleas'd, gave all her powers to fill  
This richest offspring of confederate skill \*.

Nor hast thou, Sculpture! on whose ancient state 510  
The train of passions all were known to wait,  
Thy deep and spirit-searching charms confin'd  
To show the conflict of a father's mind :  
Thy Niobe yet lives, a glorious test,  
Thou could'st exhibit the maternal breast,  
Where gods relentless every pang descried  
Of wretched beauty, and of ruin'd pride †.

Yes, Attic Art! each change of vital breath,  
Of life the fervour, and the chill of death,  
All, all were subject to thy glorious power ; 520  
Nature was thine, in ever-varying hour:  
Witness that offspring of thy skill profound,  
Thy Gladiator, bending to the ground,  
In whom the eye of sympathy describes  
His brief existence ebbing as he lies ‡!

\* See NOTE XIII.

† See NOTE XIV.

‡ See NOTE XV.



With rising wonder, and increasing joy,  
 As Grecian reliques my fond thoughts employ,  
 Her time-spar'd marble miracles I trace —  
 Marbles of highest note, strength, beauty, grace—  
 In each Olympian form divinely shown, 530  
 Who boast these heavenly attributes their own.

On Glycon's Hercules the proud eye rests,  
 Dwells on that force which all the form invests,  
 Till the spectator glows with vigor's flame,  
 And feels the god reanimate his frame \*.  
 In perfect forms what potent magic dwells,  
 Thy peerless fragment of perfection tells,  
 Skill'd Apoloni'us ! whose fine work express'd  
 This forceful deity in blissful rest !  
 How dear thy Torso to the feeling mind, 540  
 Rememb'ring Angelo, when old and blind,  
 Fed, on this wreck, the passion of his heart  
 For the recondite charms of purest art !

\* See NOTE XVI.

The veteran, while his hand, with science fraught,  
 Rov'd o'er the stone so exquisitely wrought,  
 (His fancy giving the maim'd trunk a soul),  
 Saw, in his touch, the grandeur of the whole\*.

Joys on the swelling mind more richly shower  
 When beauty's manly and majestic power  
 Shines, sweetly awful, in Apollo's form, 550  
 Elate with filial love, with anger warm  
 Against the serpent whose terrific crest  
 Aim'd its base fury at his mother's breast.  
 His shaft is launch'd ; 'tis empire's fateful rod ;  
 His fervid gesture proves the victor god ;  
 His glowing features the firm soul display  
 Of confident success and righteous sway.  
 Enchanting image ! thy pure charms conduce  
 To moral lessons of no trifling use :  
 Thee while the fascinated eyes admire, 560  
 The spirit, kindling with indignant fire,

\* See NOTE XVII.

Learns 'that bright scorn, which in thy movement  
glows,

Scorn for the rancour of malignant foes \* !

In milder tones, kind Harmony ! impart  
Thy magic softness to the melting heart ;  
While Love's ingenuous song aspires to trace  
The sweeter influence of female grace !

Hail, Medicean Venus ! matchless form !  
As Nature modest, yet as Fancy warm !  
Thy beauty, mov'd by virtuous instinct, tries  
To screen retiring charms from rash surprise :  
Thy hands are eloquent ; they both attest  
The coy emotion of thy feeling breast ;  
And prove, by delicacy's dear control,  
Her quick sensations are of grace the soul.

570

Thou darling idol of the Pagan earth !  
Whose pomp had vanish'd at thy second birth,  
When, from Oblivion's shades that o'er thee hung,  
Thy soft attractions to new honour sprung ;

\* See NOTE XVIII.

To thee, sweet pride of Nature and of Art! 580  
 Be endless homage from the manly heart  
 Which bends, obedient to a law divine,  
 In guiltless worship to such charms as thine!  
 Though mortals, wayward when by Fortune cross'd,  
 Slight what they have, in mourning what they lost;  
 Let us, dear Flaxman! with a grateful joy  
 On Sculpture's rescu'd wealth our thoughts employ.  
 O, while with Friendship's pure, though proud desires,  
 I praise that Art, who thy free spirit fires,  
 May thy pleas'd goddess, with her kind regard, 590  
 Support, instruct, invigorate thy bard,  
 Till my fond fancy, by her aid refin'd,  
 Fills with new zeal thy energetic mind  
 Yet far above her living sons to soar,  
 And match the wonders of her Attic store!

Yes there is room, and Christian subjects yield  
 For Art's sublimest aims a happier field:  
 But pause, my eager song! nor yet rehearse  
 A fav'rite truth reserv'd for future verse\*;

\* See NOTE XIX.

Another task awaits thee, to survey 600  
 Scenes of Etrurian art and Roman sway :  
 Yet pause, and, listening to the wintry main,  
 In this retreat let Meditation reign !  
 Here salutary Solitude repairs  
 The spirit wafted by afflicting cares :  
 Here rest, while Study for thy use explores  
 Art's early fate on those eventful shores,  
 Where, hardly rescu'd from Oblivion's tomb,  
 Polish'd Etruria sunk by savage Rome ;  
 And Rome, whose pride an iron tempest hurl'd 610  
 With force oppressive round a prostrate world,  
 Sunk in her turn, herself the bloated prey  
 Of Retribution's wrath, in ruinous decay.

THE END OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.



## *EPISTLE THE FOURTH.*

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Inter fumantes templorum armata ruinas  
Dextera victoris simulacra hostilia cepit,  
Et captiva domum venerans ceu numina vexit :  
Hoc signum rapuit bimaris de strage Corinthi,  
Illud ab incensis in prædam sumpsit Athenis.

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PRUDENTIUS.

ARGUMENT  
OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.

*Etruria. — Rome. — Vision of Hadrian's Villa.*





#### EPISTLE IV.

INGENUOUS FLAXMAN ! thy just soul delights  
To see oppress'd Desert regain his rights.  
Oft hast thou prais'd, as far as truth allow'd,  
Rude talent struggling through misfortune's cloud !  
With generous patience thou canst deign to trace  
Through dim Tradition's shade Etruria's race.  
Ingenious nation ! hapless in thy doom !  
The slave and teacher of the upstart Rome !  
Her fierce ambition from the page of Fame  
Seem'd eager to erase thy softer name :

But while she borrow'd, in thy plunder clad,  
 Thy train of augurs, ominously fad,  
 Dark Superstition's more despotic weight  
 Prefs'd on her fancy, and aveng'd thy fate !

Obedient servant of a savage queen !  
 Thee she employ'd to deck her proudest scene.  
 Thy pliant artists, at the victor's nod,  
 For her new temple form'd the guardian god :  
 Her patrons, destin'd to such wide command,  
 Arose the offspring of a Tuscan hand.

20

Ye injur'd votaries of Art, whose skill,  
 Emerg'd from darkness, and emerging still,  
 Shines through Oppression's storm, whose envious sweep  
 Had sunk your language in her lawless deep !  
 Expert Etrurians, who, with rapid toil,  
 Form'd the fine vase Oblivion's power to foil !  
 Your bards to base annihilation doom'd  
 History, who spurn'd the grave, herself entomb'd :  
 Friendly conjecture can alone suggest  
 How Fortune on your coast young Art cares'd.

30

'Tis said that Ægypt was your early guide ;  
 That Greece, more social, all your skill supplied,  
 The fond idolaters of Greece pretend :  
 But bounteous Nature was your leading friend ;  
 She frankly gave you the prime source of skill,  
 The fervid spirit, and the lively will,  
 To call Invention from her coy recess,  
 And bid just Form the young idea dress.  
 Let different Arts with gen'rous pride proclaim  
 Inventive Genius form'd Etruria's fame.  
 Mars as a gift from her his trumpet found,  
 And Honour's heart exulted in the sound ;  
 To her, e'en Athens, as the learn'd declare,  
 Might owe the mask dramatic Muses wear\*.  
 But, O Etruria ! whatsoe'er the price  
 Of thy ingenious toil and rare device,  
 Of all thy produce, I applaud thee most  
 For thy mild Lares, thy peculiar boast.

40

\* See NOTE I.

'Twas thine in Sculpture's sacred scene to place  
 Domestic deities of social grace, 50  
 Whose happy favour, on the heart impress'd,  
 Made home the passion of the virtuous breast\*.

O that fond Labour's hand, with Learning's aid,  
 Could rescue from Oblivion's envious shade  
 Artists, defrauded of their deathless due,  
 Who once a glory round Etruria threw,  
 When, with her flag of transient fame unfurl'd,  
 She shone the wonder of the western world !  
 Eclipsing Greece, ere rais'd to nobler life,  
 Greece learnt to triumph o'er barbaric strife; 60  
 Driving her Argonauts, her naval boast,  
 Foil'd in sharp conflict, from the Tyrrhene coast †.

But Desolation, in her cruel course,  
 Rush'd o'er Etruria with such ruthless force,  
 That, of her art-devoted sons, whose skill  
 With sculptur'd treasures could her cities fill

\* See NOTE II.

† See NOTE III.

In such profuse and luminous display,  
 That Roman avarice mark'd them for her prey,  
 Mem'ry can hardly on her tablets give  
 More than a single Tyrrhene name to live. 70  
 Mnesarchus, early as a sculptor known,  
 From nice incision of the costly stone,  
 But more endear'd to every later age  
 As the blest fire of that abstemious sage;  
 Who, born and nurtur'd on Etruria's shore,  
 Refin'd her spirit by his temp'rate lore,  
 And in Crotona gloried to display  
 His mild morality's benignant sway \*.

Blest were Etrurian art, if, spar'd by Time,  
 Forth from the caverns of her ravag'd clime 80  
 She could present to Admiration's gaze  
 Each sculptur'd worthy of her prosperous days,  
 Who won, by labours of a virtuous mind,  
 The benedictions of improv'd mankind.

\* See NOTE IV.

But one vast whirlpool of oblivious night  
 Absorb'd together, in fair Fame's despite,  
 Men who there rose the paths of fame to fill,  
 Her hosts of valour, and her tribes of skill ;  
 All, who might hope to gain, or hope to give,  
 The noble lot, through many an age to live, 90  
 Save a few reliques fondly kept, to deck  
 The cabinet of Taste, from Glory's wreck.  
 There shines, not destitute of martial grace,  
 Her brave Halesus, of Argolic race\* ;  
 There every brazen, every marble frame,  
 Mute, mournful shadows of Etruria's fame,  
 Yet seen declaring, on their country's part,  
 She might have vied with Attica in art,  
 Had she not fallen, in her early bloom,  
 The stripp'd and mangled slave of barbarous Rome. 100

Yes, thou imperial spoiler ! I abhor  
 Thy ceaseless passion for oppressive war,

\* See NOTE V.

Thy rage for rapine, and the pride malign  
In the vast plunder of the world to shine.

Woe to the land, abjuring Arts refin'd,  
That ask the patient hand, the polish'd mind ;  
And vaunting only with tyrannic sway  
To make furrounding provinces their prey : —  
Rapacious arrogance, for outrage strong,  
May boast a cruel triumph, loud and long ;                   110  
At last the coarse gigantic glutton dies,  
O'ergorg'd, and sinking from his bloated size :  
So sunk the spoiler Rome, who from her birth  
Drew execration from the bleeding earth.  
Too fierce for Arts, that claim a milder soul,  
Their works she blindly prais'd, or basely stole \*.  
Fast bound or silenc'd in her iron spell,  
Her ill-farr'd neighbour first, Etruria fell.  
Far, as her force increas'd, her rapine spread ;  
Beneath her grasp the sweet Sicilia bled ;                   120

\* See NOTE VI.

Greece, wisely conscious that fine arts require  
 Such penfive energy, fuch mental fire,  
 As Honour asks, in every polish'd age,  
 To form the martial chief, or moral sage, 160  
 Cherish'd her artists with maternal pride,  
 And bright Distinction their rich power supplied.  
 Her sculptors bask'd in national esteem,  
 As the young eagle in the solar beam,  
 Rever'd as men, whose faculties sublime  
 Secur'd their country's fame from envious Time;  
 Who doubly foil'd the darknefs of the grave,  
 And shar'd the immortality they gave\*.

How different the Roman sculptor's fate,  
 Who follow'd, in a tame and abject state, 170  
 An art, not rais'd to glory or to grace,  
 Deem'd the poor trade of a dependent race.  
 The chiffl to a fervile hand confign'd,  
 Shews but the weakness of a fervile mind.

\* See NOTE XI.



Hence liberal Sculpture rais'd no Roman name  
 High in her annals of ingenious fame ;  
 And hence the Goddess, with a scornful smile,  
 Spurns the distinction of her Roman style \*.  
 With just disdain, that to abhorrence swell'd,  
 She the base arrogance of Rome beheld ; 180  
 Saw Roman robbers, of heroic size,  
 Not merely seize, as bold Ambition's prize,  
 Her dearest wealth in desolated Greece ;  
 But, as presumption will with spoils increase,  
 From her Greek statue its just name efface,  
 And fix a lying title in its place.  
 So ruffian Pride, that Fortune deigns to crown,  
 Would, with a swindler's fraud, usurp renown.

While dauntless Truth, undazzled by the blaze  
 Of Rome's fierce power in her despotic days, 190  
 Upbraids that Empress, with reproof severe,  
 For follies and for crimes, in Sculpture's sphere :

\* See NOTE XII.

While Scorn condemns her rapine and her fraud,  
 With equal warmth let Justice still applaud  
 One proof of noble spirit that prevail'd  
 E'en in this very sphere, where most she fail'd.  
 Yes, it was spirit suited to such worth  
 As well might claim pre-eminence on earth,  
 Which in the walls he labour'd to o'erthrow,  
 Honour'd the statue of her fiercest foe. 200  
 Such brave regard, the soldier's brightest crown,  
 Rome nobly paid to Hannibal's renown :  
 And more sublime of soul she ne'er appear'd  
 Than when she grac'd the chief whom once she fear'd.  
 True Valour thus his genuine temper shews,  
 Just to the talents of accomplish'd foes \*.

Bright Excellence ! 'tis thine, in evil days  
 To joy in Enmity's extorted praise :  
 So Grecian Art, her parent state undone,  
 From Roman pride reluctant homage won. 210

• See NOTE XIII.

Rough was his worship paid to Sculpture's charms,  
 That injur'd beauty in a ruffian's arms!  
 Who view'd her grace with uninstructed eyes,  
 Proud to possess, though wanting taste to prize.  
 Gods! how regret and indignation glow  
 When History, mourning over Grecian woe,  
 Describes the fortune of each splendid fane,  
 Where Sculpture seem'd with sacred sway to reign!

Lo, like a whirlwind by fierce demons driven  
 At once disfiguring earth and dark'ning Heaven, 220  
 Sylla, the bloodiest vulture, gorg'd with gore,  
 The keenest wretch that ever Rapine bore,  
 Extends o'er prostrate Greece oppression's rod,  
 And pillages the shrine of every god!  
 Thy glories, Elis! — Epidaurus! thine,  
 And Delphos, (richest treasury divine!)  
 Defenceless fall in Devastation's day,  
 Of this insatiate ravager the prey!  
 The plunderer, who no compunction feels,  
 Builds future greatness on the god he steals; 230

With a small statue, seiz'd on Grecia's coast,  
 The subtle homicide new-nerv'd his host;  
 When on the battle's edge they doubtful stood,  
 This god he brought, to make his battle good;  
 Before his troops the fraudulent savage press'd  
 This sculptur'd patron to his impious breast;  
 Invok'd, to hasten what his vows implor'd,  
 The vict'ry promis'd to his eager sword!  
 So fraud, and force, and fortune made him great,  
 To shine an emblem of the Roman state. **240**  
 Her he resembled in his varying day,  
 In growth portentous, loathsome in decay:  
 He, whose fierce pride (all human feelings fled)  
 On blood the hell-hounds of Proscription fed,  
 Met not a righteous sword, or potent hand,  
 To free from such a pest his native land.  
 Yet though he stemm'd the streams of blood he spilt,  
 He died a lesson to gigantic guilt;  
 For on his bed of death as long he lay,  
 Avenging vermin made his living frame their prey; **250**

And he, whose thirst of power and thirst of praise  
 Taught Fortune's temple in new pomp to blaze—  
 He, who amass'd, to deck his days of peace,  
 The sculptur'd opulence of ravag'd Greece,  
 Sunk from his splendid mass of power and fame  
 To the poor sound of a detested name\*.

A mightier victor, of a nobler soul,  
 Yet darken'd by ambition's dire control,  
 The fearless Cæsar, of indulgent heart,  
 Shone the protecting friend of Grecian art. 260  
 Of tyrants most accomplish'd and benign,  
 'Twas his in genius and in taste to shine.  
 Could talents give a claim to empire's robe,  
 He might have liv'd the master of the globe:  
 But pride imperious that o'er-leap'd all bound,  
 Deserv'd from Roman hands the fate he found.  
 Yet shall the despot, though he justly bleeds,  
 Receive the praises due to graceful deeds:

\* See NOTE XIV.

His rival's statues, by mean slaves disgrac'd,  
 He in their public dignity replac'd. 270  
 His zeal for Sculpture, and his liberal care  
 To force the grave her buried works to spare,  
 To guard the rescu'd, and the lost to seek,  
 Let Corinth, rising from her ruins, speak.  
 That brilliant queen of Arts, at Cæsar's word,  
 Sprung from her ashes, like th' Arabian bird:  
 Her great restorer, fond of glory's blaze,  
 Sought to be first in every path of praise;  
 And found, in favour'd Art's reviving charms,  
 Delight superior to successful arms. 280

Had the firm Brutus not pronounc'd his doom,  
 His power to fascinate relenting Rome,  
 His varying genius, fashion'd to prevail  
 In peaceful projects of the grandest scale,  
 Would o'er the state have thrown such dazzling light,  
 And foil'd resistance with a blaze so bright,  
 Freedom herself, enamour'd of his fame,  
 Might have been almost tempted to exclaim,

" I see his benefits his wrongs transcend,

" And all the tyrant vanish in the friend!" 290

Julius ! thou proof how mists of pride may blind

The eye of reason in the strongest mind !

It was thy fatal weakness to believe

Thy sculptur'd form from Romans might receive

Homage as tame as Asian slaves could pay

Their Babylonish king, of boundless sway,

Where all, for leave his city gate to pass,

Bent to his statue of imperial brass.

With equal pomp, by vain ambition plac'd,

Thy sculptur'd form the Capitol disgrac'd ; 300

For, on a trampled globe, insulting sense,

It sought to awe the world with proud pretence.

Nor didst thou only in thy proper frame

Call Art to second thy aspiring aim :

Thy fav'rite steed, from whose portentous birth

Augurs announc'd thy reign o'er all this earth,

Nurs'd with fond care, bestrid by thee alone,

In Sculpture's consecrated beauty shone.

Before the fane of that celestial power,  
 Said, with parental smiles, to bless thy natal hour\*. 310  
 Misguided Julius! all the wide control  
 Which force and frankness in thy fearless soul  
 To thy firm grasp delusively assur'd,  
 Consummate cunning to thy heir secur'd.

Blush, blush, ye poets of Augustan days,  
 For all your pomp of prostituted praise!  
 The man, so magnified through Flattery's cloud,  
 Hymns to whose honour ye have sung so loud,  
 Seems, to the eye of an impartial age,  
 The prince of jugglers upon Fortune's stage, 320  
 Whom fear inspir'd with artifice supreme  
 To win from slaves their prodigal esteem.  
 Ye lovely Arts! whose beauty and whose use  
 So largely to the weal of man conduce!  
 What might not Earth, in your propitious hours,  
 Expect from efforts of your blended powers,

\* See NOTE XV.



Beneath the guidance of a mind elate,  
 Supremely just, and uniformly great,  
 If base Octavius by your aid could shine  
 To dazzle Romans with a light divine ? 330  
 Peace to his crimes ! though on their blackest dye  
 The blood of Tully seems aloud to cry ;  
 While foster'd Arts for their protector claim  
 No common portion of pacific fame.  
 He saw the rock on which bold Julius run,  
 And deeply labour'd the bright snare to shun.  
 The subtle despot wore a servant's mask ;  
 Though able to command, he stoop'd to ask :  
 The eyes of envy from himself to turn,  
 Thy splendour, Rome ! appear'd his sole concern. 340

Though fear devis'd, it was a graceful plan  
 (And Taste achiev'd what trembling Power began)  
 To bid fair Sculpture a new pomp assume,  
 And fit the public patroness of Rome :  
 For such great charge to her he seem'd to give,  
 When the lost worthies she had taught to live

Whose blended merits in the tide of Time  
 Rais'd Roman glory to her height sublime ;  
 Rang'd in his Forum with Augustan care,  
 Heard him before the hallow'd groupe declare 350  
 They stood as monitors, of solemn weight,  
 To him, and all who might direct the state,  
 At once a sacred test, and awful guide,  
 By whom he wish'd his conduct to be tried.

O lovely Sculpture! what sweet praise were thine,  
 If strictly true to such a fair design,  
 Presiding power, in every realm on earth,  
 Call'd thee to minister to public worth,  
 To worth, of milder and of purer ray  
 Than Rome's rapacious demi-gods display ! 360

Though seated there in empire's strongest blaze,  
 The shrewd Octavius aim'd at Ammon's praise,  
 His milder praise, (to shine in taste supreme,  
 And heighten talents by protection's beam,)  
 Bless'd in what Ammon wanted, bards renown'd !  
 Sculpture more coy than Poesy he found ;

Nor could the mandate of imperial sway  
 Raise a Lyfippus out of Roman clay ;  
 And Fortune's fav'rite in the naval scene,  
 Where sunk the glory of the Ægyptian queen, 370  
 Though sculptur'd emblems of that prosp'rous hour  
 Speak him the darling of despotic power,  
 Has still the fate in feeble pomp to stand  
 The time-spar'd statue of no potent hand ;  
 Wrought as if Sculpture felt her powers confin'd  
 By native meanness in the monarch's mind \*.

Yet many a wandering, ingenious Greek,  
 Sent, by his stars, his Roman bread to seek,  
 Nourish'd degenerate pride on foreign praise,  
 And blest the sunshine of Augustan days. 380  
 One, whose fine labour on the costly stone,  
 Greece, in her happiest days, might proudly own—  
 Her Dioscorides ! by Patience taught,  
 Minute resemblance on the gem he wrought,

\* See NOTE XVI.

And form'd, with Miniature's consummate grace,  
Power's fav'rite signet, the imperial face \*.

Nor shall his rival in the curious skill  
Nice Diminution's lines with truth to fill,  
The sculptor Solon, want the Muse's praise,  
Since on his work the Nine may fondly gaze; 390  
For his the portrait of prime note to them,  
Their own Mæcenas, their peculiar gem †!

As Nature, joying in her boundless reign,  
Adorns the tiny links of Beauty's lessening chain,  
Her rival Art, whom Emulation warms,  
Loves to astonish by diminish'd forms,  
And the consummate character to bring  
Within the compass of the costly ring.  
Delightful talent of the patient hand,  
Gaining o'er life such delicate command! 400

The heroes of old time were proud to wear  
The seal engraven with ingenious care;

\* See NOTE XVII. † See NOTE XVIII.

And wise Ulysses, if tradition's true,  
 No trifling pleasure from his signet drew.  
 A dolphin's form the sculptur'd stone express'd,  
 Of gracious Providence a graceful test :  
 Sav'd from the deep, these wat'ry guardians bore  
 His filial pride, Telemachus, ashore ;  
 And the fond fire display'd, with grateful joy,  
 The just memorial of his rescu'd boy †. 410

To this fine branch of useful Art we owe  
 Treasures that grandeur may be proud to show ;  
 Features of men who, on Fame's list enroll'd,  
 Gave life and lustre to the world of old.  
 Oblivion's pall, a net of Mercy's shape,  
 Has seiz'd the large, and let the small escape :  
 Worthies, whose statues fail'd Time's flood to stem,  
 Yet live effulgent in the deathless gem.

But, O how few can merit such a fate,  
 Where Nature sinks by Power's despotic weight! 420

† See NOTE XIX.

When the proud player Augustus, worn with age,  
 Made a calm exit from his brilliant stage,  
 In that vast theatre what scenes ensu'd !  
 What beasts of Tyranny's imperial brood !  
 Sculpture, in days of turpitude profuse,  
 Of her sunk powers deplor'd the shameful use  
 When statues rose, to wound the public eye,  
 To the base sycophant and murd'rous spy ;  
 Nor mourn'd she less distinction ill-conferr'd  
 On many a wretch of her Cæsarean herd :  
 Most on the base Caligula, who burn'd  
 With frantic folly that all limits spurn'd.  
 His life express'd, in every wild design,  
 Delirious fancy, with a heart malign ;  
 And most display'd that fancy and that heart  
 In the fair province of insulted Art.

Oft o'er her Grecian works griev'd Sculpture sigh'd,  
 Made the maim'd vassals of his impious pride \* !

\* See NOTE XX.

He dies ; but still the burthen'd earth must groan  
 For guilt gigantic on th' imperial throne ; 440  
 And Sculpture's call'd, as waiting on the nod  
 Of Grandeur, wishing to be deem'd a god.  
 To her Greek votary she denied the skill  
 Requir'd to execute vain Nero's will,  
 Who sought all splendor that could strike mankind  
 Save the pure splendor of the chasten'd mind ;  
 Who marr'd the statues of Perfection's mould,  
 Thy bronze, Lyfippus, with debasing gold.  
 The daring despot wish'd, with frantic aim,  
 To awe the world by his colossal frame : 450  
 Vainly he bade his molten image run  
 With metals to out-blaze the Rhodian sun ;  
 His toiling Greek, though fam'd for works of brass,  
 Fail'd in his art to form the fluid mass \*.

But turn, indignant Muse ! thine eyes away  
 From the mad monsters of unbridled sway,

\* See NOTE XXI.

To mark with just applause the milder mind,  
 Whom boundless domination fail'd to blind;  
 Whose voice imperial bade the Arts appear  
 The friends of bounty, not the slaves of fear. 460

Frugal and gay, behold Vespasian's care  
 Honour and Virtue's ruin'd fanes repair !  
 To statues, meant for Nero's golden dome,  
 Peace in her temple gives a purer home \*.  
 Titus! the pride of Nature and her friend,  
 Could thy brief reign to happier length extend,  
 How might the warmth of thy benignant heart  
 Raise and inspirit every graceful art !  
 Sculpture might well her finest toil employ  
 To fill thy bosom with parental joy. 470

Fancy e'en now exults to see thee gaze  
 On thy rich gem, beyond the diamond's blaze.  
 Where by Evodus wrought, in narrow space  
 Shone thy fair Julia, full of filial grace :

\* See NOTE XXII.



Beauty and sweetness deck'd her maiden life,  
 But ah ! no common shame awaits the wife :  
 And Heaven, mild Titus ! made thy days so brief,  
 To spare thee torments of domestic grief\* : -  
 Thy brother's statues, in their fate, fulfill'd  
 The rabble's vengeance on a tyrant kill'd †. 480

In radiant contrast to that wretch, ascend,  
 Trajan ! the graceful Pliny's martial friend !  
 Justly 'tis thine to stand an honour'd name  
 On thy rich column of imperial fame !  
 Through thy vast empire, in which vice had spread  
 The worst contagion springing from its head,  
 Thy active spirit gloried to inspire  
 A noble portion of new vital fire.  
 Though fond, too fond of war and warlike praise,  
 Pacific talents shar'd thy fost'ring rays. 490  
 Not that thy hand proud Victory's flag unfurl'd,  
 And added Dacia to the Roman world,

\* See NOTE XXIII.

† See NOTE XXIV.

But for mild acts, that purer aims evince,  
 Shall memory prize thy name, excelling prince !  
 Thy softer merit, that commands my praise,  
 Was thy fond care with regal grace to raise  
 Statues to youthful virtue, in its prime  
 Unseasonably crush'd by envious Time :  
 Thy gift imperial to a noble chief  
 (The filial statue) sooth'd a father's grief 500  
 With the true temper of a sovereign mind,  
 Tenderly just, magnificently kind\*.

Thee, too, with sovereigns not unjustly plac'd  
 For bright magnificence and liberal taste,  
 Whose hand well-judging Fortune deign'd to use,  
 O'er Grecian scenes new lustre to diffuse ;  
 Smiling to see, from Wealth's mysterious springs,  
 Her private favourite surpassing kings—  
 Thee, rich Herodes ! Honour has enroll'd  
 For elegance of mind that match'd thy gold : 510

\* See NOTE XXV.

Exhausted quarries form thy graceful piles ;  
 Thy Venus prais'd thee with victorious smiles \*.

Lo, with new joy, peculiarly their own,  
 The Arts furrounding the Cæsarean throne !  
 See their prime patron that firm throne ascend,  
 Talent's enlighten'd judge, and Sculpture's friend !  
 His spirit, active as the boundless air,  
 Pervades each province of imperial Care ;  
 While fated Conquest keeps his banner furl'd,  
 And peace and beauty re-adorn the world. 520  
 Accomplish'd Adrian ! doom'd to double fame,  
 Uniting brightest praise and darkest blame !  
 To noble heights the monarch's merit ran,  
 But injur'd Nature execrates the man.  
 Had he, with various bright endowments blest,  
 The higher sway of that sweet power confess'd,  
 How might fair Sculpture, in her triumphs chaste,  
 Unblushing, glory in her sovereign's taste !

\* See NOTE XXVI.

Wielding himself her implements of skill,  
 He joy'd the cities of the earth to fill 530  
 With all the splendor that endears the day  
 Of cherish'd talents and pacific sway ;  
 Aiming, by lib'ral patronage, to crown  
 Athens, Art's fav'rite seat, with new renown !  
 In her consummated Olympian fane  
 He taught sublime magnificence to reign.

Where, in rich scenes, beneath unclouded skies,  
 He bids his own Italian villa rise,  
 Th' imperial structures with such charms increase,  
 They form a fair epitome of Greece. 540  
 There all her temples, theatres, and towers,  
 Fabrics for studious and for active hours,  
 All that made Attica the eye's delight,  
 In sweet reflection re-inchant the sight.

O Desolation ! thou hast ne'er defac'd  
 More graceful precincts of imperial Taste !  
 But, with a ravage by no charms controll'd  
 O'er the proud spot thy ruthless flood has roll'd :

Still from thy vortex, by the tide of Time,  
 Its buried treasures rise, to deck some distant clime. 550

As o'er this fairest scene of scenes august  
 Whose pride has moulder'd into shapeless dust,  
 My fancy mus'd, a vision of the night  
 Brought it in recent splendor to my sight.  
 Its shrines, its statues, its Lyceum caught  
 My wond'ring eye, and fix'd my roving thought :  
 Beneath the shadow of a laurel bough,  
 With all the cares of empire on his brow,  
 I saw the master of the villa rove  
 In shades that seem'd the academic grove : 560  
 Sudden a form, array'd in softest light,  
 Benignly simple, temperately bright,  
 Yet more than mortal, in the quiet vale,  
 Appear'd the pensive emperor to hail.  
 Sculpture's insignia, and her graceful mein,  
 Announc'd of finer Arts the modest queen.  
 Troubled, yet mild in gesture and in tone,  
 She made the troubles of her spirit known :

" O thou," she said, " that in thy sovereign plan  
 " Art often more, and often less than man! 570  
 " Whom, as my just, though strange emotions rise,  
 " I love, admire, and pity, and despise!  
 " While to vain heights thy blind ambition towers,  
 " Thou hast ennobled and debas'd my powers  
 " As far as fame and infamy can stretch,  
 " To deck the world, and deify a wretch!  
 " I come th' Almighty Spirit to obey,  
 " For Arts are heralds of his purer day —  
 " I come, with visions of portentous aim,  
 " To mortify thy frantic rage of fame! 580  
 " As a prophetic parent, taught to trace  
 " The future troubles of a fated race,  
 " 'Tis mine to shew how ruin shall be hurl'd  
 " On the vain grandeur of thy Roman world.  
 " Mark how my visionary scenes reveal  
 " The destin'd havoc that our works must feel!"

She spoke, and suddenly before her grew  
 The semblance of a city large and new,

Where pomp imperial seem'd employ'd to place  
Sculpture's prime labours on a lasting base. 590

There Samian Juno and Olympian Jove,  
The rarest treasures of each holy grove,  
The pride of ransack'd Asia, Greece, and Rome,  
There, in new scenes, new dignity assume.

The startled master of the Roman throne  
Exclaim'd, in envy's quick, indignant tone,  
" What mean these pageants that my eyes explore?

" They seem to sparkle on Byzantium's shore !"

The lovely raiser of the vision cried,

" Thou see'st a second Rome in Roman pride ! 600

" But turn, and see what miseries await

" The pomp that wakes thy envy ! Mark its fate !"

He turn'd : but O, what language can disclose

The changing scene's accumulated woes ?

Barbaric outrage, rapine, sword, and fire

Convert it to a vast funereal pyre.

Supreme in height, colossal Phœbus burns,

The Phydian brass to fluid lava turns ;

And lo, yet dearer to poetic eyes,  
 The living bronze of high-wrought Homer dies ! 610  
 The sculptur'd pride of every clime and age,  
 The guardian god, the hero, and the sage,  
 All in promiscuous devastation fall;  
 And Time, self-styl'd the conqueror of all—  
 Time, the proud offspring of Lyfippus' hand,  
 Adorn'd with emblems of his wide command—  
 Time perishes himself! Aggriev'd, aghast,  
 The heart-struck Hadrian exclaim'd at last,  
 " Shew me no more of distant lands the doom—  
 " I ask the fate of my embellish'd Rome !" 620  
 " Look, and behold it!" the enchantress said:  
 Byzantium disappear'd, and in its stead  
 Rome's recent boast, with all its splendor crown'd,  
 The speaking monarch's monumental mound,  
 In graceful pomp arose, and on its height,  
 That glitter'd to our view with orient light,  
 His image seem'd to guide a blazing car,  
 And shone triumphant like the morning star.



Sudden, at sounds of discord and dismay,  
 The imperial form in darkness melts away ; 630  
 The Mausoleum, of stupendous state,  
 Turns to a fort ; and at its guarded gate  
 Barbaric foes, in Roman plunder fierce,  
 Strain their rough powers the massive mound to pierce.  
 Romans defend the dome : but O what arms  
 Rash Fury seizes in its blind alarms !  
 Marbles divine, of Praxitelian form,  
 Are snatch'd as weapons in the raging storm ;  
 And, in the tumult of defensive wrath,  
 Are hurl'd in fragments at th' invading Goth. 640

On this dire fate of fav'rite statues plac'd  
 To deck this hallow'd scene of royal taste,  
 From wounded Pride a groan convulsive burst,  
 And at the mournful sound the visions all dispers'd \*.

\* See NOTE XXVII.

THE END OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.

at sounds of discord and dismay,  
 aerial form in darkness melts away;  
 solemn, of supersonic tone,  
 a fort; and at its guarded gate  
 looms, in Roman plunder-hunt,  
 its rough power, the massive power to protect  
 defend the dome: but O, what arms  
 y' seize in its blind alarm!  
 divine, of Frazerian form,  
 sh'd as weapons in the raging storm,  
 the tumult of defensive war,  
 d in fragments at the invading Gosh.  
 this dire fate of the statues plac'd  
 this hollow'd scene of royal talk,  
 rouded I'de a groan convulsive burst,

*EPISTLE THE FIFTH.*

---

Ora ducum, et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum  
Quos tibi cura sequi.— STATIUS.

---

R

ARGUMENT  
OF THE FIFTH EPISTLE.

*The moral influence of Sculpture in the Pagan world.—Praise of eminent writers on ancient Art—Pliny—Pausanias—Junius—L'Abbé Guasco—Winckelmann—M. de Caylus.*



## EPISTLE V.

EXCELLING Artist! whose exalted mind  
Feels for the highest welfare of mankind,  
And values genius, rightly understood,  
But as it ministers to moral good!  
Yet, ere I close this tributary lay,  
This homage to thy art that love would pay,  
Let us with free and fond research explore  
Her Ethic energies in days of yore;  
Mark how she rose of polish'd Arts the first,  
What joys she waken'd, and what virtues nurs'd, 10

When on her growing beauties Glory fmil'd,  
 When Time carefs'd her as his perfect child ;  
 And, in the splendor of acknowledg'd worth,  
 She reign'd the darling of the Pagan earth !  
 Sculpture! thy influence to heights sublime  
 Inflam'd th' heroic zeal of elder time;  
 That zeal which steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,  
 Th' advent'rous spirit of the ancient world :  
 The martial chief, enamour'd of thy charms,  
 Felt and ador'd thee in his field of arms ; 20  
 Conscious thy care would make his merit known,  
 He died, exulting, to revive in stone.

Let those who doubt if thou could'st e'er inspire  
 Ambition's bosom with so strong a fire,  
 Mark Cæsar, ere his own exploits begun,  
 Sigh at the sculptur'd form of Ammon's son \*.

If, in thy ruder days, thy potent aid  
 To dark Idolatry the world betray'd,

\* See NOTE I.

That fascinating power, with thee combin'd,  
 Felt, as thy beauty grew, her savage soul refin'd. 30

Hence, where thy hand, with love of Nature warm,  
 Wrought mild divinities of graceful form,  
 Calmly that scene misfortune's victim trod,  
 Safe in the dome of thy protecting god.  
 Such awful reverence that asylum bred,  
 Where sacred Sculpture screen'd Affliction's head,  
 Weakness might there revengeful power defy,  
 While Mercy blest'd thee as her dear ally \* :  
 Yet in one scene, whence thy soft charms might chase  
 All barbarous fury from the Pagan race, 40  
 E'en at the time when, to their zenith rais'd,  
 The Arts and Genius in perfection blaz'd,  
 One ruthless wretch, (and be his deed accurs'd!)  
 Raging for blood, thy sanctuary burst.

See, on Calauria's shore, to Neptune's shrine  
 Flies the fam'd Greek, of eloquence divine;

\* See NOTE II.

He, whose strong sense, adorn'd with Freedom's charms,  
 Made Philip tremble for his silver arms,  
 Ere that insidious king, false friend of peace,  
 Sapp'd, by corruption, the high soul of Greece :      50  
 Her fame-crown'd orator, his triumph past,  
 Driv'n by Adversity's o'erwhelming blast,  
 In Neptune's temple deems he yet may meet  
 An heavenly guardian and a calm retreat.  
 Delusive hope ! for e'en those sacred shades  
 The blood-hound of Antipater invades.  
 Yet freedom's champion, in his mental force,  
 Still finds the suffering Pagan's brave resource,  
 By friendly poison well prepar'd, to foil  
 The mercenary villain's murd'rous toil.      60  
 Shock'd to behold the wretch of blood profane  
 The hallow'd precincts of a peaceful fane,  
 He views this outrage with indignant eyes,  
 And at the base of Neptune's statue dies ;  
 Blest to resign his glory-giving breath  
 In the mild arms of voluntary death !



ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝΙ



H. inv. sculp.

H. Blake sc.

**The DEATH of DEMOSTHENES.**

*He views this Outrage with indignant Eyes,  
And at the Base of Neptune's Statue dies.*

*Epistle 3. Verse 61.*

*Published June 14. 1800. by C. and J. Davis's Sons.*



If Sculpture fail'd, in her unequal strife  
 With base Barbarity, to shield his life,  
 Fondly she made immortal as his name  
 The stern attractions of his manly frame. 70  
 Wrought with her kindest care, his image rose  
 In endless triumph o'er his abject foes ;  
 And Athens gloried with delight to gaze,  
 Age after age in her declining days,  
 On him, her fav'rite son, whose fiery breath,  
 Dispelling dread of danger and of death,  
 Made, by the thunder of his warning voice,  
 The path of honour be his country's choice.  
 True to his word, as quicken'd by a spell,  
 She march'd in that precarious path, and fell ; 80  
 Yet in her fall the noblest tribute paid  
 To that bright mind, by whose bold counsel sway'd,  
 She gain'd, uncheck'd by imminent distress,  
 Virtue's prime purpose, to deserve success \*.

\* See NOTE III.

Justly, O Sculpture! would thy fondest skill  
 The wish for glory of that friend fulfil,  
 Whose fervid soul, with bright ambition fraught,  
 By matchless Eloquence sublimely taught  
 The land, that gloried in his birth, to claim  
 Pre-eminence in all the paths of fame. 90  
 His heart, for ever in a patriot glow,  
 Exulted, in its civic zeal, to show  
 How from thy honour'd hand his native state  
 Receiv'd a gift magnificently great :  
 From him we learn that the Bosphoric shore  
 Of signal Art this bright memorial bore.  
 Athens, a female of colossal height,  
 In sculptur'd beauty charm'd the public sight :  
 Of equal stature, and benignly grand,  
 Two social cities stood on either hand— 100  
 Byzantium and Perinthus, each display'd  
 A sister's heart by grateful pleasure sway'd ;  
 As each was seen a friendly arm to bend,  
 Fondly to crown their tutelary friend.

Such honours, Athens, were assign'd to thee,  
 Aid of the weak, and guardian of the free!  
 While thy Demosthenes could rule the tide  
 Of civic fortune and of public pride.  
 Beneath his auspices so Sculpture rose,  
 The sweet remembrancer of baffled foes, 110  
 Call'd by confederated states to shew  
 From lib'ral union what fair blessings flow;  
 The brilliant lesson her bold work display'd,  
 And Gratitude and Glory blest'd her aid\*.

Nor was it thine, enchanting Art! alone  
 With public virtue to inspirit stone,  
 Diffusing, by the praise thy forms express'd,  
 Heroic ardour through a people's breast:  
 'Twas thine, for loftier minds above the croud,  
 With gifts of rare pre-eminence endow'd, 120  
 To counteract the ills that base mankind  
 To envied Genius have too oft assign'd.

\* See NOTE IV.

When Thebes (induc'd her Pindar to condemn  
 By abject anger and malignant phlegm)  
 Fin'd her free bard for daring to rehearse  
 The praise of Athens in his lib'ral verse,  
 Kind Sculpture then, his Attic friend, arose,  
 And well aveng'd him of ungen'rous foes.  
 Pleas'd her just tribute to the bard to give,  
 She taught his figure, like his verse, to live : 130  
 Athens, of finer Arts the bounteous queen,  
 Display'd his statue in her public scene.  
 Seated in regal state, the crown, the lyre,  
 Announc'd the sov'reign of the lyric quire :  
 Greece, who, with all a mother's transport, found  
 Envy's base cry in Honour's plaudit drown'd,  
 Smil'd on the splendid palm the poet won,  
 And fondly hail'd her glory-giving son,  
 Whose Muse rich nectar to the mind conveys,  
 Poignant and sweet !—Morality and Praise \* I 140

\* See NOTE V.

Fair and benignant as his fervid Muse,  
 Sculpture, like her, a radiant path pursues;  
 Pleas'd to enlarge the province of renown,  
 And add new lustre to th' Olympic crown.  
 To him, whom Pifa's public voice proclaims  
 As thrice a victor in her hallow'd games,  
 The statue, rais'd beneath the guard of Jove,  
 Shines a bright inmate of the sacred grove.

Thou fascinating scene of Arts combin'd,  
 Where fost'ring Glory rear'd the Grecian mind! 150  
 Oft, as to thee the glance of Memory turns,  
 The spirit kindles, and the bosom burns.

Enchanting Altis! whose domain to fill  
 Elaborate Sculpture lavish'd all her skill!  
 Pure was the pleasure thou wert form'd to raise,  
 Where emulation grew by honour's blaze.  
 While triumph flush'd the happy victor's cheek,  
 Each heart exulted in the name of Greek:  
 Intestine feuds by Glory taught to cease,  
 One soul inspir'd the mingled states of Greece; 160

And public virtue felt her ardour rise  
 From the sweet impulse of fraternal ties.  
 Olympia! hadst thou well that spirit nurs'd  
 Which made thee long of splendid scenes the first;  
 Had it been thine to cherish and impart  
 Vigour of form, and dignity of heart,  
 Pure and unmix'd, like true heroic worth,  
 With all the abject vice of meaner earth,  
 No barb'rous foes had made thy triumph cease,  
 No savage Roman had disfigur'd Greece ; 170  
 Nor Ammon said, (deriding, when he found  
 Thy sculptur'd victors in Miletus crown'd,)  
 " Where were these bodies of gigantic powers,  
 " When the barbarian force o'erthrew your towers \* ?  
     But games of honour, in effect benign,  
 With morals flourish, and with them decline.  
 Through hallow'd walls, where Excellence is nurs'd,  
 Intruding Envy rarely fails to burst—

\* See NOTE VI.



Envy, whose touch corrodes, as rust on steel,  
 Both private happiness and public weal. 180  
 Envy was early an Olympian pest;  
 Thy mangled image may this truth attest,  
 Thiagenes! enrich'd with rare renown  
 For many a contest, and each varied crown;  
 Some abject rival, with resentment base,  
 In secret dar'd thy statue to deface:  
 The sculptur'd form, as conscious of the blow,  
 Fell with avenging weight, and crush'd thy foe.  
 Of Envy's sordid race, so perish'd one,  
 Her single, nameless, despicable son \*. 190  
 But Envy, apt for ever to increase,  
 Prov'd most prolific in the realms of Greece;  
 Hence her free states, by jealous jars destroy'd,  
 Left in the polish'd world a mournful void.  
 Corporeal strength, and intellectual power,  
 Shone, lovely Greece! supremely as thy dower:

\* See NOTE VII.

But cordial union, the best fruit of sense,  
 The life, the soul of national defence —  
 Spirit, that leads the weak to foil the strong,  
 When every bosom burns for public wrong — 200  
 This spirit, thy vain sons no more the same,  
 Fail'd to preserve, as they advanc'd in fame :  
 Her snares around them thus Oppression threw,  
 Taught by their feuds to sep'rate and subdue.  
 If Greece herself her real strength had known,  
 Greece might have foil'd the hostile world alone ;  
 In war's wild tempest an unshaken tower,  
 Peerless in arts, and paramount in power.

Too late to save, yet potent to suspend  
 The storm of ruin, hastening to descend, 210  
 Sicyon ! thy free, conciliating chief,  
 Thy firm Aratus, planning wise relief,  
 Reclaim'd the bickering Greeks by union's charm,  
 Bade jarring states with social prowess arm ;  
 And, ere the funk Oppression's helpless thrall,  
 Of Greece protracted and adorn'd the fall.

Just to his merit, Sculpture's grateful hand  
 With grace heroic gave his form to stand :  
 In lib'ral Corinth she the statue rear'd,  
 And as a guardian power this patriot chief rever'd \*. 220

    If e'er Greek Art, with Glory for her guide,  
 The high-soul'd portrait form'd with fonder pride,  
 Perchance 'twas when, a studious scene to grace,  
 Her skill, employ'd on Plato's pensive face,  
 Labour'd to memorize from age to age  
 The speaking features of that fav'rite sage,  
 Who toil'd to fix, in honour of mankind,  
 Sublime ideas in the public mind.  
 Enlighten'd Pagan ! whose bright works display  
 A cheering dawn before the Christian day ! 230  
 Where the calm grove of Academus grew  
 Thy sculptur'd form a signal lustre threw ;  
 Rais'd by a foreign prince, whose lib'ral heart  
 To Grecian intellect and Grecian art

\* See NOTE VIII.

Paid this pure tribute, proud in thee to own  
 The friend who taught him virtue's noblest tone.\*  
 Ye sages who, aloof from martial strife,  
 Pursu'd the purer charms of pensive life!  
 How oft has Sculpture joy'd, with moral aim,  
 To multiply your forms, and spread your name! 240  
 By Æsop's statue, Greece this lesson gave †,  
 Fame's path is open even to a slave;  
 And Socrates, ordain'd in bronze to stand  
 The honour'd labour of Lyfippus' hand,  
 Inform'd the world, although an injur'd sage  
 Had perish'd in a storm of envious rage,  
 Repentant Athens, fighting o'er his dust,  
 Rever'd his glory as a public trust ‡.  
 How oft, before the gospel's rising ray  
 Darted through earthly clouds celestial day, 250  
 In scenes where Meditation lov'd to dwell,  
 The public portico or private cell,

\* See NOTE IX.

† See NOTE X.

‡ See NOTE XI.

Has many a pensive, philosophic bust,  
 Repres'd the giddy, or confirm'd the just,  
 And kept frail Virtue on her mental throne  
 By the mild lesson of the speaking stone !

Nor breath'd Instruction in her marble scene  
 Confin'd to stronger Man's expressive mein :  
 The female statue gloried to inspire  
 Maternal dignity and patriot fire. 260

The rigid Cato, with a censor's frown,  
 Strove from the sphere of sculptural renown  
 Aufterely to exclude the worthier frame,  
 And rail'd at statues rais'd in woman's name \*,  
 Still the stern Romans, though they ne'er possess'd  
 That zeal for art which fill'd the Grecian breast,  
 Gaz'd, with a generous admiration warm,  
 On female virtue in its sculptur'd form :  
 Witness th' equestrian image that arose  
 To tell how Clelia, foiling potent foes 270

\* See NOTE XII.

By patriot spirit, in Rome's early days  
 E'en from a hostile king extorted praise \*  
 Witness maturer form, of matron grace,  
 Worthy, in Honour's fane, the purest place.  
 Thou Roman statue † whose plain title shone  
 With lustre to enrich the meanest stone,  
 "Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi!"—Time!  
 Could'st thou, from every art-ennobled clime  
 Where buried Sculpture undiscover'd lies,  
 Bid, for my choice, her latent treasures rise;  
 Cornelia would I choose, if happy Art  
 Show'd, in her rescu'd form, a mother's heart;  
 Work wrought by Nature, on Perfection's plan,  
 To claim the boundless gratitude of man;  
 The finest work to which his thoughts can climb—  
 Consummate beauty and the true sublime † !

Sculpture! sweet power, whose moral care express'd  
 The dearest feelings of the human breast !

\* See NOTE XIII.

† See NOTE XIV.

In early days, before the martial throng  
 Of Grecian heroes, arm'd for Helen's wrong ! 290  
 'Twas thine to shew, in Beauty's shape enshrined,  
 The prime perfection of the female mind.

When young Ulysses won, in gallant strife,  
 The child of fond Icarius for his wife,  
 The good old man desir'd the graceful pair  
 To live content in his paternal care ;  
 Loth to resign the darling of his sight,  
 A peerless daughter, and his heart's delight :  
 Heroic duties bade the prudent chief  
 Decline the favour, to the father's grief, 300  
 Who, justly feeling what forbade their stay  
 Led his lov'd children on their distant way.

'Tis time to part—but the too tender fire  
 Summons, in vain, his courage to retire :  
 Nature subdues him, and the lovely bride  
 Clings, in mute anguish, to her father's side.  
 The noble Ithacus, of manly soul,  
 Viewing, with pity, Nature's strong control,

Says, " Sweet Penelope! thy steps are free  
 " To guide thy father, or to follow me."  
 The fire, with Question's agitated air,  
 Looks up for the decision of the fair  
 She could not speak, but, still to Nature true,  
 O'er her flush'd cheek her decent veil she drew.  
 The husband and the fire, who heard her sigh,  
 Both understood her exquisite reply;  
 And the proud father felt his pangs beguil'd  
 By the sweet graces of his modest child.  
 He blest'd and bade her go: but on the spot,  
 Often revisited, and ne'er forgot.  
 His fondness rais'd, with a regret serene,  
 A fair memorial of that tender scene —  
 A graceful statue of a female frame,  
 Sacred to love, and Modesty its name;  
 In which kind Sculpture, by her speaking power,  
 Express'd the feelings of that parting hour \*.

\* See NOTE XV.



Enchanting Art ! such ever be thy tone  
 As graceful Nature may be proud to own !  
 No forms of elegance Fame ranks above  
 Thy groups of filial and parental love : 330  
 Witness ye brothers of Sicilian name,  
 Who pass'd through Ætna's desolating flame,  
 Each, nobly loaded with a parent's weight,  
 Spar'd by receding fire, rever'd by Fate !  
 The brass has perish'd, whose expressive charm  
 Display'd your virtues in the dread alarm ;  
 Yet in a Roman poet's faithful lines  
 The perish'd brass with new existence shines—  
 In Claudian's verse I see your bosoms thrill,  
 And with a graceful terror tremble still \* ! 340

O lovely Sculpture ! when, to thee unjust,  
 Ravage condemns thy offspring to the dust,  
 Though form'd with power and merit to endure  
 Through many a peaceful age of praise secure,

\* See NOTE XVI.

May Muses, conscious of thy gen'rous aim,  
 Still of thy ruin'd works the worth proclaim;  
 And to a new and firmer life restore  
 Thy moulder'd marble, or thy vanish'd ore!  
 Sculpture! to Heav'n-taught Poesy allied  
 By dignity of soul and decent pride, 350  
 By talents true to Glory's guiding fires,  
 That scorn to minister to mean desires!  
 Dear Arts! to whom in high degrees belong  
 Sisterly charms, by sweet alliance strong!  
 May I aspire, of each devoutly fond,  
 Of that alliance to confirm the bond,  
 While both I honour in my studious hour,  
 As Friendship dictates the presiding power,  
 Who, when I incense on your altars throw,  
 Guides my just hand, and gives my heart to glow! 360  
 Ingenuous Sculpture! in thy long career  
 Of various fortune in thy Pagan sphere,  
 Thou art intitled to the noblest praise,  
 For adding force to worth's reflected rays!

'Twas thine to give, in that dark world of strife,  
 Ardour to virtue, elegance to life !  
 If Fortune, to thy purest purpose blind,  
 Lavish'd thy honours on the worthless mind,  
 Indignant Freedom, in some distant day,  
 Would rise to vindicate thy moral sway. 370  
 When her Timoleon with a guardian sword  
 To injur'd Sicily her rights restor'd,  
 Statues were tried, and all of public note  
 Or fell or flourish'd by the people's vote.  
 Alas ! how few in regal rank are found  
 Endear'd to Nature, as by Merit crown'd !  
 That polish'd isle her Gelon deem'd alone  
 Worthy to live in monumental stone\*.  
 There is no art to man by Heaven convey'd,  
 Which man's rash folly dares not to degrade ; 380  
 And thou canst reckon, in thy numerous race,  
 Sculptors whom skill serv'd only to disgrace :

\* See NOTE XVII.

Pygmalion, burning with a vain desire,  
 The dupe of Vanity's delicious fire,\* †  
 The base Perillus, Cruelty's high-priest,  
 Condemn'd to bellow in his brazen beast †; ‡  
 And a coarse artist from the Roman school,  
 Of vile obscenity the venal tool † !  
 But should assembled Arts their sons produce,  
 And all be tried for Talent's moral use, 390  
 Perchance, the foremost tribe in Honour's crowd,  
 The sons of Sculpture might be justly proud  
 That, mark'd collectively in Fame's review,  
 Their merit's infinite, their faults are few.

O that, redeem'd from dark Oblivion's spoils,  
 That rich memorial of their noblest toils  
 Which just Pasiteles, of gen'rous heart,  
 Fram'd on the higher works of happiest Art,  
 Might to our distant eyes, with lustre new,  
 Of ancient genius give a wider view †. 400

\* See NOTE XVIII.

† See NOTE XX.

‡ See NOTE XIX.

|| See NOTE XXI.

Vain with, in Lethe's gulf, by Taste abhorr'd,  
 The literary sculptor's kind record  
 Of works his judgment knew so well to prize,  
 Untimely sunk, and never more to rise.  
 But here let gratitude your merit speak,  
 Thou learned Roman, and thou faithful Greek !  
 Who 'mid the wrecks of time conspicuous stand,  
 Still holding light with a benignant hand,  
 To guide those fond advent'ers on their way  
 Who would the wasted scenes of ancient art survey. 410

Pliny ! whose active, comprehensive mind  
 The richest map of Nature's realms design'd,  
 Well hast thou mingled in thy mighty plan  
 Sketches of arts that soften savage man !  
 Thy studies on thy country's rugged breast  
 Enlighten'd passion for those arts impress'd.  
 Though modern arrogance, with envious aim,  
 Has toil'd to undermine thy solid fame,  
 Nature and Truth may yet, in thee, commend  
 Their lively eulogist, their liberal friend ; 420

And Taste with grateful joy thy page explore,  
 For rich Antiquity's recover'd store.  
 There her lost wonders seem again to live,  
 There fresh delight to Fancy's eye they give;  
 Like phantoms, rais'd in magic's ample bower,  
 With all the splendor of departed power\*.

To one, less apt with warm applause to speak,  
 Minutely faithful, though a rambling Greek,  
 To thee, Pausanias! let me justly raise  
 A column, deck'd with plenitude of praise. 430  
 Proportion'd to inestimable aid,  
 And copious light with modest care display'd.  
 Taste, by thy guidance, still has power to rove  
 Through ancient Sculpture's consecrated grove.  
 Delightful traveller through Talent's clime!  
 'Twas not thy lot to view its graceful prime:  
 Yet, nobly careful of its glories past,  
 'Twas thy brave aim to make its glories last;

\* See NOTE XXII.

And Time shall honour, as his years increase,  
 Thy Panorama of enchanting Greece \*. 440

And you, ye moderns ! whose fond toils display  
 Art's ancient powers in Learning's bright array—  
 You, whose enlighten'd minds assist my lays,  
 Friends of my verse ! accept its friendly praise !  
 Sage Palatine ! whose soul of temp'rate fire  
 No toils could daunt, and no researches tire :  
 Accomplish'd Junius ! who, in Britain's isle,  
 Wer't pleas'd to bask in bright Protection's smile ;  
 And noble Arundel's regard to share  
 With those fine Arts that boast his lib'ral care. 450  
 With Erudition's ample aid, 'twas thine  
 To form a portrait of antique design,  
 Bright as the image of elaborate skill,  
 Where blended stones the fine mosaic fill ;  
 Where richest marbles all their tints unite,  
 And varied splendor fascinates the sight.

\* See NOTE XXIII.

In thy vast work rare proof of patient toil,  
 That glean'd from every age its spotless spoil,  
 There breathes a warm benignity of soul,  
 And moral beauty decorates the whole. 460  
 Of kindred spirit, in a later age,  
 See gentle Guasco, in a friendly page,  
 To touch a brother's heart with tender joy,  
 On Sculpture's powers his pensive mind employ !  
 As April drops soon thicken to a shower,  
 The sprightly comment of a vacant hour  
 Grew a rich work, where truth and taste have shown  
 How life deriv'd from Art a nobler tone ;  
 Where lovely Sculpture shines benignly bright  
 In mild Philosophy's endearing light. 470  
 Alas ! while Fame expects the volume penn'd  
 By high-soul'd Montesquieu's attractive friend,  
 Calamity, that strikes Ambition mute,  
 Obstructs the writer in his dear pursuit !

• See NOTE XXIV.



His injur'd eyes in cruel quiet close,  
 And sink from glorious toil to dark repose \*.

While Art deplor'd her suffering friend's retreat,  
 Griev'd to resign an eulogist so sweet,  
 Her loss see Learning hasten to repay  
 With richer floods of intellectual day! 480

She, potent guide of each aspiring mind  
 That aims to please and benefit mankind —  
 She, in a petty cell of German dust,  
 Taught youthful Genius in her aid to trust;  
 Break his just way through Poverty's base bar,  
 And vault victorious into Glory's car.  
 Yes, fervid Winkelman! this praise is thine,  
 Thou bold enthusiast of a heart benign!  
 Nature exults to mark thy happier course,  
 And the fair triumph of thy mental force; 490  
 Though Fortune blended thy rare lot to fill,  
 As for the Grecian bard, extremes of good and ill.

\* See NOTE XXV.

But though thy life became a ruffian's prey,  
 Nobly secur'd from peril and decay  
 Thy well-earn'd fame shall Time's respect command,  
 Thy merits live, engrav'd by friendship's hand ;  
 And grateful Art, where'er her powers may rise,  
 That fond historian of her charms shall prize  
 Who, with enlighten'd love, describ'd the whole,  
 Each changeful feature, and her inmost soul\*. 500

If Art exults in his aspiring flight  
 Who as her champion rose, in penury's despite,  
 While gratitude her graceful bosom sways,  
 She owns a debt of no inferior praise  
 Due to her different friend, of Gallic name,  
 Who, high in rank, in fortune, and in fame,  
 To her dear service his rich purse assign'd,  
 With all the radiance of his richer mind,  
 Shining through clouds that thicken'd to o'erwhelm  
 His lov'd Antiquity's embellish'd realm; 510

\* See NOTE XXVI.

Whose treasures, bright'ning at his touch, commend  
 The piercing genius of their studious friend :  
 Thou, to whom idle nobles are a foil !  
 Thou model of munificence and toil !  
 Accomplish'd Caylus ! if thy zeal sublime  
 Lavish'd on Art thy treasure and thy time,  
 Thine idol, blameless as the peaceful dove,  
 Paid thee with pleasure equal to thy love.  
 She sooth'd thee in thy gasp of parting breath,  
 And charm'd thy spirit through the shades of death \*. 520  
 Mild, lib'ral spirit ! take (to thee not new !)  
 Tribute from English truth to merit due !  
 For once a Briton, who enjoy'd, with wealth,  
 Conceal'd munificence to charm by stealth,  
 Surpris'd thee with a splendid gift, design'd  
 A nameless homage to thy letter'd mind,  
 To both an honour !—O, instructive Time,  
 Ripen the nations to that sense sublime,

\* See NOTE XXVII.

To own the folly of contention's rage,  
 That makes the globe a gladiator's stage ; 530  
 Till blood-stain'd rivals boast no other strife  
 But which may best befriend art, science, truth, and life\*.

\* See NOTE XXVIII.

THE END OF THE FIFTH EPISTLE.

## *EPISTLE THE SIXTH.*

---

— Tu quoque magnam  
Partem opere in tanto, fineret dolor, Icare, habere.

---

VIRGIL.

ARGUMENT  
OF THE SIXTH EPISTLE.

*The Author laments with his friend the fate of his disciple, a promising young Sculptor, forced to quit his profession by a severe loss of health.— A character of that disciple, and the interest he still takes in the prosperity and honour of his beloved Master, conclude the Poem.*



## EPISTLE VI.

ARTS were an early gift of heavenly grace,  
To cheer and strengthen man's afflicted race ;  
And now, dear Flaxman ! in thy art I find  
A lenient med'cine for a tortur'd mind :  
Else, in this season of paternal grief,  
When, from dark sickness that eludes relief,  
Thy dear disciple's pangs my spirit pierce,  
Could I resume this long-suspended verse !  
Years have elaps'd, and years that have impress'd  
Deepest affliction on my wounded breast,

10

Since, at the sight of malady unknown  
 That prey'd on health far dearer than my own,  
 The lyre, whose chords should with thy glory swell,  
 From my fond hand, by sorrow palsied, fell ;  
 And all my faculties of heart and soul  
 Had but one aim—to make the sickly whole.  
 But Heaven still tries the never-failing truth  
 Of patient virtue in this suff'ring youth.  
 Sunk as he is, and doom'd in pain to gasp,  
 (A young Prometheus in a vulture's clasp !) 20  
 His purer spirit does not Heaven arraign,  
 Or breathe a murmur on his galling chain :  
 But on the master, to his heart endear'd,  
 Whose powers he idoliz'd, whose worth rever'd,  
 His generous thoughts with just attachment turn,  
 And for thy honour boast a brave concern.  
 Fondly he bids his father's falt'ring hand  
 Resume th' unfinish'd work by Friendship plann'd.  
 Forgive the filial love that deems thy friend,  
 Weak as he is, may yet thy fame extend ! 30



The wish of filial excellence distress'd  
 To me is sacred as a God's behest :  
 Hence I with fond precipitancy frame  
 The verse devoted to thy honour'd name.  
 Pardon, if trouble can but ill achieve  
 What joy should execute, with leisure's leave !

Here, if these sketches of thy art succeed,  
 Her ancient reign the fair and young may read ;  
 Her modern empire, and her future power,  
 May form my subject in a happier hour, 40  
 If happier hours may to that heart be given  
 Which leans, with unexhausted hope, on Heaven.

Whatever lot, excelling friend ! is mine,  
 I bend, with gratitude, to power divine  
 That thou, whose progress in thy noble aim  
 I deem a portion of my country's fame—  
 That thou enjoy'st the spirit's genuine wealth,  
 Unfetter'd genius, and unfading health !  
 The bards of Greece have twin'd thy laurel crown,  
 And form'd the prelude of thy rich renown : 50

Homer and Æschylus thy mind inspire  
 With all their varied grace, and vivid fire:  
 Deck'd by thy pencil, they with joy assign  
 To thee the social palm of pure design;  
 And Britain, while her naval triumphs blaze  
 Above the boast of Græcia's brightest days,  
 Looks to thy talent with a parent's pride,  
 Pleas'd to thy skill her glory to confide,  
 Fit to record, with monumental art,  
 The simple grandeur of her seaman's heart \*. 60

O, while with joy to Honour's noblest height  
 I view, in fancy, thy Dædalean flight!  
 Thy little Icarus I yet must mourn,  
 Soon, from thy side, by cruel sickness torn,  
 (Not rashly drown'd in fond Ambition's sea,)  
 Still breathing, still in heart attach'd to thee!  
 I know he still, though distant from thy care,  
 Lives in thy love, and prospers in thy prayer;

\* See NOTE I.

For I beheld in thy parental eyes  
 The tear of tender admiration rise, 70  
 When noble labours of his crippled hand,  
 Achiev'd by courage, by affection plann'd,  
 Drew from thy judgment that sweet praise sincere  
 Which even Agony has smil'd to hear \*.  
 That crippled hand, so skill'd, in early youth,  
 To seize the graceful line of simple Truth,  
 More by increasing malady oppress'd,  
 Sinks, in its fetters, to reluctant rest ;  
 And thy dark veil, Futurity ! enshrouds  
 Its distant fortune in no common clouds. 80  
 Magnanimous and grateful to the last,  
 The suff'rer blesses Heaven for bounties past :  
 Pleas'd under Flaxman to have studied Art,  
 (Child of thy choice, and pupil of thy heart !)  
 His spirit trusts that, where thy talents reign,  
 His virtuous wish may yet be known, though vain ;

\* See NOTE II.

His wish to rise, by filial duty's flame,  
 Friend of thy life, and partner of thy fame!

Yes, should thy genius, like Augustan power,  
 Spread o'er the earth, prosperity its dower, 90  
 Thy heart, my tender friend! however high  
 Thy just renown, will often, with a sigh,  
 Fondly regret thy art's intended heir,  
 (The young Marcellus of thy fost'ring care!)  
 Whose mild endurance of a storm so great  
 May charm the roughness of relenting fate.

That youth of fairest promise, fair as May,  
 Pensively tender, and benignly gay,  
 On thy medallion still retains a form,  
 In health exulting, and with pleasure warm. 100  
 Teach thou my hand, with mutual love, to trace  
 His mind, as perfect as thy lines his face!  
 For Nature in that mind was pleas'd to pour  
 Of intellectual charms no trivial store;  
 Fancy's high spirit, talent's feeling nerve,  
 With tender modesty, with mild reserve,

And those prime virtues of ingenuous youth,  
 Alert benevolence, and dauntless truth ;  
 Zeal, ever eager to make merit known,  
 And only tardy to announce its own ; 110  
 Silent ambition, but, though silent, quick,  
 Yet softly shaded with a veil as thick  
 As the dark glasses tinted to descry  
 The sun, so soften'd not to wound the eye ;  
 Temper by nature and by habit clear  
 From hasty choler, and from fullen fear,  
 Spleen and dejection could not touch the mind  
 That drew from solitude a joy refin'd,  
 To nurse inventive fire, in silence caught,  
 And brood successful o'er sequester'd thought. 120

Such was the youth, who, in the flatt'ring hour  
 Of Health's fair promise and unshaken power,  
 The favour'd pupil of thy friendly choice,  
 Drew art, and joy, and honour from thy voice ;

Whose guidance, then his healthy day's delight,  
 Still forms the vision of his sickly night.  
 Could I, dear Flaxman! with thy skill express  
 Virtue's firm energy in long distress,  
 And all his merit, 'gainst affliction proof,  
 Since sickness forc'd him from thy guardian roof; 130  
 Thou might'st suppose I had before thee brought  
 A Christian martyr, by Ghiberti wrought :  
 So Pain has crush'd his frame with dire control,  
 And so the seraph Patience arm'd his soul.

But not for notes like these my lyre was strung;  
 It promis'd joyous hymns, to happy Genius sung;  
 And Truth and Nature will my heart confess,  
 Form'd to exult in such a friend's success.  
 Yet will that friend, whose glory I esteem  
 My cordial pleasure and my fav'rite theme, 140  
 Forgive paternal pain, that wildly flings  
 An agitated hand across the strings,





**THOMAS HAYLEY.**

*the Disciple of  
John Flawman.  
from a Medallion.*

*Published June 14. 1807 by G. and J. Davis Strand*



A shade of sorrow o'er his triumph throws,  
And fighting, bids th' imperfect paean close\*.

\* See NOTE III.

THE END OF THE POEM.



# NOTES.

NOTES

NOTES  
ON THE  
*FIRST EPISTLE.*

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NOTE I. Ver. 87.

*W*ARM'D by the light they love, the very fragments sound.

An allusion to the frequently-cited verse of Juvenal :

“ Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.”

There is hardly any work of antiquity more celebrated than this mysterious image ; a favourite object of ancient and of modern curiosity ! Considering the attention paid to it in different ages, it is singular that the mutilated statue should still retain a name which, according to an ancient tradition, was assigned to it improperly.

This miraculous colossal figure is commonly called the Statue of Memnon, and supposed to represent an Æthiopian prince of that name, the son of Tithonus and Aurora : but Pausanias, from whom we derive one of the early accounts of it, expressly says, the inhabitants of the city where it was placed (the Thebans of Ægypt) asserted that it was

not a representation of Memnon \*, but of Phamenophis, a native of their country ; “ and I have heard persons affirm,” continues Pausanias, “ that it is the statue of Sefostris which Cambyfes broke afunder ; “ and now as much of it as extends from the head to the middle of the “ body is thrown down : the remainder is still fitting, and sounds every “ day at the rising of the sun. Its sound is most like the bursting of a “ string on the harp or lyre.”

The intelligent and accurate Strabo has recorded his own visit (in a more early age) to this statue, in company with his friend Ælius Gallus, and a military train. He declares that he heard the miraculous sound, but intimates a doubt whether it really proceeded from the base, from the fragment of the figure, or from the artifice of persons who formed a busy circle round it †. Strabo does not assign any name to the statue in question ; but calls the scene where it was placed the Memnonium. “ Here,” he says, “ are two colossal figures, each of a single stone, “ and near to each other. One is preserved ; the upper part of the “ other has fallen, and, as they say, by an earthquake.”

The sagacious geographer expresses, in very strong terms, his unwillingness to believe that the surprising sound he heard could be the spontaneous production of the stone itself ‡.

A respectable traveller of our own country, the learned, faithful, and elaborate Pococke, has laboured to gratify curiosity concerning this

\* Αλλά γὰρ ἡ Μεννονία οἱ Θηβαῖοι λέγουσι, Φαμενωφίδα δὲ εἶναι τῶν ἑγχυρίων, ἢ τὸ αὐτὸ ἀγαλμα πρὸς πύκτα δὲ πᾶσι καὶ Σίσταφον Φαμενωφίδα εἶναι τὸ αὐτὸ το ἀγαλμα, ὁ Καμβύσης διέκοψε, καὶ οὐν ὅπου ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἰς μέσον σῶμα πρὸς ἀπερμειμένον· τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν καθήκει τῇ καὶ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν ἡμέραν ἀποχρῶντος ἡλίου βροαί, καὶ τῇ ἡχῇ μάλιστα ἐκαστὸν τῶν κίθαρας ἢ λύρας ραγίσας χορδῆς. PAUSANIAS, p. 101. edit. Kühnii.

† Καρὸν δὲ παρὼν ἐπὶ τῇ τοκῇ, μετὰ Γάλλῳ Αἰλίῳ, καὶ τῷ πλῆθει τῶν συνοδῶν αὐτοῦ φίλων τῇ καὶ στρατιῇ, περὶ ὧναι πρῶτον πύκτα τῷ ψόφῳ, οὐτὶ δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς βασιῆς, οὐτὶ ἀπὸ τῆς κολοσσῆς, ὑπὸ ἐπιτηδῆς τῇ κυκλῇ, καὶ περὶ τῆς βασιῆς ἰδρυμένης τινος ποιησάμενος τῶν ψόφου, ἐκ ἑχῶ δισχυρισάσθαι.

STRABO, lib. xvii. p. 1171. edit. 1707.

‡ Διὰ γὰρ τὸ ἀδύνατον τῆς αἰτίας, πᾶν μᾶλλον ἐπιτρέχεται πιθανῶν, ἢ τὸ ἐκ τῶν λίθων αὐτῶν τιταγμένῳ ἐκπνεύεσθαι τὸν ἡχόν.

this celebrated image, by a very minute description, illustrated by engravings: yet with every advantage that erudition and a survey of the fragment could afford him, he is obliged to leave the subject still involved in considerable darkness; for among the various statues that he examined in this interesting scene, (the ruins of Thebes,) he found that two of them had pretensions to be regarded as the miraculous image \*; and of these he has given the following circumstantial account:

“ In the second court (of the temple) are remains of two statues of black granite. That to the west, which is sitting, measured, from the hand to the elbow, five feet; thence to the shoulder four. The head is three feet and a half long, and the ear is one foot in length. The statue to the east is three feet five inches long in the foot. At a distance from it is the head with the cap. It is three feet six inches long, and behind it is the ornament of the dome-leaf. Some persons have thought that one of these is the statue of Memnon. From the temple I went to the statues, which I shall call the colossal statues of Memnon. They are towards Medinet-Habou. I spent above half a day at these statues. They are of a very particular sort of porous, hard granite, such as I never saw before. It most resembles the eagle-stone.

“ The statues look to the south-south-east, and are on a pedestal or plinth, entirely plain. That to the north is thirty feet long and

\* Mr. de Caylus has distinguished the statue of remote antiquity from that of a later time in the following remark on *Ægyptian antiquities*:

“ Il ne faut pas confondre la statue de Memnon, dont parle Pline, avec celle qui subsiste, et qui a inspiré une si grande curiosité aux voyageurs anciens et modernes; non seulement cette dernière est colossale, mais elle est de granite. D'ailleurs elle étoit antique à l'égard de Pline, puisqu' elle étoit placée de son tems dans l'endroit qu'elle occupe aujourd'hui, c'est-à-dire, hors de la ville de Thèbes, assez près des tombeaux des anciens rois d'Ægypte, et qu'elle avoit été élevée avant la conquête, que les Perses firent de ce pays; tandis que la statue de *basalte* que Pline présente comme un objet beaucoup moins considérable, étoit consacrée dans un temple de Sérapis, dont le culte n'a été introduit en Ægypte que sous les Ptolémées.” *Antiquités de M. de Caylus, tom. v. p. 13.*

“ seventeen broad. The pedestal of the other is thirty-three feet long  
“ and nineteen wide, and they are about thirty feet apart. That to the  
“ south is of one stone. The statue to the north has been broken off  
“ at the middle, above the arms, that lie on the hams, and it has been  
“ built up with five tiers of stones—one to the top of the clench of the  
“ elbow, another almost half way up the arm, one to the arm-pits,  
“ the fourth to the neck, and the fifth, the head and neck of one stone.  
“ The other tiers have two stones in front, except that the middle tier  
“ has three; and there are two stones in the thickness of the statue.  
“ The feet are broken a quarter off from the toes: but as I did not  
“ take a particular draught of the parts of the statue that are maimed, I  
“ thought it better to give it entire from the drawing and observations  
“ I did make. I found the height, from the bottom of the foot to the  
“ top of the knee, to be about nineteen feet; from the bottom of the  
“ foot to the ankle, two feet six inches; to the top of the instep, four  
“ feet; the foot is five feet broad, and the leg is four feet deep. The  
“ ornament behind the head seemed to be the dome-leaf, as I have it  
“ on a statue of Harpocrates. At the side of the legs are two reliefs,  
“ and one between the legs, of the natural height, but much defaced.  
“ Between the former and the great statue are hieroglyphics. The pe-  
“ destal of the imperfect statue is cracked across, at the distance of  
“ about ten feet from the back part. There are also some flaws and  
“ cracks in the other statue; but it is of one stone, which I dare posi-  
“ tively affirm, and in which I could not be mistaken, having been  
“ twice at the statues. I spent half a day there, and took down in my  
“ notes an account of every stone of which the upper part of the other  
“ is built. On the pedestal of the imperfect statue is a Greek epigram;  
“ and on the insteps and legs, for about eight feet high, are several in-  
“ scriptions in Greek and Latin; some being epigrams in honour of  
“ Memnon; others, the greater part, testimonies of those who heard



“ the found ; and some also in unknown characters. All the inscriptions are ill cut, and in bad language, both on account of the hardness of the stone, and the ignorance of the people, who probably made money by cutting these inscriptions for those that came to hear the found. I copied them with all the exactness I could ; though many of them were very difficult to be understood, and I was not entirely undisturbed while I was doing it.”

Thus far I have transcribed the industrious and accurate Pococke, because his mensuration affords a satisfactory idea of Ægyptian sculpture. I omit his discussion of the arguments concerning the point, which of the two statues he has mentioned is the real Memnon, because some ideas suggested by a later and more lively traveller of France have led me to believe that the report of Pausanias was perfectly true, and that the marvellous statue was never intended to represent the prince of Æthiopia. How it acquired the name of Memnon we shall gradually discover.

M. Savary, in his elegant, amusing Letters on Ægypt, has compared such reliques of Thebes as he could investigate himself, with the descriptions of this magnificent scenery that are to be found in ancient authors, particularly Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, by whose assistance he endeavours to throw new light on this miraculous image. He falls, however, into an evident mistake, in saying that Strabo calls it the Statue of Memnon. That illustrious and accurate geographer only says, after naming a place, which he calls *Μεμνονιον*, a word that may signify the Temple, or perhaps merely the monuments of Memnon, that it contained two colossal statues, which he proceeds to describe in the manner I have already mentioned. But the ingenious French traveller, borrowing, perhaps, a hint from Strabo\*, though he does not intimate

\* Εἰ γὰρ φασὶν ὁ Μίμνων ὑπὸ τῶν Αἰγυπτίων ἱερμανδὸς λέγεται, καὶ ὁ λαβυρινθὸς Μεμνονιον εἶναι καὶ τὴ αὐτὴ ἔργον, ὅπερ καὶ τὰ ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ, καὶ τὰ ἐν Θηβαίᾳ· καὶ γὰρ ἐκὼς λέγεται τινὰ Μεμνονίαν. STRABO, p. 1167.

that he did, has ventured to bestow on the broken Colossus, commonly called the statue of Memnon, the name of Osymanduas; as he conceives that the dimensions of the figure, and the scene around it, sufficiently answer to the magnificent description by which Diodorus has commemorated the tomb of that Ægyptian monarch, whose title Pococke bestows on another colossal figure. M. Savary goes still farther in his probable conjecture, and imagines that Cambyfes was tempted to break the stupendous image by the inscription which it bore, according to the narrative of the Greek historian; which inscription the French traveller translates in the following words: "Je suis Ofimandue, roi des rois. Si l'on veut favoir combien je suis grand, et où je repose, que l'on détruise quelqu'un de ces ouvrages\*."—"I am Osymanduas, the king of kings. If any one wishes to know how great I am, and where I repose, let him *conquer* some of my works." The word *νικᾶτω* (literally, "let him *conquer*,") is rendered by the English traveller, "let him *surpass*;" by the French traveller, "let him *destroy*." The latter, in his interpretation of this superb inscription, seems to reduce it to a level with the pleasant, mysterious epitaph in Gil Blas: "A qui esta encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcias;" and to suppose that it was designed to lead some ingenious interpreter to the happy discovery of a latent treasure. Though I presume to rally the accomplished traveller of France for his subtle construction, I am still particularly inclined to credit the conjecture of M. Savary concerning the proper title of this celebrated colossal figure, because it tends to confirm another conjecture by which I would account for the manner in which it acquired the very different name of Memnon. Diodorus Siculus, in describing the tomb of Osymanduas, and the colossal statues with which it was adorned, declares that these statues were the work of

\* Βασιλεὺς Βασιλέων Οσυμανδουὰς ἐμὲ· ἢ δὲ τις εὐδαιμον βυλῆται πῶλινος ἐμὲ, καὶ πῶ κηραὶ, περὶ τὴν ἐμὴν ἔργον. DIODORUS SICULUS.

**Memnon Sycnites.** This sculptor must have been an artist of the highest celebrity in his time ; hence perhaps his most remarkable statue assumed the name of its maker, in preference to that of the monarch whom it was designed to represent ; and hence, as the name of this marvellous sculptor happened to be also the name by which an heroic prince of Æthiopia was distinguished, who is supposed to have founded the city of Abydus in Ægypt, many fabulous stories seem to have been invented to account for what in all probability never existed ; I mean, a sculptural representation of the Æthiopian hero (the ally of Priam, and the unsuccessful antagonist of Achilles) among the colossal statues of Thebes.

Having expatiated so far on the name of this interesting image, I will add but a few remarks on its miraculous sound. Strabo and Savary seem to have agreed in the idea, that the wonder was rather to be slighted as the mysterious device of priestcraft, than to be regarded as a genuine miracle of Nature. Yet the eminent philosophical poet of Derbyshire, who has introduced this fascinating statue into his delightful Botanic Garden, appears, in a note to that poem, to think that philosophy might very honestly contrive to produce a similar effect. ♦

It may be well worth the attention, both of artists and philosophers, to consider how far it may be possible and proper to engage the sense of hearing as an assistant to enhance the pleasure of sight, when that pleasure arises from any grand work of Art. Antiquity has proved that the picture of a battle may be exhibited to advantage with an accompaniment of martial music ; and perhaps in a great naval monument, it would be easy to introduce, and conceal such works of musical mechanism as might occasionally increase, in a most powerful degree, the delight arising from such a spectacle.

I cannot quit the statue of Memnon without mentioning the most illustrious of his ancient visitors. These were the emperor Hadrian with

his empress Sabina, and a prince perhaps not less accomplished, and certainly more amiable than Hadrian, that deserving idol of the Roman people, Germanicus ! The historian Tacitus, who has recorded the visit of the latter to this attractive statue, says not a syllable expressive of his own opinion concerning the miraculous sound \*. I confess myself inclined to imagine that the marvel originated in the avaricious ingenuity of those who were engaged in shewing this celebrated spectacle : but a different opinion was entertained by a modern writer on statues, whose authority is so respectable, that I shall submit to the reader his more candid ideas on this interesting image. The Abbé Comte de Guaſco, whose learned and elegant historical essay, “ *De l’Usage des Statues*,” I shall have very frequent occasion to cite and to applaud, speaks of this figure in his chapter on the prodigies and miracles attributed to statues. He describes it as a statue raised to Memnon by Amenophis the Second, on the banks of the Nile ; and after noticing the incredulity of Strabo, he says in a note, which I shall transcribe, that modern travellers had assured him they had been witnesses of the phenomenon, which, in his opinion, may be fairly and naturally explained by atmospherical influence †.

\* “ *Ceterum Germanicus aliis quoque miraculis intendit animum ; quorum præcipua fuere Memnonis saxea effigies, ubi radiis solis ista est vocalem sonum reddens.*” TACITUS.

† “ *Des voyageurs modernes m’ont assuré avoir été témoins de ce phénomène. Il n’est pas étonnant que dans des siècles où la croyance en la divinité du soleil étoit dominante, il fût regardé comme surnaturel, et que ce bruit fût trouvé harmonieux. Mais dans un tems où la physique est mieux connue, il s’expliquera naturellement. La raréfaction de l’atmosphère et la dilatation des solides causée par la chaleur des rayons du soleil, peuvent fournir d’autres exemples de cette nature, et ils ne feront point embellis par la prévention que fait naître la superstition.*” *De l’Usage des Statues*, p. 174.

## NOTE II. Ver. 127.

*Miltonic temper to thy fervent soul.*

An allusion to the following Sonnet, which the author had the pleasure of addressing to his friend several years ago, before he visited Italy—a brief but early preface of his present excellence !

Flaxman ! young artist of an ardent mind !  
Whose just ambition, by the Greeks inspir'd,  
Thirsts for pure Attic glory, though inclin'd  
To doubt if partial Nature e'er assign'd  
To modern souls, howe'er sublimely fir'd,  
Genius like that, whose energy refin'd,  
Disdaining lucre, and by toil untir'd,  
Led the keen Greek to what his heart desir'd !  
Accept and read, with honest English pride,  
A bard, whom Greece might view with envious eyes !  
Let Milton's Muse your daring chissel guide !  
And, if your sculpture like his song can rise,  
England, who glories in his fame, in you  
Shall boast a Phidias to her Homer true.

In recollecting how warmly I formerly recommended the personages of Milton to the attention of my friend the sculptor, I am naturally led to speak of the striking colours in which those personages have recently appeared on the canvass of Mr. Fuseli. The Miltonic Gallery is a noble monument of industry and genius. I seize with pleasure an opportunity of declaring my sentiments of its merit, because those sentiments are confirmed by the more valuable judgment of the friend to whom this publication is addressed.

## NOTE III. Ver. 227.

*And consecrated life to toil intense.*

Milton, describing, most ingenuously, the dawn of literary ambition in his own youthful mind, has the following expressions :

After mentioning the favour he experienced from his learned acquaintance of Italy, he says,

“ I began thus far to assent both to them, and divers of my friends  
“ here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew  
“ daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be  
“ my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of Nature, I  
“ might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should  
“ not willingly let it die.” Prose Works, quarto edit. vol. i. p. 62.

## NOTE IV. Ver. 238.

*All that I've done is due to patient thought.*

The writer of Newton's Life, in the Biographia Britannica, has very justly remarked, that modesty was one of the many admirable qualities which so eminently distinguished this sublime philosopher. Two striking examples of it are recorded; the first, drawn from a conversation in which Newton, with the simplicity of a mind truly great, spoke what he thought himself of his own mental exertions: the second, from a passage in one of his letters, containing almost the very words of the verse which gave rise to this note.

## NOTE V. Ver. 246.

*For low and little cares of languid life.*

The two celebrated and amiable physicians, Zimmerman and Tissot, whose writings deserve the title affixed to the famous library of Ægypt, "Medicine for the Mind," afford most valuable advice and consolation to those votaries of art or science who may have been forced by sickness or sorrow to suspend their favourite pursuits. Few literary invalids can fail to feel themselves soothed, and encouraged to struggle with calamity, by the touching description which Zimmerman has given to the world of his own sufferings, and those of his learned and accomplished friends, Garve and Mendelsohn, in his beneficent Essay on Solitude. Some readers, indeed, are so fastidious as to think that infirmity and affliction should on no occasion obtrude their private grievances (past or present) on the eye of the public: but every writer who records, with the eloquence of real sensibility, calamities that he has encountered with any degree of success, is certainly a friend to suffering humanity; as his record may furnish present or future fellow-sufferers with a fresh incentive to fortitude or exertion; and the general sympathy of Nature will probably make him ample amends for any accidental censure that he may happen to incur from unfeeling individuals.

## NOTE VI. Ver. 280.

*With thee, instructive guide! to study Rome.*

The author had pleased himself with a prospect of enjoying the society, and taking a share in the studies of his friend, during the

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last of the several years that the sculptor devoted to Italy: but he relinquished this favourite design at the earnest entreaty of some other friends, who requested him to remain in England for the purpose of writing a Life of Milton. He sacrificed to their request a project that seemed to promise him infinite advantage and delight. Time and chance conferred on him an unexpected and inestimable recompence for that sacrifice, in the friendship of Mr. Cowper, which his attachment to Milton proved the means of his acquiring.

## NOTE VII. Ver. 324.

*On whom that coyest queen her smile bestows.*

The paragraph which closes with this line is founded on a passage of singular beauty in one of Milton's Latin letters to his friend Diodati:

“ Unde fit, ut qui spretis, quæ vulgus pravâ rerum æstimatione opinatur, id sentire et loqui et esse audet, quod summa per omne ævum sapientia optimum esse docuit, illi me protinus, sicuti reperiam, nec cessitate quâdam adjungam. Quod si ego, sive naturâ, sive meo fato ita sum comparatus, ut nullâ contentione, et laboribus meis ad tale decus et fastigium laudis ipse valeam emergere, tamen quo minus qui eam gloriam affecuti sunt, aut eo feliciter aspirant, illos semper colam et suspiciam, nec dii puto, nec homines prohibuerint.”

“ Hence, wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny that by no exertion or labours of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and



“ honour, yet no powers of Heaven or earth will hinder me from look-  
“ ing with reverence and affection upon those who have thoroughly  
“ attained this glory, or appear engaged in the successful pursuit of  
“ it.”

END OF THE NOTES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE.



# NOTES

ON THE

## SECOND EPISTLE.

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NOTE I. Ver. 42.

*THE fav'rite idol of benighted zeal.*

An ingenious foreigner, who has added extensive learning to a lively imagination, and who published, in our country, a work of considerable magnitude on the origin and progress of the Arts, indulges a conjecture that the head of the Urus, or savage bull, was the earliest work of sculpture. This idea struck him so forcibly, that he has endeavoured to display and confirm a conjecture, not very probable, in the two following passages of his elaborate and amusing researches :

“ Ces observations nous decouvrent la marche de la sculpture, et celle  
“ de la théologie des anciens. Cette théologie admettant d'abord un  
“ Etre Suprême, qu'elle regarda comme la pere invifible de toutes chofes,  
“ le repréfenta par l'emblème du bœuf sauvage. Le terme Tho, ou  
“ Théo, exprimant cet animal produifit le mot Théos, d'où vint celui

“ de Deus, qui signifia Dieu ; parceque son emblème fût primitivement  
 “ représenté sous la forme de l’individu dont ce mot étoit le nom. La  
 “ sculpture en imitant la figure de cet animal, rendit l’idée de la thé-  
 “ ologie. Cette idée prescrivit l’objet qui fit peut-être decouvrir cet art  
 “ ingenieux, ou du moins qui encouragea ces premiers essais.”—  
*Recherches sur l’Origine, l’Esprit, et les Progres des Arts, tom i. p. 145.*

The author says, in the same volume, where he labours to strengthen his conjecture by the authority of very early medals,

“ Ces médailles, frappées dans l’orient par un peuple Scythe, nous  
 “ représentent la figure du bœuf à tête humaine, telle qu’on l’avoit dans  
 “ un pais très voisin de celui dont elle vint, et chez les descendans d’un  
 “ peuple qui le premier employa cette emblème. Il passa delà dans la  
 “ Grece, dans la Sicile, et dans l’Italie, ou on le voit si frequemment  
 “ représenté sur les médailles de Gela, d’Agrigente, de Naples, et de  
 “ tant d’autres villes, repandues dans toutes les parties de la Grece.  
 “ S’il est vrai, comme je le crois, que cette figure fût le principe de celles  
 “ des autres dieux, représentés sous la forme humaine, elle doit être  
 “ regardée comme le germe et le premier pas de la sculpture.”—P. 177.

#### NOTE II. Ver. 48.

##### *The new attraction of a modell’d face.*

Two respectable writers of antiquity, the philosopher Athenagoras, and the naturalist Pliny, agree in deriving the art of modelling from the celebrated though anonymous Maid of Corinth, whose father Dibutades, a potter, was so pleased with the ingenuity of his daughter, in drawing the shade of her sleeping lover, by lamp-light, on a wall, that he is said to have filled her outline with clay, and, hardening it with

the rest of his earthen-ware, to have thus produced a bust, or a medallion, (for it might be either,) which was preserved at Corinth as a curious rudiment of art, till that city was destroyed by Mummius, according to a tradition mentioned by Pliny \*. The Athenian philosopher, who lived a considerable time after the destruction, and after the revival of Corinth, speaks of this interesting production of early art as being still preserved when he wrote, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius †.

The anecdote of the Corinthian Maid is so pleasing to the imagination, that we cannot be surprized at its being readily received as genuine history. M. de Caylus makes a very just remark upon it, in his excellent Memoir on the Sculpture of the Ancients: “ Cette idée est mêlée  
“ de vrai-semblance dans le détail, et d’agrément dans l’invention :  
“ mais quand on voudroit douter de ces prétendus faits, il est encore  
“ plus commode de les adopter : on ne pourroit mettre à la place que  
“ d’autres suppositions.”—*Mem. de l’Academie, tom. xxv. p. 305.*

## NOTE III. Ver. 56.

*Till impious worship grew from tender grief.*

“ For a father, afflicted with untimely mourning, when he hath  
“ made an image of his child soon taken away, now honoured him as

\* “ Fingere ex argilla similitudines, Dibutades Sicyonius Figulus primus invenit Corinthi filiz operâ ; quæ capta amore juvenis, illo abeunte peregre, umbram ex facie ejus ad luccernam in pariete lineis circumscriptis : quibus pater ejus impressa argilla typum fecit, & cum cæteris fistilibus induratum igni proposuit ; eumque servatum in Nymphæo donec Corinthum Mummius everteret tradunt.” PLIN. lib. 35. cap. 12.

† Απο δι της κορης η κοροπλαστικη ευρεθη ερωτικως γαρ τινος εχουσα, περιγραφει αυτη κομμηματα εν ταις τειχαις της οικιας· υθ’ ο πατηρ ποθους απαραλλακτως υπο τη ομοιοτητι (κεραμος δι ευραζετο) αναλυφας της περιγραφης πωλην προσωπεληρησιν· ο τυπος εστι και νυν εν Κορινθω σωζεται. ATHENAGORAS, edit. Oxon. p. 60.

“ a god which was then a dead man, and delivered to those that were  
 “ under him ceremonies and sacrifices.

“ Thus, in process of time, an ungodly custom grown strong, was  
 “ kept as a law, and graven images were worshipped by the command-  
 “ ments of kings.” The Wisdom of Solomon, ch. xiv. v. 15.

Herodotus has recorded the very singular honours that were paid to a deceased daughter by the afflicted Mycerinus, an Egyptian monarch.

From the energy of those inventive passions, love and grief, we might be induced to suppose that the earliest efforts of rude sculpture would be such as they suggested for the purpose of obtaining a resemblance, however imperfect, of some mortal infinitely beloved or regretted : but history proves that superstitious fear is a passion still more creative ; and in Greece, which may be considered as the home, though not the native climate of Sculpture, it is evident that endeavours to represent different divinities by the rudest symbols preceded every attempt to express human features by any kind of model. Stocks and stones were confessedly worshipped as celestial powers, in that land of ingenuity, before any thing like a statue, bust, or medallion appeared. The trunk of an old tree was solemnly preserved by the Thespians, and idolized as their Juno \*. But stones, of a cubic form, were their more general symbols ; and Pausanias mentions a collection of these at Pharæ in Achaia, in number about thirty, and each distinguished by the name of a particular divinity †. They stood near a statue of Mercury, and were probably regarded, in the age of Pausanias, as curious reliques of that ancient mode of worship which, according to his account, had been prevalent among all the Greeks.

\* Clemens Alexandrinus, who gives a similar account of several ancient idols, informs us that these rude symbols were gradually exchanged for statues of the human form, which acquired the appellation βρετη τῶν ἐκ βροτῶν ἐκσημίων.

† Εἰσὶ καὶ δι' ἐγγυτάτα τῷ ἀγάλματι τετραγωνοὶ λίθοι τριακοντα μαλιστα ἀριθμοὶ τῆς σίβης οἱ Φαρεῖς ἕκαστος τῶν τοῦ ὀνόματος ἐπιληροῦσι· ταὶ δὲ ἐν παλαιότητα καὶ τοῖς πασὶν Ἑλλήσιν, τιμὰς θύει ἀπὸ ἀγάλματων ὑψὲς ἀργεὶ λίθοι. PAUSANIAS, p. 579.

At Orchomenos, the favourite seat of the Graces, so happily celebrated by Pindar, those interesting divinities were originally represented by three white stones. When a rude symbol was exchanged, in process of time, for a more refined image, the Greeks were solicitous to preserve some idea of the original type; a practice well illustrated by D'Hancarville, in his remark on these memorable symbols that first represented the Graces. He imagines that the union of the symbols gave rise to the attitude which these patronesses of Grecian art assumed in their subsequent form :

“ L'union des trois pierres blanches, qui indiquoient les Graces à  
 “ Orchomene, fut conservée lorsque la sculpture convertit ces pierres en  
 “ statues, le point par où elles se touchoient devint la main par laquelle  
 “ chacune d'elles se reposa sur les bras de l'autre, tandis que de celle  
 “ qu'elles avoient libre, elles tinrent les attributs qui les distinguoient.  
 “ Cette attitude charmante continua d'indiquer l'avantage qu'elles se  
 “ pretent l'une à l'autre, l'harmonie qui les rend inseparables, et le  
 “ plaisir qu'elles procurent par leur union. Telles on les voit sur les  
 “ médailles, sur beaucoup de pierres gravées, dans un petit groupe qui  
 “ appartient à la maison de Borghèse, mais particulièrement dans les an-  
 “ tiquites d'Herculaneum. David, tom. iii. pl. 21.”

D'HANCARVILLE, *Antiq. Etrusq.* tom. iv. p. 6.

The first Minerva adored at Athens is said to have been nothing more than a rough pointed stake\*. In contemplating the great contrast between such objects of popular veneration and the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, the mind takes a generous delight in the progressive powers of human ingenuity. The pleasure we naturally feel in such a contrast has induced many writers to investigate, with great labour, the obscure origin of different arts. M. D'Hancarville, in the ingenious dis-

\* “ Sine effigie rudis palus et informe lignum.” TERTULLIAN.

sertations prefixed to his Etruscan Antiquities, has endeavoured to trace the rise and early progress of sculpture through many centuries of darkness prior to the age of Dædalus; a period with which the active enthusiasm of Winkelman had seemed to satisfy itself, in his elaborate and animated History of Ancient Art.

If the conjectures of a writer may be trusted, who ventures to delineate a period so very distant and dark, the origin of Grecian sculpture may be assigned to the reign of Apis, the successor of Phoroneus, about 1778 years before the Christian æra \*; and according to a very reasonable supposition of M. D'Hancarville, this delightful and difficult art was more than a thousand years in proceeding, by insensible degrees, from a state of rude barbarity to its period of exquisite perfection. Of its most remarkable steps, and of many memorable artists who particularly contributed to its advancement, I shall speak in subsequent notes. I return to the immediate subject of this,—the disposition to fond idolatry in an afflicted parent. Two striking, though very different characters of the ancient world are remarkable examples of this disposition—Nimrod and Cicero. The strong feelings of nature, on the loss of a beloved child, produced the same wildness of affectionate fancy in the imperial hunter and in the republican philosopher. Those who recollect the infinite tenderness with which the great Roman orator speaks, in his Letters, of his darling Tullia, will forgive and pity the unhappy father, whose excess of affliction led him so far to forget his own philosophical principles as to think very seriously of building, not a tomb, but a temple, to his departed child, as a proper object of worship. The Abbé Mongault has clearly ascertained this intention of Cicero, in his interesting remarks on the Fanum Tulliæ, in the Memoirs of the French Academy.

\* “ Ainsi l'invention de la statuaire remonte jusqu'au tems de cet Apis qui finit vers l'an 3932 de la période Julienne, à-peu-près mil sept cent soixante dix huit ans avant la naissance de Jésus Christ.” D'HANCARVILLE, *Antiq. Etrus.* tom. iii. p. 21.



## NOTE IV. Ver. 68.

*Thy fam'd Prometheus, thy primæval pride.*

Of all the celebrated personages of antiquity, there is not one who seems to have had a harder fate, in every point of view, than this extraordinary character. He has peculiar claims to a place in this Work, from having been long regarded as the very first of Pagan artists, and indeed, the first of philosophers \*. The poets have represented him as suffering the severest of tortures for ingenuity and benevolence. His acute and energetic spirit, nobly painted by Æschylus, rendered him a favourite hero of the Athenian, and afterwards of the Roman stage, as we may conjecture from the fragments of Accius. At Athens he had an altar inscribed to him in the Academy; and a festival was held in his honour, distinguished by a race, in which the candidates for the prize carried a flame as they ran, and he only was considered as the victor who brought it alive to the goal †. Pausanias, who mentions this tribute to the memory of Prometheus, relates also that the inhabitants of Phocis preserved, with great veneration, some reliques of the very clay from which this first of modellers was said to have fashioned man ‡. Yet some of the Pagan philosophers did not scruple to deny the mortal existence of Prometheus, and to reduce him to a mere symbol of man's inventive faculty. Some early Christian writers treat him with still

\* Πασαι τεχναι βροτασι εκ Προμηθειας. ÆSCHYLUS.

† Ει Αλαδημῃ δὴ ἐστὶ Προμηθειας βωμος· καὶ θύουσιν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ πρὸς τὴν πόλιν ἔχοντες καίωμενας λαμπάδας· τοὺς δὲ ἀγῶνας, οὗτοι τῇ δρομῇ φυλάττει τὴν δαίδα ἵτι καίωμεναι, ἔστιν. PAUSANIAS, p. 76.

M. de Caylus has inserted in the first volume of his Antiquities a vignette, formed from a monument found in Athens, alluding to this race.

‡ Ταῦτα ἐστὶ λαμπροὶ τῇ πόλει λεγόμενοι, ἐξ ἧς καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ Προμηθειας τοῦ γένος πλασθέναι τῶν ἀνθρώπων. P. 806.

more severity. The respectable Lactantius, in particular, allows him his existence and his ingenuity, but describes him as employing his rare powers to the basest of purposes, to promote the preposterous ambition of his relation Jupiter; and as contriving, by his sculptural art, to convert the tyrant into a god\*.

Of an interesting character, so long the sport and victim of fancy, fable, and conjecture, it is natural to desire, but very difficult to obtain, a simple, rational history. Who shall solve the doubt whether Prometheus really existed or not? He has been called a Cretan, an Ægyptian, a Scythian; and Olaus Rudbecke, in that marvellous work of extensive erudition and fanciful ingenuity, his *Atlantica*, seems inclined to make him a Swede, and claim him for a countryman with the rest of the Titans. Of our own modern writers, Lord Bacon and Mr. Bryant (two respectable names) agree with the emperor Julian in their inclination to melt this primæval artist into a mere allegory. I confess myself rather inclined to the opinion of the learned and intelligent Brucker, who, in his elaborate and candid *History of Philosophy*, has very modestly stated such conjectures of his own, concerning this celebrated personage, as account, in a very probable manner, for all his fabulous adventures. This author imagines that Prometheus was a servant, high in the confidence of Osiris, an Ægyptian monarch, who venturing, without the permission of his sovereign, to communicate the arts of Ægypt to the ruder Greeks, was imprisoned for that offence, and tormented, till the Ægyptian officer who guarded him was slain by Her-

\* “ Stultus igitur et amens, qui adorat quod ipse fabricavit, cujus artificii detestabilis et inepti auctor fuit Prometheus, patruo Jovis Japeto natus. Nam cum primum Jupiter, summo potitus imperio, tanquam deum se constituere vellet ac templa condere, et quæreret aliquem qui humanam figuram posset exprimere, tunc Prometheus extitit, qui hominis effigiem de pingui luto figuraret ita verisimiliter, ut novitas ac subtilitas artis miraculo esset. Denique illum et sui temporis homines & postea poetæ tanquam fictorem veri ac vivi hominis prodiderunt, et nos quoties fabrefacta signa laudamus vivere illa et spirare dicimus, et hic quidem auctor fuit fictilium simulacrorum.” LACTANTIUS, tom. ii. p. 15. edit. 1748.

cules, and the prisoner set free \*. But whether Prometheus had a real, or only an imaginary existence, it is clear that the artists as well as the poets of antiquity were employed in giving celebrity to his interesting character.

We learn from Achilles Tatius, and from Seneca, that the two painters, Evanthes and Parrhasius, executed remarkable pictures of his adventures; and we have reason to believe, from the two following epigrams of the Anthologia, that the Grecian sculptors also represented his tortures with admirable energy.

Ἰελιανὲ εἰς Προμηθεα.

Τεχνης πυρσον οπασσα φερεισβιον, ἐκ δ' ἀρα τεχνης

Και πυρος, ἀλληκτη πηματος σψιν εχω.

Ἡ μεροπων ἀχαριζον αἰ γενος; εἶγε Προμηθευς

Αντ' ευεργεσιης ταυθ' υπο χαλκοτυπων.

\* “Dicemustamen, quod nobis hac de re in mentem venerit. Supra audivimus, veterum quosdam referre Prometheus ex Ægypto in occidentem delatum Osiridis regis consiliarium fuisse. Osiridem vero non modo per Hermetem artes et disciplinas repperisse, sed et ob magna beneficia inter cælites relatum deum habitum esse, Jovemque sæpe veteribus designare, suo quoque loco, ubi de Ægyptiorum philosophia actum est, demonstratum dedimus. Cum itaque fabula dicat, Jovem ob ignis furtum et dolosa munera Mercurium jussisse vinculis ligare Prometheus, conjicimus inde, Prometheus ab Osiride inventionum quas mire occulta supra docuimus factum participem, cum præter rationem atque utilitatem Ægyptiorum regis peregrinum populum novis artibus et scientiis erudiret, per Mercurium (quem Osiridis quoque summum consiliarium fuisse supra ostendimus) captum cum dolosis & contemptis muneribus frustra regem placare tentasset, in carcerem durum coniectum, mirisque ærumnis atque cruciatibus dies noctesque vexatum fuisse, custoditum forte a potenti quodam ministro vel præfecto regis Ægyptii, quo interfecto ab Hercule ex vinculis tandem liberatus est. Nihil horum est quod non fabulæ circumstantiis exacte respondeat, et priscorum temporum conditioni congruat: pro conjectura tamen hanc explicationem fabulæ Promethei tantum venditamus, et lubenter quemvis suo sensu abundare patimur: id unum certum existimamus, explicationes philosophicas fabulæ hujus serius fuisse excogitatas, ita enim cum omnibus fere fabulis evenisse, prudentes mythologiæ veteris exploratores facile conjicient, cum tanta acumina physica et metaphysica in prisco orbe, in quo hæ fabulæ primum enatæ sunt, quæri non debeant. Unde quæ Platonici de Promethei atque Epimethei fabulis garriunt, ineptæ nugæ misere fabulæ accommodatæ esse recte censentur.”

Hist. Philosoph. vol. i. p. 372.

Grotii Versio.

Artibus auxiliū per me data flamma ; sed arte

Spector ego et flammis, heu sine fine miser.

O hominum ingratum semper genus ! hanc ne Prometheus

A fabris post tot fert bene facta vicem ?

Julian, on the Statue of Prometheus.

With flame I furnish'd Art ; yet Art and Flame

Have fix'd in ceaseless pangs my suffering frame.

How thankless men ! since they, with Sculpture's aid,

Gifts from Prometheus have so ill repaid.

Τα αὐτὰ εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν.

Χαλκὸν μὲν καλεῖσκεν ἀτειρεὰ βιβλὸς Ὀμηρῶς,

Ἀλλὰ μὲν ὁ πλαστῆς δειξεν ἐλεγχομένην.

Δευρ' ἰδε γὰρ στυγνὰ χοντὰ Προμηθεῖα, δευρ' ἰδε καλὰ

Τειρομένην σπλαγχνῶν ἐκ μυχατῶν ὀδύνας.

Ἡρακλῆς νημεσησὼν, ἐπεὶ μετὰ στυγερῇ Φαρετρῇ

Ἰαπετιονίδης ἀλγὸς ἀπαύσαν ἔχει.

Grotii Versio.

Æs vocat indomitum facundi carmen Homeri,

Quem falsi plastes arguit hoc opere.

Cerne Prometheos gemitus, tormenta que tracti

Æris, et ex imo viscere triste malum !

Alcide succurre ! tuæ post tela pharetræ

Japetionidæ stat sine fine dolor.

The same Writer, on the same Statue.

Homer call'd brafs impassive, in his song :  
 This sculptor's power has prov'd the poet wrong.  
 See rack'd Prometheus ! see this brafs sustain,  
 Through life's intestine seat, convulsive pain !  
 Vengeance, Alcides ! though thy shaft has flown,  
 Thy friend in lasting pangs is doom'd to groan.

Before I dismiss Prometheus, let me observe, that if we believe him to have existed, we may still acquit him of the offence that Lactantius imputes to him. He was certainly not the first mortal who induced his fellow-creatures to worship an idol of the human shape. Cedrenus asserts that Serug and Terah, the progenitors of Abraham, were both makers of images ; and adds, that Abraham burnt the idols of Terah his father \*. Those who have endeavoured to ascertain the age of Prometheus place him in a later period, and make him a cotemporary of Moses †. The worship of idols, as the president Goguet justly remarks, in his learned and sensible book on the Origin of Laws and Arts, may be traced to very high antiquity : “ Les teraphim que Rachel déroba à son pere Laban étoient, suivant l'avis des meilleurs interprètes, de petites idoles qui avoient la figure humaine.”

GOGUET, tom. i. p. 355.

\* Εἰδωλα τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτοῦ καυνοῖ.

† “ Prometheum Deucalionis patrem septimo anno Moseos natum esse narrat Cyrillus.”

Nota in LACTANTIUM, tom. i. p. 159.

## NOTE V. Ver. 86.

*Aim'd at eternal sway in animated brags.*

The following works of public magnificence are ascribed to Semiramis :

“ She built likewise two palaces at each end of the bridge upon the  
“ bank of the river (Euphrates). That on the west had an high and  
“ stately wall, made of a round circumference, upon which were pour-  
“ trayed in the bricks, before they were burnt, all sorts of living crea-  
“ tures, as if it were to the life, laid with great art, in curious colours.  
“ This wall was in circuit forty furlongs, three hundred bricks thick,  
“ and in height (as Ctesias says) a hundred yards, upon which were  
“ turrets a hundred and forty yards high. The third and most in-  
“ ward wall immediately furrounded the palace thirty furlongs in com-  
“ pass, and far surmounted the middle wall both in height and thick-  
“ ness; and on this wall and the towers were represented the shapes of  
“ all sorts of living creatures, artificially expressed in most lively co-  
“ lours. Especially was represented a general hunting of all sorts of  
“ wild beasts, each four cubits high and upwards. Amongst these was  
“ to be seen Semiramis on horseback, striking a leopard through with a  
“ dart; and next to her, her husband Ninus in close fight with a lion,  
“ piercing him with his lance. This palace far excelled that on the other  
“ side of the river, both in greatness and adornments; for the outmost  
“ wall of that (made of well-burnt brick) was but thirty furlongs in  
“ compass. Instead of the curious portraiture of beasts, there were  
“ the brazen statues of Ninus and Semiramis, the great officers, and of  
“ Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus, and likewise armies drawn  
“ up in battalia; and divers sorts of hunting were there represented, to

“ the great diversion and pleasure of the beholders. In the middle of  
“ the city she built a temple to Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call  
“ Belus. Upon the top she placed three statues, of beaten gold, of  
“ Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea. That of Jupiter stood upright, in the  
“ posture as if he were walking. He was forty feet in height, and  
“ weighed a thousand Babylonish talents. The statue of Rhea  
“ was of the same weight, sitting on a golden throne, having two  
“ lions standing on either side, one at her knees, and near to them  
“ two exceeding great serpents of silver, weighing thirty talents apiece.  
“ Here likewise the image of Juno stood upright, and weighed eight  
“ hundred talents, grasping a serpent by the head in her right hand,  
“ and holding a sceptre, adorned with precious stones, in her left.”

DIODORUS SICULUS, translated by BOOTH, b. ii. ch. i.

Such are the wonders of early art which Diodorus has recorded as the works of Semiramis, on the authority of Ctesias, a native of Cnidos, who became the favourite physician of a Persian monarch, Artaxerxes Mnemon, and in that situation had better opportunities of acquiring historical information concerning the antiquities of Asia, than his countrymen in general possessed. Of Ctesias's extensive writings only a few fragments remain, which are printed as a supplement to Herodotus, in the best editions of that historian. The credit of Ctesias has been severely attacked, both by ancient and modern writers; but M. Freret vindicates his veracity in several particulars, like a very able advocate, in more than one of his elaborate dissertations on points of ancient history, inserted in the Memoirs of the French Academy. The kind of credit that we may rationally give to the curious description that I have cited, seems to be very candidly ascertained by the Abbé Guasco, who thinks that although works of such magnificence were hardly executed at a period so early as that assigned to Semiramis, yet it is probable that such actually appeared in Babylon in later ages, but before art had made

any considerable progress in Greece or in Ægypt. “ Quelque exagérée  
 “ qu’on a raison de croire la description que fait Ctesias des monumens  
 “ de l’art statuaire qui ornoient les palais et le temple, pretendus bâtis  
 “ par l’ancienne Semiramis, quelque anachronisme que l’on suppose à  
 “ juste titre, dans les époques données par cet auteur fabuleux à ces  
 “ monumens : il n’en résulte pas moins que cet art avoit déjà fait de  
 “ grands progrès en Asie durant les anciennes monarchies de Ninive, et  
 “ de Babylone ; car aucun art ne produit de grands monumens tout-  
 “ à-coup, et ce n’est que successivement qu’il atteint certains degrés de  
 “ perfection. Donc quoique les statues de Belus, de Semiramis, de  
 “ Ninus, avec tout le brillant cortège et appareil, qui les accompa-  
 “ gnoient, ne fussent pas des productions d’une époque si reculée, mais  
 “ des monumens postérieurs, exécutés sous quelque’un de leurs suc-  
 “ cesseurs du même nom, qui voulut immortaliser par là les fondateurs  
 “ de leurs monarchies, il n’est pas moins constant, que ces monumens  
 “ surpassoient en elegance et peut-être en antiquité, les premiers que  
 “ l’on connoisse dans la Grèce, et peut-être même ceux d’Égypte : ils  
 “ sont tout au moins des indices que l’on s’étoit déjà exercé depuis long-  
 “ tems dans ces sortes d’ouvrages.”

The same respectable author observes that Josephus and Herodotus attribute, with more reason, these embellishments of Babylon to Nebuchodonosor, and Nitocris his wife ; and that their account is confirmed by what the prophet Daniel has said concerning the statues of gold and silver which adorned the temples of that city. He adds, that Assyria had more than one Semiramis : “ Parceque ce nom n’étant qu’une ex-  
 “ pression generique composée de plusieurs titres de dignité selon le  
 “ genre et la tournure ordinaire de la langue orientale, il fût commun  
 “ à plusieurs reines d’Assyrie.”—*De l’Usage des Statues*, p. 87.

Several statues of Semiramis are commemorated by ancient authors. Lucian speaks of one standing by the temple of the Syrian goddess, and



pointing to the mansion of the divinity, as if to acknowledge her own past offence in having arrogated to herself the honours due only to Juno. Valerius Maximus has described another, not less remarkable, in which the Assyrian queen was represented with her tresses in a state of disorder, and thus signifying the rapidity with which she is said to have hurried from her toilet to suppress a revolt in Babylon \*. Let me add, on the authority of Ælian, that Semiramis was as much celebrated for her beauty, as for her talents and power †.

## NOTE VI. Ver. 94.

*And bold Semiramis herself a dream.*

The boldest enemy to the mortal existence of this celebrated queen is the illustrious mythologist Mr. Bryant, who confidently says, in the second volume of his great work, "I have shewn that there was no such person as Semiramis:" and again, "I think it is plain that Semiramis was an emblem, and that the name was a compound of Sama Ramas, or Ramis, and it signified the Divine Token, the Type of Providence; and as a military ensign (for as such it was used) it may with some latitude be interpreted the Standard of the Most High. It consisted of the figure of a dove, which was probably circled with the iris, as those two emblems were often represented together. All who went under that standard, or who paid any deference to that emblem, were stiled Semarim or Samorim."

\* "Semiramis Assyriorum regina, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatæ nuntiatum esset Babylonem defecisse, altera parte crinium adhuc soluta, protinus ad eam expugnandam currit; nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem, quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit. Quocirca statua ejus Babylone posita est illo habitu, quo ad ultionem exigendam celeritate præcipiti tetendit." VALERIUS MAXIMUS, lib. 9. c. 3.

† Σεмираμις τῇ Ασσυρίᾳ ἀλλὰ μὴ ἄλλῃς ἀδυσί, κραισταντὴ δὲ ὀρνίθῳ γυναικαῖ, καὶ ἀφίλειστον ἔχρητο τὰ καλλὺς. ÆLIAN, Var. Hist. lib. 7. c. 1.

Without robbing this highly respectable writer of the credit he justly derives from having thrown many satisfactory rays of light on the dove of the ark, it might still perhaps be no very difficult task to establish the existence of one, or of more than one Semiramis, against the supposition of his annihilating fancy; and should the animated Mr. Morrit amuse himself and his readers in vindicating the life and beauty of Semiramis with the same spirit that he defended the palace of old Priam, against the destroying whirlwind of Mr. Bryant's imagination, I hope the venerable Coryphæus of classical erudition, who has himself made so free with the arguments and conjectures of the highest literary names, will not feel angrily unwilling to indulge in a similar freedom a spirited and graceful scholar, of whom we may say, in the words of Homer, (allowing to his aged antagonist the dignity of a sovereign in Grecian literature,)

———— πεπνυμένα βαζεις

Αργείων βασιλῆας, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μοῖραν εἰπεις.

NOTE VII. Ver. 130.

*And guards thy massive monarchs with respect.*

Of all the modern writers on early sculpture, M. de Caylus seems to have rendered the most liberal justice to the merit of the Ægyptians, in the following remark :

“ Le gout pour la solidité les a empêchés de faire saillir aucune partie,  
 “ et les a bornés à des attitudes simples, qui sont devenues monotones ;  
 “ et cette monotonie, qui n'étoit peut-être pas un défaut à leurs yeux,  
 “ devoit être inévitable, les combinaisons des attitudes étant fort restreintes, et l'action étant absolument retranchée. Cependant il ne faut

“ pas croire pour cela que leurs artistes aient toujours été depourvûs  
 “ d’une sorte de finesse dans les détails. Il est inutile de pousser plus  
 “ loin cet examen : on conviendra que leurs sculpteurs ont senti  
 “ et exprimé le grand, et c’est en ceci que consiste la première et la plus  
 “ essentielle partie de l’art, puisqu’ elle seule élève l’esprit du specta-  
 “ teur. C’est encore le même desir de faire passer leurs ouvrages à la  
 “ postérité, qui leur a fait préférer les bas-reliefs en creux, à ceux qui  
 “ sont de demi-boffe ; ces derniers étant exposés à un plus grand  
 “ nombre d’accidens. Enfin, ils ont connu toutes les parties de la  
 “ sculpture, jusqu’à la gravure des pierres.”—*Antiquités*, tom. i. p. 6.

That the Ægyptians delighted in the sculpture of gems we have a pleasing proof in the circumstance recorded by Ælian, that the chief of their judges wore round his neck an image of Truth, engraven on a sapphire \*.

It is remarkable that Lucian, by birth an Assyrian, and in his youth a sculptor by profession, speaks with serious esteem of the ancient Ægyptians, as distinguished by their meritorious efforts in the infancy of Art.

## NOTE VIII. Ver. 140.

*For Greece, their Helen ! was by Ægypt rear'd.*

Pausanias asserts that the figures of stone on the tomb of Coræbus were the most ancient in Greece ; and as Coræbus lived in the age of Cecrops, who had migrated into that country from Ægypt, it is probable that the Greeks derived from the attendants of this Ægyptian,

\* Δικασται δι το αρχαιοι παρ Αιγυπτίους ιερεις ησαν. Ην δι τωτων αρχη ο πρωκυτατος, και ιδικαζεν απαντας.  
 —Ειχι δι και αγαλμα περι τον αυχνα εκ σαρφερης λιθου, και εκαλυτο το αγαλμα Αληθεια.

ÆLIAN, edit. Perizonii, p. 911.

their knowledge of an art which began to display itself among them at that early period. D'Hancarville ingeniously interprets the fables concerning the stones of Deucalion, and the serpent's teeth of Cadmus, as alluding to the origin of Sculpture.

— “Deucalion et Corèbe furent contemporains de Cécrops : Cadmus vécut avec Hellen, de qui les Grecs prirent le nom d'Hellènes ; il étoit fils de Deucalion. Les fables disoient de ce dernier, que des hommes naquirent des pierres qu'il jetta par derrière lui, après le déluge qui arriva de son tems ; ces mêmes fables racontotent que des guerriers tout armés naquirent des dents du serpent tirés par Cadmus, et semés dans la terre. Comme vers le regne de Cécrops on fit en pierre les figures du tombeau du Corèbe, ces fables étoient peut-être inventées, pour marquer dans le style dont on se servoit alors, qu'au tems de Deucalion et de Cadmus, l'usage de faire avec des pierres et de l'ivoire des figures qui représentoient des hommes s'introduisit dans la Grèce.” — *Antiquités Etrusques*, tom. iii. p. 58.

The Ægyptians seem to have taken a pride in their early distinction ; for Herodotus says they boasted of having invented statues ; and Diodorus Siculus mentions their idea that men were first created in Ægypt.

#### NOTE IX. Ver. 148.

*The paths of knowledge, truth, and fame are yours.*

An allusion to the following passage from the 14th of Pindar's Olympic Odes, in which that poet has happily expressed the high ideas he entertained on the influence of the Graces :

Σὺν γὰρ ὑμῖν τὰ τερπνα, καὶ τὰ γλυκεῖα  
Γίνεται πάντα βροτοῖς·  
Εἰ σοφός, εἰ καλός, εἰ τις ἀγλαός  
Ἄνθρωπος.

In the Memoirs of the French Academy there is an animated dissertation "Sur les Graces," by that amiable scholar the Abbé Maffieu, who has collected from ancient authors every particular relating to these favourite divinities of Greece.

The following passage enumerates some of the most eminent works of art devoted to their honour :

" Enfin les anciens aimoient à marquer leur zèle pour leurs dieux,  
 " par divers monumens qu'ils élevoient à leur gloire, par des tableaux,  
 " par des statues, par des inscriptions, par des médailles. Or toute la  
 " Grèce étoit pleine de semblables monumens, que la piété publique  
 " avoit consacrés aux Graces. On voyoit dans la plupart des villes  
 " leurs figures, faites par les plus grands maitres. Il y avoit à Pergame  
 " un tableau de ces déesses peint pour Pythagore de Paros. Un autre  
 " à Smyrne, qui étoit de la main d'Apelle. Socrate avoit fait leurs  
 " statues en marbre, et Bupalé les fit en or. Pausanias parle de  
 " plusieurs autres également recommandables par la richesse de la ma-  
 " tière, et par la beauté du travail. Démosthène rapporte dans la ha-  
 " rangue pour la couronne, que les Athéniens ayant secouru les habitans  
 " de la Querfonèse dans un besoin pressant, ceux-ci pour éterniser le  
 " souvenir d'un tel bienfait élevèrent un autel avec cette inscription :  
 " ' Autel consacré à celle des Graces qui préside à la reconnoissance.' "

## NOTE X. Ver. 166.

*To limit England in the sphere of art.*

Every friend to literary merit must lament that writers of such deserved celebrity as Montesquieu and Winkelman, could be induced to disfigure their immortal works with the supposition that the inhabitants of England labour under a natural incapacity of attaining excellence in

the fine arts ; a supposition that can only disgrace those who admit and endeavour to support it.

NOTE XI. Ver. 270.

*And blest'st a bold progenitor in thee.*

Dædalus was universally revered by antiquity as the father of Grecian sculpture : but in proportion as his genius became an object of public veneration, his personal history was so involved in the decorations or disguises of fable, that (to the regret of those who love to investigate the lives of meritorious men) it is hardly possible to obtain a satisfactory account of this celebrated sculptor, architect, and mechanist, whose early and successful ingenuity has so justly endeared his name to every lover of art.

The learned Junius has assigned a very copious article to Dædalus, in his catalogue of antient artists ; and the Abbé Gedoy (the respectable translator of Quintilian and Pausanias) has introduced a history of Dædalus into the Memoirs of the French Academy. These two elaborate writers have collected all that antiquity could furnish to elucidate his life ; but they both seem to admit, as an established fact, one most dishonourable circumstance in the history of their hero, which I am inclined to consider as not more entitled to serious credit than the most fabulous portion of his adventures ; I mean, the horrid supposition that he enviously murdered his nephew and his disciple, for possessing ingenuity superior to his own.

Of this I shall speak in its place : let me first relate the more early particulars that ancient writers have recorded concerning this celebrated sculptor. He was by birth an Athenian ; and though authors differ on the name of his father, they agree in representing him as the grand-

son or great-grandson of Erechtheus, the sixth sovereign of Athens ; and Pausanias asserts that he lived in the period when Œdipus reigned in Thebes ; that is, about half a century before the siege of Troy. Diodorus Siculus, who may be called the earliest biographer of Dædalus that we possess, describes him as having greatly improved the rude sculpture of his age, and excited the admiration of his contemporaries, before the charge of having destroyed his disciple reduced him to the necessity of flying from his country.

In the account that Diodorus has given of this very improbable crime, there is one particular that seems to mark the whole story as a fabulous invention. It is said that this ingenious disciple, the son of his sister, was led to invent a saw by the accident of finding the jaw of a serpent, and by observing the use to which its teeth might be successfully applied. It is also said that Dædalus, being surprised and questioned in the act of burying the murdered youth, answered, that he was consigning a serpent to the earth.

The historian mentions it as a wonder (and it seems one of those specious wonders, which the Greeks were so fond of inventing) that the same animal (the serpent) should prove both the source of a most useful invention, and the means of detecting an execrable crime. The supposed criminal is said to have been condemned by that solemn tribunal the Areopagus : but the mode in which the royal sculptor is imagined to have accomplished the destruction of his disciple is such, that it could hardly admit any legal proof of a murderous intention. Ovid has briefly and forcibly stated the circumstance to which I allude :

Dædalus invidit, sacraque ex arce Minervæ  
Præcipitem misit, lapsum mentitus.

D D

The poet adds, that the falling youth was metamorphosed into a partridge by the pity of Minerva ; and I confess that I consider the metamorphosis and the murder as equally fabulous.

Every good mind that reflects on the subject will esteem it hardly possible that a man in an elevated rank of life, and blest himself with a variety of talents, could be induced to murder a promising youth whom he had engaged to instruct, and the child of his own sister, for displaying such ingenuity as a master and a relation would be naturally disposed to admire and encourage. A fact of this complexion ought, for the honour of human nature, never to be admitted, except in cases where the evidence that supports it is irresistible.

For the glory of Dædalus we may affirm, that the improbable atrocity imputed to him is so far from being proved by any testimony, that it rests only on dark tradition ; and the whole story has so much the air of a fable, that it ought long ago to have been discountenanced and discarded by every serious biographer of this illustrious artist. Yet writers are so apt to transcribe the wonderful tales of their predecessors without examination, or to credit enormities ascribed to men of talents and distinction, that this barbarous story has been credulously repeated from age to age. The modern and enlightened authors who have recently discussed the history of Dædalus do not scruple to paint him as an assassin. The Abbé Gedoyne endeavours to varnish his own cruel credulity on this subject by the following remark : “ De tout tems une basse jalousie a été le vice des artisans, même de ceux qui font profession des arts les plus nobles ; j’en pourrois citer plusieurs exemples en France, comme ailleurs.”

An Italian writer of our own time, (Francesco Milizia,) who has published an entertaining and successful History of Architects, ancient and modern, speaks of Dædalus in his architectural character, and re-



peats, in brief but energetic terms, his visionary crime \*. As I am inclined to believe that the artists of England may be less acquainted with these feelings of *nera gelosia* (to use the words of the Italian whom I have quoted) than the more impassioned natives of France and Italy, I hope they will approve my endeavour to vindicate from the horrible imputation of an envious murder their ancient brother of Athens. At all events I have a pleasure in persuading myself that he was as clearly innocent as he was confessedly ingenious. When he removed from Attica, whatever the cause of that removal might be, he is said to have obtained the friendship of Minos, the second of that name, who reigned in Crete; and to have executed, in wood, two statues of Phædra and Ariadne, the celebrated daughters of the Cretan monarch. In Crete he is reported to have built a labyrinth of marvellous intricacy, and copied, on a smaller scale, from a portentous edifice of Ægypt. He must have studied, therefore, the works of Ægyptian art in their own country, before his visit to Crete. The Cretans were ever remarkable for their gross deviation from truth; and the narrative of some sculptural works ascribed to Dædalus, in their island, contains the most filthy and disgusting fable that ever sullied the pages of fiction. The reader acquainted with mythology will immediately perceive that I allude to the fable of Pasiphae, the most cruelly calumniated queen that ever suffered from the licentiousness of fancy. Some decent interpreters of her story have supposed that she was enamoured of a Cretan officer who bore the name of Taurus, and that Dædalus was employed in assisting their illicit attachment: but Lucian, with an admirable mixture of wit and good-nature, imagines the Taurus of Pasi-

\* “ Fra’ suoi allievi si contraddistinse un suo nipote da alcuni detto calo, da altri attalo, il quale invento tra le altre cose la sega e’l compasso; ma Dedalo ne concepì sì nera gelosia, che l’uccise.”—*Memorie degli Architetti Antichi e Moderni, tomo i. p. 13. Parma, 1781.*

phae's affection to have been merely the sign of the zodiac distinguished by that appellation ; and Dædalus is very happily metamorphosed, by this supposition, from the culpable confidant of a dishonourable intrigue, into an innocent master of astronomy. But however blameless the intercourse might be between the slandered Pasiphae and the ingenious Athenian, Dædalus appears to have incurred the resentment of the Cretan monarch, and to have been under the necessity of escaping from his dominion with secret rapidity. Hence arose the fable of his inventing wings for himself and his son Icarus ; a fable so captivating to the fancy of the Latin poets, that Ovid has related it twice at considerable length\*. Virgil has embellished it in a few verses of singular delicacy and pathos. Horace, Silius Italicus, and Ausonius have all mentioned it occasionally. The ancient and sensible interpreter of incredible fictions, Palæphatus, has turned the fabulous wings of Dædalus and his son into sails. He asserts, that being imprisoned by Minos, they escaped from a window of their prison, and embarked in a skiff : but being pursued by the vessels of Minos, in tempestuous weather, the father only got safe to land and completed his escape. Apollodorus relates that Hercules found the body of Icarus cast ashore upon an island, to which he gave the name of Icaria, in honour of the youth, whom he buried. The same author adds, that Dædalus rewarded his illustrious friend for this humanity shewn to his unfortunate child, by executing a statue of Hercules, which that hero mistaking in the night, for a living figure, is said to have struck with a stone. Pausanias mentions this statue as preserved by the Thebans in a temple of Hercules, and gives a similar account of its origin as a tribute of gratitude from the afflicted father, whose escape from Crete he also ascribes, like Palæphatus, to the use of sails. Though Virgil and Silius Italicus represent Dædalus as building the temple of the Cumæan Apollo, immedi-

\* Metamorph. lib. viii. Artis Amatoriæ, lib. ii.

ately after his escape from the tyranny of Minos, the Greek historian of his adventures supposes him to have proceeded from Crete to Sicily, and to have ingratiated himself so successfully with Cocalus, a prince of that country, that when Minos, with a naval force, pursued and demanded the fugitive, his generous protector, instead of betraying his ingenious guest, from whose architectural talents he is said to have derived great advantage, endeavoured to negotiate with Minos in his favour. The Cretan monarch accepted the invitation of the Sicilian prince, and, according to the accounts of more than one ancient Greek author, the daughters of Cocalus contrived, from their partiality to the Athenian artist, to destroy his formidable enemy; which they are said to have accomplished by the means of a hot bath, in such a manner, that the Cretans who attended their king supposed his death to be natural, and departed in peace with his remains—a tale that has much the appearance of fiction.

Dædalus is reported to have expressed his gratitude towards his Sicilian protector by executing many ingenious works in his country. Diodorus relates that he built an impregnable palace for his royal friend; that he fortified and adorned the temple of Venus Erycina; and that he constructed a vapour-bath, in which the sick were pleasantly cured of their infirmities, without suffering from its heat\*. Concerning the latter days and death of Dædalus antiquity furnishes no anecdotes: but the learned Abbé Gedoy imagines, with great probability, that from Italy he passed again into Ægypt, and ended his life in that country—an idea that he rests on the authority of the Ægyptian priests, who reported, according to the narrative of Diodorus Siculus, that Dædalus constructed a most beautiful vestibule to the

\* Τριτον δι' σπηλαιον κατα την Σικελικην χωραν κατασκευασεν, εν η την ατμίδα τε κατ' αυτην πυρος ωτως ευγε-  
χος εξαλειβει, ως τι δια την μαλακιοτητα της θιμασσιας εξιδρη ληθηδους, και κατα μικρον τους ενδιαλειτας μετα  
τις πυρος θιμασσιων τα σωματα, μηδεν παροσχληματος υπο της θιμασσιας. DIODORUS SICULUS, lib. 4.

A curious proof of the antiquity and excellence of vapour-baths!

temple of Vulcan at Memphis, and was held in such veneration by the Ægyptians, that they placed in that temple a statue which he had carved in wood of himself, and raised, in one of the adjacent islands, a temple to the artist, in which his memory was religiously worshipped by the natives of that country.

Thus incomplete are the best accounts that ancient and modern authors afford of this extraordinary and interesting personage, whose existence, like that of Prometheus and Semiramis, has been questioned by the scrutinizing spirit of modern refinement. A very ingenious and learned French commentator on Pliny, who seems actuated, like Mr. Bryant, by a passion for etymological chemistry, would reduce the active Athenian artist into a mere Syrian symbol \*. But presuming on the evidence of several works (very credibly imputed to this early sculptor) that he really existed, and presuming this with the more confidence because one of his works has the happy and immortal distinction of being described by Homer, I shall proceed to enumerate those memorable productions in Sculpture which antiquity assigned to him, and which the course of this narrative has not yet led me to mention. Of these, the most striking are two statues of himself and his son Icarus; the one formed of tin, the other of brass, and said to have been stationed in those islands of the Adriatic gulf that were called Electrides †.

\* “Dædale est un nom Syrien, dont les racines se retrouvent dans les deux mots Hebreux “*dai* (preposition qui de même que *da*, en Grec, augmente le sens du mot qu’elle précède) “et *dal*, pauvre. Dædale est donc l’emblème de la pauvreté, du besoin, première source ne-  
“cessaire des arts.... On reconnoit manifestement le genie oriental dans cette fiction morale.”  
—M. POINSINET DE SIVRY, in a note to his splendid and elaborate edition of Pliny, in Latin and French, twelve vols. quarto.

It is remarkable that Pliny does not mention the elder Dædalus as a sculptor, but celebrates him as the inventor of the saw, the hatchet, the level, the gimblet, the gimlas, and glue.

† Ηλεκτρες νησι-ες αις υσι δυο ανδριαντις Δαιδαλυ και Ικαρυ. STEPHANUS BYZANTINUS, De Urbibus, edit. 1694, p. 379.

Aristotle, from whom Stephanus of Byzantium borrowed his account of these questionable statues, has mentioned Dædalus as a maker of puppets that moved by an infusion of quicksilver; an idea that D'Hancarville has ridiculed with contemptuous pleasantries:

“ Sur le temoignage d'un certain Philippe, Aristote, plus de neuf cents ans après Dedale, affuroit qu'au moyen du vif argent, il fit une statue qui marchoit effectivement. Beaucoup d'auteurs, malheureusement très-graves, Dion Chrysostome entr'autres, copierent cette fable, et suivant l'usage l'appuyèrent de leur autorité; je les croirois plus volontiers s'ils eussent écrit que Dedale fit des automates philosophes, capables d'écrire sérieusement de tels contes; ils serviroient eux-mêmes de justification à ma croyance.”

Pausanias records, with particular care, the more authentic works of Dædalus that remained in his time: his statue of Hercules, at Thebes; of Trophonius, among the Lebadenses in Bœotia: those of Britomartis and of Minerva, in Crete; with the dance of Ariadne, mentioned by Homer in the Iliad, and wrought on white marble; among the Delians, a Venus in wood, with her right hand perishing by Time, and raised on a square basis instead of feet. “I am persuaded,” says Pausanias, “that Ariadne received this image from Dædalus, and carried it with her, when she attended Theseus. The Delians affirm that Theseus himself devoted it to their Apollo, that it might not, on his return to his own country, awaken in his mind a painful and passionate recollection of Ariadne. Besides these,” concludes Pausanias, “I know not any works of Dædalus remaining; for as to those which the Argives had consecrated in their temple of Juno, and those removed to Gela in Sicily from Omphace, they have disappeared by the influence of Time.”

Pausanias, in a former part of his description, had mentioned another statue of Hercules by the same artist, executed also in wood, and

placed near a temple of Minerva, in the territory of Corinth. This statue, described as naked, may be therefore considered as the source of the fashion that prevailed in the heroic images of Greece; and Pausanias, in his account of it, delivers his opinion on the works of Dædalus in general. They did not satisfy the sight, (accustomed to the productions of improved art,) yet they had in them an air of inspiration \*.

From this candid account, a modern reader may easily conceive the kind of deficiency, and the degree of animation, that were visible in the statues of this early artist. His extraordinary skill as a sculptor seems to rest on his marble bas-relief, representing the Dance of Ariadne; I shall therefore close this long, yet imperfect note, on the father of Grecian art, by transcribing the description which Homer has given of his most memorable work, with the lively remarks of D'Hancarville on this ancient and interesting sculpture.

Homer, in describing the shield of Achilles, pays the following tribute to the merit of Dædalus :

Εν δὲ χορον ποικίλλε περικλυτός Ἀμφιγυεῖς,  
 Τῷ ἱκελόν, οἷον πόλ' ἐνὶ Κνωσσῷ εὐρείῃ  
 Δαίδαλος ἡσκήσεν καλλιπλοκάμῳ Ἀριάδνῃ·  
 Ἐνθά μὲν ἡῖθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι  
 Ὀρχευντ', ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες·  
 Τωνδ' αἱ μὲν λεπτάς οὐνοας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ χιτῶνας  
 Εἶατο εὐνήτας, ἥκα σιλοῦντας ἐλαίῳ·  
 Καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν καλάς σέφανας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ μαχαιράς  
 Εἶχον χρυσεῖας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.  
 Οἶδ' ὅτε μὲν θρεξάσκον ἐπισταμενοῖσι ποδῆσσι  
 Ρεῖα μάλ', ὥς ὅτε τίς τροχὸν ἀρμενον ἐν παλαμῆσιν

\* Δαίδαλος δι' ὅποσα ἰργασατο ἀτοκύτερα μὲν ἔστιν ἐς τὴν οὔλην, ἐκίπτεται δὲ ὁμῶς τι καὶ τῆθεν τῆτοιας.

PAUSANIAS, p. 122.

Εξομενος κεραμευς πειρησεται, αικα θεησιν·  
 Αλλοτε δ' αυ θρεξασπον επι σιχας αλληλοισι.  
 Πολλος δ' ιμεροεντα χορον περιισαθ' ομιλος  
 Τερπομενοι· δοιω δε κυβιστηρη καλ' αυτας  
 Μολπησ εξαρχοντες εδινευον κατα μεσσης.

Iliad 18. v. 590.

A figur'd dance succeeds. Such once was seen  
 In lofty Gnosus, for the Cretan queen  
 Form'd by Dædalean art. A comely band  
 Of youths and maidens bounding, hand in hand;  
 The maids in soft cymars of linen dress'd,  
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest.  
 Of those, the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;  
 Of these, the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,  
 That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.  
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend  
 With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique ways,  
 Confusedly regular, the moving maze:  
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,  
 And, undistinguish'd, blend the flying ring.  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tofs'd,  
 And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around  
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,  
 And general songs the sprightly revel end.

POPE.

The recent version of my admirable friend, which he has lately and happily retouched, is more faithful to Homer and to Dædalus:

To these the glorious artist added next  
 A varied dance, resembling that of old  
 In Crete's broad isle, by Dædalus compos'd  
 For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths  
 And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,  
 Danc'd jocund; every maiden neat-attir'd  
 In finest linen, and the youths in vests  
 Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.  
 These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions those,  
 Of burnish'd gold, in silver trappings hung.  
 They with well-tutor'd steps now nimbly ran  
 The circle, swift as, when before his wheel  
 Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands  
 For trial of its speed; now crossing quick,  
 They pass'd at once into each other's place.  
 A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance,  
 Delighted: two, the leading pair, their heads  
 With graceful inclination bowing oft,  
 Pass'd swift between them, and began the song.

COWPER.

“ Cet ouvrage de sculpture, exécuté près de cinq cents ans après l'in-  
 “ vention de la statuaire, décrit environ trois siècles après Dedale par  
 “ Homere, qui l'avoit assûrement vu, puisque Pausanias, plus de mille  
 “ ans depuis, reconnoit que c'est le même dont il est parlé dans l'Iliade,  
 “ à laquelle, curieux observateur et savant comme il étoit, il n'avoit  
 “ sans doute pas manqué de le comparer; car il l'avoit si bien exa-  
 “ miné qu'il spécifie même la matière dont il étoit fait; un tel monu-



“ ment dis-je, détaillé par un homme tel qu’ Homère, dont on connoit  
 “ l’exactitude dans les moindres details où il entre sur les arts, est sans  
 “ doute la preuve la plus authentique qui puisse jamais exister des  
 “ grands progrès faits par la sculpture au moins cent ans avant la prise  
 “ de Troye, et de l’erreur dans laquelle le peu de critique des anciens,  
 “ mais sur-tout de Pline, a jetté les modernes au sujet de l’ancienneté  
 “ des arts.....Ce bas relief représentant deux tems d’une même action,  
 “ étoit nécessairement divisé en deux parties, ou par une vase ou par une  
 “ colonne, comme on en a plusieurs exemples dans les monumens an-  
 “ tiques. Le premier de ces tableaux représentoit le commencement  
 “ de la danse, qui se mouvoit en cercle comme pour s’essayer ; le Co-  
 “ ryphée avec sa compagne entonnoit la chanson qui en étoit le motif,  
 “ et que le reste des danseurs répétoit. Par les plis et replis de la  
 “ figure qu’ils formoient, ils marquoient dans le second tableau les tours  
 “ et les détours du labyrinthe d’où Thésée sortit au moyen du fil dont  
 “ Ariane l’avoit pourvu. Dédale, au rapport de Lucien, l’avoit in-  
 “ struite de cette danse ; et, suivant Homère, il en étoit l’inventeur.  
 “ C’est le plus ancien ballet figuré dont il soit parlé dans les anciens  
 “ auteurs ; il fût le modèle de tous ceux qui représenterent depuis les  
 “ actions et les mœurs des hommes : cet art, si l’on en croit Plutarque  
 “ fût porté si loin qu’il approchoit plus de la poésie, que la peinture  
 “ même.

“ Il paroît que les draperies des figures de ce bas-relief colorées sur le  
 “ bouclier d’Achille, à l’aide des différens métaux qu’on y suppose em-  
 “ ployés, l’étoient aussi sur le marbre : de là vient cette expression  
 “ ποικίλλει pour marquer un chœur de diverses couleurs. Nous avons  
 “ déjà parlé des statues de bois peintes et dorées faites avant Dédale :  
 “ mais les anciens colorerent aussi et dorèrent le marbre, comme on le  
 “ peut voir par la petite Isis trouvée à Pompeia, par la Diane conservée  
 “ à Portici, par les cheveux de la belle Vénus de Medicis, et le diadème

“ de l'autre Vénus, conservée avec la première, dans la tribune de la  
“ galerie de Florence. Je crois donc que les robes de lin et de laine,  
“ que portoient les danseuses et les danseurs de ce bas-relief, étoient  
“ peintes, que les ceinturons de ces derniers étoient argentés, et que  
“ leurs épées étoient dorées.

“ Si l'on compare ce que dit Homère de ce monument, avec ce que  
“ Pausanias et Platon ont écrit des autres ouvrages de Dédale, on verra  
“ que la composition de cette danse ne pouvoit être mieux entendue ni  
“ plus riche ou plus agréable qu'elle l'étoit: elle semble avoir donné  
“ l'idée des heures, que l'on voit à la vigne Borghèse, et de celles dont  
“ le Guide a entouré le char de l'Aurore qu'il a peinte dans le palais  
“ Rospigliozzi à Rome. Cependant on n'exécute jamais tout ce que  
“ l'on conçoit, parceque l'habileté de la main, la connoissance des vrais  
“ principes de l'art et des moyens qu'il peut employer, ne répondent  
“ pas toujours à la grandeur du génie et des idées de celui qui com-  
“ pose: si l'on s'en rapporte au jugement de Pausanias sur le caractère  
“ des statues de Dédale, on trouvera que l'exécution de ce bas-relief a  
“ dû être inférieure à sa composition; que le style, quoique fort et vi-  
“ goureux en devoit être austère et privé de grace; si toutefois l'on s'en  
“ rapporte à Platon, il faudroit croire que les figures employées à rendre  
“ ces belles idées, manquoient encore par l'exactitude du dessin, et sans  
“ doute par la justesse des proportions: mais il est assuré que l'on y  
“ voyoit les semences de tout ce que la sculpture fit de mieux dans les  
“ tems postérieurs. Homère, qui s'il se fût adonné à la sculpture ou  
“ à la peinture, eût assurément été aussi habile sculpteur ou peintre  
“ qu'il étoit grand poète, nous a dessiné plutôt que décrit ce bas-relief,  
“ avec toute la vérité et la simplicité qu'eût jamais pu y mettre le plus  
“ savant artiste, en le rendant sur le toile ou sur le marbre. On croit  
“ le voir en lisant la copie qu'il en a faite; la matière seule en est dé-  
“ truite, mais il nous en a conservé la partie la plus précieuse: ses vers,

“ comme autant de pinceaux donnent à la nature ce coloris et cette  
 “ fraîcheur qui la rendent si aimable. Il faut donc que malgré les  
 “ reproches faits à Dédale, Homère ait trouvé dans son ouvrage ce gout  
 “ et ce sentiment, qui seuls sont capables d’échauffer l’imagination,  
 “ parcequ’ils touchent le cœur, peuvent inspirer des idées riantes à  
 “ l’esprit par le souvenir des choses agréables qu’ils lui rappellent, et  
 “ fournir à tous deux les images charmantes dont il a fait usage.”

*Antiquités Etrusques, Grecques, et Romaines*, tom. iii. p. 96.

I have transcribed these copious remarks, because they seem to place in a very fair and judicious point of view the merits of the early sculptor, whose obscure history I have wished to illustrate. With such a desire, I have particularly to regret one of the lost comedies ascribed to Aristophanes, which bore the name of Dædalus : yet it is possible that such a composition might not have afforded that clear light concerning the life and character of the artist, which we might eagerly expect from its title. As it was the favourite amusement of Aristophanes to ridicule the tragic poets of his country, perhaps his Dædalus contained little more than a ludicrous parody on the Prometheus of Æschylus. However this might be, the name of Dædalus appears to have been generally honoured by the poets of Greece ; and I hasten to conclude this attempt to elucidate and confirm his reputation with the words of a Greek epigram, that represent him as a paragon of excellence :

— παντι δ' ἐπ' ἔργῳ

Μῶμος, οὐ γὰρ ἦν Δαίδαλος ἐξελθόν.

Momus will scoff at art, in every shape ;  
 Nor could her hero, Dædalus, escape.

There were two subsequent artists, of considerable eminence, who bore the name of Dædalus. The first, a native of Sicyon, acquired celebrity by many statues that are mentioned by Pliny and Pausanias. The latter was probably a Bithynian, as he is supposed to have executed, at Nicomedia, a wonderful image of Jupiter, the patron of armies \*.

The learned Abbé Barthelemy says, in a note to his elaborate and lively travels of Anacharsis, “Je ne nie pas l'existence d'un Dédale très ancien. Je dis seulement que les premiers progrès de la sculpture doivent être attribués à celui de Sicyone.”—Tom. iii. p. 558.

I am sorry to differ from so accomplished a judge of antiquity ; but I consider the sculptural merit of the elder Dædalus as completely proved by the testimony of Homer. The works of Endæus, the Athenian disciple of this early artist, are mentioned by Athenagoras and Pausanias. The latter seems to have examined the works of Endæus with peculiar attention.

NOTE XII. Ver. 290.

*And from oblivion sav'd the artist and the bard.*

Although the Lacedæmonians were so little attached to the pacific and elegant pursuits of life, that, according to a bold expression of Isocrates concerning them, they were hardly acquainted with their letters, yet they seem to have paid particular regard to the art of sculpture. Pausanias, with his usual accuracy, has recorded that this early and accomplished artist, Gitiadas, whom he celebrates for the variety of his talents, was a native of Sparta †. The minute and intelligent

\* Θαυμαστον αγαλμα Στρατιω Διος. EUSTATHIUS apud JUNIUM.

† Λακεδαιμονιοι . . . τοι τε τας ομοιες και αγαλμα επωσαντο Αθηνας χαλκου· Γκιτιαδας δε υγρασαντο ατη επι-  
χυμος· επωπονι δε και ασματα Δωρια ο Γκιτιαδας, αλλα τι και υμνον εις τω Θεον. PAUSANIAS, p. 250.

describer of his sculptural works speaks highly of the figures that he executed in brass, particularly those of Neptune and Amphitrite. That the Lacedæmonians had a strong passion for sculpture seems evident, from the magnificence of their Amyclæan Apollo, whose throne was decorated by Bathycles, an artist of Magnesia, and comprised, as M. de Caylus has justly observed, an epitome of ancient mythology. Winkelman supposes Bathycles to have lived in the age of Solon. One singular advantage which the Spartans expected to derive from the possession of fine statues was to improve the beauty of their offspring; a source of their partiality both to sculpture and to painting which Junius has explained in the following passage: "Lacedæmonii quondam in re-  
 " liquis horridiores, pulcherrimas quasque picturas in summo semper  
 " habuerunt pretio; dicuntur enim de liberorum suorum pulchritudine  
 " tantopere solliciti fuisse, ut formosissimorum adolescentium Nirei, Nar-  
 " cissi, Hiacinthi, Castoris et Pollucis, deorumque speciosissimorum  
 " Apollinis nempe ac Bacchi effigies gravidis uxoribus repræsentarent."

JUNIUS, *de Pictura Veterum*, p. 71.

On the works of Gitiadas, which consisted of brazen bas-reliefs, in the temple of the Spartan Minerva, D'Hancarville has made the following judicious remark:

" La sculpture dans les ouvrages de Gitiadas étoit aussi avancée, que  
 " l'étoit la peinture dans ceux d'Helotas, faits peu avant lui, suivant le  
 " rapport de Pline: cet art étoit par conséquent arrivé en Grèce au  
 " point où il parvint en Italie, quand Laurent Ghiberti fit en bronze  
 " les admirables bas-reliefs des portes du baptistaire de Florence, et par  
 " une singularité remarquable les arts firent dans ces deux pays les  
 " mêmes progrès en des tems à-peu-près égaux."

Gitiadas, according to probable conjecture, lived in the age of Romulus.

## NOTE XIII. Ver. 302.



*Where haste insulted his unfinish'd toil.*

Dipænus and Scyllis are usually mentioned together as brothers and associates in their art, which they learnt from Dædalus. Some authors (according to Pausanias) supposed them to be his sons. The most striking part of their history is contained in the following passage of Pliny :

“ Marmore scalpando primi omnium inclaruerunt Dipænus et Scyllis,  
 “ geniti in Creta insula, etiamnum Medis imperantibus, priusque quam  
 “ Cyrus in Persis regnare inciperet : hoc est Olympiade circiter L. · ii  
 “ Sicyonem se contulere, quæ diu fuit officinarum omnium metallorum  
 “ patria. Deorum quorundam simulacra publice locaverant Sicyonii :  
 “ quæ priusquam absoluerentur, artifices injuriam questu abierunt in  
 “ Ætolos. Protinus Sicyonios infanda invasit sterilitas, mœrorque di-  
 “ rus. Remedium petentibus, Apollo Pythius affuturum respondit, si  
 “ Dipænus et Scyllus deorum simulacra perfecissent : quod magnis mer-  
 “ cedibus obsequiisque impetratum est. Fuere autem simulacra ea Apol-  
 “ linis, Dianæ, Herculis, Minervæ, quod e cœlo postea tactum est.”

PLIN. lib. 36. c. 5.

Cedrenus has described a very curious Minerva, supposed to be the work of these fraternal artists, as preserved at Constantinople :

Ἰστάτο δὲ καὶ τὸ ἀγάλμα τῆς Λινδίας Ἀθηναὶς τετραπύχῃ ἐκ λίθου σμαραγδῆ, ἔργον Σκυλλίδος καὶ Διποινῆ των ἀγαλματουργῶν· ὅπερ ποτὲ δῶρον ἐπέμψεν Σισσώσης Αἰγυπτίου τυράννος Κλεοβελῶ τῇ Λινδίᾳ τυραννῶ.—CEDRENUS, p. 254. edit. Venet.

## NOTE XIV. Ver. 316.

*And blam'd the mean abuse of mental power.*

Anthermus, a sculptor in the island of Chios, had two sons of his own profession, Bupalus and Athenis. The brothers became famous by works of considerable merit in their art; and still more so by their degrading it into an instrument of malevolence against the poet Hipponax. This animated but ill-favoured bard, distinguished by mental talents and personal deformity, is supposed to have been in love with the daughter of Bupalus, who, to prevent a connexion that he disliked, is said to have exhibited a caricature of the formidable lover. The exasperated poet retaliated by a satire of such severity against the offending sculptors, that, according to tradition, it made them frantic, and impelled them to suicide—a story which, as Pliny justly observes upon it, was sufficiently refuted by their subsequent productions.

Their caricature of Hipponax (perhaps the first caricature upon record) is supposed by D'Hancarville to have suggested to Thespis, their contemporary, the idea of furnishing his actors with a mask, instead of colouring their faces with vermilion. The satire of the vindictive poet, though we may hope it did not produce the horrible effect ascribed to it, appears to have given celebrity to its indignant author. The Greek Anthologia contains no less than four inscriptions on this powerful satirist. I have selected the two best of them, for the amusement of my reader :

## Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ

εις Ιππωνακτα.

Ατρεμα τον τυμβον παραμειβετε, μη τον εν υπνω  
 Πικρον εγειρητε σφηκ αναπαυομενον·  
 Αρτι γαρ Ιππωνακτος ο και τοκεων εο βαυξας  
 Αρτι κεκοιμηται θυμος εν ησυκίη.  
 Αλλα προμηθησασθε· τα γαρ πεπυρωμενα κεινυ  
 Ρηματα πημαινειν οιδε και εν Αιδη.

Grotii Versio.

Quam potes hinc tacitus transi, ne forte crabronem  
 Expergefacias, quem sopor altus habet :  
 Hipponactis enim quæ natos sæva latravit  
 Ira fuos, multa nunc cubat in requie.  
 Sed cave nunc etiam fodes : ex ipsius aula  
 Ditis adhuc lædunt ignea dicta viri.

Leonidas on Hipponax.

Glide gently by this tomb, for quiet's sake,  
 Left you the bitter, sleeping hornet wake !  
 For he, whose gibes against his parents glanc'd,  
 Here now the keen Hipponax lies entranc'd !  
 Beware ! for still his fiery words may flow,  
 And wound with rancour in the shades below.



## Θ Ε Ο Κ Ρ Ι Τ Ο Υ

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ο μουσοποιος ενθαδ' Ιππωναξ κειται :  
 Ει μιν πονηρος, μη ποτερχει τω τυμβω·  
 Ει δ' εσσι κρηγυος τε και παρα χρησων  
 Θαρσεων καθιζευ, κην θελης αποβριξον.

Grotii Versio.

Vates sepultus hic quiescit Hipponax ;  
 Abscede busto, si quis es mala mente !  
 Quod si bonus sis ipse, de bonis natus,  
 Tutus sedeto : si libebit et dormi.

See here the bard Hipponax lie ;  
 Hence from his grave, if wicked, fly !  
 Here rest, if thou in life art pure,  
 And, if thou with it, sleep secure.

Hipponax was a native of Ephesus, and he is celebrated by Athenæus as the inventor of parody : but his title to that invention is in some measure controverted by the Abbé Sallier, in his Dissertation on the Origin and Character of Parody, in the Memoirs of the French Academy. Bayle has an article on Hipponax, in which he has collected many curious examples of persons who have suffered from the dangerous severity of literary vengeance. The enmity between the sculptor of Chios and the Ephesian satirist will probably recall to the recollection of

an English reader the similar enmity between those bitter and powerful antagonists, Hogarth and Churchill.

From the slight fragments that remain of Hipponax, I am inclined to believe that his Satires, celebrated as they have been, were inferior in genius, and perhaps in acrimony, to the vindictive performance of the English poet, which contains so many beautiful passages, (beautiful both in sentiment and expression,) that although good-nature must with the quarrel which produced it had never existed, the poem is still admirable as a masterpiece of poetical indignation.

NOTE XV. Ver. 326.

*Whose very silence cried aloud, " Be free !"*

The passion of the Greeks for liberty was at once proclaimed and nourished by the various honours which they paid to the memory of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

These celebrated young friends had perished in their perilous exploit of delivering Athens from the tyranny of Hipparchus : but the grateful Athenians revered them as the restorers of freedom ; and according to the animated expressions of Demosthenes in their praise, the veneration which they received from public gratitude was equal to that of heroes and of gods. The four statuaries, Antenor, Critias, Antigonos, and Praxiteles, had distinguished themselves, at different periods, in executing the statues of these favourite public characters. Pliny relates that this work of Praxiteles was carried off by Xerxes, in the plunder of Athens, and restored to that city by Alexander the Great, after his conquest of Persia. Arrian appears so much pleased with this munificence of his

hero to Athens, that he has mentioned the restitution of these interesting statues in two different passages of his History; and exultingly says, in his account of them, "they are now in the Ceramicus\*!" Pausanias asserts that the statues were restored to Athens by Antiochus; and Valerius Maximus ascribes the honour of their restitution to Seleucus. These contradictory accounts may be reconciled, if we recollect that many statues were executed of these idolized martyrs to freedom; and as it is probable that several of these were carried out of their country by the Persian plunderers, the honour of their restitution might of course be truly ascribed to more than one victorious friend to the arts and monuments of Greece. Sculpture and Poetry seem to have vied with each other in their endeavours to immortalize these young tyrannicides. The Athenian song of Harmodius is proverbially famous; and its potent enthusiasm is thus forcibly described by our learned and eloquent Lowth, in his admirable *Prælectiones*:

"Tam vehemens tamque animosum poeseos genus....permultum  
 "habuisse momenti necesse est in hominum mentibus, cum ad omnem  
 "honestatem erigendis tum a scelere absterrendis; maxime vero in fo-  
 "vendo et sustentando illo vigore animi atque generosa ἀξίωσει, quæ  
 "libertatis et alumna est eadem et custos. Num verendum erat ne  
 "quis tyrannidem Pisistratidarum Athenis instaurare auderet, ubi in  
 "omnibus conviviis, et æque ab infima plebe in compitis, quotidie  
 "cantitaretur Σκολιον illud Callistrati nescio cujus, sed ingeniosi certe  
 "poetæ et valde boni civis.... Quod si post Idus illas Martias e ty-

\* Αφικέτο δὲ εἰς Σαῶσα Ἀλεξάνδρος ἐκ Βαβυλῶνος ἐν ἡμέραις ἑκοσὶ καὶ παρελθὼν εἰς τὴν πόλιν τὰ τε χρῆματα παρῆλθεν, ὅτῃ ἀργύρῳ τάλαντα εἰς πεντακισμύρια, καὶ τῇ ἄλλῃ κατασκευῇ τὴν βασιλικὴν πολλὰ δὲ καὶ ἄλλα κατελήφθη αὐτῷ, ὅσα Περσῆς ἀπὸ τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἀγῶνι ἤλθει, τὰ τε ἄλλα, καὶ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτονος χαλκαὶ εἰκόνες καὶ ταύτας Ἀθηναῖοι τιμῇ οὐκ ὀπίσω Ἀλεξάνδρου, καὶ νῦν κεῖνται Ἀθήνῃσιν ἐν Κεραμικῇ αἱ εἰκόνες.—ARRIAN, *de Expedit. Alexandri. lib. iii.*

“ rannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset, inque  
 “ suburram, et fori circulos, et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto  
 “ fuisset de partibus deque denominatione Cæsarum; plus mehercule  
 “ valuisset unum Ἀρμόδιου μέλος quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes.”

LOWTH, *Prælectiones*, edit. oct. p. 15.

To return to the brazen statues.—They gave rise to a very spirited but dangerous repartee of Antiphon; who being asked by the tyrant Dionysius what kind of brass was esteemed the best, replied, “ That which forms the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton.”

NOTE XVI. Ver. 398.

*The future sunshine of a fairer hour.*

Among the infinite number of interesting personal anecdotes which the history of ancient sculpture displays, there are hardly any more pleasing to the fancy, or more calculated to exhibit the Grecian character in a favourable point of view, than the anecdotes preserved by Pausanias, concerning the Athenian women and their children, who having found a friendly refuge in the walls of Træzene, when the Persian invasion reduced them to the necessity of flying from their native city, had their statues erected in a portico of the Træzenian Forum. I presume that these statues were a present from the people of Athens. They were such memorials as every patriot of Greece must have contemplated with peculiar delight: they were graceful monuments of Grecian courage, benevolence, and gratitude,

The Træzenians probably took infinite pride in these public ornaments of their city, for they are described by Pausanias as a people who delighted in every circumstance that reflected honour on the spot they inhabited \*.

\* Τροζήνιοι σεμνυνοῦντες, ὡς καὶ ἄλλοι τινες, τὰ ἐγχώρια. PAUSANIAS, p. 181.

END OF THE NOTES ON THE SECOND EPISTLE.



# NOTES

ON THE

## THIRD EPISTLE.

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### NOTE I. Ver. 38.

*A THIRST for praise, and panting for the goal.*

I follow the authority of Cicero, Vitruvius, and Quintilian in naming Myron as the earliest of the more accomplished Grecian sculptors, who acquired infinite celebrity by making near approaches to perfection in their art. Pausanias speaks of Myron as an Athenian: but Pliny affirms that he was born at Eleutheræ, (a city of Bæotia,) and a disciple of Agelades, an artist of Argos. The Bacchus of Myron is said by Pausanias to have excelled all his other productions, except his statue of Erechtheus at Athens: but this very diligent artist appears to have executed many works of considerable excellence, and to have been most commended for what he probably regarded as a trifling performance. I allude to his famous heifer of brass, celebrated by no less than thirty-six epigrams in the Greek Anthologia; upon which the French sculptor

G G

Falconet says, with some pleasantry and some justice, " Les Atheniens " étoient les François de la Grèce, et devoient faire autant de jolis vers " sur un vache que nous en avons faits sur la chatte en sculpture de " Madame de Lesdiguières \*."

I ought, however, to observe, for the credit of Athens, that these epigrams are far from having been all produced by her citizens. They form, altogether, such a heap of insipid compliments as would not, I think, have appeared very flattering to an artist of Attic genius. The following, I believe, is one of the best of them :

## ΕΤΗΝΟΥ

εις την Μυρωνος βεν.

Ἡ το δέρας χαλκειον ολον βοι τὰδ' ἐπικείται

Ἐκτοθεν, ἡ ψυχὴν ἐνδον ὁ χαλκος ἔχει.

## Grotii Versio.

Aut superinducta est isti cutis ænea vaccæ,

Aut æs hoc animam, quæ movet, intus habet.

Either this heifer has a brazen skin,

Or else the brass contains a soul within.

Myron, whose Discobolos proved how successfully he had studied the human figure, could he have heard and understood the judicious lan-

\* Traduction des 34, 35, et 36 Livres de Pline, avec des Notes par Etienne Falconet, tom. i. p. 85.



guage in which Quintilian has mentioned that elaborate statue \*, would have been more gratified perhaps by the praise of the Latin critic than by all the Greek epigrams on his heifer. This remark cannot be extended to Pliny, who has described the works of Myron as rather deficient in expression; an opinion which Falconet pronounces to be an egregious mistake, if the antique head of Jupiter, that was stationed in the garden of Versailles, and ascribed to Myron, is in truth a performance of this celebrated artist. Though I am generally disposed to take the part of Pliny against the pert malevolence with which the lively and keen Falconet has attacked and derided his opinions, I must confess that I think the respectable connoisseur of ancient Rome mistaken in the present point; and his mistake appears sufficiently proved by the following animated Greek verses on the Ladas of Myron, a statue which, if the poet who describes it may be trusted, was surely a masterpiece of expression:

Αἰθλον εἰς δρομεα.

Οἷος ἐς φεύγων τὸν ὑπὲρ νικῶν, ἐμπνοε Λαῶν  
 Θυμὸν, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ πνεύματι θεὸς οὐχ ἄλγος,  
 Τοῖον ἐχάλκευσε Μυρὼν ἐπὶ παντὶ χαραξάς  
 Σώματι, Πισσαίου προσδοκίῃ σέφανου.  
 Πληρὴς ἐλπίδος ἐστίν, ἀκροῖς δ' ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν ἀσθμία  
 Ἐμφαίνει, κοίλων ἐνδοθεν ἐκ λαγόνων.  
 Πηδᾷ τὰ χαλκὸς ἐπὶ σέφος, καὶ καθέξει  
 Ἄ βασις. ὦ τέχνη, πνεύματος ὠκυτέρα.

\* “ Quid tam distortum et elaboratum, quam est ille Discobolos Myronis? Si quis tamen  
 “ ut parum rectum, improbet opus, nonne is ab intellectu artis abfuerit, in qua vel præcipue  
 “ laudabilis est illa ipsa novitas et difficultas.” QUINTILIAN, lib. 2. c. 13.

## Grotii Versio.

Qualis eras, Lada, fugiens vestigia Thymi  
 Alipedis, premeres cum pede flabra tuo  
 Nobilis ad Pifæ contendens præmia, talem  
 Corpore te toto fecit in ære Myron.  
 Implet eum spes quanta vides, et anhelitus ore  
 Cernitur ex imis ilibus exoriens.  
 Profiliet mox aes ad ferta, nec ipsa tenebit,  
 Credo, basis; citus est spiritus, ars citior.

## Anonymous, on a Foot-Racer.

Such as when foremost in the race you were,  
 And seem'd to bound upon the buoyant air;  
 Such, Ladas, here by Myron's skill you breathe,  
 Ardent in all your frame for Pifa's wreath!  
 The fervid spirit, from the heaving chest,  
 Shines in the lips. Where is not hope express'd?  
 The brafs springs forward in the nimble strife!  
 Oh, Art! more vivid than the breath of life\*!

\* I have sometimes thought that a new and more expressive reading might be introduced in the second line of this Greek epigram, thus:

Επ' ακροτατη πνευμα τιδος ουχι:

but I submit the fancied emendation to those readers who are particularly familiar with the most admirable of languages. If they approve the slight change in the orthography, which makes a considerable difference in the sense, I would alter the English version of the couplet in the following manner:

Such as, when flying with the whirlwind's haste,  
 In your foot's point your eager soul you plac'd, &c.

Myron, like other Greek artists indulged his fancy in some works of supernatural magnitude, and in some of extreme minuteness.

Strabo has recorded that the island of Samos contained three colossal divinities by Myron, on one basis. Antony seized the whole groupe ; but Augustus restored two of them, Hercules and Minerva, to their original station ; reserving the third, a Jupiter, to adorn the Capitol \*. As to the minuter works of Myron, Pliny has mentioned his monument of a grasshopper as celebrated in the verses of the poetess Erinna ; a *lusus* of art executed probably to please some fanciful fair to whom the sculptor might be tenderly attached. The lovers of sculpture must lament that an artist of such merit and celebrity had the misfortune of ending his days in deplorable indigence ; as Junius, with too much probability, supposes him to have done, from the following passage of Petronius Arbiter :

“ Myron, qui pene hominum animas ferarum que ære comprehenderat, non invenit hæredem.”

## NOTE II. Ver. 54.

*The Amazon of Pheidias yields to thine.*

Polycletus, who obtained this singular triumph, was a native of Sicyon, and a fellow-student with Myron under the same master, Agelades. We are indebted to Pliny for this interesting account of a contest for pre-eminence in beauty among the sculptured Amazons, executed by artists of different periods, and consecrated in the temple of the Ephe-

\* Το, τι νηαιδρον, ομοιως μετον ες των αριστην ανδραγτων\* εν τρια Μυρωνος εργα κολοσσιακα, ιδρυμενα επι μιας βασιν\* α ηρι μεν Αντωνιος, ανεθηκε δε παλιν ο Σεβαστος Καισαρ ες την αυτην βασην τα δυο την Αθηαν, και του Ηρακλια\* τον δε Δία ες το Καπιτωλιον μεταθεσθαι, κατασκευασας αυτην καισικον. STRABO, p. 944.

fian Diana. He says that the artists who were present adjudged the point, by declaring which statue each artist esteemed as second to his own: by this ingenious mode of decision Polycletus ranked as the first of the rival sculptors, Phidias the second, Ctesilas the third, Cydon the fourth, and Phragmon the fifth \*. The modern French sculptor Falconet exults in this anecdote, as a proof of his favourite maxim: “Que le peintre et le statuaire sont de meilleurs juges des productions de leur art, que le public même éclairé sur d’autres matières.”

As to the general merit of Polycletus, the words of the intelligent Strabo give a very high idea of it, where he says that the statues of this artist were in technical excellence most beautiful; but, in high finishing and magnificence, inferior to those of Phidias †.

Cicero has also mentioned the works of Polycletus as examples of perfection: “Nondum Myronis satis ad veritatem adducta, jam tamen quæ non dubites pulchra dicere. Pulchriora etiam Polycleti, et jam plane perfecta, ut mihi quidem videri solet.”

In his orations against Verres, the Roman orator expatiates on the extreme beauty of two bronze figures, the celebrated Canephoræ of Polycletus; and Winkelman, in his *Monumenti inediti*, (No. 182.) has engraved, from a bas-relief in terra-cotta, two Athenian virgins that he supposes to have been copied from these favourite statues.

But the most considerable performance of Polycletus was his Juno of Argos, or rather of Mycenæ, according to the local description which Strabo has given of her temple. This admired statue is described by

\* “Venere autem et in certamen laudatissimi, quanquam diversis ætatibus geniti, quoniam fecerant Amazonas, quæ cum in templo Ephesiæ Dianæ dicarentur, placuit eligi probatissimam ipsorum artificum, qui præsentibus erant, judicio; cum apparuit eam esse, quam omnes secundam a sua quisque judicassent. Hæc est Polycleti, proxima ab ea Phidiæ, tertia Ctesilæ, quarta Cydonis, quinta Phragmonis.” PLIN. lib. 34. c. 8.

† Το τι Αργος και τας Μυκηνας, και το Ηραιον . . . κοινον ιeron το προς ταις Μυκταις αμφον, η η τα Πολυκλειτου ζοανα' τη μιν τιχη καλλιστα των πατων, πολυτελεστα δε και μεγαλυ, των Φιδιαι λιπομνα. STRABO, p. 571.

Pausanias as a grand sitting figure of ivory and gold, adorned with a crown, on which the Graces and the Hours were represented. The majestic image is also celebrated in the following Greek epigram :

## ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

εις αγαλμα Ηρας.

Ω ῥγυιος Πολυκλειτος, ο και μονος ομμασιν Ηρην  
 Αθρησας, και οσην ειδε τυπωταμενος  
 Θνητοις καλλος εδωξεν οσον θεμις· αι δ'υπο κολπαις  
 Αγνωστοι μορφαι Ζηνη φυλασσομεθα.

Grotii Versio.

Unus Junonem vidit Polycletus ab Argis,  
 Et nobis, quantum viderat, arte dedit.  
 Et decora ostendit quæ fas modo : cætera nam quæ  
 Veste latens, foli sunt ea nota Jovi.

Parmenio, on the Statue of Juno.

The Argive Polyclete alone survey'd  
 Juno, and such as he beheld pourtray'd.  
 The charms that man might view his art express'd :  
 No eyes but those of Jove command the rest.

The reputation of Polycletus seems to have been much extended by a Treatise on Proportion, illustrated by a statue, regarded as a model of perfect symmetry, and said to have been studied as such, in a later period, by Lysippus. Many writers have mentioned this remarkable

statue, but the most satisfactory account of it is contained in a passage of Galen, quoted by Junius, which expressly says that it was designed to confirm those principles of art which the sculptor taught in writing upon symmetry; and that both his treatise and his statue were distinguished by a common name, "The canon of Polycletus \*." D'Hancarville, in the following passage, points out a mode of recovering the lost theory of the Grecian artist:

" Ces Commentaires de Polyclète, malheureusement perdus aujourd'hui, ayant été regardés autrefois comme la règle constamment suivie depuis son tems jusqu'à celui des Antonins, Menechme, Xenocrates, Apelles, qui vécurent dans cet intervalle, ayant composé différens ouvrages sur les raisons de l'art, on ne peut douter qu'il n'aient contenu les principes de Polyclète sur les symmétries, et nous les y retrouverions si le tems n'eût pas détruit ces écrits. Mais comme à son imitation les plus habiles artistes de l'antiquité firent leurs statues d'après les règles établies dans ses livres nous pouvons retrouver dans les plus belles statues antiques les proportions qu'il enseignoit devoir y entrer, et juger, d'après ces proportions, sur quoi se fondeoit la théorie des principes renfermés dans les ouvrages des anciens sur les *symmetries* et la *beauté idéale*."

The author pursues his idea in discussing proportions relating to the face, collected by Mengs, and cited by Winkelman, from the finest specimens of ancient sculpture. Into the minutiae of such a discussion the intent of this work does not lead me to enter. He draws an inference from these researches which I confess myself unwilling to allow; for he says:

\* Το κάλλος το σώματος ἐν τῇ τῶν μορῶν συμμετρίᾳ ἐστίν, καθάπερ ἐν τῇ Πολυκλείτου κανονί γυγγραφῇ. πᾶσαι γὰρ ἐκδιδάξαι ἡμᾶς ἐν ἐκείνῃ τῇ συγγραμμάτων τὰς συμμετρίας τοῦ σώματος ὁ Πολυκλείτης ἐργῇ τοῖς λόγοις ἐπέβαρυσεν, δημιουργήσας ἀνδριάντα κατὰ τὰ τοῦ λόγου προτάγματα, καὶ καλίσας δὴ καὶ αὐτοὶ τοὶ ἀνδριάντα, καθάπερ καὶ τὸ συγγραμμᾶ, κανόνα. GALENUS apud Junium, in Catalogo Artificum, p. 168.

“ Quand les anciens arrivèrent à la découverte des proportions convenables à la *beauté idéale*, leur analogie avec les proportions *harmoniques* servit à prouver qu'ils avoient incontestablement atteint au but de l'art, et l'impossibilité de trouver une beauté supérieure à celle qui résulta de ses proportions, elle nous sert maintenant à démontrer que l'art des Grecs ne peut en aucun tems, ni en aucun lieu, ni par aucun moyen, être surpassé\*.”

With an enthusiastic esteem and admiration for the excellence of the Greeks in art and in literature, the moderns ought to cherish a persuasion that even that excellence, great as it is, may possibly be surpassed. Such an idea may be censured as presumptuous : but in every arduous pursuit a degree of presumption is the very source of success. Reason and fancy may unite in refusing to believe that, in cultivating the fine arts, any nation, or any individual has yet arrived at the utmost limits of attainable perfection. In sculpture, indeed, it is not very probable that any modern artist, in any part of the globe, may possess all the advantages to lead him to excellence which the sculptors of antiquity possessed ; yet the modern may avail himself of some advantages to which the ancient was a stranger. But I forbear to enter on a topic which may be more properly discussed when modern art is the immediate subject before us.—I return to Polycletus.

Winkelman has styled him a sublime poet in his art ; and he seems, indeed, to have enjoyed that rare mixture of industry, confidence, and imagination which is so favourable to felicity in the works of his profession.

Ælian has related the following anecdote, to shew how successfully he corrected the temerity of popular criticism :

\* *Antiquités Etrusques, Grecques, et Romaines*, tom. iv. p. 137.

Polycletus executed two statues at the same time ; gratifying, in the one, the caprice of the crowd ; in the other, adhering to the rules of art. He gratified the multitude in this manner : According to the suggestion of all his visitors, he retouched and altered something in conformity to the opinion of each. At last he produced his two figures ; the one was universally admired ; the other derided. " Yet this," said Polycletus, " which you condemn, is your own work ; and the other, which you admire, is mine \*."

It is recorded of this excellent sculptor, that he excelled also as an architect ; and Pausanias extols the temple of Æsculapius, which he built for the Epidaurians, as surpassing, in harmonious beauty, all the magnificent structures of the Romans. I shall close my imperfect account of this accomplished artist with the Greek epigram on his statue of Polyxena :

## ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΥ

εις σῆλην Πολυξένης.

Α δὲ Πολυκλείτοιο Πολυξένα, ὅδε τις ἀλλὰ  
 Χεὶρ ἐθίγεν τέττε δαιμονίῃ πίνακος.  
 Ἡρᾶς ἔργον ἀδελφόν· ἰδ' ὡς πεπλοῖο ραγέντος,  
 Τὰν αἰδῶ γυμνὰν σῶφρονι κρυπτε πέπλῳ.  
 Λίσσεται α τλαμὼν ψυχᾶς ὑπερ' ἐν βλεφαροῖς δὲ  
 Παρθενικᾶς ὁ Φρυγῶν κεῖται ὅλος πόλεμος.

\* Δυο εἰκόνες ἐργασίτω Πολυκλείτης κατὰ τὸ αὐτὸ, τῇ μὲν τοῖς ὁχλοῖς χαρίζομένη, τῇ δὲ κατὰ τὸν νόμον τῆς τέχνης. Ἐχαρίζετο δὲ τοῖς πολλοῖς τοῖς τρόποις τέτοις : καθ' ἑκάστον τῶν ἐκιοτήτων μετετιθεῖ τι, καὶ μετεμορφεῖ, πῶς δομιπὸς τῇ ἑκάστῃ ὑφηγησῇ. Πρὸς δὲ καὶ ἐν ἀμφοτέραις : καὶ ἡ μὲν ὑπὸ πάντων θαυμάζετο, ἡ δὲ ἑτέρα ἐγίλατο. Ὑπολαβὼν ἐν ἑφ' ὁ Πολυκλείτης, ἀλλὰ ταύτην μὲν, πρὸς φυγῇ, ὑμῖς πρὸς σῶσιν, ταύτην δὲ, πρὸς θαυμάζειν, ἐγώ. ÆLIAN. Var. Hist. lib. xiv. c. 8.



## Grotii Versio.

Iste tuus labor est, Polyclete, Polyxena, sensit  
 Non aliam felix ista tabella manum.  
 Germanum Junonis opus ; cerne ut sibi prudens  
 Obducat rupta tegmina veste pudor.  
 Pro vita facit illa preces, in virginis udis  
 Est oculis, quantum est de Phryge Marte super.

## Pollianus, on the Column of Polyxena.

Polyxena, by Polycletus wrought !  
 His hand alone this heavenly semblance caught.  
 A sister to his Juno ! Decent care  
 Hides the rent vest that leaves her body bare.  
 Wretched, she prays for life ; and in her eyes  
 Lo Troy's whole war, and all its trouble, lies !

## NOTE III. Ver. 141.

*That Athens was eclips'd by her Olympian fame.*

The talents and reputation of Phidias were so great, that they are allowed to form the most honourable æra in the history of art. The Abbé Gedoyne has added to his history of Dædalus an account of this his most illustrious successor, for the sake of displaying at once, in the lives of these two memorable men, the commencement and the perfection of sculpture. Athens had the honour of giving birth to them

both ; for Phidias, by the authority of Plato, is proved to be an Athenian. He studied under two masters of no great celebrity, Agelas and Hippias : but he had the advantage of having two brothers distinguished by their talents as painters, and the still greater advantage of having cultivated and brought to maturity his own genius, at that fortunate period when the triumphant state of his country, and the magnificent spirit of Pericles, afforded him a most favourable field for its exertion. With what patriotic pride and delight must an Attic sculptor have exerted his powers in converting that very marble, which the Persian invaders had brought with them to form a trophy of their conquest, into a memorial of their defeat ! I allude to the Nemesis of Phidias, a statue executed under these animating circumstances, according to Pausanias, and stationed in a temple at Rhamnus, at the distance of sixty stadia from Marathon—a statue, celebrated in the following epigram :

ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ,

εις το εν Ραμνουντι Νεμεσιως αγαλμα.

Χιονεην με λιθον παλιναυξeos εκ περιωπης  
 Λαοτυπος τμηξας πετροτομοις ακισι  
 Μηδος εποντοπορευsen, οπως ανδρεικελα τευξη,  
 Της κατ' Αθηναιων συμβολα καμμονιης.  
 Ως δε δαιζομενοις Μαροθων αντεκτυπε Περσαις,  
 Και νεες υγροπορουν χευμασιν αιμαλεις,  
 Εξεσαν Αδρησειαν αριςωδινες Αθηναι,  
 Δαιμον' υπερφιαλοις αντιπαλον μεροπων.  
 Αντιταλαντευω τας ελπιδας· ειμι δε και νυν  
 Νικη Ερεχθιδαις, Ασσυριοις Νεμεσις.

## Grotii Versio.

Me niveum vivâ lapidem de rupe cecidit,  
 Marmoream rumpens cuspide duritiem,  
 Persa, daret cum vela notis, ut fingeret ex me  
 De Cecropis victrix gente trophæa manus.  
 Cladibus at Marathon postquam resonavit Eois,  
 Perque cruore rubens æquor iere rates,  
 Fecit Adrasteam de me gens fortis Athenæ  
 Ulcisci solitam facta superba deam.  
 Spes ego libratas teneo ; Victoria nam sum  
 Cecropidis, Nemesis nec minus Assyriis.

## Theætetus, on the Rhamnusian Statue of Nemesis.

Of snowy whiteness, from a mountain rock,  
 A Median sculptor in a massive block  
 Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand  
 His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land :  
 But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd,  
 And for invasion shatter'd ships aton'd,  
 By Attic Art (Perfection's nurse) I rose,  
 In form a goddess who the proud o'erthrows.  
 In different characters my figure speaks :  
 To Persians vengeance, victory to Greeks.

## ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΥΤΟ.

Μηδοῖς ἐλπισθεῖσα τροπαιοφόρος λίθος εἶναι,  
 Ἡλλαχθὴν μορφὴν καίριον εἰς Νεμεσιν.  
 Ἐνδίκος ἰδρυνθεῖσα Θεά, Ραμνουντος ἐπ' οὐχθαῖς  
 Νίκης καὶ σοφίης Ἀτθίδι μαρτυρίον.

## Grotii Versio.

Figere quam tumidus sperabat Persa trophæum,  
 Quam bene nunc versus sum lapis in Nemefim.  
 Sto dea iusta super ripa Rhamnufide, testis  
 Tam bene Erechtidas vincere quam sapere.

Parmenio, on the same Statue.

From stone, that Persians for their trophy chose,  
 A seasonable Nemesis I rose.  
 Here my just form this happy truth imparts :  
 Athenians triumph both in arms and arts.

Phidias is said to have distinguished himself by his general knowledge, and a perfect acquaintance with the laws of proportion, and the principles of optics.

That singular metrical compiler of anecdotes, Tzetzes, has related, in his *Versus Politici*, a professional contest between Phidias and Alcamenes, in which (if credit may be given to such an historian) this ad-

mired chief of Athenian sculptors ran some danger of his life from the ignorance and irritability of his judges \*.

The rival artists contended in forming a Minerva of bronze for the city. The most beautiful figure was to be chosen, and stationed on a lofty column. The two statues were produced. That of Alcamenes was immediately admired for its delicacy; and the work of Phidias appeared so disgusting to the people, from its open lips and distended nostrils, that its author was in some danger of being stoned to death by popular indignation †: but when the rival goddesses were raised to their intended height, Alcamenes became the jest, and Phidias the favourite of the people.

Such is the amusing story of Tzetzes. What degree of serious credit it may deserve I leave to the judgment of my reader, and hasten to notice the two most celebrated works of Phidias; his more magnificent Minerva, stationed as the patroness of Athens in her temple called Parthenon; and the statue extolled as the masterpiece of antiquity, his Olympian Jupiter at Elis.

Pausanias describes this Minerva as an upright figure, with a garment descending to her feet. He does not mention her height; but M. de Caylus, from the expression of Pliny, (*cubitorum viginti sex*,) estimates it at thirty-nine feet, of the French measure. “The costly splendor of the statue,” says Winkelman, “may be conceived from the quantity of gold employed in its decoration. This, as we learn from a

\* Ο Αλκαμένης χαλκουργός ην, γυνή ηρώτου,  
Και τῷ Φειδία συνήχρητος, καὶ τὴν ἀντιμισθίαν  
Δι’ οὗ καὶ κινδυνεύει μικρὴ θάνατον Φειδίας.

† Φειδίας κινδυνεύει βλαθῆναι διὰ τοὺς λίθους  
ὡς ὃ ἤρθη τὰ ἀγάλματα, καὶ κίονι ἐστῆθη.  
Τὸ μὲν Φειδίας ἰδίῃ τὸ πνεῦμα τῆς τέχνης,  
Καὶ πασι διὰ στερματός λαοποιοῖ ὁ Φειδίας,  
Τὸ Αἰκαμένης γέλωτος, καὶ γέλωτος Αἰκαμένης.

TZETZES, chil. 8. 193.

“ speech of Pericles preserved in Thucydides, amounted to forty talents; the drapery was of gold, and the uncovered parts of the figure formed of ivory.” The latter material was also employed in the head of Medusa that appeared on the breast of the goddess, according to the description of Pausanias; and perhaps gold and ivory were united in the image of Victory of four cubits, that was placed in one of her hands; though its position is not ascertained by Pausanias, who only says that in her hand she held a spear. But the smaller figure of Victory that was frequently added as a decoration to a colossal statue, and displayed in the extended hand of the triumphant divinity, was sometimes of solid gold, as we may conjecture from the profane jest of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who, in stealing such figures, said it would be folly not to take from the gods what they appeared to offer.— But to return to the Minerva of Phidias. Pliny says that on the prominent side of her shield the battle of the Amazons was represented; and in the concave part, the conflict between the giants and the gods. Nay, even her sandals were decorated, according to his account, with the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

M. de Caylus has ventured to criticise, with a becoming spirit, these minute decorations :

“ Après avoir remercié Plin de nous avoir conservé ces détails, qui  
 “ ne se trouvent dans aucun autre auteur, on me trouvera sans doute  
 “ hardi, et peut-être téméraire, d’oser désapprouver ces petits ouvrages  
 “ en eux-mêmes. Je ne doute point assurément de leur mérite et de  
 “ leur perfection; mais je dirai franchement que sans parler de l’in-  
 “ terieur du bouclier, dont je laisse à juger pour la possibilité du coup-  
 “ d’œil, ces beaux détails étoient en pure perte; car il est constant  
 “ qu’il n’auroit pas été possible de les distinguer, quand même la figure  
 “ auroit été de grandeur naturelle. Mais quoique le bouclier pût avoir  
 “ dix pieds de diamètre, on ne pouvoit examiner ses ornemens assez

“ près, en quelque endroit qu’il ait été placé pour en juger sainement  
 “ sur une figure d’environ quarante pieds de proportion, d’autant  
 “ qu’elle étoit placée sur un piédestal qui l’élevoit encore tout au moins  
 “ de dix ou de quinze. Cette figure, pour être aussi belle que toute  
 “ l’antiquité l’a déclarée, devoit être entendue et formée par de grandes  
 “ masses, et ces masses devoient nécessairement absorber un aussi grand  
 “ nombre de petits détails. Il faut convenir que les anciens paroissent  
 “ les avoir aimés . . . . Cependant pour faire mieux entendre mon espèce  
 “ de critique, je comparerai ces petits travaux à ceux d’un peintre, qui  
 “ faisant le portrait d’une femme aussi grand que la nature, auroit grand  
 “ soin de peindre en miniature un autre portrait qu’elle auroit au bras.  
 “ Je demande si le travail et la disposition du grand portrait ne feroient  
 “ pas absolument évanouir le mérite et l’ouvrage du brasselet. Cepen-  
 “ dant il s’en faut beaucoup que la comparaison soit en proportion avec  
 “ le point duquel je suis parti.

“ Cette statue de Minerve presente encore une difficulté, elle étoit  
 “ d’or et d’ivoire, et elle avoit à ses pieds un serpent et un sphinx de  
 “ bronze. Quel alliage de couleurs et de matières ! on a peine à con-  
 “ cevoir leur agrément.”—*Memoires de l’Académie*, tom. xxv. p. 319.

The sculptor Falconet, who attacks, without mercy, the inaccuracies of Pliny, and is sometimes rather petulantly severe on the respectable connoisseur of his own country whom I have just quoted, yet highly commends these remarks on the Minerva of Phidias. At the same time he makes a lively, but a rash attempt, to vindicate the Athenian artist in the following conjecture :

“ Mais si Phidias n’a point fait ces petits ornemens ; s’ils n’ont été  
 “ ajoutés à sa Minerve d’or et d’ivoire que plusieurs années après la  
 “ mort de l’auteur, que deviendra l’exactitude de Plin et de ceux qui  
 “ le copient sans regarder ailleurs ?

“ Pausanias, l. i. c. 28. dit, ‘ Mis, excellent graveur, a représenté  
 “ sur le bouclier de la déesse le combat des Centaures et des Lapithes, et  
 “ plusieurs autres histoires d’après les desseins de Parrhasius, fils  
 “ d’Evénor. Cette statue est si haute, que l’aigrette du casque et la  
 “ pointe de la pique peuvent être aperçues de Sunium.’ C’est-à-dire  
 “ de cinq lieues d’Athènes.

“ Le minutieux Pausanias, qui ne fait grace de rien à son lecteur,  
 “ parle ailleurs de la Minerve du Parthénon, qui étoit, comme on sait,  
 “ dans la citadelle d’Athènes, et ne dit pas un mot de toute cette cise-  
 “ lure, gravure, &c. dont Pline fait mention ; détails qu’il ne manque  
 “ cependant jamais d’écrire, quand il en a l’occasion. Ne se pourroit-il  
 “ pas que les deux Minerves de Phidias eussent été confondues dans la  
 “ tête de l’écrivain Latin, et qu’il eut attribué à l’une ce qui appartenoit  
 “ à l’autre ? Je suis loin de la vouloir assurer ; mais j’aimerois mieux  
 “ Pline avec un défaut de mémoire, que Phidias avec un défaut de  
 “ goût ; cela ne se compare pas.

“ Ne seroit il pas possible encore, comme il est dit plus haut, qu’on  
 “ eut chargé d’ornemens superflus cette Minerve de Phidias quelques  
 “ années après sa mort, comme on avoit fait celle de bronze ? Il  
 “ seroit glorieux pour la mémoire d’un artiste célèbre, dont on nous  
 “ dit le génie si grand, si sublime, de ne pas le voir minutieux dans  
 “ son art ; sur tout lorsque nous pouvons soupçonner quelques pré-  
 “ somptions du contraire.”—FALCONET, *Traduction de Pline*, tom. ii.  
 p. 49.

This animated artist, who is often very acrimonious in censuring the inaccuracy of respectable writers on subjects relating to his own profession, has fallen himself into considerable inaccuracies, in speaking of this celebrated Minerva. I shall not enter into a minute discussion of these, but merely observe, that his conjecture concerning the figures on



the shield of the goddess is entirely overthrown by many passages from ancient authors collected by Junius to illustrate this statue.

It was alleged as a crime against Phidias that he had introduced his own portrait and that of Pericles in the battle of the Amazons, which formed the most striking ornament of the shield in question; and Junius has cited a passage from Aristotle particularly remarkable, as it displays the ingenious solicitude of the sculptor to preserve his own figure from the malignity of any one who might wish to strike it out of the group\*.

Plutarch considers the base attempt to ruin Phidias in the esteem of the Athenians as a political manœuvre to try the public influence of his patron Pericles. We owe to that invaluable biographer the anecdote to which I have alluded in the Poem: I mean the friendly precaution of Pericles, by which he protected the sculptor from the slanderous accusation of having embezzled a part of the gold consigned to him for the decoration of Minerva. By the advice of his illustrious friend, the artist is said to have contrived the golden habiliments of the goddess in such a manner that they might be easily removed, and his probity ascertained by the infallible test of the scales.

The vindication of his innocence in this important article did not secure Phidias from the insidious rancour of his enemies. He was accused of alluring the chaste matrons of Athens to his house, under the pretence of shewing his statues, for the dishonourable purpose of gratifying the licentious passions of his patron. It has been said that he

\* Τῶν ἀγαλματοποιῶν Φειδίου κατασκευαζόμενοι τῇ ἐν ἀκροπόλει Ἀθηνῶν, φασὶν ἐν μίση τῇ ταύτης ἀσπίδι τοὺς αὐτοὺς πρόσωποι ἐντυπωσάσθαι, καὶ συνδέσαι τὸ ἀγαλματὶ διὰ τινος ἀφαιρέσεως δημιουργίας· ὥστε ἐξ ἀναγκῆς, ἢ τις βέλονται αὐτοὺς περιαιρεῖν, τὸ συμπαν ἀγαλμα λυμνιτε καὶ συγχῆν. “Phidiām illum, quem fictorem præsum fuisse tradit memoria, vidi ipse in clypeo Minervæ, quæ arcibus Atheniensibus præfideat, oris sui similitudinem ita colligasse, ut si quis artificis voluisset inde imaginem separare, soluta compage, simulac totius incolumitas interiret.—Sic Apuleius transtulit hunc locum de sumtum ex Aristotele de Mundo.—JUNIVS, Catal. Artif. p. 159.

perished in prison, under the popular indignation which this calumny excited: but the indefatigable Meursius has proved, by the authority of an old scholiast on Aristophanes, that the persecuted artist escaped to Elis, and ended his days with honour in a scene which he is supposed to have adorned, in gratitude for the protection it afforded him, with the sublimest work of sculpture that was ever produced, even by Grecian talents—his Olympian Jupiter; an image which he conceived, according to his own ingenuous account, from Homer's description of the god\*.

I will not enlarge this long note by transcribing all the animated passages in ancient authors which allude to this most memorable statue: but as it may gratify my reader to have an immediate opportunity of comparing my sketch of it in rhyme with more minute descriptions in prose, I will add the Greek original from Pausanias, and a modern copy from the eloquent Travels of Anacharsis.

Καθεζεται μεν δη ο Θεος εν θρονω χρυσε πεποιημενος και ελεφαντος\* στεφανος δε επικειται οι τη κεφαλη, μεμιμημενος ελαιας κλωνας\* εν μεν δη τη δεξια φερει Νικην εξ ελεφαντος και ταυτην και χρυση, ταινιαν τε εχουσιν, και επι τη κεφαλη στεφανον\* τη δε αριστερα τε Θεω χαριεν εσι σκηπτρον μεταλλοις τοις πασι ηγθισμενον. Ο δε ορνις ο επι τω σκηπτρω καθημενος, εστιν ο αετος\* χρυση δε και τα υποδηματα τω Θεω, και ιματιον ωσαυτως εστι τω δε ιματιω ζωδια τε και των ανθων τα κρινα εστιν εμπεποιημενα. Ο δε θρονος ποικιλος μεν χρυση και λιθοις, ποικιλος δε και εβενω τε και ελεφαντι. εστι και ζωα τε επ' αυτη, γραφη μεμιγμενα\* και αγαλματα εστιν ειργασμενα. Νικαι μεν δη τεσσαρες, χορευου-

- \* “ Phidias Homeri versibus egregio dicto alludit; simulacro enim Jovis Olympii perfecto, quo nullum præstantius aut admirabilius humanæ fabricæ manus fecit, interrogatus ab amico, quonam mentem suam dirigens vultum Jovis propemodum ex ipso cælo petitum, eboris lineamentis esset amplexus, illis se versibus quasi magistris usum respondit :

Η' και κυανησιν επ' οφρυσιν νυσσι Κρονιω

Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαιται επιρρωσαντο ανακτος

Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο\* μεγαλ' δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS, I.iii. c. 7.

σων παρεχομεναι σχημα κατα εκασον τε θρονον τον ποδα· δυο δε εισιν αλλαι προς εκασον πεζη ποδος· των ποδων δε εκατερω των εμπροσθεν, παιδες τε επικεινται Θηβαιων υπο σφιγγων ηρπασμενοι· και υπο τας σφιγγας, Νιοβης τες παιδας Απολλων κατατοξευουσι και Αρτεμις· των δε εκ τε θρονου μεταξυ ποδων τεσσαρες κανονες εισι ποδος, ες ποδα ετερον διωκων εκασος· τω μεν δη κατ' ευθυ της εσοδου κανονι, επτα εσιν αγαλματα επ' αυτω. το γαρ ογδοον εξ αυτων εκ ισασι τροπον οντινα εγενετο αφανες· ειη δ' αν αγωνισματων αρχαιων ταυτα μιμηματα. .... Επι δε των κανωνων τοις λοιποις, ο λοχος εσιν ο συν Ηρακλει μαχομενος προς Αμαζονας· αριθμος μεν δη συναμφοτερων ες εννεα εσι και εικοσι· τετακται δε και Θησευς εν τοις συμμαχοις τω Ηρακλει· Ανεχσιν δε εκ οι ποδες μονοι τον θρονον, αλλα και κιονες, ισοι τοις ποσι μεταξυ εσηκοτες των ποδων. .... Επι δε τοις ανωτατω τε θρονου, πεποιηκεν ο Φειδιας υπερ την κεφαλην τε αγαλματος, τατο μεν Χαριτας, τουτο δε Ωρας, τρεις εκατερας· ειναι γαρ θυγατερας Διος και ταυτας εν επεσιν εσιν ειρημενα. .... Το υποθημα δε το υπο τε Διος τοις ποσιν υπο των εν τη Αττικη καλυμενον θρανιον λεοντας τε χρυσας, και Θησεως επειργασμενην εχει μαχην την προς Αμαζονας, το Αθηναιων πρωτον ανδραγαθημα ες εκ ομοφυλης· επι δε τε βαθρου τε θρονου τε ανεχοντος και ορος, αλλος κοσμος περι τον Δια· επι ταυτε τε βαθρου χρυσα ποιηματα αναβεβηκως επι αρμα Ηλιος, και Ζευς τε εσι και Ηρα· παρα δε αυτον Χαρις· ταυτης δε Ερμης εχεται, τε Ερμης δε Εσια· μετα δε την Εσιν Ερως εσιν εκ θαλασσης Αφροδιτην ανισαν υποδεχομενος· την δε Αφροδιτην στεφανοι Πειθω· επειργασαι δε και Απολλων συν Αρτεμιδι, Αθηνα τε και Ηρακλεις· και ηδη τε βαθρου προς τω περατι Αμφιτριτη και Ποσειδων, Σεληνη τε ιππων (εμοι δοκειν) ελαυνουσα.—PAUSANIAS, p. 403. edit. Kuhnii.

“ La figure de Jupiter est en or et en ivoire, et quoique affise, elle  
 “ s’élève presque jusqu’au plafond du temple. De la main droite,  
 “ elle tient une victoire également d’or et d’ivoire ; de la gauche, un  
 “ sceptre travaillé avec goût, enrichi de diverses espèces de métaux, et  
 “ surmonté d’un aigle. La chauffure est en or, ainsi que le manteau sur  
 “ lequel on a gravé des animaux, des fleurs, et sur-tout des lis.

“ Le trône porte sur quatre pieds, ainsi que sur des colonnes intermédiaires de même hauteur. Les matières les plus riches, les arts les plus nobles concoururent à l'embellir. Il est tout brillant d'or, d'ivoire, d'ébène, et de pierres précieuses, par tout décoré de peintures et des bas-reliefs.

“ Quatre de ces bas-reliefs sont appliqués sur la face antérieure de chacun des pieds de devant. Le plus haut représente quatre Victoires dans l'attitude de danseuses; le second, des sphinx, qui enlèvent les enfans de Thébains; le troisième, Apollon et Diane perçant de leurs traits les enfans de Niobé; le dernier enfin, deux autres Victoires.

“ Phidias profita des moindres espaces pour multiplier les ornemens. Sur les quatre traverses qui lient les pieds du trône, je comptai trente sept figures; les unes représentant des lutteurs, les autres le combat d'Hercule contre les Amazones. Au dessus de la tête de Jupiter, dans la partie supérieure du trône, on voit d'une côté les trois Graces qu'il eut d'Eurynome, et les trois Saisons qu'il eut de Thémis. On distingue quantité d'autres bas-reliefs, tant sur le marche-pied que sur la base ou l'estrade qui soutient cette masse énorme; la plupart exécutés en or, et représentant les divinités de l'Olympe. Aux pieds de Jupiter on lit cette inscription :

“ Je suis l'ouvrage de Phidias, Athenien, fils de Charmidès.”

*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*, tome iii. p. 482.

The dimensions of this wonderful statue (which Callimachus is said to have expressed in Iambic verse) are not preserved: but from a passage in Strabo, which represents the head of the sitting figure as near the roof of the temple, (in height sixty feet,) we are enabled to form some conjectures concerning its magnitude. Falconet supposes that the temple and the statue were wretchedly disproportioned to each other :

but the general voice of antiquity, in praise of the very sublime effect which this spectacle altogether produced, is sufficient to refute his supposition. Livy describes this effect very forcibly, in speaking of Paulus Æmilius: "Olympiam ascendit, ubi et alia quidem spectanda visa, et "Jovem velut præsentem intuens, motus animo est \*."

Cedrenus affirms that the ivory Jupiter of Phidias was preserved at Constantinople; and, if we may credit an author so frequently erroneous, the same city contained also a reclining Jupiter in marble, by this illustrious artist †.

But it is time to take leave of Phidias.—Let me first observe that he sometimes used the pencil as well as the implements of sculpture, and painted a portrait of his kind and powerful friend Pericles, distinguished by his lofty title "the Olympian."

"Cum et Phidiam ipsum initio pictorem fuisse tradatur, Olympi-  
umque Athenis ab eo pictum."—PLIN. lib. 35.

Pliny mentions a portrait of Pericles in bronze, (by the sculptor Ctesilaus,) with the same appellation: "Ctesilaus (fecit) Periclem "Olympium dignum cognomine." Many artists were undoubtedly patronized by this magnificent statesman: but Phidias was his favourite, and entrusted with the superintendence of those splendid public works with which the liberal ambition of Pericles delighted to decorate his country.

\* Lib. xlv. c. 28.

† Και ο Φειδίας ελεφαντινος Ζευς, ον Περικλης ανιθηκεν εις νουν Ολυμπιον. . . . . Αυτη δε προς γην η βριτας Διο  
εκ λευκω λιθου, εργον Φειδιδου, ζαντος τη δοκιμω επι κλισης.—CEDRENUS, p. 255.

## NOTE IV. Ver. 170.

*Her shame his pride, her ornaments his prey.*

How deplorable was the fate of Athens, repeatedly the captive of two, the most artful, sanguinary, and impious wretches that dishonoured the list of ancient heroes—Lyfander and Sylla! Both these barbarous conquerors had a passion for sculpture; so great was the influence of that powerful art over the sternest spirits of antiquity! Plutarch informs us, that after Lyfander had taken Athens, he devoted a part of his spoil to the expence of raising his own statue, and those of his officers, at Delphi. Yet so truly savage was this detestable victor, that Plutarch rather seems to believe the report he mentions of Lyfander's having proposed, in the council of the allies, to reduce the Athenians to slavery. A Theban officer, according to the same authority, proposed the utter demolition of the city; and Athens is said to have been saved by the happy voice of a Phocensian, who sung to the conquerors, at a banquet, a few verses from a tragedy of Euripides, which awakened their humanity, and made them shrink from their horrible purpose of annihilating a city so admirable, and the parent of men so illustrious.

Milton alludes to this incident in the close of his 8th Sonnet:

“ ——— and the repeated air  
 “ Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 “ To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.”

## NOTE V. Ver. 192.

*And to new sons new excellence assign'd.*

Sculpture is assuredly one of the most difficult of the fine arts ; yet it is a striking truth that Greece produced several sculptors of the first rate, though she could only boast a single Homer. It is also remarkable, that the Grecian sculptors were more numerous than the painters of their country. That intelligent and contemplative observer of antiquity, M. de Caylus, has had the curiosity to compare their respective numbers, as far as the narratives of Pausanias and Pliny enabled him to make the comparison. Of the former he says : “ Il ne fait mention que  
 “ de quinze peintres, tandis qu’il distingue de la manière la plus claire  
 “ cent soixante et neuf sculpteurs. Il faut cependant convenir que  
 “ Pline fait mention de cent trente-trois peintres Grecs, bons ou médi-  
 “ ocrés. .... On pourroit répondre pour concilier les deux auteurs, que  
 “ Pline a parlé de tous les peintres de la Grèce, de l’Asie Mineure, de  
 “ la Sicile, et de ce que l’on appelloit la grande Grèce, &c. et que  
 “ Pausanias n’a pas même visité toute la Grèce proprement dite, qu’il  
 “ n’écrivoit point l’histoire des artistes, et qu’il parloit seulement de  
 “ ceux dont il avoit vû les ouvrages ; ouvrages dont le nombre étoit  
 “ encore diminué, par l’avidité des Romains, qui dévastèrent ce pays  
 “ depuis environs quatre-vingt ans ; à compter le tems qui s’étoit  
 “ écoulé depuis Pline jusqu’à lui.

“ Il resultera toujours de ce calcul, qu’il y avoit plus de statues que de  
 “ tableaux dans la Grèce.”—*Antiquités*, tom. ii. p. 109.

Of all the arts in which they excelled, sculpture seems, indeed, to have been the prime favourite of the Greeks ; and to the national en-

thusiasm in its favour the Grecian statues are principally indebted for their exquisite perfection.

Ver. 206.

*Records her sorrow, and preserves her fame.*

Scopas, a native of Paros, is mentioned by Pliny as a contemporary with Myron and Polycletus, in the 87th Olympiad. He is represented also, by the same author, and by Vitruvius, as one of the eminent artists employed by the magnificent Artemisia in decorating the monument of her husband Mausolus.

But as a sculptor, who lived so early, could hardly have been living at the time when that sumptuous monument was raised, Winkelman conjectures that more than one artist was distinguished by the name of Scopas. It seems rather more probable that Pliny was mistaken in the period he assigned to this admirable sculptor; and indeed the chronology of almost all the ancient artists, and their most memorable works, is so full of perplexities and contradiction, that mistakes of this kind are almost unavoidable in a cursory view of their productions.

The works of Scopas seem to have been full of fancy and feeling; yet it is not easy to form an exact idea of his three statues, representing the variations of Love, as they are briefly described by Pausanias\*.

Pliny has enumerated many works of Scopas, that held, in the period when he wrote, a very high rank among the sculptural decorations

\* Σκοπᾶ δὲ Ἔρως, καὶ Ἴμῆρος, καὶ Πόθος, ἡδὴ διαφορὰ ἐστὶ, κατὰ ταῦτα τοῖς ὀνόμασι καὶ τὰ ἔργα σφισι. The commentator on Pausanias, to elucidate these three Greek titles of Cupid, refers his reader to the Grecian Phurnutus "De Natura Deorum:" but on consulting Phurnutus, I find no light, but rather the "darkness visible" of ridiculous etymologies.



of Rome. The Palatine Apollo, a sitting Vesta with two female attendants, and a collection of marine divinities, which, according to the lively expression of the enthusiastic Pliny, might be termed a glorious performance, if it had employed the whole life of the artist\*.

M. de Caylus imagines that these Nereids, riding on their sea-horses, were executed in bas-relief. Falconet is of a different opinion. It is, however, probable that they were so, and that they are still preserved.

I have seen admirable sketches of such Nereids as answer to Pliny's description, executed at Rome by Mr. Howard, an English artist, who has the rare talent of drawing from sculpture with such precision and delicacy, that England may soon surpass other countries in a just and graceful representation of those ancient statues which her men of fortune and taste have collected; especially as the Dilettanti Society have judiciously confided to this artist the conduct of such a work, peculiarly calculated to display his abilities, and to reflect an honour on their own institution. It is much to be lamented, that almost all the prints, designed to illustrate the many voluminous and costly books upon sculpture, are rather caricatures of ancient art, than a faithful copy of its perfections.

But to return to the ancient artist whose works are the immediate subject of this note.—Pliny has very highly praised a Venus by Scopas, and is supposed to have said that it excelled the Gnidian Venus of Praxiteles, which he had just celebrated as the most beautiful statue to be found on earth. Falconet, with his usual petulance, derides Pliny for so gross a contradiction; and even his liberal friend and admirer, M. de Caylus, laments this striking inconsistency. Let me hazard

\* "Sed in maxima dignatione Cn. Domitii delubro in Circo Flaminio Neptunus ipse, et Thetis, atque Achilles, Nereides supra Delphinos, et Cete et Hippocampos sedentes. Item Tritones chorusque Phorci, et Priestes, ac multa alia marina, omnia ejusdem manus, præclarum opus, etiam si totius vitæ fuisset.—PLIN. lib. xxxvi. c. 5.

what appears to me a probable conjecture, to save the credit of an author to whom the lovers of art have infinite obligation. I am persuaded that all the blame which Pliny has incurred for this supposed contradiction arose solely from a slip of the pen in the original manuscript: but to elucidate the point, I must transcribe the passage as it stands, and add the new reading I wish to introduce: "Præterea Venus in eodem loco nuda Praxitelicam illam Gnidiā antecedens, et quemcunque alium locum nobilitatura."—According to the present reading, there is not only a contradiction of what he had just asserted concerning the pre-eminence of the Gnidian statue, but the latter part of the sentence has little or no meaning. By the following slight change in the orthography the absurd contradiction will be utterly removed, and a significant spirit will appear in the close of the sentence: "Præterea Venus in eodem loco nuda Praxitelicam illam Gnidi *non* antecedens, *at* quemcunque alium locum nobilitatura."—"A naked Venus, not surpassing, indeed, that of Praxiteles at Gnidos, but such as would ennoble any other place."

Pliny mentions it as a doubt, in his age, whether the Niobe at Rome is the work of Praxiteles or of Scopas. M. de Caylus makes a pleasant remark on the modesty of the Roman author, and recommends it as a lesson to modern connoisseurs:

"On doit lui savoir gré de l'aveu de son ignorance sur le nom des auteurs des ouvrages, qui decoroient la ville de Rome. Il donne en ce cas une leçon à tous les curieux presens et à venir, dont la décision est pour l'ordinaire imperieuse et sans appel."—*Mém. de l'Académie*, tom. xxv. p. 322.

Among the impassioned works of Scopas, his Bacchanal was particularly admired. Junius, in his account of this artist, has inserted two Greek epigrams from the Anthologia, in praise of the figure to which I allude: but there is a third epigram, by Paulus Silentarius,

(one of the best among the late writers in that motley collection !) which was probably composed on the same statue, and which I prefer to the two epigrams cited by Junius. It runs thus :

## ΠΑΤΑΟΤ ΣΙΑΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

*εις Βακχην εν Βυζαντιω.*

*Εκφρονα την Βακχην εκ η φυσις, αλλ' η τεχνη  
Θηκατο, και μανην εγκατεμιξε λιθω.*

This Bacchanal grew wild by art alone,  
Art, that infus'd delirium in the stone!

There is a very pompous eulogy on the Bacchanal of Scopas in that singular little work, Descriptions of Fourteen Ancient Statues, in Greek prose, by Callistratus. It is surprising that two such scholars as Meursius and Olearius could suppose these descriptions to be written by the very Callistratus whom Demosthenes attended, with delight, as his master in eloquence. They rather seem the production of some trifling and declamatory sophist, of a much later period. The description of the Bacchanal closes, however, with a high compliment to the genius of Scopas ; as it asserts that his sculpture displayed that sort of energy and spirit which characterised the orations of Demosthenes. Olearius, who published Callistratus in his excellent edition of the two Philostrati, supposes this comparison of the sculptor with the orator to have been added to the original description by some later hand. As it is peculi-

early honourable to Scopas, I will transcribe it at the bottom of the page\*.

This eminent artist, like his predecessor Phidias, and many of the Greeks, was doubly distinguished as an architect and a sculptor. Perhaps he was employed in both capacities on the magnificent tomb of Mausolus, a work celebrated by many writers of antiquity as one of the seven wonders of the world, and ingeniously illustrated by M. de Caylus, in a dissertation on its form and dimensions, which the curious reader may find in the Memoirs of the French Academy. Five artists of distinction were engaged in this stupendous structure, which rose to the height of an hundred and forty feet, including what crowned the summit—a triumphal chariot of marble! The columns that surrounded the lower part of the fabric amounted to thirty-six, comprising its four fronts. Those to the south and north were more extensive than the other two. The eastern aspect was assigned to the conduct of Scopas. The monument is doubly remarkable as a work of magnificent expense and of genuine affection. The fair sovereign of Caria was so sincere a mourner, that she is said to have died literally of grief for the lost Mausolus before his sumptuous monument could be completed. She had, however, sufficient energy of character to act as a heroine after his decease; and Vitruvius records an anecdote of her prowess which I am induced to mention, as it shews, in a very forcible light, the veneration paid by the ancients to the statues erected under the auspices of Victory. The Rhodians, who were subject to Mausolus, rebelled against his widow Artemisia. The indignant queen, by a very bold stratagem, took possession of their city, and raised in it, as a trophy of her con-

\* Ο ΜΕΝ ΕΝ ΣΚΟΠΑΣ, ΚΑΙ ΤΑΣ ΑΨΥΧΗΣ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΠΟΙΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΙΣ, ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑΣ ΗΝ, ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΣΩΜΑΤΙ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΗΣ ΑΠΕΤΥΠΕΤΟ ΤΑ ΘΑΥΜΑΤΑ· Ο ΔΕ ΤΑ ΕΝ ΛΟΓΩ ΔΙΑΠΛΑΤΩΝ ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ ΑΓΓΑΛΜΑΤΑ, ΜΙΚΡΑ ΚΑΙ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΕΔΕΙΞΕΝ ΕΙΔΟΣ ΑΙΣΘΗΤΟΝ, ΤΟΙΣ ΝΟ· ΚΑΙ ΦΡΟΝΗΣΩΣ ΓΕΝΝΗΜΑΣΙ ΣΥΓΚΕΡΑΝΥΣ ΤΑ ΤΗΣ ΤΕΧΝΗΣ ΦΑΡΜΑΚΑ. ΚΑΙ ΓΝΩΣΕΘΕ ΔΕ ΑΥΤΙΚΑ, ΩΣ ΕΔΕ ΤΗΣ ΑΙΣΘΗΣ ΚΙΝΗΣΩΣ ΕΞΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ ΤΟ ΕΙΣ ΘΕΩΡΙΑΝ ΠΡΟΚΕΙΜΕΝΟΝ ΑΓΓΑΛΜΑ, ΑΛΛΑ ΚΑΙ ΟΜΕΙ ΔΙΣΠΟΖΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΤΩ ΧΑΡΑΚΤΗΡΙ ΣΩΖΕΙ ΤΟΝ ΟΙΚΙΣΤΑ ΓΥΝΗΤΟΡΑ.—CALLISTRATI Statuæ, p. 893.

quest, two statues of brass; her own figure, and another representing Rhodes submitting to her authority. "The Rhodians," says Vitruvius, "were prevented, by their religion, from removing those statues: but they built around them, to conceal from the view of the public memorials of their disgrace \*."

Demosthenes, in his fine oration in favour of the Rhodians, intimates that Artemisia would not oppose such efforts as Athens might honourably make to restore the liberty of Rhodes.

There is a medal of this affectionate heroine, with the Mausoleum, but it is a counterfeit, as I learn from the instructive and entertaining Essay on Medals by Mr. Pinkerton: a writer equally admirable for depth of research and vivacity of description.

## NOTE VI. Ver. 240.

*And Cupid, soon her own, repays the fond device.*

Praxiteles, who is mentioned by Pliny as flourishing with his brother artist Euphranor, in the 104th Olympiad, arose to the highest distinction for the impassioned delicacy of his works, both in brass and marble, but particularly in marble. The rank he held in the public esteem is evident from the petty anecdote recorded in Phædrus, that those who had delicate pieces of sculpture to sell, enhanced the price of them by erasing

\* "Tunc Artemisia Rhodo capta, principibus occisis, trophæum in urbe Rhodo suæ victoriæ constituit, Æneæque duas statuas fecit, unam Rhodiorum civitatis, alteram suæ imaginis et istam figuravit Rhodiorum civitati stigmata imponentem. Postea autem Rhodii religionis impediti, quod nefas est trophæa dedicata removeri, circa eum locum ædificium struxerunt, et id erecta Graja statione texerunt, ne quis posset aspicere, et id abstinere vocitari jusserunt."—VITRUVIUS, lib. ii. edit. Galiani, p. 74.

the name of Myron, and inserting that of Praxiteles in its place \*. Pliny, who has enumerated many productions of Praxiteles, celebrates his Gnidian Venus as the most perfect image of beauty that sculpture ever produced; and relates some amusing incidents in proof of its perfection, particularly an offer made to the inhabitants of Gnidos, by the king Nicomedes, who was desirous of purchasing this admired statue on the liberal terms of paying the heavy public debt of their island. They chose rather to struggle with any difficulties than to relinquish a work of art with which Praxiteles had ennobled their country. The statue was stationed in a small open temple, that the form of the goddess might be visible in every direction; and it was esteemed admirable in every point of view †. Universal admiration gave birth to several Greek epigrams on this exquisite statue. I have selected the two following from the Anthologia:

\* “ Ut quidam artifices nostro faciunt sæculo  
 “ Qui pretium operibus majus inveniunt, novo  
 “ Si marmori adscripserint Praxitelem suo,  
 “ Detrito Myrone argento. PHÆDRUS.

† “ Praxitelis ætatem inter statuarios diximus, qui marmoris gloria superavit etiam  
 “ semet. Opera ejus sunt Athenis in Ceramico; sed ante omnia et non solum Praxitelis,  
 “ verum et in toto orbe terrarum Venus, quam ut viderent, multi navigaverunt Gni-  
 “ dum. Duas fecerat, simulque vendebat; alteram velata specie, quam ob id quidem præ-  
 “ tulerunt optione, quorum conditio erat Coi, cum alteram etiam eodem pretio detulisset; se-  
 “ verum id ac pudicum arbitantes. Rejectam Gnidii emerunt, immensa differentia famæ.  
 “ Voluit eam postea a Gnidiis mercari rex Nicomedes, totum æs civitatis alienum (quod erat  
 “ ingens) dissoluturum se promittens. Omnia perpeti maluere; nec immerito. Illo enim  
 “ signo Praxiteles nobilitavit Gnidum. Ædícula ejus tota aperitur ut conspici possit undique  
 “ effigies deæ; favente ipsa, ut creditur, facto, nec minor ex quacunque parte admiratio est.  
 —PLIN. lib. xxxvi. c. 5.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

εις αγαλμα Αφροδιτης της εν Κνιδῳ.

Τις λίθον ἐψυχῶσε; τις ἐν χθονὶ Κυπριν εἰσίδεν;  
 Ἰμερον ἐν πετρῇ τις τοσόν τιργασατο;  
 Πραξιτελες χειρῶν οἶδε πᾶ πονος· ἡ ταχ' Ολυμπος  
 Χηρευεῖ, Παφίης εἰς Κνιδὸν ἐρχομένης.

Grotii Versio.

Quis lapidi spirare dedit? Quis Cyprida vidit  
 In terris? Quantum marmor amoris habet!  
 Praxitelis manus est! Venere, ut puto, regia cœli  
 Jam caret, ad Gnidios venit ut ipsa Venus.

Who gave the stone a soul? Say, who has seen,  
 And of this marble made Affection's queen?  
 Praxiteles! thy work makes Heaven appear  
 Now desolate, and Venus only here.

ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΥ

εις το αὐτο.

Σοι μορφῆς ἀνεῴκηται τῆς περικαλλεῖς αγαλμα,  
 Κυπρι, τῆς μορφῆς φερτερον ἔδεν ἔχων.

L L

## Grotii Versio.

Alma Venus, tibi sacro tuam sub imagine formam;  
Pulchrius hac potuit nil tibi, diva, dari.

Venus! to thee I rais'd thy form divine,  
Convinc'd no offering can thy form outshine.

The glory that Praxiteles acquired from the excellence of his Venus was increased by the felicity with which he executed more than one statue of Cupid. The orations of Cicero against Verres have given celebrity to the marble Cupid, which the orator represents as a rival to one still more famous, by the same artist, that formed the pride and the wealth of the Thespians—a statue spared by Mummius, when he plundered the cities of Greece. The rapacious Verres had robbed an ingenious and friendly Sicilian of a similar exquisite and invaluable work of art, which Cicero describes as the production of Praxiteles. It is remarkable that the Roman orator speaks with singular modesty, on this occasion, of his own knowledge as a connoisseur: “Marmoreum  
“Praxitelis, (nimirum didici etiam, dum in istum inquiero, artificum  
“nomina.”) The rapacity of the infamous governor had indeed amassed such a collection of sculpture, that an examination of his plunder was almost sufficient to form a Roman connoisseur. The curious reader may find this collection agreeably illustrated in a Dissertation by the Abbé Fraguier, inserted in the Memoires of the French Academy, and intitled “The Gallery of Verres.”

The happiest of Cicero's repartees alluded to a statue of this collection, a very valuable sphinx of bronze, which formed a part of the power-



ful extortioner's Sicilian plunder. Verres had bestowed it, as a retaining fee, on his advocate, the celebrated orator Hortensius, who had a strong passion for works of art. In the course of the pleadings, Hortensius happened to say to his antagonist, "I do not understand these riddles!"—"But you ought," replied Cicero; "for you have the sphinx at home\*."

To return to the Cupid of Praxiteles.—The sculptor Falconet has censured his countryman, M. de Jaucourt, for inserting in the French Encyclopedia an anecdote relating to this celebrated statue, told on the authority of the president de Thou. The story says that the Marchioness of Mantua possessed, in the year 1573, the Cupid of Praxiteles, and the sleeping Cupid of Michael Angelo; and that de Thou, with other guests of the Marchioness, were charmed with the work of the modern artist, till they compared it with a superior work of antiquity that seemed to annihilate its merit. The story is certainly improbable in many points of view; and Falconet exults in producing what he considers as a proof that the fact was impossible: I mean, the testimony of Pausanias, declaring that the famous Cupid of Praxiteles, a statue of marble, and the idol of the Thespians, perished (after a variety of adventures) in a fire at Rome. The evidence of Pausanias sufficiently proves, indeed, the fate of the Thespian statue, but it does not amount to a proof that it was impossible for the Marchioness of Mantua to possess a Cupid executed by Praxiteles; because we have already seen that there existed two marble Cupids of acknowledged beauty, by this illustrious sculptor; and among the statues described by Callistratus, two Cupids, by the same artist, in bronze, are celebrated as works of ex-

\* Both Pliny and Quintilian have recorded this bon mot. The latter cites it as a model of oratorical urbanity: "Ex historia etiam ducere urbanitatem, eruditum: ut Cicero fecit, cum ei testem in judicio verri roganti dixisset Hortensius: 'Non intelligo hæc ænigmata.' 'Atqui debes, inquit, cum sphingem domi habeas.' Acceperat autem ille a Verre sphingem æneam magnæ pecuniæ."—QUINTIL. lib. vi. c. 3.

quisite perfection. On one of these, perhaps, the following epigram was written ; though Junius imagined that it was composed on the Thespian Cupid, and that the poet had taken the liberty to turn the marble into brass :

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ, ἀπο ὑπαρχῶν Αἰγυπτίας,

εἰς τὸν Πραξιτέλους Ἔρωτα.

Κλινὰς αὐχένα γαυρὸν ὑφ' ἡμετέροισι πεδίλοις  
 Χερσὶ με ληϊδαίῃς ἐπλάσσε Πραξιτέλης.  
 Αὐτὸν γὰρ τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν ἐνδοθὶ κευθόμενον με  
 Χαλκῶσας, Φρυγὴ δῶκε γέρας Φιλίης.  
 Ἡ δὲ μιν αὖθις Ἔρωτι προσηγάγε· καὶ γὰρ ἐρωντάς  
 Δῶρον Ἔρωτι φερεῖν αὐτὸν Ἔρωτα θεμῖς.

Grotii Versio.

Praxiteles famulante manu me fecit Amorem,  
 Sub pedibus pressus colla superba meis ;  
 Fecit ut, in venis quem sensit, aheneus essem,  
 Ut Phrynx donum me daret ipse suæ :  
 Illa datum tibi rursus, Amor, sacrauit Amori,  
 Namque dari dignum munus amantis Amor.

Julian, the Ægyptian Prefect, on the Cupid of Praxiteles.

Praxiteles, proud slave of my command,  
 Thus form'd my statue with his fetter'd hand.

Me, couch'd within him, he in bronze portray'd  
 For Phryne, who with love the gift repaid.  
 She made her captive mine. To hearts that burn,  
 Love is for Love the only just return.

That curious collector of amorphous anecdotes, Athenæus, relates that Praxiteles gave Phryne the choice of his two admired statues, Cupid and a Satyr. The lively device by which she is said to have obtained the Cupid I have described, with a little variation, from Pausanias:

Σατυρος γὰρ ἔστιν, ἐφ' ᾧ Πραξιτέλης λεγεται φρονησαι μεγα' και ποτε Φρυνης αἰτεσσης, ο τι οι καλλισον ειη των εργων, ομολογειν μεν φασι διδοναι οι εραστη οντα, κατειπειν δ' ακ εθελειν, ο τι καλλισον αυτω οι φανοντα. Εσδραμων εν οικετης Φρυνης, εφασκεν οίχεσθαι Πραξιτελει το πολυ των εργων, πυρος εσπε- σοντος ες το οικημα, ουμενουν παντα γε αφανισθηναι. Πραξιτελης δε αυτικα εθει δια θυρων εξω, και οι καμοντι ουδεν εφασκεν ειναι πλεον, ει δη και τον Σατυρον η φλοξ και τον Ερωτα επελαβε· Φρυνη δε μανειν θαρρηντα εκελευε· πα- θειν γαρ ανιαρον εδεν, τεχνη δε αλοντα ομολογειν τα καλλιστα ων εποησε· Φρυνη μεν εν ουτω τον Ερωτα αιρεται.—PAUSANIAS, p. 46.

This highly-admired sculptor had the happiness of training his son Cephissodorus to considerable excellence in his own profession. That pleasing and accurate writer, the Abbé Guasco, has fallen, I think, into a little mistake concerning this son of Praxiteles, whom he represents as pursuing the art of his father, without inheriting his talents. The words of Pliny, who mentions several statues executed by this eminent son, of a father still more eminent, may rather lead us to think that the genius as well as the property of his parent descended to the filial artist\*.

\* “Praxitelis filius Cephissodorus rei et artis heres fuit. Cujus laudatum est Pergami sym-  
 “plegma, signum nobile, digitis corpori verius, quam marmori impressis. Romæ ejus opera  
 “sunt Latona in Palatii delubro; Venus in Afinii Pollionis monumentis; et intra Octaviæ  
 “Porticus, in Junonis æde, Æsculapius ac Diana. Scopæ laus cum his certat.”—PLIN. lib.  
 xxxvi. c. 5.

I cannot quit Praxiteles without observing, that at the magnificent funeral of Michael Angelo an imaginary portrait of the Grecian sculptor was introduced among the various decorations of that solemn spectacle, and distinguished by his favourite statue of the Satyr. "Era un quadro," (says Vasari, in describing these decorations,) "alto braccia sei, e lungo otto, nel quale con nuova, e quasi poetica invenzione era Michel Agnolo in mezzo, come giunto ne campi Elisi, dove gli erano da man destra, assai maggiori che il naturale, i piu famosi, e que' tanto celebrati pittori e scultori antichi. Ciascuno de quali si conosceva a qualche notabile segno. Prassitele al satiro, che è nella vigna di Papa Giulio III."—VASARI *Vita di M. Bonarroti*, p. 339. edit. di Bottari.

## NOTE VII. Ver. 246.

*In glory's car be seated Philip's son.*

Quintilian speaks highly of Euphranor, as an artist universally accomplished \*; and Pliny commends him for many excellencies, particularly for giving peculiar dignity to the character of his heroes †. He seems to have been equally distinguished by genius and application, as he excelled in the two arts of statuary and painting, and wrote upon symmetry and colours. One of his memorable pictures was the Battle

\* "Euphranorem admirandum facit, quod et cæteris optimis studiis inter præcipuos, et pingendi fingendique idem mirus artifex fuit."—QUINTIL. lib. xii. c. 10.

† "Eminuit longe ante omnes Euphranor Isthmius . . . . docilis et laboriosus ante omnes, et in quocunque genere excellens et sibi æqualis. Hic primus videtur expressisse dignitates heroum, et usurpasse symmetriam: sed fuit universitate corporum exilior, capitibus artiusculisque grandior. Volumina quoque composuit de symmetria et coloribus."—PLIN. lib. xxv. c. 11.

of Mantinea. In the list of his statues Pliny mentions a Paris, of admirable expression; two colossal images of Virtue and of Greece; and triumphal figures of Alexander and Philip \*.

## NOTE VIII. Ver. 265.

*Lyfippus might have wish'd his works to rest.*

Lyfippus was one of the happy few whom an extraordinary combination of genius, industry, and good fortune has exalted from an humble, unpromising origin, to the summit of excellence and honour. He was a native of Sicyon, and at first a common artizan: but having talents for design, and being instructed, probably, by the eminent painter Eupompus †, he rose to the highest distinction as a sculptor. Propertius has simply and happily expressed his peculiar merit and his great celebrity in a single verse:

*Gloria Lyfippo est animosa effingere signa.*

His works were particularly admired for truth and energy of character; and the period in which he flourished (the 114th Olympiad) afforded him a most favourable field for the utmost exertion of his talents. The number of his works is a noble proof of his indefatigable

\* "Euphranoris Alexander Paris est: in quo laudatur, quod omnia simul intelligantur, judex Dearum, amator Helenæ, et tamen Achillis interfector." (Falconet has censured Pliny for this description: whether justly or not, let our artists decide.) "Fecit.... et Virtutem et Græciam, utrasque colossas.... item Alexandrum et Philippum in quadrigis."—Plin. lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

† "Lyfippum Sicyonium Duris negat, Tullius fuisse discipulum affirmat: sed primo ætate rium fabrum, audendi rationem cepisse pictoris Eupompi responso: eum enim interrogatum quem sequeretur antecedentium, dixisse, demonstrata hominum multitudine, naturam ipsam imitandam esse, non artificem."—Plin. lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

application. They amounted to six hundred and ten, according to the most moderate of the two accounts that different copies of Pliny exhibit. Even this number has rather a marvellous sound : but the following intelligent remarks of M. de Caylus, on this subject, are sufficient to satisfy readers, not familiar with the process of this admirable art, that the multitude of bronzes ascribed to Lysippus is far from exceeding the limits of credibility ; though Pliny has mentioned them in such terms as might produce, without the explanation of experience, only incredulous astonishment.

“ Le nombre des ouvrages des fondeurs en particulier, selon Pline,  
 “ est inconcevable. On assure que le seul Lysippe en fit six cens dix  
 “ morceaux, qui tous auroient rendu célèbre celui qui n'en auroit fait  
 “ qu'un-seul. Il fût aisé de savoir leur nombre, car il avoit coutume de  
 “ mettre à part un denier d'or quand il en avoit produit un nouveau,  
 “ et son heritier en fit le calcul après sa mort.

“ Pline ne pouvoit rien dire de plus fort que d'ajouter, sur le detail  
 “ de ces morceaux, ‘ Tantæ omnia artis, ut claritatem possent dare vel  
 “ singula.’

“ C'est presenter, ce me semble, avec trop d'apparat la chose la plus  
 “ simple, et dont le detail méritoit le moins d'être relevé ; heureuse-  
 “ ment la seule pratique de l'art peut nous en donner l'intelligence, et  
 “ même sans faire tort au mérite de Lysippe, en faveur de qui tout le  
 “ monde est prévenu, par les eloges de l'antiquité, et par l'approbation  
 “ et le choix d'Alexandre le Grand, dont il étoit contemporain. Ce-  
 “ pendant l'explication de ce passage me paroît nécessaire pour con-  
 “ cilier toutes les idées ; d'autant que ceux qui voudroient s'en tenir au  
 “ texte simple croiroient ne devoir en rien rabattre, puisque les preuves  
 “ de fait sont jointes à une description qui tient non seulement du  
 “ merveilleux, mais qui répond aux grandes idées que l'on a des an-  
 “ ciens ; personne ne les admet plus que moi, mais elles demandent

“ des distinctions. D’un autre côté les artistes et les amateurs des arts  
 “ commenceroient par rejeter fort loin le fait, et ils le regarderoient  
 “ comme impossible ; car il faut convenir que Plinè paroît, au premier  
 “ abord, s’être mis ici dans le danger de ceux qui veulent trop  
 “ prouver.

“ S’il étoit question, dans ce calcul, des ouvrages de Lyfippe des  
 “ statues de marbre, et même de figures de bronze de grandeur natu-  
 “ relle, ou faites chacune sur différens modèles (quoiqu’il en ait produit  
 “ plusieurs de ce genre) le nombre de six cens dix morceaux de la  
 “ main d’un seul artiste, ne seroit ni possible, ni vrai-semblable ; la  
 “ connoissance des arts, et leur marche dans l’exécution, vont heureuse-  
 “ ment servir à lever tous nos doutes.

“ Quand la pratique de la fonte est familière à un artist, et qu’il a  
 “ sous ses ordres des gens capables de l’aider, les ouvrages se multiplient  
 “ en peu de tems : l’artiste n’a proprement besoin que de faire des mo-  
 “ dèles en terre ou en cire, manœuvre que l’on fait être aussi prompte  
 “ que facile. Le moule, la fonte et le soin de réparer, sont des opera-  
 “ tions qui ne demandent point la main du maître ; et cependant  
 “ la figure n’est pas moins regardée comme son ouvrage. Ajoûtons à  
 “ ces facilités que l’on peut jeter un très-grand nombre de figures dans  
 “ le même moule, et sans doute que toutes les fois qu’il en sortoit une  
 “ de son fourneau, Lyfippe s’étoit imposé la loi de mettre à part un  
 “ denier d’or, dont le nombre accumulé servit après sa mort à supputer  
 “ la quantité de figures fondues dans son atelier. Il n’eût pas été dif-  
 “ ficile à Jean de Boulogne d’en faire autant de nos jours ; et peut-être  
 “ que si l’on comptoit le nombre de petites figures qu’il a produites de  
 “ cette façon, on n’en trouveroit guère moins de six cens dix, indé-  
 “ pendamment des grandes figures équestres, et des autres statues ou  
 “ bas-reliefs dont il a fait les modèles, et à la fonte desquels il a présidé.”

M. de CAYLUS, *Memoires de l’Academie*, &c. tom. xxv. p. 336.

M M

This illustrious connoisseur proceeds to shew the delight which the ancients took in small statues of bronze. I shall soon introduce to my reader a Roman poet's description of the most memorable image of this kind, executed by Lysippus: but I will first notice a few of his most remarkable productions, on a larger scale.

The city of Tarentum was decorated with two colossal divinities by Lysippus,—a Jupiter and a Hercules. When Fabius Maximus made himself master of the place, he said, (according to Plutarch,) “Let us leave to the Tarentines their angry gods;” and he left them their lofty Jupiter; influenced, most probably, more by the difficulty of removing a statue, whose height exceeded forty cubits \*, than by his devotional ideas; for he carried off the Hercules, a Colossus of inferior bulk, to place it in the Capitol; and Plutarch censures this wary Roman for being more rapacious in Tarentum than Marcellus was in Syracuse.

Rome possessed another work of Lysippus particularly memorable, as it discovers the lively interest which the Roman people took in these Grecian ornaments of their city. The statue I allude to represented a man rubbing himself after the use of the bath. It had been stationed, with the usual solemnities, before the baths of Agrippa: but as it happened to delight the fancy of Tiberius, that subtle and cautious emperor was rash enough to remove it to his own chamber. The people demanded, by loud clamours in the theatre, that the statue should be restored to its proper place; and the sovereign submitted to its restoration †. The history of statues is particularly interesting, as it illus-

\* ——— Lysippi Jupiter ista,  
Transivit quadraginta cubita altus Tarento.

LUCILLIUS Sat. lib. xvi. apud Ronium.

Strabo speaks of this Jupiter as the second of colossal figures, in magnitude inferior only to the Colossus of Rhodes.

† Plin. lib. xxxiv. c. 8.



trates the manners and the feelings of the ancient world. What a portrait does this anecdote exhibit of the Roman people, who could clamorously solicit and obtain the restoration of a public statue, a simple foreign figure, when they had not courage or virtue enough left to vindicate their liberty against this timid, licentious, and despicable tyrant!

But to return to Lysippus. The work which was probably his own favourite performance, I mean his equestrian statues of Alexander and the guardian attendants of that idolized monarch, were transported to Rome after the Roman conquest of Macedonia, and adorned the Portico of Metellus\*.

The Anthologia contains more than one epigram on the portrait of Alexander by Lysippus. The following appears to be the best:

ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ἈΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ,

εἰς στηλὴν Ἀλεξάνδρου τῆ Μακεδόνος.

Τολμᾶν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ὅταν ἀπεμαζάτο μορφᾶν

Λυσίππος· τιν' ὁδὶ χαλκὸς ἔχει δύναμιν;

Αὐδάσονται δ' εἰσὶν ὁ χαλκεὸς, ἐς Δία λεύσσω,

Γὰρ ὑπ' ἐμοὶ τίθεμαι Ζεῦ, σὺ δὲ Οὐλύμπου ἔχει.

- “ Hic est Metellus Macedonicus : qui porticus, quæ fuere circumdatæ duabus ædibus sine inscriptione positis, quæ nunc Octaviæ porticibus ambiuntur, fecerat : quique hanc turmam statuarum equestrium, quæ frontem ædium spectant, hodieque maximum ornamentum ejus loci, ex Macedonia detulit. Cujus turmæ hanc causam referunt : Magnum Alexandrum impetrasse a Lysippo, singulari talium auctore operum, ut eorum equitum, qui ex ipsis turma apud Granicum flumen occiderant, expressa similitudine figurarum, faceret statuas et ipsius quoque iis interponeret.”—VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, lib. i.

## Grotii Versio.

*Æquat Alexandri vultumque animumque ferocem*

*Lyfippus: tantum posse quis æra putet?*

*Æreus iste Jovem spectans clamare videtur,*

*Subdo mihi terras, tu, pater, astra tene.*

Archelaus, or (according to others) *Æsclepiades*, on the Statue of Alexander.

All Alexander's powers of form and mind,

Thy skill, Lyfippus! in this brass enshrined:

The bronze exclaims, with Heaven-directed eyes,

"Earth is my empire, Jove! Rule thou the skies!"

Plutarch, in one of his Moral Treatises, has cited, with some applause, the two last lines of this epigram; and a very elegant, accomplished writer of our own country, Mr. Webb, has inserted a translation of them in his 7th Dialogue on the Beauties of Painting: but I think he has made the supposed speech of the hero rather more disrespectful to Jupiter than the Greek poet intended. I will give my reader an immediate opportunity of correcting me, if I am wrong in this supposition, by transcribing the couplet to which I allude:

"Let us divide, O Jove!" the conqueror cries:

"I, lord of earth! thou, tyrant of the skies!"

WEBB, p. 172. edit. 1769.

We are indebted to Plutarch for the interesting anecdote concerning the just reproof of Lyfippus to his brother artist Apelles \*. The character of this great statuary appears to have been so noble, that his life was probably as worthy of being recorded for its virtues, as his productions were for their fidelity to truth and nature: yet, to our regret, we can know but very little of his personal history, and of his numerous invaluable works. The two eminent antiquarians, Winkelman and Caylus, have supposed that not a single fragment remains. D'Hancarville is inclined to believe that a bust of Bacchus, preserved at Portici, is a real work of this exquisite artist; and his reasons for thinking so may serve to illustrate the peculiar excellencies of Lyfippus.

“ Le beau buste Bacchus en bronze, conservé à Portici, étant un  
 “ chef-d’œuvre de l’art, il fût nécessairement exécuté avant la perte des  
 “ anciennes méthodes; et comme la tête de ce buste, comparée au  
 “ col, feroit petite par rapport au reste du corps, comme le cheveux  
 “ en sont admirablement bien travaillés, et comme on y remarque  
 “ d’ailleurs la plus grande élégance dans les moindres parties, cela m’a  
 “ faite dire ci-dessus que je croyois reconnoître la main de Lyfippe dans  
 “ ce rare morceau, car ce sont les caractères que Pline donne expressé-  
 “ ment à ses ouvrages, lib. xxxiv. ‘ Statuariæ arti plurimum traditur  
 “ contulisse, capillum exprimendo, capita minora faciendo quam antiqui  
 “ ..... Propriæ hujus videntur esse argutiæ operum, custoditæ in mini-  
 “ mis quoque rebus.”

In speaking of Lyfippus, I must not fail to observe that his brother Lyfistratus was also an eminent statuary, and particularly distinguished as the first who executed portraits with the utmost exactness, by the ingenious device of taking a cast in plaister from the face.

\* Ευ δε και Λυσίππος ο πλαστης Απειλλην εμειψατο τον ζωγραφον, οτι την Αλεξανδρου γραφον εικονα Κεραυνου επιχυμισεν· αυτος δε λογχην, ης την δοξαν εδε ως αφαιρησεται χρονος, αληθινην και ιδιαν εσταν.—PLUTARCHUS, de Iside et Osiride, p. 60. edit. Cantab. 1744.

In citing the words of Pliny, which celebrate Lyfistratus for this invention, I will venture to suggest a new reading in the passage, which may vindicate (as I imagine) this interesting author from the charge of having expressed himself rather absurdly on this subject\*.

I have seen it somewhere observed, that a statue, resembling the diminutive Hercules of Lyfippus, was formerly in the possession of the celebrated Pithou, who has been called the Varro of France: but I apprehend that interesting work of ancient art has long ceased to exist; and as the animated poem, in which Statius has described the statue and its most amiable possessor, has not appeared (to my recollection) in our language, I shall conclude this note with an entire version of the Latin epistle I allude to, as the most pleasing tribute that antiquity has paid to the talents of Lyfippus.

\* "Hominis autem imaginem gypso e facie ipsâ primus omnium expressit, cerâque in eam formam gypsi infusâ emendare instituit Lyfistratus Sicyonius frater Lyfippi, de quo diximus. Sic et similitudinem reddere instituit: ante eum quam pulcherrimas facere studebant. Idem et de signis effigiem exprimere invenit. Crevitque res in tantum ut nulla signa *statuæve* *sine argilla* fierent. Quo apparet antiquiorem hanc fuisse scientiam quam fundendi æris. Lib. xxxv. c. 12.—So stood the passage till the Paris editor of Pliny in twelve quartos made the following alteration: "ut nulla signa suâ sine argillâ fierent." By changing the superfluous word *statuæve* into *suâ*, he hoped to rectify the weakness of the passage: but I apprehend another very slight alteration may improve it much more. Instead of *sine argilla*, I would read *sine arte illâ*; considering those words as expressing the invention of Lyfistratus, and giving a little better sense to the close of the passage, "antiquiorem hanc fuisse scientiam, quam fundendi æris;" which may then signify that this practice of casting the real features in plaister was prior to the formation of perfect portraits in bronze.

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**HERCULES EPITRAPEZIOS.**

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## Hercules Epitrapezios.

Forte remittentem curas, Phœboque levatum  
 Pectora, cum patulis tererem vagus otia septis  
 Jam moriente die, rapuit me cœna benigni  
 Vindicis, hæc imos animi perlapsa recessus  
 Inconsumpta manet, neque enim ludibria ventris  
 Hausimus, aut epulas diverso e sole petitas,  
 Vinaque perpetuis ævō certantia fastis.

Ah! miseri, quos nosse juvat, quid Phasidis ales  
 Distet ab hiberna Rhodopes grue: quis magis anser  
 Extā ferat: cur Thuscus aper generosior Umbro:  
 Lubrica qua recubent conchylia mollius alga.

Nobis verus amor, medioque Helicone petitus  
 Sermo, hilaresque joci brumalem absumere noctem  
 Suaferunt, mollemque oculis expellere somnum;  
 Donec ab Elysiis prospexit sedibus alter  
 Castor, et hesternas risit Tithonia mensas.

O bona nox! junctaque utinam Tirynthia luna!  
 Nox, et Erythrææ Thetidis signanda lapillis,  
 Et memoranda diu, geniumque habitura perennem.

Mille ibi tunc species ærisque eborisque vetusti,  
 Atque locuturas mentito corpore ceras  
 Edidici. Quis namque oculis certaverit usquam  
 Vindicis, artificum veteres cognoscere ductus,  
 Et non inscriptis auctorem reddere signis?  
 Hic tibi quæ docto multum vigilata Myroni  
 Æra, laboriferi vivant quæ marmora cœlo  
 Praxitelis, quod ebur Pisæo pollice rasum,

## The Table Hercules.

Haply at ease, from studious toil set free,  
 The day expiring as I rov'd at large,  
 The call of Vindex, hospitable friend !  
 Drew me to supper ; and within the mind  
 It rests yet unconsum'd. No festive toys  
 Of dainty appetite we there devour'd,  
 Viands far-fetch'd, or wines of wondrous age.

Ah ! wretched those, who nice discernment boast  
 In crane or pheasant ; tell how geese grow large ;  
 Why Umbrian boars by 'Tuscan are surpass'd ;  
 And on what weeds the richest cockles rest !

Love and discourse, from Helicon deriv'd,  
 With social pleasantry, led us to waste  
 The wintry hours, discarding downy sleep,  
 Till a new Castor from Elysium rose,  
 And upon last night's feast Aurora smil'd.  
 Excellent night ! would thou hadst match'd, in length,  
 That whence Alcides rose ! Thy joys deserve  
 Festivity's red mark and endless fame.

A thousand beauties there, of ivory wrought,  
 Of brass, and wax, with mimic life endow'd,  
 I learnt ; for who, like Vindex, has an eye  
 That, seeing ancient artists in their touch,  
 Restores the author to the nameless work ?  
 How the fine brass, elaborately wrought,  
 Speaks learned Myron's toil ; how marble grace  
 Proclaims Praxiteles ; whose ivory charms

N N

Quod Polycletæis iussum est spirare caminis,  
 Linea quæ veterem longe fateatur Apellem,  
 Monstrabit ; namque hæc, quoties chelyn exuit ille,  
 Desidia est ; hic Aoniis amor avocat antris.  
 Hæc inter, castæ Genius tutelaque mensæ  
 Amphitryoniades, multo mea cepit amore  
 Pectora, nec longo satiavit lumina visu :  
 Tantus honos operi, finesque inclusa per artos  
 Majestas ! Deus ille, Deus ; seseque videndum  
 Indulfit Lysippe tibi, parvusque videri  
 Sentirique ingens, et cum mirabilis intra  
 Stet mensura pedem, tamen exclamare libebit,  
 (Si visus per membra feras) hoc pectore pressus  
 Vastator Nemees ; hæc exitiale ferebant  
 Robur, et Argoos frangebant brachia remos.  
 Hoc spatium, tam magna, brevi, mendacia formæ !  
 Quis modus in dextra, quanta experientia docti  
 Artificis curis, pariter gestamina mensæ  
 Fingere, et ingentes animo versare Colossos ?  
 Tale nec Idæis quicquam Telchines in antris,  
 Nec solidus Brontes, nec qui poluit arma Deorum  
 Lemnius, exigua potuisset ludere massa.  
 Nec torva effigies epulisque aliena remissis ;  
 Sed qualem parci domus admirata Molorchi,  
 Aut Aleæ lucis vidit Tegeæa sacerdos :  
 Qualis ab Cætæis emissus in astra favillis  
 Nectar adhuc torva lætus Junone bibebat :  
 Sic mitis vultus, veluti de pectore gaudens  
 Hortetur mensas, tenet hæc marcentia fratris



What drew its breath from Polycletus' forge,  
 And lines that own Apelles from afar,  
 He shews : his pastime when he quits the lyre !  
 This passion calls him from Aonian caves.  
 Of these, the guard and genius of the board,  
 Alcides, most with awful love inspir'd  
 My breast, and feasted my insatiate eyes.  
 Such grace adorns the work ; in narrow bounds  
 Such majesty ; the God, the present God,  
 Lysippus ! blest thy sight. Small to be seen,  
 And mighty to be felt, within a foot  
 His wondrous stature : yet may we exclaim,  
 Contemplating his limbs, " This bosom press'd  
 " The Nemean lion ; and these arms,  
 " Endu'd with fatal force, the oars of Argo broke !  
 " Can space so brief belie so vast a form ?  
 " What skill and knowledge in thy hand and mind,  
 " Great artist ! thus to form the table's grace,  
 " And in thy soul conceive colossal shapes !  
 " Not the Telchines in Idæan caves,  
 " Nor Brontes, nor the Lemnian power who points  
 " Arms for the gods, could thus minutely sport."

Not fierce this image, nor from feasts averse,  
 But as ador'd, Molochus ! in thy hall ;  
 Or in Tegæa, by his priestess seen,  
 Such as from Cæta, risen to the stars.  
 Nectar he quaffs, and smiles at Juno's frown.  
 So mild his visage, as with cordial joy  
 Prompting the banquet, in one hand he holds

Pocula, at hæc clavæ meminit manus ; aspera sedes  
Sustinet, occultum Nemeæo tegmine saxum.

Digna operi fortuna sacro : Pellæus habebat  
Regnator lætis numen venerabile mensis,  
Et comitem Occasus secum portabat et Ortus :  
Prensabatque libens modo qua diademata dextra  
Abstulerat dederatque, et magnas verterat urbes.  
Semper ab hoc animos in crastina bella petebat,  
Huic acies Victor semper narrabat opimas,  
Sive catenatos Bromio detraxerat Indos,  
Seu clausam magna Babylona refregerat hasta,  
Seu Pelopis terras libertatemque Pelasgam  
Obruerat bello : magnoque ex agmine laudum  
Fertur Thebanos tantum excusasse triumphos.

Ille etiam, magnos Fatis rumpentibus actus,  
Cum traheret letale merum, jam mortis opaca  
Nube gravis, vultus altos in numine caro  
Æraque supremis tenuit sudantia mensis.

Mox Nasamoniaco decus admirabile regi  
Possessum ; fortique Deo libavit honores  
Semper atrox dextra perjuroque ense superbus  
Annibal. Italicæ perfusum sanguine gentis,  
Diraque Romuleis portantem incendia tectis  
Oderat, et cum epulas, et cum Lenæa dicaret  
Dona, Deus castris mærens comes isse nefandis.  
Præcipue cum sacrilega face miscuit arces  
Ipsius, immeritæque domos ac templa Sagunti  
Polluit, et populis furias immisit honestas.

Nec post Sidonii lethum ducis ære potita  
Egregio plebeia domus : convivium Syllæ

The goblet, one is mindful of his club,  
The rock, his feat, his lion-vest conceals.

Due fortune grac'd the hallow'd work ; since first  
Pella's young victor, on his festive board  
Rever'd, and bore it to the west and east,  
And clasp'd it in that hand which oft bestow'd,  
Oft seiz'd a crown, and mighty cities crush'd.  
This for the morrow's battle he invok'd ;  
To this, when Victor all his triumph told,  
Whether from Bacchus' yoke he India freed,  
Or the beleaguer'd Babylon o'erthrew ;  
Or trampled on the liberties of Greece  
In martial rage. Of all his numerous feats,  
Only his Theban triumph sought excuse.  
He, when the l'ates cut short his bright career,  
The deadly cup exhausted ; and his brow,  
Dark with Death's shadow, on this soften'd bronze  
Fix'd his rais'd eyes, and press'd the social god.

Next, as the treasure of the Libyan chief,  
The statue shone. The hand of Hannibal  
Fierce and fallacious, new libations pour'd  
To this brave power : but him, with Latian blood  
Deform'd, and bearing desolating fire  
'Gainst Rome, the god abhorr'd ; and at his feast  
Mourn'd as the partner of an impious camp ;  
Then most, when sacrilegious he destroy'd  
Herculean towers ; and just Saguntum's shrines  
Subverting, fir'd her sons to glorious rage.

The Punic chieftain dead, the hallow'd bronze  
Shar'd no plebeian house, but Sylla's feast

Comebat, semper claros intrare penates  
Assuetum, et felix dominorum stemmate signum.

Nunc quoque (si mores humanaque pectora curæ  
Nosse deis) non aula quidem, Tirynthie, nec te  
Regius ambit honos: sed casta, ignaraque culpæ  
Mens domini, cui prisca fides, cæptæque perenne  
Fœdus amicitia: scit adhuc florente sub ævo  
Par magnis Vestinus avis, quem nocte dieque  
Spirat, et in caræ vivit complexibus umbræ.

Hic igitur tibi læta quies, fortissime divum  
Alcide! nec bella vides pugnasque feroces,  
Sed chelyn, et vittas, et amantes carmina laurus.  
Hic tibi solenni memorabit carmine, quantus  
Iliacas Geticasque domos, quantusque nivalem  
Stymphalon, quantusque jugis Erimanthon aquosis  
Terrueris; quem te pecoris possessor Iberi,  
Quem tulerit sævæ Mareoticus arbiter aræ.  
Hic penetrata tibi spoliataque limina mortis  
Concinet, et flentes Libyæ, Scythiæve puellas.  
Nec te regnator Macetûm, nec barbarus unquam  
Annibal, aut sævi posset vox horrida Syllæ  
His celebrare modis; certe tu muneris auctor  
Non aliis malles oculis, Lysippe, probari.

Adorn'd ; accustom'd to be nobly lodg'd,  
And happy in a line of splendid hosts.  
Now, too, (if morals and the human heart  
Claim from the gods attention,) now no pomp  
Waits thee, Alcides ! but the blameless thoughts  
Of thy refin'd possessor ; the pure train  
Of truth and friendship ! These Vestinus knew,  
Whose death outshone his fires, to Vindex dear ;  
So dear, he lives by honouring the dead.

Here, then, Alcides ! bravest of the gods,  
Share joyous quiet ; see nor wars nor strife,  
But peaceful wreaths, the laurel and the lyre !  
Your present host in solemn verse shall tell  
How great, in Thrace, in Ilion, on the snows  
Of Stymphalus, in Erymanthian dales,  
You scatter'd terror ; how Iberia's chief  
Fear'd you ; and how the lord of bloody shrines.  
He too shall sing the precincts of the dead,  
Owning your power, and nymphs of various climes.  
You, neither Ammon's son, nor Punic chief,  
Nor savage Sylla, could applaud in strains  
So just ; nor could'st thou, author of the work,  
Lysippus ! with a more accomplish'd judge.

## NOTE IX. Ver. 399.

*And Grief's convulsion shakes the sphere of Art.*

M. de Caylus closes one of his Discourses on the Sculpture of the Ancients, in the Memoirs of the French Academy, with a circumstantial account of the Rhodian Colossus, collected from the authors of remote and recent times who have occasionally mentioned this most magnificent of all colossal figures, the memorable production of a little island once ennobled by the united influence of liberty, art, and naval power! Yet, after the researches of an accomplished writer, on a subject so attractive to his fancy, we must still remain in ignorance of some particulars relating to this interesting image, that a lover of the arts would be glad to ascertain. Much, however, is known. Pliny has described the fragments of this Colossus in clear and animated language\*. The Greek epigram, containing its dimensions, varies (according to different readings) from seventy to eighty cubits. M. de Caylus, forming his calculation from the expression of Pliny, that few men could embrace the thumb, concludes that the height of the perfect statue was about an hundred and five feet.

\* "Ante omnes autem in admiratione fuit Solis Colossus Rhodi, quem fecerat Chares Lindius, Lyssippi supra dicti discipulus. Septuaginta cubitorum altitudinis fuit. Hoc simulacrum post quinquagesimum sextum annum terræ motu prostratum, sed jacens quoque miraculo est. Pauci pollicem ejus amplectuntur. Majores sunt digiti quam pleræque statuæ. Vasti specus hiant defractis membris, spectantur intus magnæ molis saxa, quorum pondere stabiliverat constituens. Duodecim annis tradunt effectum CCC talentis, quæ contulerant ex apparatu regis Demetrii relicto, moræ tædio. Sunt alii minores hoc in eadem urbe colossi centum numero; sed ubicunque singuli fuissent nobilitaturi locum,"—PLIN. lib. xxxiv. c. 7.

We learn from Strabo that it was broken asunder at the knees, and that the Rhodians considered themselves as prohibited by an oracle from replacing it. They probably guarded the fragments with a religious veneration. I know not otherwise how to account for a very surprising fact, which my deceased friend Gibbon has recorded with his usual elegance and energy of expression. He observes, that "after standing fifty-six years, the Colossus of Rhodes was overthrown by an earthquake: but the massy trunk and huge fragments lay scattered eight centuries on the ground." I cannot transcribe the words of an accomplished author, whose memory is so justly dear to me, without reflecting, with poignant regret, what infinite advantages, for the improvement of my present work, I might have derived from his taste, knowledge, and kindness, had his life been extended according to my wishes. Gibbon, though he was not a collector of statues or pictures, had a lively esteem for all the fine arts.

I return to the Rhodian Apollo.—If we may trust the Byzantine writers, Theophanes and Constantine, the brass of this Colossus was gilt\*. The Saracen chief, who invaded Rhodes in the year 672, seized and transported this ponderous plunder into Syria, where it was publicly sold to a Jew of Edeffa. The story of loading nine hundred camels with the weight of these stupendous relics has the air of an Arabian tale. M. de Caylus imagines that modern writers have fallen into a great mistake concerning the attitude and the station of the standing Colossus, by representing it as a striding figure at the entrance of the port, as the reader may have seen it in ordinary prints, with vessels sailing between its legs. This intelligent writer rather supposes it to have been placed on the shore, upon a single triangular basis of white marble. He says that no ancient author, no ancient monument, is

\* *Λγαλμα δι ην τε Ηλια χαλκον κειρωσμενον απο κεφαλης εως ποδων.*—CONSTANT. de Adminif. Imp. edit. 1640, p. 45.

found to countenance the modern supposition of a striding attitude : yet I apprehend the following epigram in the Anthologia, according to one mode of construction, amounts almost to a proof that the statue had a double basis; part on the land, and part in the water :

Εἰς ἀγάλμα τῷ Ἡλίῳ παρὰ τῶν Ῥοδίων.

Αὐτῷ σοὶ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἐμακυναντο Κολοσσον  
 Τονδε Ῥοδὲ ναιεταὶ Δωριδὸς Ἀελίε,  
 Χαλκεὸν, ἀνικὰ κυμα κατευνασσεύοντες Ἐνυχας,  
 Ἐσείψαν πατρὸν δυσμενέων ἐναροῖς.  
 Οὐ γὰρ ὑπὲρ πελάγευς μόνον ἀνθίσταν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν γα  
 Ἀβρον ἀδελωτὴ Φεγγὸς ἐλευθερίας.  
 Τοῖς γὰρ ἀφ' Ἡρακλέους ἀεζήθεισι γενεθλῆς,  
 Πατριὸς ἐν ποντῷ, κῆν χθονὶ κοίρανιη.

On the Statue raised to the Sun by the Rhodians.

To thee, O Sun ! thy Rhodians bade arise  
 This bright Colossus, tow'ring to the skies,  
 Of brass ; for they, invasion's tide repress'd,  
 Thus crown'd their isle with spoils, true valor's test !  
 O'er land and water it was theirs to raise  
 Unconquer'd liberty's enlivening blaze ;  
 For they, who drew from Hercules their birth,  
 Were heirs of empire o'er the sea and earth.

But circumstances relating to this celebrated work are so far from being clearly known, that the statue has been ascribed to different



artists : to Chares, to Laches, and to Lyfippus himself. Meursius supposes, with great probability, that it was begun by Chares, and finished by Laches. These two sculptors were both natives of Lindus, a Rhodian city ; and Chares is known to have been a favourite disciple of Lyfippus. A passage of Cicero, in which he is mentioned as such, informs us in what particular parts of the human figure different sculptors of eminence were thought to excel \*.

## NOTE X. Ver. 421.

*Servility benumbs the soul of Greece.*

Winkelmann, who justly estimated the influence of freedom upon art, has observed, that after Greece was reduced to the condition of a Roman province, history mentions no Greek artist of any note till the period of the Roman triumvirate. "The liberty of the Greeks," says that animated author, "was buried in the ruins of Corinth. Art sunk entirely in Magna Græcia, where it had flourished with the philosophy of Pythagoras and of Zeno, in the bosom of many free and opulent cities. It perished utterly by the arms and the barbarity of the Romans."

\* "Chares a Lyfippo statuas facere non isto modo didicit, ut Lyfippus caput ostenderet Myronis, brachia Praxitelis, pectus Polycleti : sed omnia coram magistrum facientem videbat : cæterorum opera vel sua sponte considerare poterat."—Rhet. ad Herennium, lib. iv.

## NOTE XI. Ver. 441.

*And, faintly promising to flourish, died.*

The learned and enthusiastic historian of ancient art, in noticing its migration from the defoliated cities of Greece into Syria and Ægypt, remarks, that being employed to serve the pomp and pageantry of courts, it lost an infinite portion of its grandeur and genius under the Seleucides and the Ptolemies. Yet he asserts, that under Ptolemy Philadelphus, "Alexandria became almost what Athens had been."

Is not this paying rather too high a compliment to the Egyptian monarch? He was, however, a patron of art, and a lover of magnificence. His regard for a Grecian city, distinguished by talents, appears conspicuous, from a circumstance recorded by Athenæus, in the description of a splendid festival with which Ptolemy amused himself and the people of Alexandria. In this gorgeous scene an immense multitude of statues were carried in procession; and near to that of Ptolemy himself (who was attended by three oddly-grouped companions, Alexander, Virtue, and Priapus) was the image of Corinth, adorned with a diadem of gold \*.

Winkelmann imagines, from the profusion of statues which appeared in this sumptuous pageant, that a great number of Grecian statuaries found, at this period, an asylum in Alexandria. If they did, it is but too probable that their talents were enfeebled by their change of situation; since Winkelmann himself has observed, that of the artists who

\* Αλεξάνδρῳ δὲ καὶ Πτολεμαῖω ἀγάλματα ἐπιφανώμενα στεφανοῖς κισσίνῳ ἐκ χρυσοῦ· τὸ δὲ τῆς Ἀρετῆς ἀγαλμα το παρὶς τῷ Πτολεμαῖω στεφανοῖ ἐχεν ἑλαιας χρυσοῦν· καὶ Πριαπὸς δ' αὐτοῖς συμπάρῳ ἐχεν στεφανοῖ κισσοῖ ἐκ χρυσοῦ. Κορινθὸς δὲ πόλις παρὶς τῷ Πτολεμαῖω ἐπιφανέτω διαδηματι χρυσοῦ.—ATHENÆUS, p. 201.

then flourished in Egypt, we know only the name of a single sculptor, Satyreius, who formed, of chrystal, a portrait of Arfinoe the wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus; a performance celebrated in the following Greek epigram from the Fourth Book of the Anthologia :

## ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ

εις κρυσταλλον γεγλυμμενην.

Zeuxidos η χροιη τε και η χαρις· εν δε με μικρη  
 Κρυσταλλω, το καλον δαιδαλον, Αρσινοη  
 Γραψας ταυτ' επορεν Σατυρηϊος· ειμι δ' ανασσης  
 Εικων, και μεγαλης λειπομαι εδ' ολιγον.

## Grotii Versio.

Zeuxidos et color et gratia, sed Satureius  
 Tam varias laudes exhibet Arfinoes,  
 In glacie parva: Dominæ sum tantula tantæ  
 Effigies, in me nil tamen ejus abest.

## Diodorus, on the sculptured Chrystal.

Thine, Zeuxis ! grace and colour ; yet in me,  
 Small chrystal image for Arfinoe  
 By Satureius form'd, her charms are seen  
 True as they sparkle in the living queen.

Winkelmann considers this representation of Arsinoë as an engraved gem : but I have seen a small bust of chrystal and porphyry united, which may possibly be the very portrait described by Diodorus.

Ptolemy was so fond of the arts and of his queen, that he is said to have projected a temple to her memory, so vaulted with loadstone, as to keep a metallic statue of Arsinoë suspended in the air ; a project which the death of his famous architect Dimocrates is supposed to have defeated ! Arsinoë happened to suffer, in a singular manner, in consequence of her husband's passion for sculpture. In marrying his daughter to Antiochus king of Syria, Ptolemy had affectionately conducted the bride to Seleucia ; and being charmed by a magnificent statue of Diana, he received it as a present from his son-in-law, and transported it to Alexandria : but Arsinoë falling sick on its arrival, saw, in her troubled dreams, the offended goddess, who complained of being removed from her Syrian temple. Ptolemy had tenderness sufficient to calm the disturbed fancy of his queen, by sending back the favourite statue, but had not the reward he deserved for his humanity—the delight of restoring the health of his Arsinoë.

Winkelmann, in speaking of the arts at the court of Seleucia, asserts that the Grecian sculptors who migrated into Asia surpassed, in their works, such of their brethren as remained in their own country ; and he quotes the last character of Theophrastus in proof of this assertion. In consulting the character referred to, I find nothing that can relate to works of art : but in a character very near the last, (the 23d, on Ostentation,) I find a passage which, if it proves any thing, may be thought rather to prove the reverse of what the learned historian of art has, in this instance, advanced with an inaccuracy very pardonable in an animated writer, whose researches were so extensive, and whose general merits are so great. Theophrastus makes his man of ostentation, who boasts of his campaigns with Alexander, contend that the artists in

Asia are superior to those in Europe ; whence we may reasonably infer not that they really were so, but that Theophrastus rather thought the contrary. The passage, however, alludes not to statues, but to goblets and gems \*.

The learned Heyne, in his Dissertation on the Ptolemies, has justly observed, “ Primorum statim regum studia artium et cupiditates operum ad fastum et magnificentiam potius se inclinasse, quam ad judicii elegantiam aut veræ pulchritudinis sensum : ex ipsis enim regni opibus mature luxus et mollities orta aulam et urbem tanquam pestilenti fidere afflavit.”—HEYNE Opuscula, vol. i. p. 115.

## NOTE XII. Ver. 463.

*Thy zeal to save may Sculpture's field express !*

Whether we contemplate the excellence or the number of ancient statues that have been wonderfully recovered in the three last centuries, our obligations to Time, as a preserver, are such as may justly excite astonishment and gratitude. Had he restored only the Laocoon, the Apollo of the Belvedere, and the Medicæan Venus, a lover of the arts might consider his kindness in the department of sculpture, as equivalent to his literary beneficence in preserving the compositions of Demosthenes, Plato, and Homer. The liberality of Time, as a restorer, will appear in the strongest point of view, if we contrast what Poggio said of the statues in Rome, in the fifteenth century, and what the Abbé Guasco

\* Και συνοδοιπορὶ ἀπολαύσαι, ἢ τῇ αἰῶνι λέγειν ὡς μετὰ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ ἐγκατευστατο\* καὶ ὅσα λιθοκαλλήματα ποτήρια ἱερῶσι, καὶ περὶ τῶν τεχνῶν τῶν ἐν τῇ Ἀσίᾳ ὅτι βέλτερος ἡσὶ τῶν ἐν τῇ Εὐρώπῃ, ἀμφισβητήσαι.—THEOPHRASTUS, edit. Newton, p. 225.

wrote to his brother, on the same subject, about fifty years ago. I will transcribe the two passages I allude to; observing that the testimony of Poggio is the more to be depended on, as he was particularly fond of ancient sculpture. His delight in collecting fragments of antiquity is recorded by the accomplished historian of Lorenzo de Medici.—Roscoe, vol. ii. p. 196.

“ Me maxime movet, quod his subjiciam, ex innumeris ferme Con-  
 “ lossis, statuisque tum marmoreis, tum æneis (nam argenteas atque  
 “ aureas minime miror fuisse conflatas) viris illustribus ob virtutem po-  
 “ fitis, ut omittam varia signa voluptatis atque artis causa publice ad  
 “ spectaculum collocata, marmoreas quinque tantum, quatuor in Con-  
 “ stantini Thermis; duas stantes pone equos, Phidiæ et Praxitelis  
 “ opus; duas recubantes; quintam in foro Martis; statuam quæ  
 “ hodie Martis fori nomen tenet; atque unam solam æneam equestrem  
 “ deauratam quæ est ad Basilicam Lateranensem Septimio Severo di-  
 “ catam, tantum videmus superesse; ut partem maximam fragis urbis  
 “ si quis numerum advertat, hoc solum fuisse fateatur.”—Thus feel-  
 ingly did Poggio describe the sculptural poverty of Rome; possessing  
 only five ancient statues in the year 1430, according to Gibbon’s re-  
 marks on the date of his “ elegant moral lecture” *De Varietate Fortunæ*.  
 In the year 1745 the Abbé Guaſco, writing from Rome to his brother,  
 gives the following account of the sculpture that had delighted him in  
 that city:

“ Ses anciennes productions sont innombrables, et elles passent toute  
 “ expression autant en beauté qu’en quantité. Le nombre des statues  
 “ antiques est si grand, que si l’on faisoit comme dans l’ancienne Rome  
 “ le cens des citoyens, je doute si ceux-ci ne se trouveroient pas in-  
 “ férieurs en nombre à celui de ce peuple inanimé.”—*De l’Usage des*  
*Statues chez les Anciens*, Preface, p. 17.

## NOTE XIII. Ver. 509.

*This richest offspring of confederate skill.*

It is a supposition of Winkelmann, that the Rhodian sculptor Agesander executed himself the figure of Laocoon, and Agesander's two sons, Athenodorus and Polydorus, the two younger figures of the group: an idea so pleasing, that the fancy and the heart are both willing to embrace it.

Felix de Fredis, a Roman citizen, had the good fortune to discover the Laocoon, and to receive from pope Julius the Second an ecclesiastical pension for his discovery. Leo the Tenth exonerated the revenues of the church from this pension, and gave to Fredis in exchange the post of apostolical secretary, in the year 1517. The raising of this glorious work of art from its grave might form, perhaps, a very interesting historical picture; as some eminent personages might be introduced as spectators of the scene. The following Latin verses were written on the statue, soon after its revival, by the celebrated Cardinal Sadolet:

JACOBI SADOLETI,

De Laocoontis Statua.

Ecce alto terræ e cumulo, ingentisque ruinæ  
Visceribus iterum reducem longinqua reduxit  
Laocoonta dies, aulis regalibus olim  
Qui stetit, atque tuos ornat, Tite, Penates:

P P

Divinæ simulacrum artis ; nec docta vetustas  
Nobilius spectabat opus ; nunc alta revisit  
Exemptum tenebris redivivæ mœnia Romæ.

Quid primum summumve loquar ? Miserumne parentem  
Et prolem geminam ? An sinuatos flexibus angues  
Terribili aspectu ? Caudasque irasque draconum,  
Vulneraque, et veros, saxo moriente, dolores ?  
Horret ad hæc animus, mutaque ab imagine pulsat  
Pectora non parvo pietas commixta tremori.  
Prolixum vivi spiris glomerantur in orbem  
Ardentes colubri, et sinuosis orbibus ora,  
Ternaque multiplici constringunt corpora nexu.  
Vix oculi sufferre valent crudele tuendo  
Exitium casusque feros : micat alter, et ipsum  
Laocoonta petit, totumque infraque, supraque  
Implicat, et rabido tandem ferit ilia morfu.  
Connexum refugit corpus, torquentia sese  
Membra, latusque retro sinuatum a vulnere cernas.  
Ille dolore acri, et laniatu impulsus acerbo  
Dat gemitum ingentem, crudosque avellere dentes  
Connixus, lævam impatiens ad terga chelydri  
Objicit : intendunt nervi, collectaque ab omni  
Corpore vis frustra summis conatibus instat.  
Ferre nequit rabiem, et de vulnere murmur anhelum est.  
At serpens lapsu crebro redeunte subintrat  
Lubricus intortoque ligat genua infima nodo.  
Crus tumet, obsepto turgent vitalia pulsu  
Liventesque atro distendunt sanguine venas.  
Nec minus in natos eadem vis effera sævit.  
Amplexuque angit rabido, miserandaque membra



Dilacerat : jamque alterius depasta cruentum  
Pectus, suprema genitorem voce cientis  
Circumjectu orbis, validoque volumine fulcit.  
Alter adhuc nullo violatus corpora morfu  
Dum parat adducta caudam divellere planta,  
Horret ad aspectum miseri patris, hæret in illo:  
Et jamjam ingentes fletus, lacrimasque cadentes  
Anceps in dubio retinet timor : ergo perenni  
Qui tantum statuistis opus jam laude nitentes  
Artifices magni (quanquam et melioribus actis  
Quæritur æternum nomen, multoque licebat  
Clarius ingenium venturæ tradere famæ)  
Attamen ad laudem quæcunque oblata facultas  
Egregium hanc rapere, et summa ad fastigia niti.  
Vos rigidum lapidem vivis animare figuris  
Eximii, et vivos spiranti in marmore sensus  
Inserere adspicimus, motumque, iramque, doloremque  
Et pœne audimus gemitus : vos obtulit olim  
Clara Rhodos : vestræ jacuerunt artis honores  
Tempore ab immenso, quos rursus in luce secunda  
Roma videt, celebratque frequens : operisque vetusti  
Gratia parta recens. Quanto præstantius ergo est  
Ingenio, aut quovis extendere fata labore  
Quam fastus, et opes, et inanem extendere luxum !

*Carmina Illustrum Poetarum Italorum*, tom. viii. p. 228.

## NOTE XIV. Ver. 517.

*Of wretched beauty, and of ruin'd pride.*

I have already observed that it was a doubt, in the age of Pliny, whether the Niobe should be ascribed to Praxiteles or to Scopas. Winkelmann and the Abbé Guasco agree in assigning it to the latter.

If their conjecture be just, it is yet probable that Praxiteles also executed a statue of Niobe, from the following epigram in the Anthologia :

*Εἰς ἀγάλμα Νιοβῆς.*

*Ἐκ ζῶης με θεοὶ τεύξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο  
Ζῶην Πραξιτέλης ἐμπαλιν ἐργάσατο.*

Grotii Versio.

*Ex viva lapidem dii me fecere ; sed ecce  
Praxiteles vivam me facit ex lapide.*

*Gods made me stone, for a presumptuous strife :  
Praxiteles in stone restores my life.*

## NOTE XV. Ver. 525.

*His brief existence ebbing as he lies.*

The statue, commonly called the Dying Gladiator, has been supposed to be the work of Ctesilaus described by Pliny : “vulneratum deficientem, in quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ\*.” But Winkelmann imagines it to be rather the figure of a herald, and allows his reader the choice of three eminent heralds of antiquity who were slain in despatch of their pacific office ;—Polyphontes, the herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus ; Copreas, the herald of Eurystheus, destroyed by the Athenians ; and Anthemocritus, the herald of Athens, murdered by the inhabitants of Megara.

## NOTE XVI. Ver. 535.

*And feels the god reanimate his frame.*

In contemplating the Farnesian Hercules, I believe many spectators feel an involuntary mechanical impulse to muscular exertion. The daily contemplation of very fine sculpture, that expressed, with the utmost powers of art, great elevation of mind, would probably have a strong and happy influence on mental character.

The legs of this celebrated Hercules were wanting, when the statue was first discovered. The following anecdote concerning them is related by Bottari, in one of his notes to Vasari's Life of Michel Angelo :

\* Lib. xxxiv.

“ A questa statua fra Guglielmo (della Porta) rifece le gambe tanto  
 “ eccellentemente, che essendosi dissi in 1560, trovate le antiche  
 “ Michelagnolo fu di parere, che vi si lasciassero stare le moderne, et  
 “ le antiche furono riposte in una stanza del palazzo Medesino. E Fama  
 “ ancora, che lo stesso Michelagnolo ne facesse prima il modello di terra,  
 “ e sopra esso le scolpisse poi di marmo fra Guglielmo.”

## NOTE XVII. Ver. 547.

*Saw, in his touch, the grandeur of the whole.*

The interesting description of Michel Angelo's amusement in the decline of life rests on the authority of Sandrart, who published his “ *Admiranda Sculpturæ Veteris* ” in 1680. Bottari, in the book that I have cited in the preceding note, expresses himself rather angrily against Sandrart for having represented Michel Angelo as blind; a circumstance that he considers as false. But the laborious painter of Germany, who published such extensive, well-intended, yet very imperfect works upon Art, might very innocently call a noble veteran of ninety blind, without meaning more than such infirmity of vision as naturally belongs to that age. Or perhaps he might too easily credit a popular report. That Sandrart was credulous in the extreme the reader will readily allow, who happens to recollect the ridiculous things he has related concerning the Apollo of the Belvedere, in his “ *Admiranda Sculpturæ* .”

## NOTE XVIII. Ver. 563.

*Scorn for the rancour of malignant foes.*

“ Of all the productions of art that have escaped destruction, the statue of Apollo,” says Winkelmann, “ is unquestionably the most sublime. It rises, indeed, as a single figure, to the highest pitch of excellence : but I confess the group of the Laocoon appears to me a superior effort of sculpture.”

## NOTE XIX. Ver. 599.

*A fav'rite truth reserv'd for future verse.*

Some of the most accomplished of recent writers on Painting and Sculpture (particularly Winkelmann and Webb) seem to consider the influence of revealed religion as unfavourable to each of these interesting professions. On the contrary, it may, I think, be proved that Christianity is as much superior to Paganism, for the favourable guidance of art, as it confessedly is for the moral conduct of life ; a point that I hope to illustrate more at large, if I should happen to have powers and opportunity to execute, what I originally thought of blending with the present publication,—an extensive Sketch of Modern Sculpture !

END OF THE NOTES ON THE THIRD EPISTLE.



# NOTES

ON THE

## FOURTH EPISTLE.

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NOTE I. Ver. 44.

*MIGHT owe the mask dramatic muses wear.*

Dempster, who has laboured with admirable zeal and erudition to revive the honour of Etruria, contends very strenuously for the inventive genius of the Etruscans. Among the many inventions that he ascribes to them, we may reckon not only the mask, the buskin, and the brazen trumpet, but almost all

The pomp and circumstance of glorious war;

and particularly the solemnities of triumphal magnificence.

This early and zealous advocate for the glory of Etruria is angry with Strabo for having imagined that the Romans had borrowed such solemnities from the Greeks: "Videtur Strabo triumphandi apparatus  
" ad Romanos quidem a Tuscis venisse significare, sed et illos a  
" Græcis hausisse: quod non potest mirum videri in Græculo, im-

QQ

“ pensius patriæ suæ encomiis favente. Nam verius Appianus Alexan-  
 “ drinus, facundus olim Romæ advocatus, et verax historicus, anti-  
 “ quorem multo facit triumphi apud Etruscos inventionem, scilicet  
 “ mille annis et amplius ante Romam.”

DEMPSTER, *Etruria Regalis*, tom. i. p. 328.

NOTE II. Ver. 52.

*Made home the passion of the virtuous breast.*

“ Lares apud antiquos nihil profecto erant, nisi piorum animæ,  
 “ quæ corpore functæ familiam suam et posteros tuebantur, qua de re  
 “ impensissime per singulas domos colebantur, tantaque religione, ut  
 “ ab ipsis Laribus per quoddam translatum ipsæ ædes vocatæ sint.”—  
 The learned Passerius thus describes the Lares, in his interesting Dis-  
 sertation “De Laribus Etruscorum,” inserted in the first volume of his  
 splendid work, “*Picturæ Etruscorum in Vasculis.*”

It is Macrobius, if I remember right, who says that the Ægyptians  
 had their Lares. The *Δαιμονες* of the Greeks are also considered as an-  
 swering to the Lares of the Latins; yet I imagine it may be justly as-  
 serted that the Etruscans were peculiarly distinguished by their remark-  
 able attention to these domestic deities. The word Lar is Etruscan, and  
 originally signified “a hero”, in that language. The Lararia, (“in  
 “domibus secreta quædam penetralia, in quibus diligentissime dii do-  
 “mestici servabantur, Lares, et Genii utriusque sexus,”) the scenes in  
 which these household deities were guarded and worshipped, are fre-  
 quently displayed in the works of Etruscan art; so that we may almost  
 say, in the words of old Ennius, (altered a little for this application of  
 them,)

Hoc filo pendebit Etruria tota.



I cannot conclude this note without observing that the domestic deities afford a delightful subject for poetry; and that the subject has been treated with great moral elegance and exquisite sensibility, in a poem entitled "Hymn to the Penates," by Mr. Southey.

## NOTE III. Ver. 62.

*Foiled in sharp conflict from the Tyrrhene coast.*

It appears from a passage in Athenæus, that the Etruscans had a naval engagement with the Argonauts; and that of all the Grecian heroes, their pilot Glaucus was the only one who escaped without a wound. Even he perhaps was drowned in the conflict, as the words of this obscure tradition may lead us to conjecture \*.

## NOTE IV. Ver. 78.

*His mild morality's benignant sway.*

Dempster, ever zealous for the glory of Etruria, contends, on the authority of Suidas, that Pythagoras was an Etruscan, and not a native of Samos, as he is generally called. Suidas indeed asserts, that when he was a youth he migrated from Etruria to Samos with his father Mnesarchus, a sculptor of gems. But wherever this illustrious phi-

\* Τοι Αργεῖς φησὶ δημιουργὸν γενέσθαι τοῦ Γλαυκοῦ, καὶ καθ' ὅσοντα αὐτῷ, ὅτι ἴασι μετὰ τοῦ Τυρρηνῶν ἐμμάχῃ, μένος ἀντρέπον γενέσθαι ἐν τῇ ναυμαχίᾳ. Κατὰ δὲ Διοσ; βέλπον ἐν τῇ τοῦ θαλάττης βύθῳ φανταί, καὶ ὕψι; γενέσθαι θαλαττικῶν δαίμονα, ὑπο μὲν τι ἴασιτος; διαφθῆναι. — ATHENÆUS, p. 296.

philosopher was born, the moral influence of his doctrine on the cities of Tuscany is universally allowed; and Brucker, in his elaborate History of Philosophy, thus describes the effect of his admonitions on the inhabitants of Crotona: "Ita emendabat Crotoniatorum mores, et ad frugalitatem revocabat, et ad virtutem singulas hominum ætates et sexum mira eloquentiæ efficacia excitabat."—*Hist. Crit. Philos.* tom. i. p. 1012.

## NOTE V. Ver. 94.

*Her brave Halesus of Argolic race.*

"En passant en Etrurie," says the Abbé Guaſco in speaking of statues raised in honour of public characters, "nous trouverions que les anciens fondateurs ou législateurs de cette nation, obtinrent dans ce pays les mêmes honneurs que les Grecs accorderent à leurs héros. On y voyoit le simulacre d'Halesus, le premier qui porta dans ces contrées les mystères de Junon, qui fonda quelques villes, et que l'inscription en caractère Etrusque, qu'on lisoit aux pieds de sa statue, disoit fils de Neptune et descendu des Veiens..... Le cabinet de Cortone conserve une statue de ces héros, armé en cuirasse et en casque."

I apprehend the learned Abbé has led me to confound two different heroes of the same title. This is not the Halesus who makes a much more graceful figure as a warrior in the poetry of Virgil, than his namesake does in the ancient sculpture of his Etruscan cotemporaries,—according to the engraving of his image, which I find in the First Volume of Gori's "Museum Etruscum."

Dempster imagines there were two Etruscan kings of this name. The first governed the Veientes before the æra of the Salian priests; the second is believed to have been a son of Agamemnon, immortalized in the following verses of Virgil and of Ovid:

— Sed bellis acer Halefus

Tendit in adversos, seque in sua colligit arma. *Æneid* x. v. 411.

Argiva est pompæ facies. Agamemnone cæso,

Et scelus et patrias fugit Halefus opes.

Jamque pererratis profugus terraque, fretoque,

Mœnia felici condidit alta manu.

Ille suos docuit Junonia sacra Faliscos.

Sint mihi, sint populo semper amica meo.

OVID. *Amorum*, Lib. iii. *Eleg.* xiii.

I ought not to quit Etruria without observing, that many laudable efforts have been made to rescue and elucidate the almost annihilated reliques of this unfortunate nation, by several authors of indefatigable industry and refined erudition. Much may be learned from Dempster, Gori, and the senator Buonarotti: still more from the various Latin dissertations of Passeri, and the *Saggio di Lingua Etrusca* Dall Abate Lauzi. The latter has added to his deep researches into the language of Etruria a very pleasing little Treatise, “Circa la Scoltura degli Antichi e i varii suoi Stili.” On that of Etruria he observes: “Direbbero che il disegno Etrusco nelle figure si conforma con quello della loro architettura—l’ordine Toscanico è il piu forte di tutti, ma il meno gentile.”

## NOTE VI. Ver. 116.

*Their works she blindly prais'd and basely stole.*

Nothing could exceed the inaptitude of the Romans to excell in the art of sculpture, except the rapacity with which they seized the statues of the various nations who surpassed them in ingenuity.

Their public ravages of this kind were often followed by petty acts of barbarism and baseness still more detestable; for, not contented with having carried off the monuments of public merit from the countries they overcame, they erased inscriptions from the statues of illustrious men, and inserted false titles of their own. On this occasion it is justice to exclaim with Cicero, "Odi falsas inscriptiones statuarum alienarum."

The learned Figrelus, who has written at length on the statues of the Romans, relates some curious examples of this sculptural forgery. It appears, from the authority of Dio Chrysostom, that Alcibiades was turned into Ænobarbus; and according to Zonaras, even Constantine the Great did not scruple to put his own name on a statue of Apollo: but if he did so, we may hope it was rather to annihilate the worship he condemned, than to impose the figure of a Pagan divinity on the people as the real representative of a Christian emperor.

In justice to the Romans it is proper to remark, that they might possibly learn from the Greeks themselves the disingenuous practice of falsifying the statues of ancient worthies. We know that Rhodes (one of the most magnificent marts of sculpture in the Pagan world!) incurred considerable disgrace by this species of falsehood, for which Dio Chrysostom reproves the Rhodians in a very copious, animated, and beautiful

oration, which contains some interesting anecdotes of sculpture, and an eloquent description of its influence on the spirit of antiquity :

Προς τὴν Δίον (says the indignant orator) ἀρα ἀγνοεῖτε τὸ τοῦ ἐργον ἐκ ἐκείνου μόνος ἀτιμὸς ποιεῖν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἐρημὸν τῶν εὐνοεσάντων καὶ προθύμησομένων ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς; μὴδὲ γὰρ ἐκεῖνο εἰσελθεῖ μὴδὲνα ὑμῶν, ὅτι εἴπερ ἀρα μὴν τιμὴν καταλύσετε τὴν τῶν εἰκόνων, αἱ λοιπαὶ δὲ εἰσὶν ἀναφαιετοί.—

DIONIS *Rhodiaca Oratio*, p. 316. edit. folio, 1604.

The learned and judicious Casaubon joins with Photius in pronouncing this the best of all Dio's orations, and gives the following just account of the orator's intentions :

" Tam proluxa oratione hoc unum agit ; ut Rhodiorum senatui ac  
 " populo morem dissuadeat, qui apud eos obtinuerat, statuas veteres  
 " transferendi ad aliorum honorem titulis mutatis, surdo figurarum  
 " discrimine. Non apud Rhodios solum hæc consuetudo invaluerat :  
 " verum etiam apud Græcos alios et Romanos quoque..... sed nullus  
 " fuit populus qui rem risu dignam adeo usu frequentavit atque iste :  
 " cujus gloriæ cum faveret Dio,....ob tam absurdum institutum acerrime  
 " eum objurgavit."

There is another oration of Dio relating to sculpture, and particularly entertaining. The orator with great dexterity expresses his surprise, to the inhabitants of Corinth, that a brazen statue of himself, with which they had honoured him on his former visit, (about eleven years before,) had vanished from their city—a subject of great delicacy, and very gracefully treated, particularly in the close of the oration.

## NOTE VII. Ver. 126.

*Hunted with fierce inquietude for more.*

Marcellus, the plunderer of Syracuse, was perhaps the mildest of Roman ravagers. He is said to have dropped a tear of compassion on his conquest of that beautiful city. Mr. Pinkerton mentions an exquisite medallion, supposed to be struck by Syracuse in honour of this compassionate victor \*; who, tender as he was, did not fail to play the Roman, in carrying off the rich and tempting spoils in his power. The nature of those spoils, and the future consequences of such conduct, are finely described in the following words of Livy :

“ Marcellus, captis Syracusis, quum cætera in Sicilia tanta fide atque  
 “ integritate composuisset, ut non modo suam gloriam, sed etiam ma-  
 “ jestatem populi Romani, augeret ; ornamenta urbis, signa, tabulasque,  
 “ quibus abundabant Syracusæ, Romam devexit. Hostium quidem  
 “ illa spolia, et parta belli jure : cæterum inde primum initium mirandi  
 “ Græcarum artium opera, licentiæque huic sacra profanaque omnia  
 “ vulgo spoliandi factum est ; quæ postremo in Romanos deos, templum  
 “ id ipsum primum, quod a Marcello eximie ornatum est, vertit. Vise-  
 “ bantur enim ab externis ad portam Capenam dedicata a Marcello  
 “ templa, propter excellentia ejus generis ornamenta, quorum perexi-  
 “ gua pars comparet.”—Lib. xxv. c. 40.

The triumphant splendor of ancient Rome seems to have dazzled even the philosophical spirits of antiquity, and to have struck them blind to the predominant vices of her national character. These were arrogance and rapacity ; vices generally stigmatized when they appear in an individual, and certainly not deserving a censure less severe when

\* Essay on Medals, vol. i. p. 221.

they form the characteristics of a nation. Yet so fascinating is the pride of successful valour, that the nation of antiquity most injurious in its conduct towards the rest of the world is often commended as an object for modern emulation. The most flagrant enormities of which the governors of France (both regal and republican) have been guilty, seem to have been greatly owing to an indiscriminate and fantastic imitation of Roman spirit; with a preposterous passion, sometimes concealed, and sometimes avowed, for universal dominion. The French appear to believe the Romans to have been what they supposed themselves to be—a divine race of men, destined by superior virtue to subdue the other nations of the earth; or, to use the words of their elegant but servile flatterer Virgil:

——— progeniem virtute futuram

Egregiam, et totum quæ viribus occupet orbem. *Æneid*, lib. vii.

A Latin author, of an age not so polished, the Christian philosopher Arnobius, who wrote with the indignant warmth of an African, has drawn, in the opposite point of view, a forcible and faithful picture of the Romans, in the questions with which he concludes his animated invective, “*Adversus Gentes*.”

“Generis eam fuisse divini quisquamne hominum credat, aut habuisse æquitatem diis dignam, quæ humanis sese discordiis inferens  
“aliorum opes fregit, aliis se præbuit exhibuitque faultricem: libertatem his abstulit, alios ad columnen dominationis erexit: quæ ut una  
“civitas emeretur, in humani generis perniciem nata, orbem subjugavit  
“innoxium.”

These prominent features in the national character of Rome are painted also, with great fidelity and spirit, by Montesquieu, in his masterly sketch of her grandeur and decline; particularly in the chap-

ter entitled, “ De la Conduite que les Romains tinrent pour soumettre  
“ tous les peuples.”

But the sublimest censure on the national conduct of Rome is that which Milton has passed upon it, in his *Paradise Regained*; where, to exhibit her ambition in the most execrable point of view, he makes the Arch-fiend propose it as a model, in one of his insidious speeches to our Saviour,

Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world.

*Paradise Regained*, Book iv. v. 105.

NOTE VIII. Ver. 138.

*Those wonders of her hand that Taste ador'd.*

The burning of Corinth was one of the most savage acts of Roman ferocity. The *Anthologia* contains the following pathetic Greek epigram on the utter demolition of that celebrated city :

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Πε το περιβλεπτον καλλος σιο, Δωρι Κορινθε ;  
Πε στεφαναι πυργων, πε τα παλαι κτεανα ;  
Πε νηοι μακαρων, πε δωματα, πε δε δαμαρτες  
Σισυφιαι, λαων θ' αι ποτε μυριαδες ;  
Ουδε γαρ ουδ' ιχνος, πολυκαμμορε, σεις λελειπται,  
Παντα δε συμμαρψας εξεφαγε πολεμος.  
Μουναι απορθητοι Νηρηδες, Ωκεανοιο  
Κουραι, σων αχων μιμνομεν Αλκυονες.



## Grotii Versio.

Nunc ubi sublimes tollentia mœnia turrets  
Et laudes et opes Dori Corinthe, tuæ ?  
Nunc ubi Sifyphiæ matres et mille virorum  
Agmina, totque domus sanctaque templa Deûm ?  
Tantum decorum vestigia nulla supersunt,  
Omnia corrumpit Martis acerba lues.  
Solæ restamus geminis Nereides undis  
Teque velut mæstæ plangimus Alcyones.

## Antipater, on the Destruction of Corinth.

Where Dorian Corinth are thy graceful bowers ?  
Where thy fam'd splendor, where thy crown of towers ?  
Where thy bright temples, fill'd with Beauty's train ?  
Where now the myriads thou couldst once contain ?  
Of thee unhappy not a trace is found,  
But all by War's o'erwhelming flood is drown'd.  
We, the sole Halcyons of thy wasted shore,  
Thy plaintive Nereids, thy dire fate deplore.

## NOTE IX. Ver. 146.

*With spoils thy heroes cannot understand.*

The stupidity of Mummius, the destroyer of Corinth, is become almost proverbial, from the speech he made concerning the works of Grecian art that he dispatched to Rome. He threatened those, to whose care he had entrusted this invaluable part of his booty, that whatever articles they lost, they should be bound to replace by new similar productions :

*Si eas perdidissent novas eos reddituros.*

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

Dio Chrysostom in his Oration to the Corinthians very properly bestows on this Roman ravager the appellation of *ανθρωπος απαιδευτος*; and gives a few curious specimens of his absurd conduct concerning some particular statues that made a part of his Grecian plunder.

## NOTE X. Ver. 156.

*To die, and not have seen the works he wrought.*

*Εἰς Ολυμπίαν ἀποδημεῖτε, ἢ εἰδῆτε τὸ ἔργον τῆ Φειδίου· καὶ αὐτοχρημα ἑκάστος ὑμῶν οἶεται, τὸ ἀνίστασθαι τούτων ἀποθανεῖν.*—ARRIANI EPICTETUS, lib. i. c. 6.

## NOTE XI. Ver. 168.

*And shew'd the immortality they gave.*

The Abbé Guasco has well described the deep and lively interest that the Grecians took in the perfection of art, and in the honour of its professors :

“ L'autorité publique prenoit un intérêt très sérieux à la perfection  
 “ de l'art. A Thebes ainsi qu'à Athenes il y avoit des loix tendant à  
 “ protéger, et encourager les professeurs, et des loix pénales et pecu-  
 “ niaires pour ceux qui faisoient de mauvais ouvrages ; elles défendoient  
 “ même de s'occuper d'objets difformes ou communs.

“ La considération et les distinctions qu'on accordoit aux artistes dans  
 “ la Grèce, étoient très-propres à les encourager ; loin d'être regardés  
 “ comme des mercénaires à gage et des simples ouvriers, on les con-  
 “ sidéroit comme des hommes distingués, comme des esprits sublimes  
 “ donés d'un génie divin, enrichis par l'étude, et polis par l'usage du  
 “ monde, ils étoient mis au niveau des philosophes et des premiers per-  
 “ sonages de l'état, parvenant à ses premiers emplois, et partageant  
 “ dans les fastes de la patrie l'immortalité qu'ils donnoient aux hommes  
 “ illustres ; il n'étoit pas extraordinaire de voir leur statues à côté de  
 “ celles des heros et des rois.”—*De l'Usage des Statues*, p. 421.

The Greeks indeed in general paid such honours very justly to their sublime artists : but the Grecian philosophers seem to have looked upon them with a very jealous (not to say an evil) eye. Even Plato and Plutarch have occasionally spoken of artists with a sort of envious disrespect that is particularly unbecoming in men of such cultivated minds. These two enlightened and benevolent philosophers might have reflected that an accomplished sculptor, whose art is properly di-

rected, may be considered like themselves as the true servant of moral philosophy.

A nation can hardly honour too highly the successful professors of any refined and arduous art, whose productions have an evident and graceful tendency to give elevation and dignity to national character: since, as Cicero says, very nobly in his Oration pro Muræna, “Omnes enim  
 “ artes quæ nobis populi studia conciliant, et admirabilem dignitatem,  
 “ et pergratam utilitatem debent habere. Summa dignitas est in iis qui  
 “ militari laude antecellunt: omnia enim quæ sunt in imperio, et in  
 “ statu civitatis ab iis defendi et firmari putantur; summa etiam utili-  
 “ tus: siquidem eorum consilio et periculo, cum republica, tum etiam  
 “ nostris rebus perfrui possumus.”

The true interest, honour, and lasting prosperity of a state seems to depend, in great measure, on preserving a due balance and reciprocal respect between arts and arms; for wherever too strong a predilection for either prevails, that very predilection (though it produces a blaze of success in a single path of celebrity) becomes a certain, yet unsuspected source of future destruction. Carthage was ruined by her passion for commerce, and Rome by her fiercer passion for war.

#### NOTE XII. Ver. 178.

*Spurns the distinction of her Roman style.*

“As to a Roman style in art,” says the animated Winkelmann, “I consider it as a chimera.” The sentiments of Guasco on this subject are exactly the same.

## NOTE XIII. Ver. 206.

*Just to the talents of accomplish'd foes.*

Pliny has not applauded his countrymen so warmly as he might have done, with justice, for this remarkable proof of their magnanimity. In mentioning the statues of foreigners in Rome, he only says, "Adeo discrimen omne sublatum, ut Annibalis etiam statuæ tribus locis visantur in urbe, cujus intra muros solus hostium emisit hastam." Lib. xxxiv. c. 6.

## NOTE XIV. Ver. 256.

*To the poor sound of a detested name.*

The anecdote of Sylla and the portable statue, which he made subservient to his atrocious ambition, is related in the following words by Valerius Maximus :

"L. Sylla quoties prælium committere destinabat, parvum Apollinis signum Delphis sublatum, in conspectu militum complexus, orabat, uti promissa maturaret."—Lib. i. c. 4.

In the curious little Treatise, "Casti Innocentis Anfaldi de Romana Tutelarium Deorum in Oppugnationibus Urbium Evocatione," reprinted at Oxford 1765, the reader may contemplate the ingenuity of Pagan superstition in trying to avert the resentment of those deities, whose statues were so rapaciously removed from their temples by the pride, avarice, or hypocrisy of Pagan conquerors. There is a passage,

towards the end of this Treatise, which paints the Romans, in very just and strong colours, as the plunderers of the world :

“ Effrenem hanc Romanorum Græca erga simulacra cupiditatem op-  
 “ time explicat Gulielmus Budæus \*. Urbem (inquit) Romam to-  
 “ tius prope orbis spoliis locupletem fuisse, historica fide planum fieri  
 “ potest; iis quidem certe qui Latinos Græcosque scriptores rerum  
 “ gestarum lætitarint : non modo enim duces imperatoresque Romani  
 “ vi aperta et bellica in hostico, sed etiam proconsules provinciarumque  
 “ præfides in pacato, furtis, rapinisque, expilationibus grassabantur qua  
 “ sacrum, qua profanum, domum sua quisque avertentes. Inde illud  
 “ satyrographi poetæ :

“ Inde Dolabella est ; atque inde Antonius ; inde  
 “ Sacrilegus Verres : referebant navibus altis  
 “ Occulta spolia, et plures de pace triumphos.

“ Equidem quod ad me attinet (subdit) cum hæc, quæ in opusculum  
 “ congeffi, animo reputarem, ea mihi species urbis Romæ animo ob-  
 “ versabatur, quasi arcem quandam expilatorum orbis terrarum viderem,  
 “ et veluti communi gentium omnium Cimeliarchium (ut verbo Justi-  
 “ niani principis utar) id est sanctius conditorium rerum toto orbe ex-  
 “ imiarum.”—ANSALDI, edit. Oxon. p. 158.

\* Lib. ii. de Affe.

## NOTE XV. Ver. 310.

*Said, with parental smiles, to bleſs thy natal hour.*

“ Julius Cæſar utebatur equo inſigni, pedibus prope humanis, et in  
 “ modum digitorum ungulis fiſſis: quem natum apud ſe, cum haruſpices  
 “ imperium orbis terræ ſignificare domino pronuntiâſſent, magna cura  
 “ aluit; nec patientem ſeſſoris alterius primus aſcendit: cujus etiam  
 “ inſtar pro æde Veneris Genitricis poſtea dedicavit.”—SÆTONIUS *in*  
*Julio*, c. 61.

The genius and ſpirit of Julius appear, perhaps, to the greateſt advantage in a ſimple liſt of the grand projects he had formed juſt before his death—a liſt preſerved by this faithful biographer of the Cæſars. I will only tranſcribe the three firſt articles :

“ De ornanda inſtruendaque urbe, item de tuendo ampliandoque imperio plura ac majora in dies deſtinabat; in primis Martis templum,  
 “ quantum nuſquam eſſet, extruere, repleto et complanato lacu in quo  
 “ naumachiæ ſpectaculum ediderat; theatrumque ſummæ magnitudinis  
 “ Tarpeio monti accubans; jus civile ad certum modum redigere, atque  
 “ ex immenſa diſfuſaque legum copia, optima quæque et neceſſaria in  
 “ pauciſſimos conferre libros; bibliothecas Græcas et Latinas, quas maximas poſſet publicare, data Marco Varroni cura comparandarum ac  
 “ digerendarum.”

A juſt Life of this moſt extraordinary man, whoſe vices and virtues have had ſuch an extenſive influence over the ancient and the modern world, appears to be a deſideratum in Engliſh literature.

## NOTE XVI. Ver. 376.

*By native meanness in the monarch's mind.*

The sentiments with which an upright and independent lover of learning contemplated the character of Augustus, are forcibly displayed in a manly and eloquent letter of Sir William Jones to Gibbon, inserted in the Posthumous Works of the historian.

Winkelmann and Guasco agree in the opinion, that the statue of this emperor, with naval insignia alluding to the victory at Actium, is inferior to other productions of the same period.

Among several laudable actions of this artful tyrant, relating to sculpture, I will not fail to notice one that is particularly deserving of praise. He melted some silver statues of himself, that servility had devoted to him, and applied the coin they produced to the improvement of the public roads.

Ανδριαντας τινας εαυτε αργυρους, προς τε των Φιλων και προς δημων τινων γεγονοτας, ες νομισμα κατεκοψε.—DION CASSIUS, vol. i. p. 717.

Mecænas had given him the advice of a true friend, not to permit any statues to be raised to him either in silver or gold ; as the editor of Dion remarks on the passage I have cited.



## NOTE XVII. Ver. 386.

*Power's fav'rite signet, the imperial face.*

“ Auguste se servit dans les commencemens de son empire, d’une  
 “ pierre sur laquelle étoit gravé un sphinx. Il abandonna cet emblème,  
 “ pour faire cesser de mauvaises plaisanteries, et il prit la tête d’Alexan-  
 “ dre à laquelle il substitua encore son propre portrait, que plusieurs  
 “ des empereurs ses successeurs adoptèrent pour leur cachet. C’étoit le  
 “ célèbre Dioscoride qui l’avoit gravé.”—MARIETTE, *Traité des*  
*pierres gravées*, tome i. p. 25.

## NOTE XVIII. Ver. 392.

*Their own Mecænas their peculiar gem.*

Among the gems of Baron Stofch, engraved by Picart, there are two admirable heads of Mecænas: one by Dioscorides, and one by Solon; upon which the intelligent Mariette very justly observes:  
 “ L’on voit bien dans les deux portraits, que l’un et l’autre artiste ont  
 “ travaillé d’après nature, d’après un objet vivant; l’air de tête est le  
 “ même, cela ne pouvoit être autrement, la ressemblance n’eut pas été  
 “ parfaite; mais les cheveux sont variés: il y a des différences consi-  
 “ dérables dans les parties accessloires, les portraits se présentent dans  
 “ deux sens opposés.”

I cannot quit the interesting patron of Horace without remarking that the Abbé Souchay, in his “*Recherches sur Mecé纳斯*,” inserted

in the Memoirs of the French Academy, has ably defended the character of this illustrious friend to literature against the sarcastic asperity of Seneca.

## NOTE XIX. Ver. 410.

*The just memorial of his rescued boy.*

“ Ulyssis scutum habuisse delphinum pro insigni etiam scripsit Stesichorus. Zacynthi narrant causam ut Critheus testatur. Nam Telemachum puerum in mare profundum de litore prolapsum delphini servaverunt, subeuntesque natando extulerunt: at pater, ut animali referret gratiam, signatorio annulo hanc sculpturam et clypeo hunc ornatum addidit.”—JUNIUS, e Plutarcho *de Solertia Animalium*.

The seal-rings of antiquity form an extensive subject for curious and amusing research. Helen, as well as Ulysses, is said to have used the image of a fish for her seal:

Πανα δὲ φησὶν ἰχθυὺν εἶναι θαλασσίον κητώδη, ὁμοίον τῷ Πανὶ κατὰ τὴν οὔψιν· ἐν τῷ λίθῳ εὐρίσκεισθαι τὸν ἀσβερίτην, ὃν εἰς ἡλίου τεθέντα ἀναπλεῖσθαι· ποιεῖν δὲ πρὸς φίλτρον· τῶτον δὲ τὸν λίθον εἶχεν Ἑλένη γλυφὴν ἔχοντα, αὐτὸν τὸν ἰχθυὺν τὸν Πανα, καὶ ταυτὴ ἐκεχρήτο τῇ σφραγίδι.—PHOTIUS, p. 494.

## NOTE XX. Ver. 438.

*Made the maim'd vassals of his impious pride,*

“ Divinam majestatem asserere sibi cœpit ; datoque negotio ut simu-  
 “ lacra numinum religione et arte præclara, inter quæ Olympii Jovis,  
 “ apportarentur e Græcia, quibus capite dempto suum imponderet,  
 “ partem palatii ad forum usque promovit, atque æde Castoris et Pollucis  
 “ in vestibulum transfigurata, consistens sæpe inter fratres deos medium  
 “ se adorandum adeuntibus exhibebat ; et quidam eum Latialem Jovem  
 “ consalutaverunt.”—SÆTONIUS in Caligula, c. 22.

This impartial chronicler of the exploits and enormities of the Cæsars speaks with a becoming indignation, when he says of Caligula, “ Hac-  
 “ tenus quasi de principe, reliqua ut de monstro narranda sunt.”

One of his most detestable outrages against sculpture, was the demolition of the statues that had been raised to the illustrious public characters of his country, in different periods, and nobly assembled in the Campus Martius, with graceful solemnity, by Augustus.

“ Statuas virorum illustrium ab Augusto ex Capitolina area propter  
 “ angustias in Martium Campum collatas ita subvertit atque disjecit,  
 “ ut restitui falvis titulis non valuerint. Vetuitque posthac viventium  
 “ cuiquam usquam statuam aut imaginem, nisi consulto se et auctore,  
 “ poni.”—SÆTONIUS, c. 34.

## NOTE XXI. Ver. 454.

*Fail'd in his art to form the fluid mass.*

“ Omnem amplitudinem statuarum ejus generis vicit ætate nostra  
 “ Zenodorus.....Romam accitus est a Nerone, ubi destinatum illius  
 “ principis simulacrum Colossus fecit CX pedum longitudine, qui di-  
 “ catus solis venerationi est, damnatis sceleribus illius principis. .... Ea  
 “ statua indicavit interisse fundendi æris scientiam.”

The particulars of this failure have not been explained ; and Falconer, rejecting a conjecture of M. de Caylus, observes, on the occasion,  
 “ Plin est ici fort obscur, non dans les termes, mais dans l'objet, qui  
 “ sans doute ne lui étoit pas assez familier pour en saisir à propos les  
 “ differens rapports.”

Winkelmann imputes the bad taste of Nero to the influence of Seneca, to gratify his resentment against the conceited philosopher for presuming to exclude painters and sculptors from the circle of the liberal arts.

## NOTE XXII. Ver. 464.

*Peace, in her temple, gives a purer home.*

“ Fu questo tempio, terminata la guerra Giudaica, fabbricato dall'im-  
 “ peratore Vespasiano vicino all'arco di Tito, sopra le rovine del Por-  
 “ tico della Casa Aurea di Nerone. Fu quest' edificio in grandissima  
 “ riputazione appresso gli antichi.....Oggi di questo tempio non se ne

“ vede in piedi se non una parte, che sostiene tre archi vastissimi mezzi  
 “ sepolti—vedendovi sì ancora le nicchie per le statue.”—VENUTI,  
*Antichità di Roma*, p. 30.

Vespasian, who, as Suetonius says of him, “ ingenia et artes vel  
 “ maxime fovit,” collected and displayed, in this temple of Peace, (a  
 temple, whose portico extended two hundred and forty-four feet,) the  
 statues and pictures that Greece had supplied to decorate the Golden  
 Palace of Nero.

## NOTE XXIII. Ver. 478.

*To spare thee torments of domestic grief.*

Among the gems of Baron Stösch there is a head of Julia, on beril,  
 by Evodus. Had the life of the beneficent Titus, her father, been ex-  
 tended, it is probable that his days would have been deeply embittered  
 by the uncommonly deplorable frailties of his daughter. Juvenal has  
 spoken of her disgusting intrigue, with that filthy coarseness of lan-  
 guage which forms a frequent and a dark spot on his splendid mo-  
 rality.

## NOTE XXIV. Ver. 480.

*The rabble's vengeance on a tyrant kill'd.*

Procopius, in his Secret History, has related a very singular and im-  
 probable anecdote concerning a statue of this imperial monster.

He says, that after the death of Domitian, no image of him was  
 suffered to remain, except one that was raised on the following occa-

sion : When the body of the tyrant had been literally torn to pieces by the fury of the people, the senate, to express their respect for his wife, promised to grant any request of her's. She asked only permission to bury her husband, and raise a statue in bronze to his memory. The request was granted. She collected the limbs, and had a statue executed in such a manner as to mark the different outrages that the body had sustained—a statue, placed on the Capitoline Hill, and still expressing, (says the historian,) in this age, the figure and the fate of Domitian.

## NOTE XXV. Ver. 502.

*Tenderly just, magnificently kind.*

An allusion to passages in a letter of Pliny :

“ Heri a senatu Vestricio Spurinnæ, principe autore triumphalis statua  
 “ decreta est . . . . Hoc quidem virtutis præmium, illud solatium doloris  
 “ accepit, quod filio ejus Cottio quem amisit absens, habitus est honor  
 “ statuz. Rarum id in juvene, sed pater hoc quoque merebatur, cujus  
 “ gravissimo vulnere magno aliquo fomento medendum fuit. Præterea  
 “ Cottius ipse tam clarum specimen indolis dederat, ut vita ejus brevis et  
 “ angusta debuerit hac veluti immortalitate proferri. Nam tanta ei  
 “ sanctitas, gravitas, autoritas etiam, ut posset senes illos provocare vir-  
 “ tute, quibus nunc honore adæquatus est. Quo quidem honore, quan-  
 “ tum ego interpretor, non modo defuncti memoriæ, dolori patris,  
 “ verum etiam exemplo prospectum est. Acuent ad bonas artes juventu-  
 “ tem adolescentibus quoque (digni sunt modo) tanta præmia consti-  
 “ tuta ; acuent principes viros ad liberos suscipiendos et gaudia ex su-  
 “ perstitibus, et ex amissis tam gloriosa solatia.”—Lib. ii. Epist. 7.

## NOTE XXVI. Ver. 512.

*Thy Venus prais'd thee with victorious smiles.*

Herodes Atticus, the munificent citizen of Athens, was the accomplished son of a most fortunate father;—a father, who had not only the rare good fortune to discover, and obtain permission from the emperor Nerva to appropriate to his own family a concealed and inexhaustible treasure, but the higher good fortune to find, and successfully cultivate, in his child, those talents and virtues which, instead of being corrupted by unbounded opulence, rather appeared to derive from it new energy and lustre. Herodes Atticus became not only the richest subject in the Roman empire, but he was at the same time one of the most studious, the most eloquent, and liberal of men. It was his noble maxim, that the wealthy ought to employ their riches, not only in relieving the necessities of the poor, but in saving those of narrow circumstances from sinking into poverty. Pausanias, who lived at the same period, has spoken with pleasure of the magnificent gifts bestowed by this generous Athenian on different parts of Greece. The most remarkable were, the Stadium that he formed at Athens, of the finest marble, extending six hundred feet; and statues of singular beauty and splendor, with which he decorated the temple of Neptune, on the Isthmus of Corinth. The Abbé Gualco, without mentioning his authority, asserts that this accomplished Athenian practised the art of sculpture himself:

“ Le célèbre Hérode, surnomme l'Attique, ne crut pas se degrader  
 “ en maniant lui-même le ciseau ; et la Venus armée, dont il fut l'au-  
 “ teur, fait connoître qu'il honoroit autant la sculpture par le bon gout  
 “ de ses productions, que par la dignité de sa personne.”

T T

In consulting various ancient authors who have spoken of this interesting character, and a modern Life of him by Mr. Burigny, in the Memoires of the French Academy, I cannot find any farther proof of his having added a talent for sculpture to his other accomplishments; and am therefore inclined to suppose that the Venus in question was a donation only, and not a work of Herodes. Its merit as a statue may be conceived from the following words of Damascius, preserved in Photius :

Ο τι ο συγγραφευς αγαλμα της Αφροδιτης ειδεν ιδρυμενον· Ηρωδε τε σοφιστε αναθημα· τωτο εν φησι θεασαμενος, ιδρωσα μεν υπο τε θαμβος τε και εκπληξεως, ωτω δε την ψυχην διετεθην υπο της ευφροσυνης ωσε εκ οιος ην οικαδε επανιεναι· πολλακις δε απιων επαναστειφειν επι το θεαμα· τοσαυτον αυτω καλλος ενεκερασεν ο τεχνιτης, ε γλυκυ τι και αφροδισιον αλλα βλοσυρον τε και ανδρικον· ενοπλον μεν, οιον δε απο νικης επανερχομενης, και το γεγηθος επιφανειας.—  
PHOTII *Bibliotheca*, p. 1045.

I cannot quit this memorable personage without observing, with pleasure, that after having obtained consular distinction at Rome, and enjoyed the friendship of a virtuous Roman emperor, he ended his days, in a good old age, (seventy-six,) at his favourite villa, the illustrious spot of Marathon, where he meant to be privately buried: but the affection of the Athenians, who regarded him as a father, took the body from his domestics, and conveyed it, with the most honourable solemnity, to one of the public structures with which his munificence had decorated their city.



## NOTE XXVII. Ver. 644.

*And at the mournful sound the visions all dispers'd.*

“ Parmi le grand nombre des monumens qu’ Adrien fit élever, le plus  
 “ confiderable étoit fans contredit l’immense edifice qu’il batit au pied  
 “ de Tivoli, connu sous le nom de Villa Adriana, maison d’Adrien, dont  
 “ les debris embrassent un circuit de près de dix miles d’Italie. Pour se  
 “ former une idée de l’immensité de cette construction, il faut se repré-  
 “ senter qu’elle renfermoit presque toute une ville, des temples, des pa-  
 “ lestres, et une infinité d’autres édifices, entre autres deux théâtres, dont  
 “ l’un peut nous donner la meilleure notion de tous les edifices de ce  
 “ genre. C’est le théâtre le plus entier qui nous soit resté des anciens :  
 “ on y voit encore le portique, les salles des acteurs, les escaliers par où  
 “ l’on montoit au théâtre, la porte de la scene, les portiques latéraux de  
 “ l’avant scene, l’orchestre et la place des instrumens. Ce prince avoit  
 “ imité dans ce palais tout ce que l’antiquité avoit en de plus celebre :  
 “ le Lycée, l’Académie, le Prytanée, le Portique, le Temple de Theffa-  
 “ lie, et le Pécile d’Athène, il y avoit même fait représenter les Champs  
 “ Elysées, et le royaume de Pluton . . . . Les statues qu’on a tirées des fo-  
 “ uilles de cette maison depuis deux cent cinquante ans, ont enrichi  
 “ tous les cabinets de l’Europe, et il y reste encore des decouvertes à faire  
 “ pour nos derniers neveux.”

It is thus that Winkelmann (in the Translation of Huber) speaks of this imperial villa, that seems to have surpassed the splendor of Asiatic magnificence. The liberality of Hadrian to the reviving cities of Greece, and particularly to Athens, is recorded by Pausanias, and forcibly expressed in the two following verses that were engraved in the Acropolis:

T T 2

Αἰδ' εἰσι Αθῆναι Θησεως πρωτον πολις

Ἡδ' Αδριανυ, κ' εδε Θησεως πολις.

The magnificent public works, and the motley character of this extraordinary emperor, are singularly calculated to excite the opposite emotions of admiration and disgust. His preposterous idea of deifying Antinous is sufficiently explained in the following words of the learned Spanheim :

“ Le mignon d’Hadrien n’est que trop connu de l’historien de la vie  
 “ de cet empereur ; des passages de quelques anciens peres de l’Eglise,  
 “ qui en font mention, et entre autres d’Origène en plusieurs endroits  
 “ de son excellent livre contre Celsus ; et enfin par les temples, les au-  
 “ tels, les sacrificateurs, les jeux, les statues qu’ Hadrien lui fit consacrer après sa mort ; le tout selon Dion, pour s’être immolé volontairement aux superstitions de son maître. Ajoutez l’opinion qu’avoit  
 “ ce même Hadrien, on faisoit semblant d’avoir que l’ame de cet indigne favori reçue dans le ciel y tenoit la place d’un astre brillant,  
 “ sur lequel il attachoit souvent la vue. C’est dequoy Julien aussi le  
 “ raille, et en même tems raille en général les Grecs, qui par une hon-  
 “ teuse flatterie, avoient donné place à cet Antinous entre leurs astres,  
 “ comme dans le globe de la lune, selon la remarque de Tatianus, et  
 “ qu’il se prouve encore aujourd’huy par leurs medailles.”—SPANHEIM,  
*Note sur les Césars de l’Empereur Julien.*

The praise bestowed by history on Hadrian, in his character of a sculptor, “ proxime Polycletos et Euphranoras,” reminds me of the following anecdote in the imperial historian Vopiscus, concerning himself and his brother historians.

Vopiscus was riding in a carriage with his illustrious friend Tiberianus:  
 “ Sermo nobis,” says the historian, “ de Trebellio Pollione, qui a duobus  
 “ Philippis usque ad divum Claudium et ejus fratrem Quintillum, im-

“ peratores tam claros quam obscuros memoriæ prodidit, in eodem ve-  
“ hiculo fuit, afferente Tiberiano quod Pollio multa incuriose, multa  
“ breviter prodidisset : me contra dicente, neminem scriptorum quan-  
“ tum ad historiam pertinet, non aliquid esse mentitum : prodente quin-  
“ etiam, in quo Livius, in quo Salustius, in quo Cornelius Tacitus, in  
“ quo denique Trogus manifestis testibus convincerentur : pedibus in  
“ sententiam transitum faciens, ac manum porrigens jucundam præterea,  
“ Scribe, inquit, ut libet : securus : quod velis dicas : habiturus men-  
“ daciorum comites, quot historicæ eloquentiæ miramur auctores !!” —  
VOPISCI, *Divus Aurelianus*, c. 2.

END OF THE NOTES ON THE FOURTH EPISTLE.



# NOTES

ON THE

## FIFTH EPISTLE.

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NOTE I. Ver. 26.

*SIGH at the sculptur'd form of Ammon's son.*

The effect which the statue of Alexander produced on the mind of Julius, is circumstantially described in the following words of Suetonius :

“ Quæstori ulterior Hispania obvenit ; ubi cum mandato prætoris  
“ jure dicendo conventus circumiret, Gadefque venisset, animad-  
“ versa apud Herculis templum Magni Alexandri imagine, inge-  
“ nuit ; et quasi pertæsus ignaviam suam, quod nihil dum a se me-  
“ morabile actum esset in ætate qua jam Alexander orbem terrarum  
“ subegisset, missionem continuo efflagitavit, ad captandas quam pri-  
“ mum majorum rerum occasiones in Urbe.”—SÜETONIUS in Julio,  
c. 7.

## NOTE II. Ver. 38.

*While Mercy blest thee as her dear ally.*

A temple (perhaps rather an altar) in Athens, dedicated to Mercy by the descendants of Hercules, is said to have been the first Asylum. To this the poet Claudian alludes :

—— Flentibus aram,  
Et proprium miseris numen statuistis Athenæ.

The Asylum that Romulus established in his new city is described in the Second Book of Dionysius Halicarnassensis. Ovid thus speaks of it in his Fasti :

Romulus ut saxo lucum circumdedit alto ;  
Cuilibet, Huc, inquit, confuge, tutus eris. FAST. iii. 431.

The privileges and the abuses of the ancient Asyla, in different countries, have probably been well illustrated by the Abbé Guasco, in a Treatise which he wrote expressly on this interesting subject ; a book that I have sought for, without being so fortunate as to meet with it.

## NOTE III. Ver. 84.

*Virtue's prime purpose, to deserve success.*

This point is triumphantly proved in the masterpiece of Demosthenes, his Oration *Περὶ Στεφάνου*; and is still further confirmed by the honor which the Athenians paid to his memory, and the privileges they granted to his descendants.

The statue raised to this most eloquent and incorruptible of patriots, after his decease, was executed by the sculptor Polyeuctus; and the verses inscribed upon it (sometimes erroneously supposed to contain a sarcasm on his military conduct) had been composed by the orator on himself, according to Demetrius the Magnesian, as he is quoted by Plutarch: *Αἰτήσας τε γραμματεῖον, εἰργάσεν (ὥς μὲν Δημήτριος ὁ Μαγνης φησὶ) τὸ ἐπὶ τῆς εἰκόνος αὐτῆς ἐλεγείον ἐπιγεγραμμένον ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀθηναίων ὑψέρον,*

*Εἰπερ ἴσον βῶμην γνώμῃ Δημοσθένες ἐσχέας,  
Οὐ ποτ' ἂν Ἑλλήνων ἠρξεν Ἀρῆς Μακεδῶν.*

*Κεῖται δὲ εἰκὼν πλησίον τῆ περισχοινισματος καὶ τῆ βώμης τῶν δωδεκά θεῶν, ὑπὸ Πολυεὺκτης πεποιημένη.—PLUTARCHUS, in *Vitis decem Oratorum*.*

## NOTE IV. Ver. 114.

*And Gratitude and Glory blest her aid.*

This very striking group of colossal statues, erected to honour the Athenians, is mentioned in a decree of the Byzantians, which Demosthenes takes a becoming pride in introducing as a part of his defence, in his sublime vindication of his own public conduct :

Στασαι δε και εικονας τρεις εκκαιδεκαπηχεις εν τω Βοσπορω στεφανωμενον τον δαμον των Αθηναιων υπο τη δαμω των Βυζαντιων και Περινηων.—DEMOST. edit. Stock. tom. i. p. 62.

## NOTE V. Ver. 140.

*Poignant and sweet ; morality and praise.*

“ One of Pindar’s arts,” says Dr. Warton, “ which Lord Bacon has observed, and in which his copiers fail, is the introduction of many moral reflections.” The memorable statue which the Athenians so gratefully raised to this animated poet is agreeably described in a letter of Æschines the orator :

Καθημενος ενδυματι και λυρα ο Πινδαρος διαδημα εχων, και επι των γονατων ανειλιγμενον βιβλιον.



## NOTE VI. Ver. 174.

*When the barbarian force o'erthrew your towers.*

Εν δὲ τῇ Μιλητῷ πολλὰς ἀνδριάντας ἀθλητῶν θρασυμένους Ὀλυμπία καὶ Πυθία νενικηκότων, καὶ πρὸς τὰ τηλικαυτά ἡν σώματα, εἶπεν, ὅτε οἱ βαρβάροι ὑμῶν τὴν πόλιν ἐπολιορκῶν.—PLUTARCHI *Apophthegmata*, edit. 4to. p. 22.

## NOTE VII. Ver. 190.

*Her single, nameless, despicable son.*

The particulars of this remarkable incident, the condemnation of the statue, for having occasioned the death of its envious enemy, and the subsequent divine honours that were paid to Theagenes when his image was restored, according to an admonition from the Pythian oracle, are piously related in the Sixth Book of Pausanias.

## NOTE VIII. Ver. 220.

*And as a guardian power this patriot Greek rever'd.*

Plutarch, in his Life of Aratus, has mentioned the statue of the hero, and preserved its inscription.

## NOTE IX. Ver. 236.

*The friend who taught him virtue's noblest tone.*

Μιθριδατης ο Περσης ανδριαντα Πλατωνος ανεθετο εις την Ακαδημειαν και επε-  
γραψε, Μιθριδατης ο Ροδοβατης Περσης Μυσαις εικονα ανεθετο Πλατωνος, ην  
Σιλανιων εποισσε.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS, edit. Lipsiæ, p. 189.

## NOTE X. Ver. 241.

*By Æsop's statue Greece this lesson gave.*

A remark of the elegant and moral Phædrus :

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,  
Servulumque collocarunt æterna in basi :  
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam :  
Nec generi tribui, sed virtuti gloriam.

This public memorial, justly raised by the Athenians to the meritori-  
ous Æsop, was the work of Lysippus. The sculptor and the moralist  
are both applauded in a Greek epigram composed on this statue :

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ,

εις εικονα Αισωπου.

Ευγε ποιων Λυσιππε γερων, Σικυωνιε πλασα,  
Δεικελον Αισωπου στησαο τε Σαμια,

Ἑπτα σοφῶν ἐμπροσθεν, ἐπεὶ κείνοι μὲν ἀναγκὴν  
 Ἐμβαλόν, κ' πείθω, φθέγμασι τοῖς σφετεροῖς·  
 Ὅς δὲ σοφοῖς μυθοῖς καὶ πλασμασι καίρια λέξας  
 Παιζῶν ἐν σπῆδῳ, πείθει ἐχεφρονεῖν.  
 Φευκτὸν δ' ἡ τρηχεῖα παραινέσις ἡ Σαμία δὲ  
 Τὸ γλυκὺ τὰ μυθεῖ καλὸν ἐχέει δέλεαρ.

## Grotii Versio.

Fictorum, Lysippe, decus Sicyonie, laudo  
 Æsopi Samii quod fenis effigiem  
 Antelocas septem Græcis sapientibus : horum  
 Nam dictis vis est plurima, suada deest.  
 Ille docet verum blanda sub imagine falsi,  
 Sed docet, et monstrat seria cuncta joco.  
 Aspra juvent alios : Samii me fabula mulcet  
 Utile sub dulci quæ clepit illecebra.

## Agathias, on the Statue of Æsop.

Well hast thou done, Lysippus, thus to place  
 Thy sculptur'd Æsop high on Honour's base,  
 Before the seven sages. Their discourse  
 In soft persuasion fails, though not in force.  
 His sapient fiction timely truth supplies ;  
 Sporting he leads his hearer to be wise.  
 We shun harsh counsel : but this Samian sage  
 Of fable forms a feast for ev'ry age.

## NOTE XI. Ver. 248.



*Rever'd his glory as a public trust.*

Diogenes Laertius asserts, in his Life of Socrates, that the Athenians immediately repented their conduct towards the philosopher, and honoured his memory by a public statue of brass, the work of Lysippus! It is remarkable that two men, one esteemed the wisest, and the other the wittiest of the Greeks, Socrates and Lucian, were bred to the profession of sculpture. The vivacity of Lucian, and his antipathy to a severe relation, his master, probably precluded that comic genius from making any considerable advances in an art which requires the steadiest union of industry and talent. But Socrates is known to have executed some works, as a statuary, that were objects of public regard. Pausanias has noticed the Graces, in the Acropolis of Athens, as the work of the philosopher; and in observing that these and the elder Golden Graces of Bupalus were not destitute of drapery, he professes himself unable to discover what artist introduced the custom, prevalent in his time, of representing the Graces naked. Falconet imagines that statues executed by Socrates could have but a trifling degree of merit as works of art, from the philosopher's having quitted the profession very early in life: but the more candid Greeks seem inclined to applaud the laudable endeavours of juvenile talent; and a Greek epigram on a very young sculptor, Eutychides, speaks of him as equal to Praxiteles, though calamitously hurried out of life at the age of sixteen:

Πραξιτελης ηνθην λαοξοος ετι χειριων,  
 Ες δ' ετεων δισσας ηλυθον ογδοαδας.  
 Ουνομα δ' Ευτυχιδης ψευδωνυμον, αλλα με δαιμων  
 Θηκεν αφαρπαξας ωκυτατ' εις αιδα

## NOTE XII. Ver. 264.

*And rail'd at statues rais'd in woman's name.*

Let me introduce the just and polite Guasco, defending the fair sex against the asperity of the Roman censor :

“ Caton le censeur, toujours zélé pour le maintien des maximes primordiales, et peut-être quelquefois un peu sujet à l'humeur, blamoit comme un abus les statues qu'on dressoit aux dames Romaines dans les provinces, le regardant comme chose contraire aux vieilles maximes de la simplicité et de la décence des mœurs ; cependant les blâmes de Caton ne parvinrent point à arrêter cette pratique même dans la capitale de l'empire.

“ Plutarque aussi philosophe, mais plus galant que Caton, sans parler de ce dernier, mais probablement dans l'intention de le refuter, fait l'apologie des monumens élevés en l'honneur des femmes illustres \*, et soutient qu'elles avoient droit aussi bien que les hommes, aux monumens qui font vivre dans la postérité, toutes les fois qu'elles les avoient mérités par des vertus et des actions brillantes ; ajoutant plusieurs exemples qui prouvent que la vertu du beau sexe peut être aussi utile à l'état que celle des hommes. En effet, s'il arrive que s'élevant au-dessus de sa faiblesse naturelle, une femme donne des exemples d'une vertu supérieure, pourquoi la priveroit-on des honneurs patriotiques, pourquoi ôteroit-on de devant les yeux des monumens capables d'encourager son sexe à se vouer au bien public ? Car quoiqu'on flatte perpétuellement les charmes du beau sexe, quoiqu'on en abuse sans cesse, on ne considère pas assez la puissante

“ \* Dans le Traité des Femmes Vertueuses.”

“ influence que les femmes peuvent avoir comme mères, comme  
 “ épouses, comme citoyennes, en bien des occasions et en mille  
 “ manières sur l'esprit et sur le cœur.”—*De l'Usage des Statues*, p. 269.

## NOTE XIII. Ver. 272.

*E'en from a hostile king extorted praise.*

“ Clœlia Virgo, una ex obsidibus, quum castra Etruscorum forte haud  
 “ procul ripa Tiberis locata essent, frustrata custodes, dux agminis vir-  
 “ ginum inter tela hostium Tiberim tranavit, sospitesque omnes Romam  
 “ ad propinquos restituit.

“ Quod ubi regi nuntiatum est, primo incensus ira.....deinde in ad-  
 “ mirationem versus, ‘ Supra Coclites Muciosque,’ dicere, ‘ id facinus  
 “ esse.’ Pace redintegrata, Romani novam in foemina virtutem novo  
 “ genere honoris, statua equestri, donavere. In summa sacra via fuit  
 “ posita Virgo insidens equo.”—LIV. lib. ii. c. 13.

## NOTE XIV. Ver. 286.

*Consummate beauty, and the true sublime.*

Cornelia was the admired model of the maternal character in ancient Rome. Her sons and the people seem to have sympathized in affectionate veneration towards this illustrious woman: and a statue was raised to the living parent with that most simple and eloquent inscription, “ Cornelia, Mater Gracchorum.” Pliny describes the statue in the following words:

“ Sedens, soleisque sine amento insignis, in Metelli publica Porticu:  
 “ quæ statua nunc est in Octaviæ operibus.”—Lib. xxxiv. c. 6.

## NOTE XV. Ver. 326.

*Express'd the feelings of that parting hour.*

This anecdote, one of the most pleasing in all the records of Pagan history, is well related in the following words of Pausanias :

Το δὲ ἀγάλμα τῆς Αἰδούς, τριακοντα πού σταδία ἀπέχον τῆς πόλεως, Ἰκαρίῃ μὲν ἀνάθημα εἶναι· ποιηθῆναι δὲ ἐπὶ λόγῳ φασὶ τοιῷδε. Ὅτ' ἔδωκεν Ὀδυσσεὺς Πηνελόπην γυναῖκα Ἰκαρίος, ἐπειράτο μὲν κατοικῆσαι καὶ αὐτὸν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ· διαμαρτανῶν δὲ ἐκεῖν, δευτέρᾳ τὴν θυγατέρα ἰκετεύει καταμείναι, καὶ ἐξορμωμένης ἐς Ἰθάκην ἐπακολουθῶν τῷ ἄρματι εἰδείτο. Ὀδυσσεύς δὲ τῶς μὲν ἠνείκετο, τέλος δὲ ἐκέλευε συνακολουθεῖν Πηνελόπην ἐκῆσαν, ἣ τὸν πατέρα ἐλομένην ἀναχωρεῖν ἐς Λακεδαιμόνα· καὶ τὴν ἀποκρίνασθαι φασὶν ἔδεν· ἐγκαλυψάμενης δὲ πρὸς τὸ ἐρωτήμα, Ἰκαρίος τὴν μὲν, ἀτε δὲ συνίεις ὥς βελεταὶ ἀπιέναι μετὰ Ὀδυσσεως, ἀφίησιν· ἀγάλμα δὲ ἀνέθηκεν Αἰδὺς· ἐνταυθα γὰρ τῆς οὐδὲ προήκασαν ἤδη τὴν Πηνελόπην λεγούσιν ἐγκαλυψάσθαι.—P. 263.

## NOTE XVI. Ver. 340.

*And with a graceful terror tremble still.*

The following little poem of Claudian was written on the group of interesting figures to which I have alluded :

De piis Fratribus et eorum Statuis quæ sunt apud Catinam.

Adspice sudantes venerando pondere fratres,

Divino meritos semper honore coli.

Iusta quibus rapidæ cessit reverentia flammæ,

Et mirata vagas repulit Ætna faces.

Complexi manibus fultos cervicæ parentes,

Adtollunt vultus, adcelerantque gradus.

Grandævi gemina sublimes prole feruntur,

Et cara natos implicuere mora.

Nonne vides, ut sæva senex incendia monstret ?

Ut trepido genitrix invocet ore Deos ?

Erexit formido comam, perque omne metallum

Fusus in adtonito palluit acre tremor.

In juvenum membris animosus cernitur horror,

Atque oneri metuens, impavidusque sui.

Rejectæ vento chlamydes : dextram exerit ille,

Contentus læva sustinuisse patrem.

Ast illi duplices in nodum colligit ulnas,

Cautior in sexu debiliore labor.

Hoc quoque præteriens oculis ne forte relinquas,

Artificis tacitæ quod meruere manus.



## On the Statues at Catina.

Behold, with hallow'd weight these Brothers bend !  
Eternal honour on their toil attend !  
Etna's fierce torrents pause as they retire,  
And back with rev'rence turns the wand'ring fire.  
Clasping their Parents on their shoulders plac'd,  
They raise their eyes, and through the ruin haste ;  
Aloft the elders, in their offspring's guard,  
With dear incumbence their quick steps retard.  
See, the fire points where conflagration falls,  
While on the Gods the trembling mother calls !  
Their hair starts up in terror ! Through the brafs  
An universal shudder seems to pass.  
A bolder horror in the youths is shewn,  
More firm, and fearing for their charge alone.  
Their vests blown back, his right hand one extends,  
Confiding that the left his fire defends :  
His load with twisted arms the other holds ;  
So fonder care the weaker sex infolds.  
Nor unrewarded by discernment's praise  
Be this nice merit, that mute art displays ;

Nam confanguineos eadem cum forma figuret,  
Hic propior matri fit tamen, ille patri.  
Diffimiles animos solertia temperat artis,  
Alter in alterius redditur ore parens.  
Et nova germanis paribus discrimina præbens,  
Divisit vultus cum pietate faber.  
O bene naturæ memores, documenta supernæ  
Justitiæ, juvenum numina, vota senum,  
Qui spretis opibus medios properastis in ignes  
Nil præter sanctam tollere Canitiem.  
Haud equidem immerito tanta virtute repressas  
Enceladi fauces obriguiffe reor.  
Ipse redundantem frænavit Mulciber Ætnam,  
Læderet exempli ne monumenta pii.  
Senserunt elementa fidem: pater adfuit Æther,  
Teraque maternum sedula jovit onus.  
Quod si notus amor provexit in astra Laconas,  
Æneam Phrygio raptus ab igne pater;  
Si vetus Argolicos illustrat gloria fratres,  
Qui sua materno colla dedere jugo.  
Cur non Amphinomo, cur non tibi, fortis Anapi,  
Æternum Siculus templa dicavit honos?  
Plura licet summæ dederit Trinacria laudi,  
Noverit hoc majus se genuisse nihil.  
Nec doleat damnis, quæ devius intulit ardor:  
Nec gemat exustas igne furente domos.  
Non potuit pietas flamma cessante probari,  
Emtum est ingenti clade perenne decus.

Fraternal likenesses in the youths admire,  
Tho' one reflects his mother, one his fire.  
Thus skilful art makes different minds agree,  
And either Parent in each Child you see :  
Each Youth with pious love the sculptor warms,  
With new distinctions in resembling forms.  
O ye (to nature true, and heaven your guide,  
Light to the young, the elders' wish or pride,)   
Who rush'd thro' fire, and not from lucre's rage,  
But keen to save the sanctity of age !  
Enceladus, thy flame-diffusing jaws  
Such virtue silenc'd to a solemn pause :  
His flowing Etna Mulciber repress'd,  
Left piety should lose so dear a test :  
The elements rever'd their faith—air, earth,  
Gave a parental aid to filial worth.  
If Spartan sons by love to heaven aspire ;  
If Troy's Æneas by his rescued fire ;  
If youths of Argos shine a double star,  
The youths who fondly drew their mother's Car !  
Say why, Amphinomus, Anapius, why  
Does no just shrine forbid your fame to die ?  
Tho' Sicily has many claims to praise,  
A nobler claim than yours she ne'er could raise.  
Let her not grieve, to conflagration doom'd,  
Nor mourn the fabrics in these flames consum'd ;  
Virtue, without such proof, had lost her crown ;  
Wide ruin was the price of infinite renown.

## NOTE XVII. Ver. 378.

*Worthy to live in monumental stone.*

This memorable incident is recorded by Plutarch, in his Life of Timoleon.

## NOTE XVIII. Ver. 384.

*The dupe of vanity's delirious fire.*

Ovid and Rousseau have immortalized the delirium of Pygmalion, with the charms of playful imagination, and fascinating sensibility.

## NOTE XIX. Ver. 386.

*Condemn'd to bellow in his brazen beast.*

Quam bene dispositum terris, ut dignus iniqui  
Fructus consilii primis auctoribus instet !

-----  
Sic opifex tauri tormentorumque repertor,  
Qui funesta novo fabricaverat æra dolori  
Primus inexpertum, Siculo cogente tyranno,  
Sensit opus, docuitque suum mugire juvencum.      CLAUDIAN.

This celebrated brazen bull, in which Phalaris, the tyrant of Agrigentum, is said to have tortured its cruel artificer, was seized by the Car-

thaginians with the rest of their Sicilian plunder, and conveyed to their own city by the victorious Imilcar. A more powerful Roman conqueror seized it again in the spoils of Carthage; and, according to Cicero, (who mentions the circumstance in his Orations against Verres,) restored it to the inhabitants of Agrigentum.

## NOTE XX. Ver. 388.

*Of vile obscenity the venal tool.*

I have read of a statuary who signalized himself at Rome by this abuse of his art; but his name escaped my recollection, and it is better forgotten than remembered.

## NOTE XXI. Ver. 400.

*Of ancient genius give a wider view.*

“Admiratur et Pasiteles (says Pliny,) qui et quinque volumina  
 “scripsit nobilium operum in toto orbe. Natus hic in Græciæ Italiæ  
 “ora, et civitate Romana donatus cum iis oppidis, Jovem fecit eburneum  
 “in Metelli æde, qua campus petitur. Accidit ei, cum in navalibus,  
 “ubi feræ Africanæ erant, per caveam intuens leonem cælaret, ut ex  
 “alia cavea panthera erumperet, non levi periculo diligentissimi artificis.  
 “Fecisse opera complura dicitur; sed quæ fecerit, nominatim non  
 “refertur.” Lib. 36. c. 5.

## NOTE XXII. Ver. 426.

*With all the splendor of departed power.*

Those who are amused by observing the opposite extremes into which prejudice and partiality are apt to be hurried in describing the same author, may be gratified in comparing what the French sculptor Falconet, and his countryman M. de la Nauze, have said, one to depreciate, and the other to magnify, the merits of Pliny as a writer upon art. Perhaps the spirit of that indefatigable and illustrious Roman, if we could question him on the subject, would equally smile at the bitter detraction and the exaggerated praise, confessing ingenuously that he really deserved neither the one nor the other. In his great and unfinished work it is certainly not difficult to find some considerable imperfections; yet taken altogether it is a most valuable and glorious monument of industry, intelligence, and good-nature.

## NOTE XXIII. Ver. 440.

*Thy Panorama of enchanting Greece.*

The character of Pausanias is very justly delineated by M. de Caylus.

“ Rien n'est plus capable de fixer nos idées sur la magnificence des  
 “ Grecs, & sur la manière dont ils ont cultivé les arts, que le récit de  
 “ Pausanias. Ce voyageur célèbre a vu, dans différentes parties de la  
 “ Grèce qu'il a parcourues, deux mille huit cents vingt-sept statues, ou

“ environ. . . . . et si l'on peut soupçonner avec quelque raison, que  
“ ses connoissances n'étoient pas fort étendues, du moins il donne à  
“ chaque pas les preuves de son amour pour la vérité.”—*Antiquités*,  
tom. ii. p. 106.

It is to be regretted that we know so little concerning the personal history of a traveller, to whom we are so highly indebted for a mass of most interesting information: it appears however from a passage in his work, that he wrote his Grecian Travels in the sixteenth year of the latter Antonine; and from his mentioning no emperor of a later date, he is supposed to have died in his reign.

## NOTE XXIV. Ver. 460.

*And moral beauty decorates the whole.*

The Latin folio of Francis Junius *De Pictura Veterum* is a work of extensive erudition, and equal philanthropy. The very studious and amiable author was born in the Palatinate, 1599: he first embraced the profession of arms, but soon quitted it on the establishment of peace; and after travelling to France, he visited England, and resided for thirty years in the family of that illustrious lover of art, the celebrated earl of Arundel; a circumstance peculiarly favourable to his elaborate production. The first edition of it was printed in Holland; but the second, with many additions, and a life of the author by Grævius, was published in London, 1694.

A letter from Grotius, dated Paris, 1638, in returning thanks to Junius for a copy of his book, contains the following judicious and elegant description of its merit:

Y Y

“ Miror diffusam lectionem, judicium, ordinem, & quæ ex cunctis  
 “ artibus ad hanc artem ornandam attulisti. Plane simile mihi videtur  
 “ hoc opus tuum illis imaginibus quæ e lapillis diversicoloribus com-  
 “ paginatis fiunt, qualis illa Satyri Epigrammate Græco celebrata, &  
 “ Theuderici Gothorum regis memorata Procopio. Delectat varietas,  
 “ multoque magis ex ista varietate confurgens pulchra species. Rogo  
 “ te ut multa des nobis similia.”

Junius died at Windsor, in the house of his nephew Vossius: and the university of Oxford, to whom this most mild and laborious scholar bequeathed his books, has honoured his memory with an epitaph that contains the following very pleasing eulogy :

Per omnem ætatem  
 Sine querela aut injuria cujusquam  
 Musis tantum et sibi vacavit.

NOTE XXV. Ver. 476.

*And sunk from glorious toil to dark repose.*

The abbé Guasco had the misfortune to have his studies for a long time suspended, and at last terminated by a calamity peculiarly severe to a man of letters,—the failure of his sight. He modestly closes his learned and interesting work upon Statues with the following pathetic apology :

“ Forcé par la perte de ma vue de quitter la plume, je vais vivre dans  
 “ un repos auquel les lettres ne perdront rien. Je crains même que cet  
 “ ouvrage ne soit une preuve que j'aurois du m'y livrer plutôt, d'autant  
 “ plus que mon état ne me permet point de revoir & corriger ce que



“ j’écrivis il y a dix ans, & que je différois toujours de publier dans  
 “ l’espérance trompeuse de pouvoir y donner encore la dernière main.”  
 —*De l’Usage des Statues*, p. 491.

The preface to the book I have just cited contains some pleasing letters between the author and his brother, an officer of distinction, whom he had the misfortune to survive. The abbé was an honorary member of the French Academy; and he lived on terms of great intimacy with Montesquieu, as I discover from a little volume of letters that he published soon after the decease, and with the name of his illustrious friend.

## NOTE XXVI. Ver. 500.

*Each changeful feature, and her inmost soul.*

Though the eager enthusiastic spirit of Winkelman exposed him occasionally to delusion and to ridicule, there is such a portion of solid and of splendid merit in his great work, the History of Art, as can hardly fail to confer upon its author an honourable immortality. The excellencies and the failings of this animated writer are candidly displayed in the eulogy inscribed to him by his accomplished friend Heyne, the professor of Gottingen. In the copious tide of translations from the German which has recently enriched the literature of our country, it is matter of surprise and regret to those who delight in the arts, that the works of Winkelman have not yet made their appearance. He has found creditable translators both in France and Italy. Time will probably produce a collection of all his different works on design, in a becoming English dress, with a suitable account of a writer whose pro-

ductions are replete with learning, taste, and genius ; and whose personal history is particularly interesting.

What an incentive to studious youth in the humble classes of life, to trace the son of a German cobbler overcoming the perplexities of indigent obscurity, and qualifying himself to instruct the connoisseurs of Italy, and to preside over the antiquities of Rome. He was born at Stendal in Brandenburg, 1717 ; and stabbed at Trieste by an itinerant Italian, who vainly hoped to rob him of some valuable metals that he had received as a present on his visit to the court of Vienna.

Winkelman, notwithstanding the many wounds he received, lived long enough to forgive his assassin, and to bequeath his property to his illustrious friend and patron cardinal Alexander Albani.

NOTE XXVII. Ver. 520.

*And charm'd thy spirit thro' the shades of death.*

The delight and advantages arising from a lively and liberal passion for the fine arts were never more forcibly exemplified than in the youthful, and in the declining days, of that accomplished nobleman the Comte de Caylus. Born of a very illustrious family in 1692, he began his career of public life as a soldier ; but on the peace of Rastadt, he amused his active spirit by travelling to Italy. In the course of his excursion, he made a frank offer of his sword in defence of Malta, then threatened by the Turks : the alarm of that island passed away, and the count returned to Paris. The love of travelling, and a passionate attachment to the study of antiquities, now induced him to relinquish his military profession. He wished to visit the scenes of ancient art, and

seized the opportunity of embarking for the east with a new ambassador from his country to Constantinople. As they stopt at Smyrna, he was eager to survey the ruins of Ephesus ; their distance from Smyrna was only the journey of a day. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from attempting it, by displaying the danger he must incur, as the country was infested by a merciless banditti, under a formidable chief, Caracayali.

But in the Comte de Caylus (says his Eulogist) fear was always subordinate to desire. He accomplished his wishes by an adventurous device : clothing himself in a simple linen dress, and taking with him nothing that could tempt rapacity, he set forth with two of the banditti, who were suffered, from motives of public apprehension, to visit Smyrna occasionally. He had made a bargain with these men, on a promise of paying them liberally on his safe return. They conducted him, with an interpreter, to their captain. Caracayali, pleased with his animated visitor, took a pleasure in gratifying his curiosity. He told him there were ruins still nearer, that deserved his attention ; and to convey him thither with the utmost celerity, he supplied him with two of the finest Arabian coursfers. The Comte seemed to be transported by magic to the interesting spot : it presented to him the ruins of Colopton. After enjoying that unexpected and delightful scene, he returned to pass the night in a fort that formed the residence of Caracayali ; and the next day he devoted to the ruins of Ephesus. Of the state in which he found the famous temple of Diana, he has left a memoir : but the nature of my present work does not allow me to dwell on the extended life and numerous productions of this engaging character : I hasten to speak of his latter days. After returning to France, and visiting London more than once ; after passing many years in active, though sedentary life, in various compositions, particularly his Academical Memoirs on different Branches of Painting and Sculpture, and his very compre-

hensive Collection of Antiquities, this amiable practical student, and munificent patron of art, began in 1764 to shew that his robust frame was tending to dissolution. He triumphed for some time over the corporeal miseries of decaying nature, by the exertions of an active, enlightened, and affectionate spirit :—" Il visita," (says his eloquent eulogist M. le Beau, from whom I have drawn this brief account of his interesting hero,) " il visita ses amis, les sçavans, les artistes, dont il alloit animer les travaux, tandis qu'il mourait lui-même. . . . Tout étoit mort en lui, mais l'amour des lettres respiroit encore.—Il expira 1765. L'Académie, les arts, le monde littéraire, ont perdu leur plus vif encouragement, une ressource toujours active, & leur plus zélé bienfaiteur."—*Eloge Historique de M. le Comte de Caylus.*

## NOTE XXVIII. Ver. 532.

*But which may best befriend art, science, truth, and life.*

The incident which gave rise to the closing verses of this epistle is mentioned by M. de Caylus himself : in his Antiquities he expresses his gratitude to an unknown English gentleman, who had surprised him with an unexpected present of several valuable works of art, as a tribute of respect to his beneficent character, taking at the same time the greatest precautions that his own beneficence might remain anonymous.

This English gentleman was, I believe, the late Mr. Hollis, whose life was uncommonly devoted to the continual exercise of refined liberality.

Many readers will smile at the romantic spirit of the wish which concludes this Epistle, and which, however suggested by considerate hu-

manity and genuine patriotism, the temper of the times is so likely to realize.

Yet war is one of those universally afflicting and universally execrated evils, to which both the spirit and the letter of Christianity seem to promise a perfect antidote :—its efficacy as such is certainly not visible at present ; but it is still a comfort to a humane and contemplative mind to reflect, that its operation, however slow, must be ultimately successful.

END OF THE NOTES ON THE FIFTH EPISTLE.



# NOTES

ON THE

## SIXTH EPISTLE.

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NOTE I. Ver. 60.

*THE simple grandeur of her seaman's heart.*

The character of the British seaman is perhaps the most perfect and pre-eminent of all professional characters ; or, in other words, the character possesses, in the highest degree, the peculiar and varied excellencies which the profession requires : yet, though it is universally allowed that no class of men have been more zealous or successful in the pursuit of glory, perhaps none have been so scantily requited with those memorials of merit, which are necessary to make glory what Thucydides very happily called it—a possession for ever. May the justice and spirit of the nation be animated to such a completion of the projected naval monument, as may most gratify our present heroes, and most happily produce to our country, in a future age, a similar succession of defenders !

Z Z

Demosthenes has eloquently displayed this grand use of public monuments, in closing his Oration for the liberty of the Rhodians :

..... Νομιζετε τοιουν ταυτα αναθηναι τες προγονες υμων, εχ ινα θαυμαζητε ταυτα θεωρωντες μονον. αλλ ινα και μιμησθε τας των αναθεντων αρετας.

The Abbé Guasco has made some just remarks on the statues of antiquity equally applicable to this interesting subject :

“ Il feroit à souhaiter que ceux à qui la dispensation des recompenses  
“ et des temoignages d’estime publique est confiée, ne perdissent ja-  
“ mais de vue les idées des anciens à cet égard. Chez eux c’étoit  
“ l’interet même de la patrie qui exigeoit et reclamoit les monumens  
“ honorifiques, dûs au mérite et à la vertu.

. . . . .

“ Ces gages immortels de la reconnoissance nationale furent une des  
“ principales sources de ces vertus et de cet heroïsme dont l’histoire  
“ ancienne nous offre des traits si frequents.—*De l’Usage des Statues*,  
p. 237.

#### NOTE II. Ver. 74.

*Which even agony has smil’d to bear.*

The praise, so singularly deserved, and so tenderly bestowed, was excited by a few remarkable productions ; the more remarkable, as the dear sufferer was, at the time, reduced to such decrepitude, that he was obliged to endure a great increase of pain whenever he indulged his fancy in a brief, constrained, and hasty use of the pencil ! Yet under these severe disadvantages he executed some original designs that are thought, by less partial judges, to promise great future excellence, if Heaven graciously restores him from a state of the most calamitous and complicated sufferings, which he has now supported, for more



than two years, with the mildest magnanimity. My reader has an opportunity of judging if I speak too partially of the designs executed by this dear invalid, as the Death of Demosthenes (which he drew, reclining himself on the couch of pain, for the affectionate purpose of decorating this Poem) is one of those I allude to. He will at the same time have the candour to recollect that this design is literally the production of a youth severely obstructed in the exercise of early talent; and that "the sculptor's art (by which is not meant merely finishing his compositions in marble, but forming, with correctness, figures in any material) demands infinite labour and patience (and maturity of life) to carry it to perfection."

I borrow the words of an admirable little Treatise, intitled "Thoughts on Outline, Sculpture, &c." by Mr. George Cumberland, an author who can employ, with alternate and masterly command, both the pen and the pencil.

## NOTE III. Ver. 144.

*And sighing, bids the imperfect pæan close.*

I could wish (yet I must not expect such a wish can be realized) that all readers who may be subject to affliction like that which has made the close of this Poem so different from what the author meant it to be when the Work was begun, might find, in the perusal of it, a lenient relief similar to what I have found, when I could force myself to pursue a composition frequently interrupted by paternal anxiety, and frequently resumed from the influence of the same powerful affection, to gratify an intelligent and generous invalid. He often requested me to pursue my Work at a little distance from him, that it might save me from sympathizing too intensely in pangs that I could

not relieve. Sometimes I could obey his tender injunctions ; and sometimes I have been almost on the point of exclaiming, in the pathetic words of Virgil,

—— Bis patriæ cecidere manus.

But at last, through a long vicissitude of hopes and fears for health infinitely dearer to me than my own, I am arrived at the close of the Work which this beloved promoter of my suspended studies has so kindly wished me to complete. I deliver it to the candour of the Public ; not insensible of its imperfections, yet with feelings of gratitude to the great Giver of all gifts, that, under the bitterest disquietude and distress of heart, he has still granted me such powers of application, as have enabled me to sooth the corporeal anguish of a most meritorious and long-suffering child, and to beguile many, many hours of paternal affection.

THE END OF THE NOTES.

## POSTSCRIPT

TO

*MR. FLAXMAN.*

**W**HEN the tide of affliction begins to flow, how dark and deep is the current!

In a few days after I had dispatched to the press the MS. of the introductory letter prefixed to this Poem, I received the affecting intelligence that my enchanting and inestimable friend Cowper had expired; and your beloved disciple followed, within a week, that dear departed genius, who had honoured his childhood with the tenderest regard.

I have now to thank you, my excellent compassionate friend, for a very hasty, but a very kind visit to the dear deceased object of our well-deserved affection and regret.

I am not afraid of your thinking that I exaggerate his merit, and speak too long or too loudly on a most dutiful child and a most diligent disciple: to us, indeed, his juvenile talents and virtues had endeared him to such a degree, that our hearts, I believe, are perfectly in unison, while they re-echo his praise.

If the mournful delight that I take in commemorating his excellence has tempted me to obtrude too much of his commendation on the eye of the Public, I trust that the benevolent spirit of my country will indulgently accept the following apology :

### S O N N E T.

England ! kind parent ! Freedom's fav'rite trust !  
 Honour's prime pupil ! Nature's noblest care !  
 Thy feelings rapid as thy virtues rare !  
 Blame not my pride, that o'er the filial dust  
 Of youth, now claiming the sepulchral bust,  
 I ask thy spirit in my grief to share !  
 For like thy heart and mind *His* truly were—  
 Brave, modest, tender, charitable, just !  
 His docile genius with fond joy I train'd  
 To love thy glory, and thy faith revere ;  
 Nor will I murmur, though my frequent tear  
 Proclaims the Dead, unutterably dear :  
 So may I share with him, what he has gain'd,  
 The recompence of Heaven for anguish well sustain'd !

THE END.





















