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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals.

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DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

LATIN *and* GREEK *Poets.*

— quoniam hæc Ratio plerumque videtur.
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Vulgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti:
Carminè Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem.

Lucretius.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

DIALOGUES

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OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

LATIN and GREEK POETS.

Si tibi forte animam tali ratione tenentem.
Et quae nescis dulci contingere verba,
Carmine Pictis rationis exponere vestram.
Nescis abhorret ab hac: votum tibi fructuosum
Prestor esse, quibus non est in animis, verumque
quoniam hoc Ratio plurimum videtur

L. ACETIUS

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXI.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. ADDISON's Treatise of

M E D A L S.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
 Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire;
 And Papal piety, and Gothick fire.
 Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name;
 That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd. She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust;

Huge

*Huge Moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!*

*Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.*

*A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd;
And little Eagles wave their wings in Gold.*

*The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:*

*In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lye.*

*With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore:*

*This, the Blue vernish, that, the Green endears,
The sacred Rust of twice ten hundred years.*

*To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams:*

*Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;*

*And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.*

*Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine.
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:*

*Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.*

*Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;*

The

*The Verse and Sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.*

*Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording Gold?
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
Or in fair series laurel'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall Thy Craggs (and let me call him Mine)
On the cast Ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the Orb in lasting notes be read.
" Statesman, yet friend to Truth! in soul sincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
" Ennobled by Himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse be lov'd.*

A. POPE.



The Western Islands have an equal part
of the island of Great Britain.

On the 10th of June 1707 the
Parliament of Great Britain was
assembled at Westminster.

The first business was the
reading of the petition of the
Parliament of Scotland.

The petition was read by
the Earl of Lauderdale.

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the Earl of Lauderdale.

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D I A L O G U E S

Upon the Usefulness of ANCIENT MEDALS.

DIALOGUE I.



CYNTHIO, *Eugenius* and *Philander* had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the *Thames*. Their design was to pass away the heats of the Summer among the fresh breezes, that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of *Europe*: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects without running into the common topics of defaming publick parties, or particular

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particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one another in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a *Latin* sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was *Cynthio's* humour to run down every thing that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to arts and sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies, though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rally'd a set or two of *Virtuoso's*, he fell upon the Medallists.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in Rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such money only as was current among the *Greeks* and *Latins*. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the *Antonines*, than of the *Stuarts*, and would rather chuse to count out a sum in Sesterces, than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in *Italy* that used to swear by the head of *Otho*. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these *Virtuoso's* about a cabinet of Medals, descanting upon the value, rarity and authenticalness of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were Brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a *Pescennius Niger*, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern. A third desires you to observe well the *Toga* on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true *Roman* cut.

I must confess, says *Philander*, the knowledge of Medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous, to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the Stars and Planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the spots in the Sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been

been

been made on Spiders, Lobsters, and Cockle-shells? yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder therefore that the science of Medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what *Philander* said on the subject of Medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as *Cynthio*. I must confess, says he, I find my self very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have however one strong prejudice in favour of it, that *Philander* has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad then, says *Cynthio*, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the Usefulness. There, says *Philander*, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness. But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says *Cynthio*, we are already so persuaded of the unprofitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed you increase the number of your party. Well, says *Philander*, in hopes of making two such considerable profelytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you dissent from me or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says *Eugenius*, I must tell you what I believe surprizes all beginners as well as my self. We are apt to think your Medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are composed. A silver Medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says *Philander*, in the language of a Medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of Medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge, nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal but its erudition. It is the Device that has raised the species, so that at present an *As* or an *Obolus* may carry a higher price than a *Denarius* or a *Drachma*; and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says *Cynthio*, that to have a relish for ancient

ent

ent coins it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able with all your Medallic eloquence, to persuade *Eugenius* and my self that it is better to have a pocket full of *Orho's* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus's* or *Louis d'ors*. This however we shall be judges of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says *Philander*, is the shewing us the Faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of Medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. *Juvenal* calls them very humorously,

Concisum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas.

Sat. 5.

You here see the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Pompeys*, *Trajans*, and the whole catalogue of Heroes; who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great Man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers it self in the history of his actions. We find too on Medals the representations of Ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses, and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: Nor do you only meet the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose Names are not to be found any where except on Medals. Some of the Emperors, for example, have had Wives, and some of them Children, that no authors have mentioned. We are therefore obliged to the study of coins for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says *Cynthio*, to reject this last use of Medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble my self with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world had there not been such things as Medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging it self with the names of an insignificant people whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says *Philander*, you have on Medals a long list of heathen Deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nations of the world

world fall down before them. You have here too several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the Genies of nations, provinces, cities, high-ways, and the like Allegorical Beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a Medal as in a Canto of *Spenser*. Not to interrupt you, says *Eugenius*, I fancy it is this use of Medals that has recommended them to several history-painters, who perhaps without this assistance would have found it very difficult to have invented such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says *Philander*, that Painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of Medals in vogue. For not to mention several others, *Caraccio* is said to have assisted *Aretine* by designs that he took from the *Spintria* of *Tiberius*. *Raphael* had thoroughly studied the figures on old Coins. *Patin* tells us that *Le Brun* had done the same. And it is well known that *Rubens* had a noble collection of Medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you, that you see on Medals not only the names and persons of Emperors, Kings, Consuls, Pro-consuls, Prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the Poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympick games. It was a noble time, says *Cynthio*, when Trips and *Cornish* hugs could make a man immortal. How many Heroes would *Moor-fields* have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the *Greeks*, might have had his face stamp'd upon their Coins. But these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a *Milo* than a *Homer*, and heapt up greater Honours on *Pindar's* Jockies, than on the Poet himself. But by this time I suppose you have drawn up all your medalllic people, and indeed they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shewn us all conditions, sexes and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old Coins, and have made our Passions and Virtues and Vices visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of Medals had been so well peopled. But in the next place, says *Philander*, as we see on coins the different Faces of persons, we see on them too their different Habits and Dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages
when

when the Medals were stamp'd. This is another use, says *Cynthio*, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination. I know there are several supercilious Critics that will treat an author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old *Romans* wore a girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *Toga* had any Sleeves to it till the declension of the *Roman* Empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a Bib and hanging-sleeves, as on the *Bulla* and *Prætexta*. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other no where but in learned authors. An Antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the *Vitta* and *Peplus*, the *Stola* and *Instita*. How would an old *Roman* laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound author shall write a learned treatise on the Habits of the present age, distinguished into the following Titles and Chapters.

Of the old British Trowser.

Of the Ruff and Collar-band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the Shoulder-knot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the Surtout, &c.

I must confess, says *Eugenius* interrupting him, the knowledge of these affairs is in it self very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient authors, it certainly hath its use. It is pity indeed there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have sometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent design to make a kind of an old *Roman* wardrobe, where you should see *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, the *Chlamys* and *Trabea*, and in short all the different vests and ornaments that are so often mentioned in the *Greek* and *Roman* authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the shape of an ancient garment, than he possibly can from the help of tedious quotations and descriptions. The design, says *Philander*, might be very useful, but after what models would you work? *Sigonius*, for example, will tell you that the *Vestis Trabeata* was of such a particular fashion, *Scaliger* is for another, and *Dacier* thinks them both in the wrong.

wrong. These are, says *Cynthio*, I suppose the names of three *Roman* taylors: for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, says *Eugenius*, the Critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the same moment. But as to this point, where the Make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the most probable fashions. To enlarge the design, I would have another room for the old *Roman* instruments of war, where you might see the *Pilum* and the shield, the eagles, ensigns, helmets, battering-rams and trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an Arsenal of old *Rome*. A third apartment should be a kind of Sacrifice for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to Universities than those collections of Whale-bone and Crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says *Cynthio*, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the Classic Authors and at the fountain-head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republick of letters, should he appeal to your University-wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *Re Vestiarum*? or how do you think a man that has read *Vegetius* will relish your *Roman* Arsenal? In the mean time, says *Philander*, you find on Medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacrifices, it is from Medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here too that you see the figures of several instruments of musick, mathematics and mechanics. One might make an entire gally out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old Coins. Nor are they only charged with Things but with many ancient Customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on Coins. I might add under this head of antiquities that we find on Medals the manner of spelling in the old *Roman* inscriptions. That is, says *Cynthio*, we find that *Felix*

lix is never written with an *æ* diphthongue, and that in *Augustus's* days *Civis* stood for *Cives*, with other secrets in Orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says *Philander*, it is certain that Medals give a very great light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old Authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of Medals is a body of history. It was indeed the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an Emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of Printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that *Monsieur Vaillant* has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of Medals has given us a chronicle of the Kings of *Syria*. For this too is an advantage Medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are indeed the best epitomes in the world, and let you see with one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of Medals is, that they not only shew you the actions of an Emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an Emperor's Coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an Emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or where they do it they often differ in their several periods. Here therefore it is much safer to quote a Medal than an Author, for in this case you do not appeal to a *Suetonius* or a *Lampridius*, but to the Emperor himself, or to the whole body of a *Roman Senate*. Besides that a Coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says *Cynthio*, may in some cases be of great moment, but considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an Elephant appeared in the Amphi-theatre in the second or the third year of *Domitian*? Or what am I the wiser for knowing that *Trajan* was in the fifth year of his Tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a Horse-race or Bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says *Eugenius*; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to shew his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to *Philander*, that seems to me very considerable, although you Medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in Medals: for my own part I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several *Roman* Emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your Medallists upon the first naming of an Emperor will immediately tell you his age, family and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says *Philander*, for helping me to an use that perhaps I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at *Rome*. I must own to you it surprized me to see my *Ciceroni* so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an Emperor or Empress but he knew by sight, and as he was seldom without Medals in his pocket, he would often shew us the same face on an old Coin that we saw in the Statue. He would discover a *Commodus* through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be *Livia* that was dressed up like a *Ceres*. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a *Zenobia* by the fitting of her Diadem, and will distinguish the *Faustina's* by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! Sir, says *Cynthio*, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a Statue that has lost his nose and ears; or if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you at first sight who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an Emperor or Empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this however is easily learnt from Medals, says *Philander*, where you may see likewise the plans of many the most considerable buildings of Old *Rome*. There is an ingenious Gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study who has a design of publishing the whole history of Architecture, with its several improvements and decays as it is to be met with on ancient Coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that

compose the buildings on the best preserved Medals. You here see the copies of such Ports and triumphal Arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient Temples, though the Temples themselves, and the Gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruines of former edifices, you may learn from Coins what was their Architecture when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the *Goths* and *Vandals* could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will perhaps last as long as the earth it self. They are in short so many real monuments of Brass.

*Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.*

Which eating show'rs, nor northwind's feeble blast,
Nor whirl of time, nor flight of years can waste.

Mr. Creech.

This is a noble Panegyric on an old copper Coin, says *Cynthio*. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a *Goth* or *Vandal*. You would laugh at me, says *Philander*, should I make you a learned dissertation on the nature of Rusts. I shall only tell you there are two or three sorts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an Antiquary, and preserve a Coin better than the best artificial vernish. As for other kinds, a skilful Medallist knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a Temple or a triumphal Arch out of its rubbish, if I may so call it, and with a few reparations of the graving tool restore it to its first splendour and magnificence. I have known an Emperor quite hid under a crust of dross, who after two or three days cleansing has appeared with all his Titles about him as fresh and beautiful as at his first coming out of the Mint. I am sorry, says *Eugenius*, I did not know this last use of Medals when I was at *Rome*. It might perhaps have given me a greater taste of its Antiquities, and have fixed in my memory several of the ruines that I have now forgotten. For my part, says *Cynthio*, I think there are at *Rome* enow modern works of Architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble my self about the ruines of *Augustus's* Palace so long as I could see the *Vatican*, the *Borghese*, and the *Farnese* as they now stand;

I must own to you at the same time this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company I would perhaps change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of *Apollo's* Temple than *St. Peter's*. I remember when our Antiquary at *Rome* had led us a whole day together from one ruine to another, he at last brought us to the *Rotunda*, And this, says he, is the most valuable Antiquity in *Italy*, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says *Philander*, has formerly gained upon several of your Medallists, who were for hoarding up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no Coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old *Roman* Clipper. I have read an Author of this taste that compares a ragged Coin to a tattered Colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on Medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them too the Models of many ancient Statues that are now lost. There are several Reversees which are owned to be the representations of antique figures, and I question not but there are many others that were formed on the like Models, though at present they lie under no suspicion of it. The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidera*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horse-back, which are perhaps the four most beautiful Statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient Medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflexion may extend it self to antique Pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several *Greek* Medals in particular, one might often see the hand of an *Apelles* or *Protogenes*, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with *Titian's* or *Vandike's*. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of Medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must however tell you, that Medals and the Civil Law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old Coins are like so many maps for explaining of the antique Geography. But besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on Medals that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of Coins we should never have known which was the first of the Emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might

might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinencies of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, tho' perhaps not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an Empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an Emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends or colleagues, with the like particularities only to be met with on Medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says *Cynthio*, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge, that you have discovered on Medals. I could never fancy before this evening, that a Coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says *Philander*, there is still an advantage to be drawn from Medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is indeed an use that no body has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the Antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between Coins and Poetry, and that your Medallist and Critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says *Eugenius*, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject, that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to *Cynthio*, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your Coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the method of such as are in love with any particular science to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic and the civil law? Yet *Vitruvius* will give you his reasons, such as they are, why a good architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says *Cynthio*, *Martial* had never read *Vitruvius* when he threw the Cryer and the Architect into the same class.

*Duri si puer ingeni videtur
Præconem facias vel architectum.*

If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse on poetry, because we are on that subject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art. *I have observed*, says he, (speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony) *that my barber has often combed my head in Dactyls and Spondees, that is, with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively.* Nay, says he, *I have known him sometimes run even into Pyrrhichius's and Anapestus's.* This you will think perhaps a very extravagant fancy, but I must own I should as soon expect to find the *Prosoedia* in a Comb as Poetry in a Medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says *Philander*, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of *Neptune's* trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients that represented a thunder-bolt with three forks, since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to shew it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *Cornu-Copiae*. These are a sort of authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to shew the beauty and friendship of the Three Graces, than to represent them naked and knitt together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on Medals or in Marble, as I doubt not but *Horace* alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner.

— — *Gratia*

Junctis nuda sororibus:

— *Seguesque nodum solvere Gratia:*

The Sister-Graces hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your Medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of Gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by *Seneca's* whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. I. To remark the doing of a courtesie. II. The return of it from the receiver. III. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always
hand

hand in hand to show us that these three duties should be never separated. They are naked, to admonish us that Gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to shew us that no vertue is more active than Gratitude. May not we here say with *Lucretius*?

*Quæ bene et eximie quanquam disposta ferantur,
Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulsa.*

It is an easy thing, says *Eugenius*, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same Gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked Sisters dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here therefore, says *Philander*, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the Medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the *Roman* mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in picture, as well as read them in a description. When therefore I confront a Medal with a Verse, I only shew you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make my self more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an Emperor's Coin, designed as a complement to him from the senate of *Rome*. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient poets to express protection or defence. I conclude therefore that this Medal compliments the Emperor in the same sense as the old *Romans* did their Dictator *Fabius* when they called him the Buckler of *Rome*. Put this reverse now if you please into the hands of a mystical antiquary. He shall tell you that the use of the shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the Emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round it is an emblem of perfection, for *Aristotle* has said the round figure is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the Emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity that it does not cover a mystery, nay there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some

some account. In this case therefore * Poetry being in some respects an Art of designing as well as Painting or Sculpture, they may serve as Comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says *Eugenius*, by what you have said on this subject, that the Poets may contribute to the explication of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned, but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case too, says *Philander*, a Poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a Prose-writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: So that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a Poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of Antiquities that are to be met with on ancient Coins. I fancy, says *Cynthio*, there is nothing more ridiculous than an Antiquary's reading the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the Erudition of the Author. He will turn you over all *Virgil* to find out the figure of an old *Rostrum*, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for *Homer*, because he has given us the fashion of a *Greek* scepter. It is indeed odd enough to consider how all kinds of Readers find their account in the old Poets. Not only your men of the more refined or solid parts of Learning, but even your Alchymist and Fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in *Homer* and *Virgil*. This, says *Eugenius*, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but *Plutarch's* discourse on *Homer*, and you will see that the *Iliad* contains the whole circle of arts, and that *Thales* and *Pythagoras* stole all their philosophy out of this Poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that *Homer* understood all the figures in Rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says *Philander*, were it possible for *Homer* to read his praises in this Author, but he would be as much surprized as ever *Monfieur Jourdain* was when he had found he had talked Prose all his life-time without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe that not only the Virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen Divinities appear generally in the same Dress among the Poets that they wear in Medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the Mode from the ancient *Greek* Statuaries. It will not perhaps be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the se-

VOL. I.

M m m

veral

* *Poema est pictura loquax.*

veral monsters of antiquity, as *Chimeras*, *Gorgons*, *Sphinxes*, and many others that make the same figure in verse as on coins. It often happens too, that the Poet and the Senate of *Rome* have both chosen the same Topic to flatter their Emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: It is no wonder therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the Medal and the Poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the Emperor. Nay, I question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the Poets that relate to the particular device of a Medal.

I wonder, says *Eugenius*, that your Medallists have not been as diligent in searching the Poets as the Historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightning their art. I would have some body put the Muses under a kind of contribution to furnish out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to Coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of Medals that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says *Philander*, to hear you of this opinion, for to tell you truly, when I was at *Rome*, I took occasion to buy up many Imperial Medals that have any affinity with passages of the ancient Poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical Cash, which I fancy I could count over to you in *Latin* and *Greek* verse. If you will drink a dish of Tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says *Cynthio*, how the Poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are however obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields without taking notice of it. *Philander* first put them in mind, that unless they turned back quickly they would endanger being benighted. Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects, but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to Medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling my self with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the finest treatises of the most polite *Latin* and *Greek* writers are in Dialogue, as many very valued pieces of *French*, *Italian*, and *English* appear in the same dress. I have sometimes however been very much distasteful at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an Author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the Dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble my self nor my Reader with the first salutes of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the Tea table. We will suppose the *China* dishes taken off, and a Drawer of Medals supplying their room. *Philander*, who is to be the Heroe in my Dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous Ladies that you have ever perhaps conversed with. I do not know, says *Cynthio*, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find, says *Philander*, there is good sense in it. They have not a single ornament that they cannot give a reason for. I was going to ask you, says *Eugenius*, in what country you find these Ladies. But I see they are some of those imaginary persons you told us of last night that inhabit old Coins, and appear no where else but on the reverse of a Medal. Their proper country, says *Philander*, is the breast of a good man: for I think they are most of them the figures of Virtues. It is a great compliment methinks to the sex, says *Cynthio*, that your Virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says *Philander*, but because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You find however something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure, which is that of *Virtue* her self, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in *Silius Italicus*.

First
Series.
Figure 1.

*Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Composita mutata comâ, stans vultus, et ore*

M m m 2

Incessu-

*Incessuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
Celsa humeris, niveæ fulgebat flamine palla.*

Sil. It. Li. 15.

A different form did *Virtue* wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th' unplaited hair,
With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the Goddess show,
And robes unfullied as the falling snow.

Fig. 2. *Virtue* and *Honour* had their Temples bordering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of *Galba*. *Silius Italicus* makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his *Virtue*.

*Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu,
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis.*

[*Virtus* loquitur.
Ibid.

With me the foremost place let *Honour* gain,
Fame, and the *Praises* mingling in her train;
Gay *Glory* next, and *Victory* on high,
White like my self, on snowy wings shall fly.

[*Virtue* speaks.

Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem

Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus. Stat. Sil. l. 2.

The head of *Honour* is crowned with a Laurel, as *Martial* has adorned his *Glory* after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mæsta comas.

I find, says *Cynthio*, the *Latins* mean Courage by the figure of *Virtue*, as well as by the word it self. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of *Virtue* in general, as the modern *Italians* give the same name on the same account to the Knowledge of Curiosities. Should a *Roman* Painter at present draw the picture of *Virtue*, instead of the Spear and Paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a Bust in one hand and a Fiddle in the other.

Fig. 3. The next, says *Philander*, is a Lady of a more peaceful character, and had her Temple at *Rome*.

—— *Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She

She is often placed on the reverse of an Imperial coin to show the good understanding between the Emperor and the Empress. She has always a *Cornu-copiae* in her hand, to denote that Plenty is the fruit of Concord. After this short account of the Goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the Deity that is described in the following verses of *Seneca*, who would have her propitious to the marriage of *Jason* and *Creusa*. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

————— *Asperi*
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam.

Sen. Med. Act. 1.

Who sooths great *Mars* the warrior God,
 And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
 Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
 The horn of Plenty fills her hands.

The description, says *Eugenius*, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any further note on this passage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of *Seneca*, says *Philander*, will understand the precedent verses as a description of *Venus*, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with *Concord*: and that this was a Goddess who used to interest her self in marriages, we may see in the following description.

————— *Jamdudum poste reclinis,*
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insigni geminat Concordia tædâ.

Statii Epithalamion. Silv. li. 1.

Already leaning at the door, too long
 Sweet *Hymen* waits to raise the nuptial song,
 Her sacred bands majestic *Juno* lends
 And *Concord* with her flaming torch attends.

Peace differs as little in her Dress as in her Character from *Concord*. Fig. 4. You may observe in both these figures that the Vest is gathered up before them, like an Apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the *Cornu-copiae*. It is to this part of the Dress that *Tibullus* alludes.

At

*At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus antè sinus.*

Kind *Peace* appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of *Avarice*.

— *Avaritia gremio præcinctâ capaci.* Prud. *Psychomachia*.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to *Peace*, may be seen in the same Poet.

*Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primum
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves ;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum :
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.* ——— Tibul. *El.* 10. *Lib.* 1.

She first, *White Peace*, the earth with plough-shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The Olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old Poets as a token of *Peace*.

Pace orare manu ——— Virg. *Æn.* 10.
Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis Olive. Ov. *Met.* lib. 7.

In his right hand an Olive-branch he holds.

————— *furorem*
*Indomitum duramque viri defletere mentem
Pacífico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ.* Luc. lib. 3.

— To move his haughty soul they trye
Intreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows *Minerva's* peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear. Mr. *Rowe*.

Which by the way one would think had been spoken rather of an *Attila*,
or a *Maximin*, than *Julius Caesar*. You

You see *Abundance* or *Plenty* makes the same figure in Medals as in Fig. 5. Horace.

————— *tibi Copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 17.

— Here to thee shall Plenty flow
 And all her riches show,
 To raise the honour of the quiet plain.

Mr. Creech.

The Compliment on this reverse to *Gordianus Pius* is expressed in the same manner as that of *Horace* to *Augustus*.

————— *Aurea fruges*
Italiam pleno diffudit Copia cornu.

Hor. Epist. 12. Lib. 1.

— Golden *Plenty* with a bounteous hand
 Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land.

Mr. Creech.

But to return again to our *Virtues*. You have here the picture of *Fi-* Fig. 6. *delity*, who was worshiped as a Goddess among the *Romans*.

Situ oblitus es at Dij meminereunt, meminit Fides. Catul. ad Alphen.

I should fancy from the following verses of *Virgil* and *Silius Italicus*, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Canas Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt —————

Virg. Æn. Lib. 1.

Then banish'd *Faith* shall once again return,
 And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
 And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.

Mr. Dryden.

————— *ad limina sanctæ*
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea leta, polo tum forte remoto
Cælicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Iustitia consors —————

Sil. It. Lib. 2.

He to the shrines of *Faith* his steps address.
 She, pleas'd with secrets rowling in her breast,

Far

Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
 The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky.
 E'er *Jove* was born she grac'd the bright abodes,
 Comfort of *Justice*, boast of men and gods;
 Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
 The stedfast earth, and rowling ocean know.

Fig. 7. There is a Medal of *Heliogabalus* inscrib'd *FIDES EXERCITUS*, that receives a great light from the preceding verses. She is posted between two military Ensigns, for the good quality that the Poet ascribes to her of preserving the public peace, by keeping the Army true to its Allegiance.

I fancy, says *Eugenius*, as you have discovered the Age of this imaginary Lady, from the description that the Poets have made of her, you may find too the colour of the Drapery that she wore in the old *Roman* paintings, from that Verse in *Horace*,

*Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
 Velata panno* —————

Hor. Od. 35. Lib. 1.

Sure *Hope*, and *Friendship* cloath'd in White,
 Attend on thee. —————

Mr. Creech.

One would think, says *Philander*, by this verse, that *Hope* and *Fidelity* hath both the same kind of Dress. It is certain *Hope* might have a fair pretence to White, in allusion to those that were Candidates for an employ.

————— *quem ducit biantem
 Cretata ambitio* —————

Perf. Sat. 5.

And how properly the Epithet of *Rara* agrees with her, you may see in Fig. 8. the transparency of the next figure. She is here dressed in such a kind of Vest as the *Latins* call a *Multicium* from the fineness of its Tissue. Your *Roman* Beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli. Hor. Ep. 14. Lib. 1.

I that lov'd ———

Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown.

Mr. Creech.

I remember, says *Cynthio*, *Juvenal* rallies *Creticus*, that was otherwise a brave rough fellow, very handsomely, on this kind of garment.

————— *sed*

————— *sed quid*
Non facient alij cum tu multitia sumas,
Cretice? et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas. —————
Acer et indomitus Libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pelluces —————

Juv. Sat 2.

Ibid.

————— Nor, vain *Metellus*, shall
 From *Rome's* Tribunal thy harangues prevail
 'Gainst harlotry, while thou art clad so thin,
 That thro' thy Cobweb-robe we see thy skin,
 As thou declaim'st —————
 Can'st thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the Bench?

Mr. Tate.

Idem.

But pray what is the meaning that this transparent Lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on Medals do nothing without a meaning. Besides, I suppose there is a moral precept at least couch'd under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says *Philander*, that it may not incumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for *Hope* to press forward to her proper objects, as for *Fear* to fly from them.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter in-hæfuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprehensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiæque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo est: hic spe celer, illa timore.

De Apol. et Daph. Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt from far,
 Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful Hare,
 She in her speed does all her safety lay:
 And he with double speed pursues the prey;
 O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
 His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
 She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
 And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives: ———
 Such was the god, and such the flying fair,

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N n n

She,

She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.

Mr. Dryden.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of *Hope* and *Fear* in extremity. A flower or blossom that you see in the right hand is a proper ornament for *Hope*, since they are these that we term in poetical language the Hopes of the year.

*Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris experta
Turget et insolida est, et Spe delectat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager* —————

Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowrets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around.

Mr. Dryden.

The same Poet in his *De fastis*, speaking of the Vine in flower, expresses it

In spe vitis erat —————

Ov. de Fast. Lib. 5.

Fig. 9. The next on the List is a Lady of a contrary character, and therefore in a quite different posture. As *Security* is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. *Horace* has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

No ease doth lay me down from pain.

Mr. Creech.

She rests her self on a pillar, for the same reason as the Poets often compare an obstinate resolution or a great firmness of mind, to a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

*Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c.*

Hor.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;

The

The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.
 Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
 Adria's black gulf——&c.

Mr. Creech.

I am apt to think it was on Devices of this nature that *Horace* had his eye in his Ode to *Fortune*. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out *Security*, or something very like it; and till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content our selves with this before us.

*Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
 Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
 Regumque matres barbarorum, et
 Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
 Injurioso nè pede proruas
 Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
 Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
 Concitet, imperiumque frangat.*

Ad Fortunam. Hor. Lib. i. Od. 35.

To thee their vows rough *Germans* pay,
 To thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
 Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a friend:
 And for their Tyrant sons
 The barb'rous Mothers pray
 To thee, the greatest guardian of their Thrones.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
 Lest you should kick their Column down,
 And cloud the glory of their Crown;
 They fear that you would raise
 The lazy crowd to war,

And break their Empire, or confine their praise. Mr. Creech.

I must however be so fair as to let you know that *Peace* and *Felicity* have their pillars in several Medals as well as *Security*, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next Figure is that of *Chastity*, who was worshipped as a God-FIG. 10.
 dess, and had her Temple.

N n n 2

——deinde

— deinde ad superos *Astræa recessit*
Hæc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

De pudicitia. Juv. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy *Justice* upwards flew,
 And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew.

Mr. Dryden.

Templa pudicitia quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet?

Tib. Lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
 Why rear we useless Fanes to *Chastity*?

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos
Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant.

Alciat.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
 By marks like these was *Chastity* reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes.

Ov. de Art. Aman.

— frontem limbo velata pudicam. Claud. de Theod. Conf.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
 Whose bands the brows of *Chastity* surround,
 And her coy Robe that lengthens to the ground.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman Matron.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.

Hor. Sat. 2. Lib. 1.

Besides, a Matron's face is seen alone;
 But *Kate's*, that female bully of the town,
 For all the rest is cover'd with a gown.

Mr. Creech.

That, *ni Catia est*, says *Cynthio*, is a beauty unknown to most of our *English* Satyrists. *Horace* knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. *Boileau* has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our *English* Libellers are for hewing a man down-right, and for letting him see at a distance that he

is

is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says *Eugenius*, I have often admired this piece of art in the two Satyrists you mention, and have been surprized to meet with a man in a Satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our *English* Poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepenſe in their Satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the Poem, let you see they writ the whole Poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the Ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of *Piety*?

As *Chastity*, says *Philander*, appears in the habit of a *Roman* matron, in whom that Virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, *Piety* wears Fig. 11. the dress of the Vestal Virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is you know an expression among the *Latin* Poets. I do not question but you have seen in the Duke of *Florence's* gallery a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an Altar, which some of the Antiquaries call a *Piety*, and others a Vestal Virgin. The woman, Altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that *Religion* makes in *Phædrus's* fables.

*Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos.* Fab. 10. Li. 4.

It is to this Goddess that *Statius* addresses himself in the following lines.

*Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cælo
Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetrusci
Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge.* Statius Silv. Li. 3.

Chief of the Skies, celestial *Piety*!
Whose god-head, priz'd by those of heavenly birth,
Revisits rare these tainted realms of Earth,
Mild in thy milk-white vest, to sooth my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (e'er chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolisht, and a golden age,

Beheld

Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
 Mix in the soft solemnities of woe,
 See, see, thy own *Hetruscus* wastes the day
 In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *Acerra* that you so often find among the Poets, in which the frankincense was preserv'd that *Piety* is here suppos'd to strow on the fire.

Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram. Ov. Met. Li. 13.

*Hec tibi pro nato plenâ dat letus acerrâ
 Phæbe* _____ Mart. Li. 4. Epig. 45.

Fig. 12. The figure of *Equity* differs but little from that our painters make of her at present. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that *Persius* has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong.

_____ *Quirites*
*Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
 Scis etenim justum geminâ suspendere lancè
 Ancipitis Libræ.* _____ Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

_____ *Romans, know,*
 Against right reason all your counsels go;
 This is not fair; nor profitable that:
 Nor t'other question proper for debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can't set the business right,
 And give each argument its proper weight:
 Know't with an equal hand to hold the scale, &c. Mr. Dryden.

Fig. 13. The next figure I present you with is *Eternity*. She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of *Eternity* is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the Poet's fancy that could turn the same thought to so many different ways.

*Hæc Æterna manet, divisque simillima forma est,
 Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
 Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.*
 de Rotunditate Corporum. Manil. Li. 1.

This

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
 A god-like nature, all its parts the same;
 Alike, and equal to its self 'tis found,
 No end's and no beginning in a round:
 Nought can molest its Being, nought controul,
 And this enobles, and confines the whole. Mr. Creech.

*Par volucer superis: Stellas qui vividus aequat
 Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum. —
 Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
 Emeritos artus fecunda morte reformat,
 Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam. —
 O senium posture rogo, falsisque sepulchris
 Natales habiture vices, que sepe renasci
 Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere letho. —
 O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
 Hoc tibi suppeditat vires, præbetur origo
 Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus.
 Vidisti quodcunque fuit. Te secula teste
 Cuncta revolvuntur: hosti quo tempore pontus
 Fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas:
 Quis Phaetonteis erroribus arserit annus.
 Et clades Te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
 Edomitâ tellure manes, non stamina Parca
 In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi.* de Phænice. Claud.

A God-like bird! whose endless round of years
 Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres; —
 Begot by none himself, begetting none,
 Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
 His life in fruitful death renews its date,
 And kind destruction but prolongs his fate. —
 O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
 Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
 An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn. —
 Thrice happy *Phenix!* Heav'n's peculiar care
 Has made thy self thy self's surviving heir.
 By Death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruine all the world beside.

Thy

Thy age, not thee, assisting *Phæbus* burns,
 And vital flames light up thy fun'ral Urns.
 Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
 Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
 O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, and fear'd the deathless Gods.
 When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the *Phænix* distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the Sun.

Solis avi specimen —————

*Una est quæ reparat seque ipsa refeminet ales;
 Assyrii Phænica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
 Sed Thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
 Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
 Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
 Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
 Quo simul ac castias, ac nardi lenis aristas
 Quasque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
 Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
 Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
 Corpore de patrio parvum phænica renasci.
 Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
 Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
 Fertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque Sepulchrum,
 Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
 Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit.*

————— *Titanius ales.*

Ov. Met. Li. 15.

Claud. de Phænice.

— From himself the *Phænix* only springs:
 Self-born, begotten by the parent Flame,
 In which he burn'd, another and the same.
 Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
 But the sweet essence of *Amomum* drains:

And

And watches the rich gums *Arabia* bears,
 While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
 He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
 His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling tops of Palm, and first he draws
 The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
 Nature's artificers; on this the pile
 Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
 Of *Cassa*, *Cynamon*, and stems of *Nard*,
 (For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
 Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
 The borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd,
 On this incumbent; 'till ætherial flame
 First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
 Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
 He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An Infant-*Phœnix* from the former springs,
 His father's heir, and from his tender wings
 Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
 And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
 When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
 And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
 He lightens of its load, the tree that bore
 His father's royal sepulchre before,
 And his own cradle: This (with pious care,
 Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
 Seeks the Sun's city, and his sacred church,
 And decently lays down his burthen in the porch. Mr. Dryden.

*Sic ubi fecundâ reparavit morte juventam,
 Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
 Unguibus ossa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
 Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
 Conveniunt Aquilæ, cunctaque ex orbe volucres
 Ut Solis mirentur avem* ————— Claud. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
 Tow'rs the young *Phœnix* from the teeming urn:
 And from the purple east, with pious toil
 Bears the dear reliques to the distant Nile;

Himself a species! Then, the bird of *Jove*,
 And all his plummy nation quit the grove;
 The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
 Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The radiated head of the *Phœnix* gives us the meaning of a passage in *Ausonius*, which I was formerly surprized to meet with in the description of a Bird. But at present I am very well satisfied the Poet must have had his eye on the figure of this Bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was impossible to take it from the life.

*Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos,
 Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
 Quam novies terni glomerantem secula tractus
 Vincunt æripedes ter terno Nestore cervi,
 Tres quorum ætates superat Phæbeius oscen,
 Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
 Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido.*

Auson. Eidyll. 11.

*Arcanum radiant oculi jubar. igneus ora
 Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
 Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serenâ
 Luce secat* —————

Claud. de Phæn.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
 And round his head ten thousand glories play:
 High on his crest, a Star celestial bright
 Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

————— *Procul ignea lucet
 Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.*

Cl. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of Beings with that of *Hesiod*,
 I shall give it you in a translation of that Poet.

*Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
 Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
 Hos novies superat vivendo garrula Cornix:
 Et quater egreditur cornicis secula cervus.
 Alipedem cervum ter vincit Corvus: at illum
 Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabiles ales.
 Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
 Nymphæ Hamadryades: quarum longissima vita est:
 Hi cobibent fines vivacia fata animantum.*

Auson. Eidyll. 18.

The

The utmost age to man the Gods assign
 Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
 Poor man nine times the prating Dawes exceed:
 Three times the Dawe's the Deer's more lasting breed:
 The Deer's full thrice the Raven's race outrun:
 Nine times the Raven *Titan's* feather'd son:
 Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd,
 The *Hamadryads* shine ten ages round:
 Their breath the longest is the Fates bestow;
 And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good Arithmetician, says *Cynthio*, to understand this Author's works. His description runs on like a Multiplication Table. But methinks the Poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a Bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says *Philander*. It seems to me, from the next Medal, it was an opinion among them, that the *Phoenix* renewed her self at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the Golden Age. This opinion I find touch'd upon in a couple of lines in *Claudian*.

*Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
 Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.* Claud. de rapt. Prof. Li. 2.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be *Jupiter*, by the Author that has published this Medal, but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at *Rome* an antique Statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as *Seneca* describes him, and not with a serpent as he is generally represented.

*————— properat cursu
 Vita citato, volucrique die
 Rota præcipitis volvitur anni.* Herc. fur. Act. 1.

Life posts away,
 And day from day drives on with swift career
 The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of Time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and

O o o 2

to

to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished.

— *consumto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno*
Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum :
Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi.

Aufon. Eidyl. 18.

When round the great Platonick year has turn'd,
 In their old ranks the wandring stars shall stand
 As when first marshal'd by th' Almighty's hand.

To sum up therefore the thoughts of this Medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the Golden Age which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses *Time*, or if you please *Jupiter*, signifies the finishing of the great year; and that the *Phoenix* figures out the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this Medal to the Emperor *Adrian*, is in all respects the same that *Virgil* makes to *Pollio's* son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus* or platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the Golden Age.

Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo ;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna :
Et nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.

Virg. Ec. 4.

The time is come the *Sibyls* long foretold,
 And the blest maid restores the Age of Gold
 In the great wheel of *Time* before enroll'd.
 Now a great progeny from Heav'n descends.

Ld. Lauderdale.

— *nunc adest mundo dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cæli ruinâ ; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generet renascens melior : ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli.

Sen. Oet. Act. 2.

— The last great day is come,
 When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
 Crusht in the ruins of the falling sky,
 Whence fresh shall rise, her new-born realms to grace,
 A pious offspring and a purer race,
 Such as e'erwhile in golden ages sprung,
 When *Saturn* govern'd, and the world was young.

You.

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with one of *Constantine*, so far as the *Phoenix* is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. *Vid. 15* figure. King of *France's* Medallions.

The next figure shadows out *Eternity* to us, by the Sun in one hand *Fig. 16.* and the Moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is *as long as the Sun and Moon endureth*. The heathens made choice of these Lights as apt symbols of *Eternity*, because contrary to all sublunary Beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

*Soles occidere et redire possunt ;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.* Catul.

The Suns shall often fall and rise :
But when the short-liv'd mortal dies
A night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of *Catullus* or not, has applied the same thought to the Moon : and that too in the plural number.

*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia luncæ :
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.* Hor. Od. 7. Lib. 4.

Each loss the hastning Moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With *Tullus* and *Anchises'* son,
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To dust and shades, without a Sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood. Sir *W. Temple*...

In the next figure *Eternity* sits on a globe of the heavens adorned *Fig. 17.* with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of *Eternity* the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the Poets, as an expression of what is never like to end.

————— *Stellas qui vividus æquas.*
Durando ————— Claud.
————— *Poplus:*

Polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt. Virg. Æn. L. 1.
Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c. Sen. Med.

Vid. I might here tell you that *Eternity* has a covering on her head, because
Fig. 13. we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, because we
see only those parts of her that are actually running on; that she sits on a
globe and bears a scepter in her hand, to shew she is sovereign Mistress
of all things: but for any of these assertions I have no warrant from the
Poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer than ordinary on such a
Fig. 18. subject as *Eternity*. The next you see is *Victory*, to whom the Medal-
lists as well as Poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adfuit ipsa suis Ales Victoria — Claud. de 6. Conf. Honor.
— dubijs volitat Victoria pennis. Ov.
— niveis Victoria concolor alis. Sil. It.

The palm branch and lawrel were both the rewards of Conquerors, and
therefore no improper ornaments for *Victory*.

— lenta Victoris præmia palma. Ov. Met.
Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. 5.
Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas visent capitolia pompas.
Apollo ad Laurum. Ov. Met.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass. Dryden.

By the way you may observe the lower plaits of the Drapery that seem
to have gathered the wind into them. I have seen abundance of antique
figures in Sculpture and Painting, with just the same turn in the lower
foldings of the Vest, when the person that wears it is in a posture of
tripping forward.

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina Vestes. Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

— As

As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view. *Dryden.*

tenuēs sinuantur flamine vestes. *Id. Lib. 2.*

It is worth while to compare this figure of *Victory* with her Statue as it is described in a very beautiful passage of *Prudentius*.

*Non aris non farre mola Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quid miles propriis diffusus viribus optas
Irrita fœminæ tibimet solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anbelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.*

Prudentius contra Symm. Li. 2.

Shall *Victory* intreated lend her aid
For cakes of flower on smoaking Altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th'embattel'd plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazling wings the golden dame displays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her God-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air?
What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!!

Do'st

Do'st thou the power that gives success demand?
 'Tis He th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
 Not the smooth Nymph, whose locks in knots are twin'd,
 Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
 Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
 And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

Fig. 19. You have here another *Victory* that I fancy *Claudian* had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm and trophy in the following description. It appears on a Coin of *Constantine* who lived about an age before *Claudian*, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this Poet has copied out in his descriptions.

————— *cum totis exurgens ardua pennis*
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria pauderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.

Claud. de Lau. Stil. Li. 3.

On all her plumage rising when she threw
 Her sacred shrines wide-open to thy view,
 How pleas'd for thee her emblems to display,
 With palms distinguish'd, and with trophies gay.

Fig. 20. The last of our imaginary Beings is *Liberty*. In her left hand she carries the wand that the *Latins* call the *Rudis* or *Vindicta*, and in her right the cap of Liberty. The Poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express Liberty. I shall quote *Horace* for the first whom *Ovid* has imitated on the same occasion, and for the latter *Martial*.

————— *donatum jam rude quæris*
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo. Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 1.

————— *tardâ vires minuente senectâ*
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat. Ov. de Tr. Lib. 4. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
 I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto
Quem regem, et dominum prius vocabam,
Nè me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi.

Mar. Lib. 2. Epig. 68.

By

By thy plain name though now address,
Though once my King and Lord confest,
Frown not : with all my goods I buy
The precious Cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of *Persius*, says *Cynthio*, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a Freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a Cap on his head and giving him a Turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A Slave thus qualified became a Citizen of *Rome*, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his Forefathers, which *Persius* has repeated with a great deal of humour.

————— *Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit ! hic Dama est, non tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papa ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos ? Marco sub Judice palles ?
Marcus dixit, ita est : assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas : hanc nobis pilea donant.*

Pers. Sat. 5.

That false Enfranchisement with ease is found :
Slaves are made Citizens by turning round.
How ! replies one, can any be more free ?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a Sot beside ;
So true a Rogue, for lying's fake he ly'd :
But, with a Turn, a Freeman he became ;
Now *Marcus Dama* is his Worship's name.
Good Gods ! who wou'd refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* surety wou'd become !
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd ; put in your claim ;
'Tis clear, if *Marcus* has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe ;
What farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live ?

Mr. Dryden.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the Cap, says *Eugenius*, I'll give you that of the Wand, out of *Claudian*.

*Te fastos ineunte quater, sollennia ludit
Omina libertas. deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere gena, tergoque removit
Verbera promissi felix injuria voti.*

Claud. de 4. Conf. Hon.

The *Grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says *Cynthio*, would have told us the name of the Author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the Poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradictions as *Claudian*. He loves to set his Epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprize his Reader with a seeming absurdity. If this Poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

I question not, says *Philander*, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of Ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain our selves with a set of Riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient Poets.

Second Series. The first of them, says *Cynthio*, is a Ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says *Philander*, is an emblem of Happiness, as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same Device to express the same thought in several of the Poets: as in *Horace*, when he speaks of the moderation to be used in a flowing fortune, and in *Ovid* when he reflects on his past happiness.

*Rebus angusti animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.*

Hor. Od. 10. Lib. 2.

When *Fortune* sends a stormy wind,
Then shew a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails.

Mr. Creech.

Nominis

*Nominis et fame quondam fulgore trabebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura secunda meas.*

Ov. de Trif. Lib. 5. El. 12.

*En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.* Id. Epist. ex Ponto 3. Lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling Theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden Idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while *Fortune's* balmy gales
Wanton'd auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the Metaphor is the same in the Verses as in the Medal, with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The Idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole Ship made use of in the same sense by an old Poet, as it is here on the Medal, you may find it in a pretty Allegory of *Seneca*.

*Fata si liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè pressæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem.*

Sen. OEdip. Chor. Act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas Zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The Barque should pass secure and slow,
Nor fear me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having considered the Ship as a Metaphor, we may now look on it as a Reality, and observe in it the Make of the old *Roman* vessels, as they are described among the Poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time.

*Sive opus est velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus est remo remige carpit iter.* Ov. de Trif. Li. 1. El. 10.

The Poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

————— *puppique recurva.* Ibid. Li. 1. El. 3.

————— *littora curva*

Prætexunt puppes ————— Virg.

You see the description of the Pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipsè gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ. Virg. Æn. Li. 5.

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus

In puppim ferit. excutitur, pronusque magister

Volvitur in caput. ————— Id. Æn. Li. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborn;
The trembling Pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; ————— Mr. Dryden.

————— *Segnemque Menæten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipsè gubernaculo rector subit.* Id. Æn. Li. 5.

Mindless of others lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage,) and careless of his own:
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw;
This done, he seiz'd the helm ————— Mr. Dryden.

I have mentioned these two last passages of Virgil, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the Pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient Coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a Triton, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below with a trumpet in his mouth. Virgil describes him in the same manner on one of Æneas's ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in Silius Italicus.

Hunc

*Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cœrula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectere murmurat unda.* Vir. En. Li. 10.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old Ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waste he shews,
A Porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose. Ld. Lauderdale. }

*Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus.* Sil. It. Li. 14.

I am apt to think, says *Eugenius*, from certain passages of the Poets, that several ships made choice of some God or other for their guardians, as among the Roman Catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular Saint. To give you an instance of two or three.

*Est mihi sitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis* Ov. de Trif. Li. 1. El. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. Li. 14.

*Hammon numen erat Libyæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigerâque sedens spectabat cœrula fronte.* Ibid.

The poop great Ammon Libya's god display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The figure of the Deity was very large, as I have seen it on other Medals as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by *Silius Italicus*, and *Persius*.

*Subito cum pondere victus
Insiliente mari submergitur alvens undis.
Scuta virum cristæque, et inertî spicula ferro
Tuteleque Deum fluitant.* Sil. It. Li. 14.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close,
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods,
And useles spears confus'd with tutelary Gods.

— trabe

————— *trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa*
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit: Ionio jacet ipse in littore, et unâ
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis lacera. —————

Perf. Sat. 6.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* strand,
 His riches in th' *Ionian* main are lost;
 And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast.
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitless pray'r.
 Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
 Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
 And on her shatter'd mast the Mews in triumph ride. Mr. Dryden.

You will think perhaps I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of Gods that *Horace* mentions in his Allegorical vessel which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the Gods as well as the *Lintea*.

————— *non tibi sunt integra lintea,*
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo. Hor. Od. 14. Lib. 1.

Thy stern is gone, thy Gods are lost,
 And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
 When thou on dang'rous shelves art tost,
 When billows rage, and winds are high. Mr. Creech.

Since we are engaged so far in the *Roman* shipping, says *Philander*,
 Fig. 2. I'll here show you a Medal that has on its reverse a *Rostrum* with three
 teeth to it: whence *Silius's trisdum rostrum* and *Virgil's rostrisque tri-*
dentibus, which in some editions is *stridentibus*, the Editor chusing ra-
 ther to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know
 the meaning of. *Flaccus* gives us a *Rostrum* of the same make.

————— *volat immixtis cava pinus habenis*
Infunditque salum, et spumas vomit ære tridenti.
 Val. Flac. Argon. Li. 1.

A

A Ship-carpenter of old *Rome*, says *Cynthio*, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel among the *Latin Poets*. Let us now, if you please, go to the next Medal.

The next, says *Philander*, is a pair of Scales, which we meet with on Fig. 3. several old Coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the Emperor's Justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the Heavens, which was the reigning constellation of *Rome* and *Italy*. Whether it be so or no, they are capable methinks of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in *Manilius*.

*Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
Et propriis frænat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.* Manil. Lib. 4.

The Scales rule *Italy*, where *Rome* commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poize,
How low some nations sink and others rise!
Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us * *Cæsar*, Founder of our *Rome*.

Mr. Creech.

* So *Vossius* reads it.

The Thunderbolt is a reverse of *Augustus*. We see it used by the greatest Poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this Medal, for in another place the same Poet applies the same metaphor to *Augustus's* person.

— duo Fulmina belli
Scipiadas — Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.

— Who can declare
The *Scipio's* worth, those Thunderbolts of war? Mr. Dryden.

— dum *Cæsar* ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello — Id. Georg. Lib. 4.

While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on *Euphrates's* banks the spoils of war. Mr. Dryden.

1

I have sometimes wondered, says *Eugenius*, why the *Latin* Poets so frequently give the Epithets of *trifidum* and *trifidum* to the Thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks as in the present figure. *Virgil* insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his Thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving-tool.

*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscabant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.* Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame.

Mr. Dryden.

Fig. 5. Our next reverse is an Oaken Garland, which we find on abundance of Imperial Coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to show that the garland of Oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of *Claudian*, where the compliment to *Stilico* is the same that we have here on the Medal. I question not but the old Coins gave the thought to the Poet.

*Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
At tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Mœnibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?*
Clau. de Lau. Stil. Lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threatening foe, our Sires decreed
An Oaken Garland for the victor's meed.
Thou, who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free,
What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be supposed that the Emperor had actually covered a *Roman* in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory,
or

or restored Justice. For in any of these or the like cases he may very well be said to have saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly we find *Virgil* distributing his Oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strength'ned the dominions of *Rome*; as we may learn from *Statius* that the statue of *Curtius*, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. Virg. Æn. Lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with Oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall *Gabian* walls and strong *Fidena* rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with *Pometia*, found;
 And raise *Colatian* tow'rs on rocky ground. Mr. Dryden.

Ipsè loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumeros æris sonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut sensit mugire forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora situ, meritâque caput venerabile quercu. Statius Sylv. Lib. 1.

The Guardian of that Lake, which boasts to claim
 A sure memorial from the *Curtian* name;
 Rous'd by th' artificers, whose mingled sound
 From the loud *Forum* pierc'd the shades profound,
 The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
 And shook the Civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next Medal are emblems of *Plenty*. Fig. 6.

— — apparetque beata pleno
 Copia Cornu. Hor. Car. Sæc.

Your Medallists tell us that two Horns on a Coin signify an extraordinary *Plenty*. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two *Thunder-bolts*, two *Caduceus's*, or two *Ships*, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double *Cornu-copia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some representing it as the horn of *Achelous* broken off by *Hercules*, and others as the horn of the *Goat* that gave suck to *Jupiter*.

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— rigi-

————— *rigidum fera dextera cornu*
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque a fronte revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrârunt; divesque meo bona Copia cornu est.
Dixerat: at Nymphæ ritu succincta Diana
Una ministrarum, fuis utrinque capillis,
Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et mensas felicia poma secundas.

De Acheloi Cornu. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
 From my maim'd front he bore the stubborn horn:
 This, heap'd with flowers and fruits the *Naiads* bear,
 Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.

He spoke; when lo a beauteous Nymph appears,
 Girt like *Diana's* train, with flowing hairs;
 The horn she brings, in which all Autumn's stor'd;
 And ruddy apples for the second board.

Mr. Gay.

Lac dabat illa Deo: sed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Sustulit hoc Nymphæ; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cæli tenuit, solioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quod dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.

De Cornu Amaltheæ. Ov. de Fast. Lib. 5.

The God she suckled of old *Rhea* born;
 And in the pious office broke her horn,
 As playful in a rifted Oak she tost
 Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
 Fair *Amalthea* took it off the ground,
 With apples fill'd it and with garlands bound,
 Which to the smiling infant she convey'd.
 He, when the sceptre of the Gods he sway'd,
 When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
 And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
 Bid his rough nurse the starry Heavens adorn
 And grateful in the Zodiac fix'd her Horn.

Betwixt

Betwixt the double *Cornu-copia* you see *Mercury's* rod.

Cyllenes cœlique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret. Mart. Lib. 7. Epig. 74.

Descend, *Cyllene's* tutelary God,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old Coins as an emblem of Peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *Virga somnifera*. It has wings, for another quality that *Virgil* mentions in his description of it.

— *hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat.* Virg.

Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space. Mr. *Dryden*.

The two heads over the two *Cornu-copiae* are of the Emperor's children, who are sometimes called among the Poets the pledges of Peace, as they took away the occasions of war in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

— *tu mihi primum*
Tot natorum memoranda parens—
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. Sen. Octav. Act. 5.

Thee first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This Medal therefore compliments the Emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that promise Peace and Plenty to the Empire.

The two hands that joyn one another are Emblems of *Fidelity*. Fig. 7.

Inde Fides dextraque datae — Ov. Met. L. 14.

Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Continge dextram — Sen. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.

— *en dextra fidesque*
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates! Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.
Q q q 2 See

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his Gods——

Mr. Dryden.

By the Inscription we may see that they represent in this place the Fidelity or Loyalty of the public towards their Emperor. The *Caduceus* rising between the hands signifies the Peace that arises from such an union with their Prince, as the spike of Corn on each side shadows out the Plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres. Ov. de Fast. Lib. 1.

Fig. 8. The giving of a hand, in the reverse of *Claudius*, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew *Caligula*, *Claudius* was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the *Prætorian* guards, and afterwards declared their Emperor. His reception is here recorded on a Medal, in which one of the *Ensigns* presents him his hand, in the same sense as *Anchises* gives it in the following verses.

*Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præsentî munere firmat.*

Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the *Roman* Eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in *Juvenal's* fourteenth Satire.

*Diræ Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat——*

Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the Poets the *Signifer* is described with a Lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the Medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. *Virgil* has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a Lion's skin.

———*tegmen torquens immane Leonis
Terribili impexum setâ, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.*

Virg. Æn. Lib. 7.

Like

Like *Hercules* himself his Son appears,
 In salvage pomp: a Lion's hide he wears;
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
 The teeth, and gaping jaws severely grin.
 Thus like the God his father, homely drest,
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest?

Mr. *Dryden*.

Since you have mentioned the dress of your Standard-bearer, says *Cynthia*, I cannot forbear remarking that of *Claudius*, which was the usual *Roman* habit. One may see in this Medal, as well as in any antique Statues, that the old *Romans* had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the *Roman* Poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the Turn of his Neck and Arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, *Horace* speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an Ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his book, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression.

*Dum tu Lydia Telephi
 Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
 Laudas brachia, vae meum
 Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.*

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
 His rosy neck, and winding arms,
 With endless rapture you recite,
 And in that pleasing name delight;
 My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
 With numberless resentments beats;
 From my pale cheek the colour flies,
 And all the Man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the *Roman* habit that gave *Virgil* the thought in the following verse, where *Remulus*, among other reproaches that he makes the *Trojans* for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the Make of their *Tunica's* that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the *Romans*.

Et

Et tunicae manicas, et habent ridimicula mitrae.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the *Italians* preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the *Trojans* became their Masters, and that the *Trojans* themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of *Italy*. This he tells us was the effect of a prayer that *Juno* made to *Jupiter*.

*Illud te, nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum :
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto);
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent ;
Nè vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Nen Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari ;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges :
Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago :
Occidit, occideritque suas cum nomine Troja.*

Æn. lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no Fates withstand)
Both for my self, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same ;
But let the *Latins* still retain their name :
Speak the same language, which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits, which their Grandfires wore.
Call them not *Trojans*: perish the renown
And name of *Troy*, with that detested town.
Latium be *Latium* still : let *Alba* reign,
And *Rome's* immortal Majesty remain.

Mr. Dryden.

By the way, I have often admired at *Virgil* for representing his *Juno* with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure, says *Eugenius*, that *Virgil* knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the Queen of the Gods to make, as we may find by *Jupiter's* way of accepting it.

*Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor :
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles :
Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus ?
Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem.*

Do

Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantum
Subsident Teucrici: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos. &c. Æn. Lib. 12.

Then thus the Founder of mankind replies,
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
 Can Saturn's issue, and Heav'n's other Heir,
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
 Be Mistress, and your full desires obtain;
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.
 From ancient blood th' *Ausonian* people sprung,
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
 The *Trojans* to their customs shall be ty'd,
 I will my self their common rites provide;
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
 And shall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a name:
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came. Mr. Dryden.

I am apt to think *Virgil* had a further view in this request of *Juno* than what his Commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his *Aeneid* was founded on a very doubtful story, and that *Aeneas's* coming into *Italy* was not universally received among the *Romans* themselves. He knew too that a main objection to this story was the great difference of Customs, Language and Habits among the *Romans* and *Trojans*. To obviate therefore so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and præ-determination of the Gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the Lady in the next Medal? Methinks she is very particular in her Quoiffure.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness, says *Philander*, and was designed as Fig. 9. a compliment to *Julia* the wife of *Septimius Severus*, who had the same number of children as you see on this Coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to *Cybele* the mother of the Gods, and for the same reason that *Virgil* compares the city of *Rome* to her.

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
Læta Deum partu. Virg. Æn. Li. 6.

High

High as the mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then when in pomp she makes a *Phrygian* round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd. Mr. Dryden.

The Vine issuing out of the Urn speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist. *Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house.* The four Stars overhead, and the same number on the Globe, represent the four children. There is a *Nec* of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking the wolf, with a Star over each of their heads, as we find the *Latin* Poets speaking of the children of Princes under the same metaphor.

*Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
 Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.* Ov. de Trif. Li. 2. El. 1.

— *Tu quoque extinctus jaces,
 Desponde nobis semper, infelix puer,
 Modo sidus orbis, columen augustæ domus,
 Britannice.* Sen. Octav. Act. 1.

Thou too dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
 Thou Star that wont this Orb to grace!
 Thou pillar of the *Julian* race!

— *Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.* Stat. Theb. Li. 1.

— Stay, great *Cæsar*, and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
 Resign to *Jove* his Empire of the skies,
 And people Heav'n with *Roman* Deities. Mr. Pope.

I need not mention *Homer's* comparing *Astyanax* to the Morning-star, nor *Virgil's* imitation of him in his description of *Ascanius*.
 Fig. 10. The next Medal was stamp't on the marriage of *Nero* and *Octavia*; you see the Sun over the head of *Nero*, and the Moon over that of *Octavia*. They face one another according to the situation of these two Planets in the Heavens.

— *Phæbeis obvia flammis
 Demet nocti Luna timores.* Sen. Thyest. Act. 4.

And

And to shew that *Octavia* derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband.

*Sicut Luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non vidit astris.* Manil. Lib. 4.

Because the Moon then only feels decay,
When oppositè unto her brother's ray. Mr. Creech.

But if we consider the history of this Medal, we shall find more Fancy in it than the Medallists have yet discovered. *Nero* and *Octavia* were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, *Claudius* being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the Tragedy of *Octavia*, where it speaks of her marriage with *Nero*.

*Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur à patria
Pellitur Aula? ———* Sen. Oct. Act. 1.

To *Jove* his sister consort wed,
Uncensur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall *Cæsar's* wife and sister wait,
An Exile at her husband's gate?

*Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudie gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros.* Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t' enlarge the *Claudian* race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a *Juno* with the *Roman Jove*.

They are therefore very prettily represented by the Sun and Moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. *Virgil* gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this Medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna. Virg. Georg. 1.

The flattery on the next Medal is in the same thought as that of *Lu- Fig. 11.*
cretius.

*Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ ;
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius Sol.*

Lucret. Lib. 3.

Nay, *Epicurus'* race of life is run ;
That man of wit, who other men outshone ;
As far as meaner stars the mid-day Sun.

} Mr. Creech.

The Emperor appears as the Rising Sun, and holds a Globe in his hand, to figure out the Earth that is enlightned and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras.

Virg.

————— *ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.*

Id.

When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays.

Mr. Dryden.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. *Claudian* in the description of his infant *Titan* descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian.

*Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus altè
Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.*

Claud. de rapt. Prof. Lib. 2.

An infant *Titan* held she in her arms;
Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

Fig. 12. The Sun rises on a Medal of *Commodus*, as *Ovid* describes him in the story of *Phaeton*.

*Ardua prima via est, et quæ vix manè recentes
Enituntur equi* ———

Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

You have here too the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage.

——— *Pyroëis*

——— *Pyroëis, et Eëus, et Æthon,*
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon ———

Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
Obstantes scindunt nebulas ———

Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as *Ovid* has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

Sustulit omniiferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit.

Ibid.

The earth at length ———

Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the fultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and fought a cooler feat.)

The *Cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to *Jupiter*.

Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
Officiiue refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?

Ibid.

And does the plow for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harras'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the Medal; as for the thought of it, the Antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to *Commodus* on his skill in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished *Lucan* with the same thought in his address to *Nero*.

Seu te flammigeros Phæbi conscendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
Igne vago lustrare juvet ——— Luc. Lib. 1. ad Neronem.

R r r 2

Or

Or if thou chuse the empire of the day,
 And make the Sun's unwilling steeds obey;
 Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
 While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam—— Mr. Rowe.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the Sun described in the Poets by metaphors borrowed from the *Circus*.

*Quum suspensus eat Phæbus, currumque reflectat
 Huc illuc agiles, et servet in æthere metas.* Manil. Lib. 1.
 —— *Hesperio positas in littore metas.* Ov. Met. Lib. 2.
Et Sol ex equo metâ distabat utrâque. Idem.

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of *Commodus* to the Sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry, I had almost said, as the Sun it self.

I believe, says *Cynthio*, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. *Horace* has turn'd this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

——— *laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
 Solem Asia Brutum appellat* —— Hor. Sat. 7. Lib. 1.
 He praises *Brutus* much and all his train;
 He calls him *Asia's* Sun —— Mr. Creech.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of Stars, Moons and Suns. I suppose we have at last done with the celestial bodies.

Fig. 13. The next figure you see, says *Philander*, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to *Constantine* before the battle with *Maxentius*. We are told by a Christian Poet, that he caus'd it to be wrought on the military Ensign that the *Romans* call their *Labarum*. And it is on this Ensign that we find it in the present Medal.

*Christus purpureum gemmanti, textus in auro
 Signabat Labarum.* —— Prudent. contra Symm. Lib. 1.

A Christ was on th'Imperial standard born,
That Gold embroiders, and that Gemms adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two Initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following Fig. 14. Medal and verses.

*Agnoscas, Regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
In quibus Effigies Crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.*

Constantinus Romam alloquitur. Ibid.

My Ensign let the Queen of nations praise,
That rich in gemms the Christian Cross displays:
There rich in gemms; but on my quiv'ring spears
In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

Vexillumque Crucis summus dominator adorat. Id. in Apotheofi.

See there the Cross he wav'd on hostile shores,
The Emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*; if you have a mind to see it in a state Fig. 15. of Paganism you have it on a Coin of *Tiberius*. It stands between two other Ensigns, and is the mark of a *Roman* Colony where the Medal was stamped. By the way you must observe, that where-ever the *Romans* fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carryed before them when they went to settle themselves in a Colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in *Silius Italicus*, that make a very far-fetcht compliment to *Fabius*.

*Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte,
Hic patria est, murique urbis stant pectore in uno.* Sil. It. Li. 7.

The following Medal was stamped on *Trajan's* victory over the *Daci*, Fig. 16. you see on it the figure of *Trajan* presenting a little *Victory* to *Rome*. Between them lies the conquered province of *Dacia*. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons on old Coins that hold a little *Victory* in one hand, like this of *Trajan*, which is always the sign of a Conquest. I have sometimes fancied *Virgil* alludes to this custom in a verse that *Turnus* speaks.

Non

Non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit. Virg. *Æn.* Li. II.

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to Victory unus'd. Mr. Dryden.

The Emperor's standing in a Gown, and making a present of his *Dacian* Victory to the city of *Rome*, agrees very well with *Claudian's* character of him.

————— *victura feretur*
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo,
Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus stratis capitolia Dacis:
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat.... Claud. de 4^{to}. Conf. Honor.

Thy glory, *Trajan*, shall for-ever live:
Not that thy arms the *Tigris* mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary *Parthia* bow'd to *Rome*,
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the *Daci* slain:
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of *Rome* carries the Wand in her hand that is the symbol of her Divinity.

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipsa
More Deæ)————— Prudent. cont. Sym. L. 1.

For *Rome*, a Goddess too can boast her shrine,
With victims slain'd, and fought with rites divine.

As the Globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

Terrarum Dea, Gentiumque Roma;
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum. Mart. Li. 12. Epig. 8.

O *Rome*, thou Goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the Peace that the Emperor had procured her. On old Coins we often see an Emperor, a *Victory*, the city of *Rome*, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the

the Peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the Medal. I think we cannot doubt but *Virgil* copied out this circumstance from the ancient Sculptors, in that inimitable description he has given us of *Military Fury* shut up in the Temple of *Janus* and loaden with chains.

*Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus abenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.* Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd *Fury*, bound in brazen chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of uselefs arms
He sits, and threatens the world with dire alarms. Mr. Dryden.

We are told by the old Scholiast, says *Eugenius*, that there was actually such a statue in the Temple of *Janus* as that *Virgil* has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient Medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the Province? Her posture, says *Philander*, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old Coins: among the Poets too, sitting on the ground is a mark of Misery or Captivity.

*Multos illa dies incomitis mæsta capillis
Sederat* Propert. Li. 1.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates. Id. L. 4.

O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old Coin that celebrates a victory of *Lucius Verus* over the *Parthians*. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery.

*Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad Regem clamore ferebant.* Virg. Æn. L. 2.

Mean while, with shouts, the *Trojan* shepherds bring
A captive *Greek* in bands before the King. Mr. Dryden.

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. Ov. de Fast.

Cùm rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. Propert. Li. 4.
We

We may learn from *Ovid* that it was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the Trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros. Ov. Ep. ex Ponto L. 4.

You see on his head the cap which the *Parthians*, and indeed most of the eastern nations, wear on Medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the Bonnet in their salutations, for in Medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before Emperors or Generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing. *Martial* has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic.

*Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis,
Dicitur dominum, deumque non sum:
Jam non est locus hæc in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum.*

Mart. Epig. 72. Li. 10.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye trye,
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
No man a God or Lord I name:
From *Romans* far be such a shame!
Go teach the supple *Parthian* how
To veil the Bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some *Pit*, before his barbarous King.

I cannot hear, says *Cynthio*, without a kind of indignation, the satyrical reflections that *Martial* has made on the memory of *Domitian*. It is certain so ill an Emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of *Martial*. I must confess I am less scandalised at the flatteries the Epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an over-strained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says *Philander*, that the Poet and the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no farther on this Medal,

dal, unless you have a mind to compare the Trophy on it with that of *Mezentius* in *Virgil*.

*Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezentii ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropaeum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca petatum
Perfossamque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistrae
Subligat, atque enses collo suspendit eburnum.*

Virg. Æn. Li. II.

He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in triumph born,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the God of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Trunchions of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his Corset, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.

Mr. Dryden.

On the next Medal you see the Peace that *Vespasian* procured the Empire after having happily finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive branch in her hand is the figure of *Peace*. Fig. 18.

————— *pignora Pacis*
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ.

Sil. It. Li. 3.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an Altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient *Romans* of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their Deities. It is to this custom that *Virgil* refers, and *Silius Italicus* has described at large.

*Qualis eram cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos.* Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Such as I was beneath *Præneſte's* walls;
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire. Mr. *Dryden*.

*Aſt tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, conſtructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum conſurgit ad aſtra:
Ipſe manu celſam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnae, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Auſonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum hæud ſurde meorum,
Arma electa dicat ſpirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjeçtâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos.*

Sil. It. Li. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of *Roman* arms they rear:
The Gen'ral graſping in his Victor hand
A pine of ſtately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cry'd, O *Mars!* to thee devote I yield
Theſe choice firſt-fruits of Honour's purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praiſe,
Thy *Hannibal* this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for *Latian* laurels won:
Accept this homage, and abſolve thy ſon.—
Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toſt;
In ſmould'ring ſmoke the light of Heav'n is loſt:
But when the fire increaſe of fury gains,
The blaze of Glory gilds the diſtant plains.

As for the heap of Arms, and mountain of Arms, that the Poet mentions, you may ſee them on two Coins of *Marcus Aurelius*. DE SARMATIS and DE GERMANIS allude perhaps to the form of words that might be uſed at the ſetting fire to them.—*Auſonio de nomine*. Thoſe who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on theſe two laſt Medals may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to ſignifie any ſuch alluſion. But they may conſider that on ſeveral Imperial Coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on ſome of them a
Flam-

Flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the Arms, says *Cynthio*, that you have forgotten the Pillar on your 18th Medal. You may find the history of it, says *Philander*, in *Ovid de Fastis*. It was from this Pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and *Peace* turns her back upon it.

Prospicit à templo summum brevis area Circum:

Est ibi non parvæ parva columna nota:

Hinc solet hasta manu, belli prænuucia, mitti;

In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.

Ov. de fast. Li. 6:

Where the high Fane the ample Cirque commands
A little, but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when *Rome* the distant Kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing Javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next Medal Fig. 21. seem to be forced and unnatural. I will therefore give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see the water scarce reaches up to the knees, and though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground. His attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the Poets often attribute to *Neptune*. *Homer* tells us, that the Whales leaped up at their God's approach, as we see in the Medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves are Sea-Deities of an inferiour rank, who are supposed to assist their Sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

Cymothoë, simul et Triton adnixus acuto

Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti,

Et vastas aperit Syrtes, et temperat aquor.

Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The God himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands.

Mr. Dryden. }

*Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus focer erigit ulnis.* Val. Flac. Li. 1.

The interpreters of this Medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing o'er the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of Water-Deities on other Medals represented after the same manner.

*Ite Deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.*

Statius de Balneo Etrusci. Lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye *Naiads!* with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flourets bind your sea-green hair,
Unveil'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the *Satyrs* see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the Medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the Commonwealth of *Rome*, that by the tyranny of *Domitian*, and the insolence of the *Prætorian* Guards under *Nerva*, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is *Trajan* that by the adoption of *Nerva* stems the tide to her relief, and like another *Neptune* shoves her off the quick-sands. Your Device, says *Eugenius*, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writers imagination to support them? To shew you, says *Philander*, that the construction I put on this Medal is conformable to the fancies of the old *Romans*, you may observe, that *Horace* represents at length the Commonwealth of *Rome* under the figure of a ship, in the Allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth Ode of his first book.

*O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.*—————

And shall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main?

Mr. Creech.

Nor

Nor was any thing more usual than to represent a God in the shape and drefs of an Emperor.

— *Apelleæ cuperent te scribere cera,
Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei senior Jovis; et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammæ
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phæbo.*
Statius de Equo Domitiani Syl. 1.

Now had *Apelles* liv'd, he'd sue to grace:
His glowing Tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a Sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
Had wish'd to place thee with his Iv'ry *Jove*,
Rhodes, and *Tarentum*, that with Pride survey,
The Thund'rer This, and That the God of day;
Each fam'd *Colossus* wou'd exchange for Thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to *Theodosius* in *Claudian*, as the Medal here makes to *Trajan*.

*Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.* —
Claudian. de 4to Conf. Honorii.

Had not thy Sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his solid virtue prop'd the state;
Sunk in Oblivion's shade, the name of *Rome*,
An empty name! had scarce surviv'd her doom:
Half-wreck'd she was, 'till his auspicious hand
Resum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I shall only add, that this Medal was stamped in honour of *Trajan*, when he was only *Cæsar*, as appears by the face of it SARI TRAIANO.

The next is a reverse of *Marcus Aurelius*. We have on it a *Minerva* Fig. 22. mounted on a monster, that *Ausonius* describes in the following verses.

*Illa etiam Thalamos per trina enigmata querens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus;*
Terruit

*Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.*

To form the monster *Sphinx*, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast, by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans she wing'd th' aerial space;
And on her feet the Lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a Virgin-face.
O'er pale *Aonia* pannic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the Morn is new,
"Walks on Four legs infirm; at Noon on Two:
"But day declining to the western skies,
"He needs a Third; a Third the Night supplies?"

The monster, says *Cynthio*, is a *Sphinx*, but for her meaning on this Medal, I am not *OEdipus* enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says *Philauder*, the Poets fail me in this particular. There is however a passage in *Pausanias* that I will repeat to you, though it is in prose, since I know no body else that has explained the Medal by it. The *Athenians*, says he, drew a *Sphinx* on the armour of *Pallas*, by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The *Sphinx* therefore signifies the same as *Minerva* herself, who was the Goddess of arms as well as wisdom, and describes the Emperor as one of the Poets expresses it,—

— *Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.*

Whom both *Minerva's* boast t'adopt their own.

The *Romans* joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent Emperor, who was the best Philosopher and the greatest General of his Age.

Fig. 23.

We will close up this Series of Medals with one that was stamped under *Tiberius* to the memory of *Augustus*. Over his head you see the star that his father *Julius Caesar* was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.

Virg. Ecl. 9.

See, *Cæsar's* lamp is lighted in the skies.

Mr. Dryden.

— micat

micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Hor.

Julius Cæsar's light appears
 As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
 The beauteous Moon amidst the meaner stars.

Mr. Creech.

Vix ea fatus erat, mediâ cum sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, sui que
Cæsar's eripuit membris, nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam, cælestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu: Lunâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem,
Stella micat.

Ov. Met. Li. 15.

This spoke; the Goddess to the Senate flew;
 Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
 Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care,
 Nor left the recent Soul to waste to air;
 But bore it upwards to its native skies:
 Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
 Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
 And kindling, as it soar'd, a Comet grew;
 Above the lunar Sphere it took its flight,
 And shot behind it a long trail of light.

Mr. Walford.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this Medal. The Commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such a figure of the Emperor as he used to be represented by in the Roman sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celsâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammâs
Lætâ vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus. Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Young Cæsar on the stern in armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans, and the Gods, to fight:

His

His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the *Julian* star.

Mr. Dryden

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his Apotheosis, that makes him as it were a companion of *Jupiter*. Thus the Poets of his own age that deified him living.

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

Virg.

Hic socium summo cum Jove numen habet.

Ov.

——— *regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante.*

Manil. Li. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cælum, te fulmine pollens,

Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis. Ov. de Augusto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the *Corona Radiata*, which at that time was another type of his Divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to represent the rays of the Sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*. It is this kind of crown that *Virgil* describes.

——— *ingenti mole Latinus*

Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum

Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,

Solis avi specimen.———

Virg. Æn. Lib. 12.

Four steeds the chariots of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day.

Mr. Dryden.

Fig. 24. If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the Sun, you may see it in the figure of *Apollo* on the next reverse, where his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as *Ovid* and *Statius* mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure.

——— *at genitor circum caput omne micantes*

Deposuit radios———

Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

8 *Imposuitque comæ radios*———

Ibid.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head,

——— *licet ignipedum frænator equorum*

Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum

Imprimat———

Statius. Theb. Lib. 1. ad Domitianum.

Tho'

Tho' *Phæbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine.

Mr. Pope.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed to drive the horses of the Sun: as in a pretty passage of *Ovid*, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious.

*Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phæbus equos, stimuloque dolens et verbera sævit:
Sævitur enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.* Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through such an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly *Lucretius* calls them the darts of the day, as *Ausonius* to make a sort of witticism has followed his example.

Non radii solis, neque lucida tela Diei. Lucr.

*Exultant uæ super arida saxa rapina,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.*

de piscibus captis. Auf. Eid. 10.

*Caligo terræ scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo.*

Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical Medals as are unriddled by the *Latin* Poets, and have shown several passages in the *Latin* Poets that receive an illustration from Medals. Some of the Coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the same explication put upon them, but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says *Eugenius*, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of *Roman* Medals, especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn out of the *Latin* Poets. For as there is a great affinity between Designing and Poetry, so the *Latin* Poets, and the Designers of the *Roman* Medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same

objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy. But who are the Ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says *Philander*, so many Cities, Nations and Provinces that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine Lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now *Afric, Spain, France, Italy*, and several other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleasantest Maps, says *Cynthio*, that I ever saw. Your Geographers now and then fancy a country like a Leg or a Head, a Bear or a Dragon, but I never before saw them represented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This therefore, says *Philander*, is a Geography particular to the Medallists. The Poets however have sometimes given into it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first Lady you see on the List is *Africa*. She carries an Elephant's tooth by her side.

Third
Series,
Fig. 1.

*Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscurior Indus:
Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
Jam nimios, capitique graves——*

Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiff'd with the head of an Elephant, to show that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a Dragon lying at her feet.

*Huic varias pestes, diversaque membra ferarum,
Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;
Horrendos angues, habitataque membra veneno,
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ;
Et vastos Elephantes habet, sevosque Leones,
In pœnas fecunda suas, parit horrida tellus.*

Manil. Lib. 4. de Africâ.

Here Nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
Here makes, those Cells of poyson, take their birth,
Those wing crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
Hears Elephants, and frightful Lions roar.

Mr. Creech.

Lucan

Lucan in his description of the several noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying Dragon that we see on this Medal.

*Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Pestiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota secuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verberare tauros.
Nec tutus spatio est Elephas. datis omnia letho:
Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno.* Luc. Lib. 9.

And you, ye Dragons! of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
Their guardian Genii and Protectors own'd ;
In *Afric* only are you fatal ; there,
On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear.
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air. }
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty Bull :
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
Not Elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your Might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. Mr. Rowe.

The Bull that appears on the other side of the Dragon, shows us that *Afric* abounds in agriculture.

— tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O *Libye*, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. Juv. Sat. 5.
— No more plough up the ground
O *Libya*, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more. Mr. Bowles.

This part of the world has always on Medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was indeed the great granary of *Italy*. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *Cornu-copiae*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

T t t 2 Sed

*Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur facunda veneno:
Felix quâ pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennââ, Phario nec victa colono.* Sil. It. Lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa ——— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

————— *segetes mirantur Iberas
Horrea; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinâ contenti messe Quirites.* Claud. in Eutrop. Lib. 1.

Fig. 2. The Lion on the second Medal marks her out for the

————— *Leonum
Arida nutrix.* Hor.

Fig. 3. The Scorpion on the third is another of her productions, as *Lucan* mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

————— *quis fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires matura mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verberere sævus,
Teste tulit cælo victi decus Orionis.* Luc. Lib. 9.

Who, that the Scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready Death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky. } Mr. Rowe.

The three figures you have here shown us, says *Eugenius*, give me an idea of a description or two in *Claudian*, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent *Africa* in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old Coins.

————— *mediis apparet in astris
Africa, rescissa vestes, et spicea passim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur* ——— Claud. de Bel. Gild.

Next *Afric*, mounting to the blest Abodes,
Pensive approach'd the Synod of the Gods:
No arts of dress the weeping Dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn: The

The fillets, grac'd with teeth in Ivory rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

*Tum spicis et dente comas illustris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.*

Claud. de Conf. Stil. Lib. 2.

I think, says *Philander*, there is no question but the Poet has copied out in his description the figure that *Africa* made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is *Egypt*. Her basket of wheat shows us Fig. 4. the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the *Nile*.

*Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis:
Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.*

Luc. Lib. 8.

By Nature strengthned with a dang'rous strand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in *Nile*.

Mr. Rowe.

The instrument in her hand is the *Sistrum* of the *Egyptians*, made use of in the worship of the Goddeffs *Isis*.

————— *Nilotica sistris*
Ripa sonat —————

Claud. de 4to Conf. Honor.

On Medals you see it in the hand of *Egypt*, of *Isis*, or any of her Worshipers. The Poets too make the same use of it, as *Virgil* has placed it in *Cleopatra's* hand, to distinguish her from an *Egyptian*.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro. Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The Queen her self, amidst the loud alarms,
With Cymbals tofs'd, her fainting soldiers warms. Mr. Dryden.

————— *restabant Actia bella,*
Atque ipsa Isiaco certarunt fulmina sistro. Manil. Lib. 1.

————— *imitataque Lunam*
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
de Iside. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

————— The

—————The lunar horns, that bind
The brows of *Isis*, cast a blaze around ;
The trembling *Timbrel* made a murm'ring found. *Mr. Dryden.*

*Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi profunt
Illa tuâ toties ara repulsa manu?* *Tib. Lib. 1. El. 3.*

*Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus.* *Luc. Lib. 8.*

Have we with honours dead *Osiris* crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the *Timbrel's* tinkling found?
Receiv'd her *Isis* to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with *Roman Gods*? *Mr. Rowe.*

The bird before her is the *Egyptian Ibis*. This figure however does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the *Egyptians* worshipped it as a God.

*Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin;
Effigies sacri nitet aurea Circopitbeci.* *Juv. Sat. 15.*

How *Egypt*, mad with superstition grown,
Makes Gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to *Nile's* serpent pays;
Others to *Ibis*, that on serpents preys.
Where, *Thebes*, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd *Memnon's* magick harp is heard,
Where these are mould'ring left, the fots combine
With pious care a *Monkey* to enshrine. *Mr. Tate.*

*Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
Placet sacratus aspis Æsculapii?
Crocodylus, Ibis et Canes cur displicent?* *Prudentius. Pas. 1. Romani.*

Fig. 5. We have *Mauritania* on the fifth Medal, leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old Coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this Medal in the following descriptions that celebrate the *Moors* and *Numidians*, Inhabitants of *Mauritania*, for their horsemanship.

Hic

*Hic passim exultant Numidæ, gens inscia fræni:
 Queis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
 Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:
 Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
 Tellus* _____ Sil. It. Li. e.

On his hot Steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
 The black Numidian prances o'er the plain:
 A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,
 And as a bridle turns th'obedient horse.

_____ *an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus
 Umbonum et nostros passuri, comminus enses?
 Non contra clypeis tectos, galeisque micantes
 Ibitis; in solis longè fiducia telis.
 Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
 Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia levâ,
 Cætera nudus Eques; sonipes ignarus habena:
 Virga regit, non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
 Arma oneri.* _____ Claud. de Bel. Gildon.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
 Of shorten'd Fauchions, and repelling shields?
 Against a host of quiv'ring spears ye go,
 Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
 The naked foe, who vainly trusts his art,
 And flings away his armour in his dart:
 His dart the right hand shakes, the left uprears
 His robe, beneath his tender skin appears.
 Their Steeds un-rein'd, obey the horseman's wand,
 Nor know their legions when to march, or stand:
 In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
 A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The Horse too may stand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur Equi, bella hæc armenta minantur. Virg. Æn. Li. 3

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned Me-
 dallists that tell us, the Rabbet which you see before her feet, may signifie Fig. 6.
 either the great multitude of these Animals that are found in Spain, or
 perhaps

perhaps the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the *Latin* word *Cuniculus* signifying either a Rabbet or a Mine. But these Gentlemen do not consider, that it is not the Word but the Figure that appears on the Medal. *Cuniculus* may stand for a Rabbet or a Mine, but the picture of a Rabbet is not the picture of a Mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When the word is construed into its idea the double meaning vanishes. The figure therefore before us means a real Rabbet, which is there found in vast multitudes.

Cuniculosa Celtiberiae fili.

Catul. in Egnatium.

The Olive-branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in Olives, as it is for this reason that *Claudian* in his description of *Spain* binds an Olive-branch about her head.

—glaucis tum prima Minervæ
Nexa comam foliis, subvâque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces. Claud. de Laud. Stil. Li. 2.

Thus *Spain*, whose brows the olive wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a *Tagus* streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in *Spain*.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem *Pallas* amat—— Mar. Li. 12. Ep. 99.

Fair *Bætis*! Olives wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'st the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival-bounty smile,
While *Bacchus* wine bestows, and *Pallas* oil.

And *Prudentius* of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem sanctos revehes et octo,
Cæsar Augusta studiosa Christi,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. Prudent. Hymn. 4.

Fig. 7. *France*, you see, has a Sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to shew that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus *Horace* mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quan-

*Quaquam nec Calabria mella ferunt apes,
Nec Lastrigonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis.*

Hor. Od. 16. Li. 3.

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich *Campania* sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in *Gallic* plains grow fat; ———

Mr. Creech.

She carries on her shoulders the *Sagulum* that *Virgil* speaks of as the habit of the ancient *Gauls*.

*Aurea caesaries ollis, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis* ———

Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their vests ———

Mr. Dryden.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the Emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several Medals that were struck on *Adrian's* progress through the Empire, that at his arrival they offered a sacrifice to the Gods for the reception of so great a blessing. *Horace* mentions this custom.

*Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O Sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.* ———

*Te decem tauri, totidemque vacca;
Me tener solvet vitulus* ———

Hor. Od. 2. Lib. 4.

And there, if any patient ear
My Muse's feeble song will hear
My voice shall sound thro' *Rome*:
Thee, Sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise, when *Cæsar's* come. ———

Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small stock of kine
A calf just wean'd ———

Mr. Creech.

VOL. I.

U u u

Italy

Fig. 8. *Italy has a Cornu-copia in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness;*

— *magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.* Virg. Geor. 3.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. *Lucan* has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing her self to *Julius Cæsar*.

*Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago :
Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem,
Furrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæsarie, lacerâ nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et gemitu permista loqui* —

Lucan. Lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head *Rome's* rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the Matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted e're she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.

Mr. Rowe.

She holds a scepter in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to shew that she is the Sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the Sun and Stars fall on her dominions. *Claudian* makes the same compliment to *Rome*.

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.

Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conf.

*Jupiter arce suâ totum dum spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.*

Ov. de fast. Lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to *Rome* submissive homage pays.

*Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Quâ mare, quâ tellus, quâ sidus currit utrumque.*

Petron.

Now *Rome*, sole *Empress*, reign'd from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

Fig. 9. The picture that *Claudian* makes of *Rome* one would think was copied from the next Medal.

— *innuptæ*

——— *innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ :*
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto :
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem reteggit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma sinum. ———
Clipeus Titana lucessit,
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte ;
Hic patrius, Mavortis amor, fœtusque notantur
Romulei. post annis inest, et bellua nutrix.

Claud. in Prob. et Olyb. Conf.

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
 Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
 Bold on the right her naked arm she shows,
 And half her bosom's unpolluted snows ;
 Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
 In diamond clasps the military vest.
 The Sun was dazled as her shield she rear'd,
 Where, varied o'er by *Mulciber*, appear'd
 The loves of *Mars* her Sire, fair *Iliæ's* joys,
 The wolf, the *Tyber*, and the infant boys.

The next figure is *Achaia*.

Fig. 10.

I am sorry, says *Cynthio*, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as *France*. I have here, says *Philander*, one of *Augustus's Britannia's*. You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her Inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old Poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the *Latin Poets*, that give any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our Forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, Cruel and Inhospitable are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention therefore those parts only that relate to the present Medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is Mistress of a new world, separate from that which the *Romans* had

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before

before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient Poets.

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. Virg. Ec. 1.

The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. Mr. Dryden.

*Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.*
Vet. Poet. apud Scalig. Cātul.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbis.
Id. de Britannia et opposito Continente.

——— *nostro diducta Britannia mundo.* Claud.

*Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quaesivit in orbe Britannos.* Id.

The feet of *Britannia* are washed by the waves, in the same Poet.

——— *cujus vestigia verrit
Cæculus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.*
Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.

She bears a *Roman* Ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province.

——— *victricia Caesar
Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos.* Sidon. Apollin.

Fig. 10. But to return to *Achaia*, whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor *Adrian*. She has a pot before her with a sprig of Parsly rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of *Hercules's* eating a sallade of Parsly for his refreshment, after his encounter with the *Nemean* Lion. It is certain, there were in *Achaia* the *Nemean* Games, and that a garland of Parsly was the Victor's reward. You have an account of these Games in *Ausonius*.

*Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaia Ludos,
Cælicolum duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phæbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.* Auf. de Lustral. Agon.

Greece,

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
 For Heroes two, and two for Gods ordain'd:
 Jove bade the Olive round his Victor wave;
 Phæbus to his an Apple-garland gave:
 The Pine, *Palæmon*; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the Parsly-crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ. Id. de locis Agon.

— *Alcides Nemeæa sacravit honorem.* de Auct. Agon. Id.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ. Id.

One reason why they chose Parsly for a Garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as *Horace* opposes it to the short-lived Lilly.

Non vivax apium, nec breve liliū. Lib. 1. Od. 36.

Let fading Lillies and the Rose
 Their beauty and their smell disclose;
 Let long-liv'd Parsly grace the feast,
 And gently cool the heated guest. Mr. Creech.

Juvenal mentions the Crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of *Achaia*:

— *Graiaque apium meruisse coronæ.* Juv. Sat. 8.

And winning at a Wake their Parsly crown. M. Stepney.

She presents herself to the Emperor in the same posture that the *Germans* and *English* still salute the Imperial and Royal family.

— *jus imperiumque Phraates
 Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.* — Hor. Epif. 12. Li. 1.

The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæsar* kneels. Mr. Creech.

*Ille qui donat diadema fronti
 Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes.* Senec. Thyest. Act 3.

— *Non, ut inflexo genu.
 Regnantem adores, petimus.* Idem.

*Te linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum
 Fœdera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem,*

Hæc

*Hac quondam videre domo; positâque tiarâ
Submisere genu.*—————

Claud. ad Honorium.

Thy infant Virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspir'd:
Thee next the Sovereign feat, the *Persians* view'd,
When in this Regal Dome for peace they fu'd:
Each Turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd;
And every knee confest the boon they crav'd.

Fig. 12. *Sicily* appears before *Adrian* in the same posture. She has a bundle of Corn in her hand, and a Garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to *Ceres*.

*Utraque frugiferis est Insula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ulla,
Nec Romana magis compleverunt horrea terra.*

de Sicilia et Sardinia. Lu. Li. 2.

Sardinia too, renew'd for yellow fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the *Roman* coast.

Mr. Rowe.

*Terra tribus scopulis vatum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri. multas ibi possidet urbes:
In quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo.*

Ov. de Fast. Li. 4.

To *Ceres* dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall Capes, and thence *Trinacria* nam'd:
There *Henna* well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest Champian of the fairest Isle.

Fig. 13. We find *Judea* on several coins of *Vespasian* and *Titus*, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity. The first figure of her is drawn to the life, in a picture that *Seneca* has given us of the *Trojan* matrons bewailing their captivity.

—————*paret exertos
Turba lacertos. Veste remissâ
Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus*—————

—————*cadat*

————— *cadat ex humeris*
Vestis apertis: inumque tegat
Suffulta latus. jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. nunc nunc vires
Exprime, Dolor, tuas

Hecuba ad Trojanarum chorum. Sen. Troas. Act. 1.

————— Bare

Your arms, your vestures slackly ty'd
 Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
 Down to your wastes —————

————— Let

From your divested shoulders slide
 Your garments, down on either side.
 Now bared bosoms call for blows,
 Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose.

Sir Ed. Sberburn.

————— *apertæ pectora matres*

Significant luctum —————

Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
 The signs of grief, and mark of publick woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief.

————— *ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput*

Velata, juxta præsidēs astat Deos.

Sen. Herc. fur. Act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Delituit: sævumque arctè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.

Luc. Li. 9. de Corneliâ.

So said the Matron; and about her head
 Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:
 Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
 She seeks the ship's deep darksome Hold below:
 There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
 She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
 Still with fresh tears the living grief wou'd feed,
 And fondly loves it, in her husbands stead.

Mr. Rowe.

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the *Romans* might have an eye on the customs of the *Jewish* nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The *Psalmist* describes the *Jews* lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembred thee, O Sion.* But what is more remarkable, we find *Judæa* represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the *Prophet*, that foretels the very captivity recorded on this Medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in *Holy Scripture*, as the expressions of a raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these Medals? We find, says *Philander*, not only on these, but on several other coins that relate to *Judæa*, the figure of a *Palm-tree*, to show us that *Palms* are the growth of the country. Thus *Silius Italicus*, speaking of *Vespasian's* conquest, that is the subject of this Medal.

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen. Sil. It. Li. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of *Judæa*, and had generally something of the *Palm-tree* in them. It begins an *Epigram* on the death of *Scorpus* a chariot-driver, which in those degenerate times of the *Empire* was looked upon as a public calamity.

*Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.* Mart. Li. 10. Epig. 50.

The man by the *Palm-tree* in the first of these Medals, is supposed to be a *Jew* with his hands bound behind him.

Fig. 14. I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other Medal is a *Victory*. She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a *Victory* touched upon in *Virgil*, and *Silius Italicus*.

*Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma.* Virg. Æn. Li. 3.

I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty door
The brazen shield, which vanquish'd *Abas* bore:

The

The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
 " These arms *Aeneas* took from conqu'ring Greeks. Mr. Dryden.

*Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
 Hasdrubalis spoliū Gradivo Scipio victor.* Sil. Ital. Li. 15.

High on *Pyrene's* airy top they plac'd,
 The captive Shield, with this inscription grac'd:
 " Sacred to *Mars*, these votive spoils proclaim
 " The fate of *Asdrubal*, and *Scipio's* fame.

Parthia has on one side of her the Bow and Quiver which are so Fig. 15.
 much talked of by the Poets. *Lucan's* account of the *Parthians* is very
 pretty and poetical.

————— *Parthoque sequente*
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ —————
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis. Luc. Li. 8.

Each fence, that can their winged shafts endure,
 Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure —————
 To taint their coward darts is all their care,
 And then to trust them to the flitting air. Mr. Rowe.

————— *Sagittiferosque Parthos.* Catul.

The Crown she holds in her hand, refers to the crown of gold that *Parthia*,
 as well as other provinces, presented to the Emperor *Antonine*. The
 presenting a Crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipsè oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit ————— Virg. Æn. Li. 8.

Tarchon, the *Tuscan* Chief, to me has sent
 Their Crown, and ev'ry regal ornament. Mr. Dryden.

Antioch has an Anchor by her, in memory of her founder *Seleucus*, Fig. 16.
 whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe Hi-
 storians. *Ausonius* has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

————— *Illa Seleucum*
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit Anchora signum,
 VOL I. XXX Qualis

*Qualis iniusta solet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.*

Auf. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great *Seleucus*, bright in *Grecian* fame!
The tow'rs of *Antioch* for their founder claim:
Thee *Phæbus* at thy birth his son confest,
By the fair *Anchor* on the babe imprest;
Which all thy genuine off-spring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive thro' the race.

Fig. 17. *Smyrna* is always represented by an *Amazon*, that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here ent'ring into a league with *Thyrtira*. Each of them holds her tutelary Deity in her hand.

*Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes Deos
Invocat.*

Sen. Phœnissæ. Act. 1.

On the left arm of *Smyrna*, is the *Pelta* or Buckler of the *Amazons*, as the long weapon by her is the *Bipennis* or *Securis*.

*Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.* Ov. Li. 3. Epif. 1. ex Pont.
Lunatis agmina peltis. Virg.

In their right hands a pointed Dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar Shield. Mr. Dryden.

*Videre Rheti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet querere distuli.* Hor. Od. 4. Li. 4.

Such *Drusus* did in arms appear,
When near the *Alps* he urg'd the war:
In vain the *Rheti* did their axes wield,
Like *Amazons* they fought, like women fled the field:
But why those savage troops this weapon chuse,
Confirm'd by long establish'd use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

Fig. 18. The dress that *Arabia* appears in, brings to my mind the description *Lucan* has made of these eastern nations.

Quicquid

*Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cæli.
Illic et laxas vestes, et fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides.*—— Luc. Lib. 8.

While *Asia's* softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing Purple streams. Mr. Rowe.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

—— *solis est thurea virga Sabeis.* Virg.

And od'rous frankincense on the *Sabæan* bough. Mr. Dryden.

Thuriferos Arabum saltus. Claud. de 3. Conf. Honor.

Thurilegos Arabas —— Ov. de Fas. Lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

*Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, variaque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet*—— de sinu Arabico. Manil. Lib. 4.

More west the other soft *Arabia* beats,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats:
The Bay is call'd th' *Arabian* gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame. Mr. Creech.

*Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs.* Tibul. Lib. 2. El. 2.

—— *sit dives amomo,
Cinnamague, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham.* Ov. Met. Lib. 10.

Let *Araby* extol her happy coast,
Her Cinamon, and sweet *Amomum* boast;

X x x 2

Her

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
 Her second harvests, and her double years:
 How can the land be call'd so blest'd, that *Myrrha* bears?

Mr. Dryden.

——— *Odoratæ spirant medicamina Sylvæ.*

Manil.

The trees drop balm, and on all the boughs
 Health fits, and makes it sovereign as it flows.

Mr. Creech.

Cinnami Sylvas Arabes beatos

Vidit———

Sen. OEdip. Act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, says *Cynthio*? a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are made of it. The Camel is in *Arabia*, I suppose, a beast of burden, that helps to carry off its spices. We find the Camel, says *Philander*, mentioned in *Persius* on the same account.

Tolle recens primus piper è sitiante Camelo.

Pers. Sat. 5.

——— The precious weight

Of pepper, and *Sabaean* incense, take

With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back.

Mr. Dryden.

He loads the Camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti

Rugosum piper———

Id. Sat. 5.

The greedy Merchants, led by lucre, run

To the parch'd *Indies* and the rising Sun;

From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,

Bart'ring for spices their *Italian* ware.

Mr. Dryden.

You have given us some quotations out of *Persius* this morning, says *Eugenius*, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for passing so severe a censure on this Author. He fancies the description of a Wreck that you have already cited, is too good for *Persius*, and that he might be helpt in it by *Lucan*, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says *Cynthio*, I am so far from Mr. *Dryden's* opinion in this particular, that I fancy *Persius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: and that had he been engaged on the same subject, he would at least in his Expressions and Descriptions have

out-

out-writ the *Pharsalia*. He was indeed employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like Description, but where he has an occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater beauty to their Expressions. His obscurities are indeed sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the Customs, Persons and Things he alludes to: as Satyr is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same Age with it, than any other kind of Poetry. Love-verses and Heroics deal in Images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into Satyr, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their Medals and *Latin* Poets. *Philander* told them it was now too late to enter on another Series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his Lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his Medals before them. *Cynthio* and *Eugenius* were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer *Philander* made them.



D I A L O G U E III.

----- causa est discriminis hujus
 Concisum Argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.

Juv. Sat. 14.

A PARALLEL between the Ancient and
 Modern MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the *Thames*. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful allies, which terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at Sun-rising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the Author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the Reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the Writer's barrenness of invention. It is *Cicero's* observation on the Planetree, that makes so flourishing a figure in one of *Plato's* Dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the stile that describes it. For my own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following Dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joynd by *Cynthio* and *Eugenius*. *Cynthio* immediately fell upon *Philander* for breaking his night's rest. You have

have so filled my head, says he, with old Coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little flumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a *Caduceus* or a *Cornu-copiae*. You will make me believe, says *Philander*, that you begin to be reconciled to Medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says *Eugenius*, something like Avarice in the study of Medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that *Cynthio*, as well as my self, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the Ancient and Modern Medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says *Philander*, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews it self in their Metals, in the Occasion of stamping them, in the Inscriptions, and in the Figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject, says *Cynthio*, be so kind as to enter on it without any further preface.

We should first of all, says *Philander*, consider the difference of the Metals that we find in ancient and modern Coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were Coins of iron or lead among the old *Romas*, and if a man is well acquainted with the Device of a Medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the Medal it self be of copper or *Corinthian* brass. There is however so great a difference between the antique and modern Medals, that I have seen an Antiquary lick an old Coin among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its Taste. I remember when I laugh at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnep. It is pity, says *Eugenius*, but they found out the Smell too of an ancient Medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The Touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the Sight, and the Ringing of a Medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such Coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says *Philander*, we may observe the prudence of the Ancients above that of the Moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions.

actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the Device they bore, but for the Metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these two or three last Centuries. Inscriptions, Victories, Buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in these barbarous Ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your Medallists look on this destruction of Coins, as on the burning of the *Alexandrian Library*, and would be content to compound for them, with almost the loss of a *Vatican*. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper Coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clippers hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern Medals are most in silver or gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at *Vienna*, of *Philip* the second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep it self long out of the furnace when it leaves the Emperor's Treasury. I remember another in the King of *Prussia's* collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The Princes who struck these Medals, says *Eugenius*, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their Wealth, than of their Virtues. They fancied probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a Medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different Occasions that have given birth to ancient and modern Medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says *Philander*, I must tell you by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between Money and Medals. An old *Roman* had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in Cabinets. As soon as an Emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately stamped on a Coin, and became current through his whole Dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says *Cynthio*, to spread abroad the virtues of an Emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh Coin was a kind of a *Gazette*, that published the latest news of the Empire. I should fancy your *Roman* Bankers were very good Historians. It is certain, says *Eugenius*, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient *Romans* in this particular.

ticular. I know no other way of securing these kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where Statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laugh't at. We shall think, says *Cynthio*, you have a mind to fall out with the Government, because it does not encourage Medals. But were all your ancient Coins that are now in Cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says *Philander*, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call Medalions. These in respect of the other Coins were the same as modern Medals, in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by Emperors for presents to their Friends, foreign Princes, or Ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the *Romans* took care generally to stamp the subject of their medalions on their ordinary Coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in *England* we should see on our half-penny and farthing pieces, the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our Medals.

If we now consider, continued *Philander*, the different Occasions or Subjects of ancient and modern Medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old Coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern Medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a Coin. It is indeed, a kind of justice, says *Eugenius*, that a Prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The Coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his Bombs and Cannons. In the next place, says *Philander*, we see both on the ancient and modern Medals the several noble pieces of Architecture that were finished at the time when the Medals were stamped. I must observe however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their

their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient Coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of Medals agree as to their Subject. But old Coins go farther in their compliments to their Emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing Virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see *Nero's* fiding, and *Commodus's* skill in fencing, on several of their Medals. At present, you never meet with the King of *France's* generosity, nor the Emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the *Romans* used to register the great actions of Peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of War. The remission of a Debt, the taking off a Duty, the giving up a Tax, the mending a Port, or the making a Highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a Coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their Emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a Victory, or the Conquest of a nation. In *England* perhaps it would have looked a little odd, to have stamped a Medal on the abolishing of Chimney-money in the last Reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pound a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, says *Eugenius*, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient *Romans*, we should have had Medals on the fitting up our several Docks, on the making of our Rivers navigable, on the building our men of War, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, says *Philander*, may possibly be this. Our Princes have the coining of their own Medals, and perhaps may think it would look like vanity to erect so many Trophies and Monuments of praise to their own merit; whereas among the ancient *Romans*, the Senate had still a watchful eye on their Emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that might furnish out a Medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable an offering. 'Tis true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men. And here by the way we may observe, that you never find any thing like Satyr or Raillery on old Coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the Empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on Coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The Emperors often
jested

jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their Mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their Coins. Had we no other histories of the *Roman* Emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of Princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are therefore so many compliments to an Emperor, that ascribe to him all the Virtues and Victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy *Claudius* as great a Conqueror as *Julius Caesar*, and *Domitian* a wiser Prince than his brother *Titus*. *Tiberius* on his Coins is all Mercy and Moderation, *Caligula* and *Nero* are Fathers of their Country, *Galba* the patron of public Liberty, and *Vitellius* the restorer of the city of *Rome*. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious *Commodus*, the pious *Caracalla*, and the devout *Heliogabalus*, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their Medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with Irony and Satyr. Our Kings no sooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their Medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of Raillery, but as we have no instance of it among the ancient Coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I must confess, says *Cynthio*, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients: because their practice is for the most part grounded upon reason. But if our fore-fathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of Raillery as a refinement on Medals: and do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a Victory may be celebrated in an Epigram as well as in an Heroic Poem. Had the ancients given place to Raillery on any of their Coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of Wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the *Roman* Empire. There is no doubt, says *Philander*, but our fore-fathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity. But I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their Coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satyr we should not have thought they

had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says *Eugenius*, that the *Romans* stamped several Coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity: since the more serious sort of Medals may serve as Comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the Moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the Ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned such Coins as were made on the Emperor, I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says *Philander*, that during the time of the *Roman* Emperors, were coined in honour of the Senate, Army or People. I do not remember to have seen in the upper Empire the face of any private person that was not some way related to the Imperial family. *Sejanus* has indeed his Consulship mentioned on a Coin of *Tiberius*, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the Legend or Inscription of our Medals, which as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have chosen a very short Text to enlarge upon, says *Cynthio*: I should as soon expect to see a Critique on the Poësie of a Ring, as on the Inscription of a Medal.

I have seen several modern Coins, says *Philander*, that have had part of the Legend running round the edges, like the *Decus et Tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the Coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says *Eugenius*, the moderns may have chosen this part of the Medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old Coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together, that one would think the Coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says *Philander*, for your milled Medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern Designers cannot contract the occasion of the Medal into an inscription that is proper to the Volume they write upon: so that having scribbled over both sides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault therefore that I shall find with a modern legend, is its Diffusiveness. You have

have sometimes the whole side of a Medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a design of being *Ciceronian* in his *Latin*, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a Coin stamp by the present Emperor of *Germany*, on the raising of the siege of *Vienna*. VIENNA AVSTRIÆ $\frac{2}{14}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{2}{12}$ SEPT. EX INSUPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I should take this, says *Cynthio*, for the paragraph of a *Gazette*, rather than the inscription of a Medal. I remember you represented your ancient Coins as abridgments of history; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, should themselves be epitomized. Compare with this, says *Philander*, the brevity and comprehensiveness of those legends that appear on ancient Coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus stabilita. Gloria Orbis Terræ. Pacator Orbis. Restitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicæ. Hilaritas populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renascens. Libertas restituta. Sæculum Aureum. Puella Faustiniæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Asia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentia Senatûs. Restitutori Hispaniæ. Adventui Aug. Britannia. Regna Adsignata. Adlocutio. Disciplina Augusti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What a majesty and force does one meet with in these short Inscriptions! Are not you amazed to see so much history gathered into so small a compass? You have often the subject of a Volume in a couple of words.

If our modern Medals are so very prolix in their prose, they are every whit as tedious in their verse. You have sometimes a dull Epigram of four lines. This, says *Cynthio*, may be of great use to immortalize Puns and Quibbles, and to let posterity see their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A Coin, I find, may be of great use to a bad Poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodness of his verse, he may by the durability of the Metal that supports it. I shall give you an instance, says *Philander*, from a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus*, that will stand as an eternal monument of Dullness and Bravery.

*Miles ego Christi, Christo duce sterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos simul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Christicolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Christus dux meus en animat.*

It

It is well, says *Cynthio*, you tell us this is a Medal of the Great *Gustavus*: I should have taken it for some one of his *Gothic* Predecessors. Does it not bring into your mind *Alexander* the Great's being accompanied with a *Charilus* in his *Persian* expedition? If you are offended at the homeliness of this Inscription, says *Philander*, what would you think of such as have neither sense nor grammar in them. I assure you I have seen the face of many a great Monarch hemmed in with false *Latin*. But it is not only the stupidity and tediousness of these Inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length and proper sense, why must they be in verse? We should be surprized to see the title of a serious book in rhyme, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a Medal in a piece of an Hexameter. This however is the practice of our modern Medallists. If you look into the ancient Inscriptions, you see an air of simplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern Medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an Heroic verse. Where the sense of an Inscription is low, it is not in the power of *Dactyls* and *Spondees* to raise it; where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. I remember a Medal of *Philip* the second, on *Charles le Quint's* resigning to him the Kingdom of *Spain*, with this Inscription, *Ut Quiescat Atlas*. The Device is a *Hercules* with the Sphere on his shoulders. Notwithstanding the thought is poetical, I dare say you would think the beauty of the Inscription very much lost, had it been ——— *requiescat ut Atlas*. To instance a Medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with *Holland*, there was one stamp't with the following Legend ——— *Redeant Commercia Flandris*. The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of prose. I think truly, says *Eugenius*, it is ridiculous enough to make the Inscription run like a piece of a verse, when it is not taken out of an old Author. But I would fain have your opinion on such Inscriptions as are borrowed from the *Latin* Poets. I have seen several of this sort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your Medals.

Which ever side I take, says *Philander*, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who have formed their relish on old Coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient Medals.

You

You will oblige us however to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations, since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with Art. You must know then, says *Eugenius*, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed if a great action that seldom happens in the course of human affairs, is exactly described in the passage of an old Poet, it gives the Reader a very agreeable surprize, and may therefore deserve a place on a Medal.

Again, if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out as it were by a Modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a turn of Wit or Satyr, it is still the better qualified for a Medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no Inscription fitter for a Medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that besides its aptness has something in it lofty and sublime: for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a Medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says *Eugenius*, to see a verse of an old Poet, revolting as it were from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient Poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says *Philander*; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern Medals, may be very well applied to the Mottos of books, and other Inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the Legends of Medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of *Germany*, when they represent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of *Gustaphus Adolphus*. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to 1627, the year in which the Medal was coined; for do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows?

lows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn you over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. You would fancy perhaps they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an *L.* an *M.* or a *D.* in it. When therefore you see any of these Inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign Universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in *England* for being an excellent Philosopher or Poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great Chronogrammatist. These are probably, says *Cynthio*, some of those mild provinces of Acrostic land, that Mr. *Dryden* has assigned to his Anagrams, Wings and Altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the Legend of a Medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the Figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a Coin, replied *Philander*, in our discourse on the Usefulness of ancient Medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the Ancient and the Modern differ. In the first place, the *Romans* always appear in the proper Dress of their country, inso-much that you see the little variations of the Mode in the drapery of the Medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an Emperor of *Rome* in a *Grecian* Cloak or a *Phrygian* Mitre. On the contrary, our modern Medals are full of *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, *Trabea's* and *Paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a King of *England* or *France* dressed up like a *Julius Caesar*. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for *Roman* Emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern Coins. Nothing is more usual than to see Allusions to *Roman* customs and ceremonies on the Medals of our own nation. Nay very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our Medals, they must fancy one of our Kings paid a great devotion to *Minerva*, that another was a professed Worshipper of *Apollo*, or at best that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old *Romans* been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their Antiquities, that their Coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on Medals as so many monuments consigned over to Eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same Age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of
Present

Present that those who are actually in Being make over to such as lie hid within the depths of Futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any Devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says *Eugenius*, a Medallic history of the present King of *France*. One might expect, methinks, to see the Medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says *Philander*, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them: but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place then, I think it is impossible to learn from the *French* Medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the *French* nation. You see on some of them the Cross of our Saviour, and on others *Hercules's* Club. In one you have an Angel, and in another a *Mercury*. I fancy, says *Cynthio*, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of *Louis le Grand*, were they to learn it from his Medals, as we are at present on that of *Constantine* the Great. It is certain, says *Philander*, there is the same mixture of Christian and Pagan in their Coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a Bull, and the planting of a *French* colony in *America*? The *Romans* made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony. But for the *French*, a Ram, a Hog, or an Elephant, would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to see a King of *France* dressed like an Emperor of *Rome*, with his arms stripped up to the elbows, a Laurel on his head, and a *Chlamys* over his shoulders? I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the society of Medallists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You your self allow the Legend to be *Latin*, and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the learned. I own to you, says *Philander*, if they only design to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their Great Monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a Medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for

future ages, to see the Dresses and Customs of their ancestors, as their Buildings and Victories. Besides, I do not think they have always chosen a proper Occasion for a Medal. There is one struck, for example, on the *English* failing in their attempts on *Dunkirk*: when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a Fort, and bombard the town. What have the *French* here done to boast of? A Medal however you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæsa*, the whole Medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the *French* as of the *English*,

————— quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this Series of Medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the Work, the aptness of the Device, and the propriety of the Legend. In these and other particulars, the *French* Medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the Medallic history of the Popes, where there are many Coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding sett. They are always *Roman-Catholic* in the Device and in the Legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the Prince they represent. Thus when *Innocent XI.* lay under terrible apprehensions of the *French* King, he put out a Coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the Church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and *St. Peter* ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in *Latin*. *Help Lord, or else I perish.* This puts me in mind, says *Cynthio*, of a Pasquinade, that at the same time was fixed up at *Rome*. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern Coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the Workmanship of each. You must know then, says *Philander*, that till about the end of the third Century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a *Roman* Emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to use a *French* term of art, which gives us the view

view of a head, that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a Medal. Besides that it shows the nose and eyebrows, with the several prominencies and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower Empire you have abundance of broad *Gothic* faces, like so many full Moons on the side of a Coin. Among the moderns too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient Coins rising up in a much more beautiful *relief* than those on the modern. This too is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors, so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the Empire, till about *Constantine's* time it lies almost even with the surface of the Medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the Coiner look'd on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in Sculpture. I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the Sculptors of that age had the same relish as a *Greek* Priest that was buying some religious pictures at *Venice*. Among others he was shown a noble piece of *Titian*. The Priest having well survey'd it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the *relief*, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry: We admit of no Images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: The figure you have here shown me, stands so much out to the eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in my Church than a Statue. I could recommend your *Greek* Priest, says *Philander*, to abundance of celebrated Painters on this side of the *Alps* that would not fail to please him. We must own however, that the figures on several of our modern Medals are raised and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the most finished among the ancients, your men of art declare universally for the latter.

Cynthio and *Eugenius*, though they were well pleased with *Philander's* discourse, were glad however to find it at an end: for the Sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places. *Philander* had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finishing my Dialogue.



THREE SETTS OF
M E D A L S

Illustrated by the

A N C I E N T P O E T S,

In the foregoing D I A L O G U E S.

----- *decipit*
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo.

Phædr.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi -----

Hor.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

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MEDALS

ANCIENT POETS

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12. AEQVITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of *Vitellius*.
13. AETERNITAS. S. C. Reverse of *Antoninus Pius*.
14. SAECVLVM AVREVM. Reverse of *Adrian*.
15. FELIX TEMPORUM REPARATIO. Reverse of *Constantine*.
16. AETERNITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
17. AETERNITAS S. C. Reverse of *Antonine*.
18. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of *Nero*.
19. SARMATIA DEVICTA. A Victory. Reverse of *Constantine*.
20. LIBERTAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverse of *Galba*.

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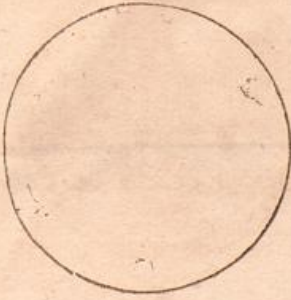
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1. FELICITATI AVG. COS. III. P. P. S. C. Revers of Hadrian.
 2. PONTIF. MAX. TR. POT. P. P. COS. III.
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9. FECVNDITAS. S. C. Reverse of *Julia Augusta*.
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11. ORIENS AVG. Reverse of *Aurelian*.
12. Reverse of *Commodus*.
13. GLORIA EXERCITVS. E.S.I.S. }
14. PRINCIPI IVVENTUTIS. S. C. } Reverse of *Constantine*.
15. M. CATO. L. VETTIACVS. II. VIR. LEG. IV. LEG. VI. LEG. X. C.C.A. Reverse of *Tiberius*.
16. TR. P. VII. IMP. III. COS. V. P.P. S. C. Reverse of *Trajan*.
17. TR. POT. V. IMP. III. COS. II. S.C. Reverse of *Lucius Verus*.
18. PAX AVG. S. C. Reverse of *Vespasian*.
19. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P.P. S.C. DE GERMANIS }
20. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P.P. S.C. DE SARMATIS } Reverse of *Marcus Aurelius*.
21. Reverse of *Trajan*.
22. TR. POT. XIII. P.P. COS. II. Reverse of *M. Aurelius*.
23. DIVVS AVGVSTVS PATER. coin'd under *Tiberius*.
24. COS. III. S. C. Reverse of *Antoninus Pius*.

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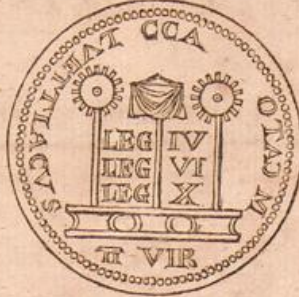
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THIRD SERIES



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ΝΑΡΙΟΥ. Reverse of *Marcus Aurelius*.
18. ARAB. ADQ. S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI S. C. Reverse of *Trajan*.

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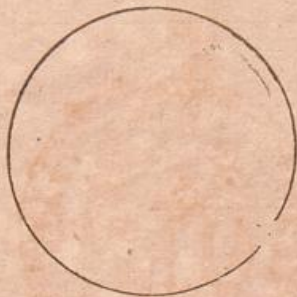
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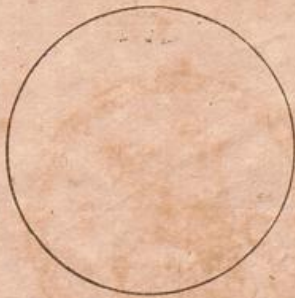
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