DIALOGUES
UPON
USEFULNESS OF ANCIENT MEDALS;
ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO
THE LATIN AND GREEK POETS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE ON MEDALS.

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 Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried 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 moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps:
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd;
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through elimes and ages bears each form and
In one short view, subjected to our eye, [name: Gods, em'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
Till' inscription value, but the rust adore:
This, the blue varnish, 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 pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
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, warrior's frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
Or in fair sories laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the east o're, 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, served no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
"Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
"And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, Eugenius, and Philander had
retired together from the town to a country
village, that lies upon the Thames. Their
DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

Design was to pass away the heat 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 public parties, or 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 some unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cynthia'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 assistance from them. After having railed a set or two of virtuosos, 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 diligently acquainted with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stuarts, and would rather choose 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 virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authentic aleness 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 imperfections 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 twelvemonth 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 made on spiders, lobsters, and cockleshells! yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into a burlesque. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many uninteresting 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 but much admired, though not so much admired as Cynthia. I must confess, says he, I find myself 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 Cynthia, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the usefulness. There, says Philander, it 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 Cynthia, 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 proselytes. 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 surprises all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your medallists a little fantastical in the different pieces 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 gold 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 laid 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 Cynthis, that to have a relish for ancient 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 myself that it is better to have a pocket full of Othos and Gordians than of Jacobuses 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 showing 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,

Concussum 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 itself 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 Cynthia, to reject this last use of medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble myself 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 theretoe 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 itself 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 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, Meditation, Happiness, and, in short, a whole collection of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the genii of nations, provinces, cities, highways, 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 you have not hesitated to bring the study of medals in vogue. For not to mention several others, Caraccho is said to have assisted Arete in designs that he took from the spinitrix of Tiberius. Raphæl 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, proconsuls, pretors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was a noble time, says Cynthia, when trips and Cornish huds could make a man immortal. How many heroes would Moorfields 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 stamped upon their coins. But these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped up greater honours on Pindar’s jockeys, than on the poet himself. But by this time I suppose you have drawn up all your medallic people, and, indeed, they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shown us all conditions, sexes, and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay, you have composed 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 people. 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 the medals were stamped. This is another use, says Cynthia, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding nor 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 pretexta. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other nowhere but in learned authors. An antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a maentau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the vesta and peplos, the stola and instiis. 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 Opinions 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 itself very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient authors, it certainly has 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 togas and tunicas, 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? Siganius, for example, will tell you, that the vestis trabacata was of such a particular fashion, Scaliiger is for another, and Dacier thinks them both in the wrong. These are, says Cynthia, I suppose, the names of three Roman tailors; for it is possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May we not 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 plim 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 Army of old Romans. A third apartment should be a kind of sacristry for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiques, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelvemonth. This would cut short the whole study of antiques, 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 Cynthia, 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 republic of letters, should he appeal to your university wardrobe, when they expect every apartment of the Re Vestaria? 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 antiques, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristics, it is from medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here to you that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. One might make an entire gallery 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, congeries, allocations, decursions, lecisternums, 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 antiques, that we find on medals the manner of spelling in the old Roman inscriptions. That is, says Cynthia, we find that Felix is never written with an e diphthong, and that in Augustus's days civis stood for civis, 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 antiquity, 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 diseni-
broiled 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 show 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 Lampadius, 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 or rubbed out by posterity. This I must confess, says Cynthia, 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 amphitheatre 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 tribune- ship 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 his person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says Eunogenius; it is a kind of shooting at crows; where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to show his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to Philander, that seems to me very considerable, although your medalists 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 medalists, 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 a 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 surprised 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 show us the same face on an old coin that we saw in the statue. He would discover a Commodus through the disgrace 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 sitting of her diadem, and will distinguish the Faustinas by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! sir, says Cynthia, 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 of 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 parts 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 ruins 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 itself. They are in short so many real monuments of brass.

Quod non imber edax non aqua impotent Quid non resedit, aut innumerabilia Pontis divum, aut innamoratissima

Annares aeris, et fugis superatur.

Which eating show's, nor north wind's gale, but blast, Nor wish of time, nor flight of years can waste.

CREEK.

This is a noble panegyric on an old copper coin, says Cynthia. 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 disserta-
tion 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 varnish. 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, 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 Eugeneius, 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 antiques, and have fixed in my memory several of the ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says Cynthia, I think there are at Rome enough modern works of architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of Augustus's palace so long as I could see the Vatican, the Borghese, and the Parnese, as they now stand. It must own to you that 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 ruin 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 medals of many ancient statues that are now lost. There are several reverses 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 Parnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the scroll, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which are, perhaps, the four most beautiful statues extant, represent their appearance all of them on ancient medals, though the figures that are so curiously drawn may be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflection may extend itself to antique pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several Greek medals in particular, one might often see the head of an Apelles or Protogenes, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with Titian's or Vandyck'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 ancient 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 turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little imperfections of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, though perhaps not very improving to the understanding. To see the busts that such an emperor was 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 Cynthia, 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, a use that nobody 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 Eugeneius, 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 Cynthia, 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 Cynthia, Martial had never read Vitruvius when he threw the cric and the architect into the same class:

Duri et puero ingenti videtur
Precocum facies vel architectum.

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

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 pyrrhics and anapaests. This you will think, perhaps, a very extravagant fancy; but I must own I should as soon expect to find the prosodia in a comb as poetry in a medal. Before I endeavoured 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 thunderbolt 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 show it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for Plenty than the cornucopia. 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 show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is as if 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:

Segnique nodum salvere Gratia.

The sister Graces hand in hand
Conjunct 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. 1. To remark the doing of a courtesy. 2. The return of it from the receiver. 3. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always 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 show us that no virtue is more active than gratitude. May not we here say with Lucretius?

Quo bene et extinxit quantumam disposta ferantur,
Sunt longe tamen a vera ratione repuls.

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 found 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 show 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 myself more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an emperor's coin, designed as a compliment 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 constancy 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, roundness 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 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 Cyn- thio, 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 sceptre. 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 alchemist 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, and all kinds of antiquities that are to be met with 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 phrases in this author, but he would be as much surprised as ever Monsieur Jourdain was, when he found he had talked prose all his lifetime 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 statues. It will not, perhaps, be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the several 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 medalists have not been as diligent in searching the poets as the historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightening their art. I would have somebody 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 tomorrow 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 presenting 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 wandered 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 myself 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 distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exer
Dans 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 myself 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 hero in my dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to Cynthia 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 Cynthia, 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 inherit old coins, and appear nowhere 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 Cynthia, that your virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says Philander, but because they chances to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You will find, however, something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure, which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in Silus Italicus:

Virtus is dispar habitus, from hirta, nec unquam Composita mutata coma; stans vultus, et ore Inseuque vivo proprii, latique pudoros. Celsa humeros, niveo fudgebat stamine pullo. Lib. 13.

A different form did Virtue wear, Rude from her forehead fell the unplaited hair, With darkness more she shone, she rear'd her head, And next to manly was the virgin's trend; Her height, her sprightly blush, the goddess show, And robes unattired as the falling snow.

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.† Silus Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipment that he gives his virtue:

[Virtus loquitur.]

[Virtue speaks.] With me the foremost place let Honour gain, Fame and the Praises mingling in her train; Gay Glory next, and Victory on high, While like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.


* See first series, figure 1.
† Ibid. figure 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:

Mitt corona tana Gloria maesta comes

I find, says Cynthia, the Latins mean courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. 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 paragon that she bears on old coins, he would give her a boust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

The next, says Philander, is a lady of a more peaceful character, and had her temple at Rome:

—— Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

She is often placed on the reverse of an imperial coin, to show the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a cornucopia 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:


Who soothes great Mars the warrior god, And checks his arm distant'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 farther 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 well with Concord: and that this was a goddess who us'd to interest herself in marriages, we may see in the following description:

—— Jam rhodium posta reclinis
Quarit Hymen thalamin intactam dicere carnem, Quos vaten miicum creat; dal Juno verenda

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

† See first series, figure 3.
Peace* differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. 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 cornucopia. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes:

At nubis, Pax alsa, veni, epicampque teneto, Perfuat et popin candides ante sinus.

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

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

_Avaritia gremio praelucrata copaci.

Psychomachia.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet:

Inter arva Pax arro colat, Pax candida primum
Duxit aratus sub juge curra borets;
Pax aluit rives, et succos condit uenas.

Pundaret ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens somerque vigint.

Trib. El. 10. lib. 1.

She first, white Peace, the earth with ploughshares
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First reard the vine, and bearded 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 mami._

_Virg. Æn. 10.

_Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis oliva._

_Ovid. Met. lib. 7.

In his right hand an olive branch he holds.

_To move his haughty soul they try
Entreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear._

Rowe.

Which, by the way, one would think had been spoken rather of an Attia, or a Maximin, than Julius Cesar.

You see Abundance, or Plenty,† makes the same figure in medals as in Horace:

_Thi copia
Manabit ad plenam benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu._

_Hor. Od. 17. lib. 1.

_Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honours of the quiet plain._

Creek.

The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus:

_Aurea fruges
Italico pleno diffidit copia cornu._


_Golden Plenty with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatter o'er our land._

Creek.

But to return again to our virtues. You

* See first series, figure 4.  † Ibid. figure 5.

have here the picture of Fidelity,‡ who was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans:

_Si tu oblitus es at Dii memorant, 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:

_Casa Fides, et Vesta, Rerno cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabant._

_Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

Then banish'd Fidelity shall once again return,
And vesal fires in hollow'd temples burn,
And Reus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.

_Dryden.

—and limina sancta
Contendit Fidei, et argutis pictorique urat.
_Arcanis dea lata polum fortis remota
Calicium magnus volvet at conselia curas._

_Ante Jovem generale, deus dicamus hominumque,
Qua sine non tellus pacem, non oppressor mortem,
Justitiae consors._

_Sil. Ital. lib. 2.

He to the shrines of Fidelity his steps address,
She, pleased with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, resolved on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky.
Ere Jove was born she grace'd the bright abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace have
The steadfast earth, and rolling ocean know.

There is a medal of Heliogabalus,† inscribed _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. 32. lib. 1.

Sure Hope and Friendship, cloth'd in white,
Attend on thee._

Creech.

One would think, says Philander, by this verse, that Hope and Fidelity had both the same kind of dress. Its certain Hope might have a fair pretence to white, in allusion to those that were candidates for an employ:

_Quem ducit iacentem
Cretata ambitio._

_Pers. Sat. 5.

And how properly the epithet of _rara_ agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure.§ She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a _mul-dicitum_ from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beauz had their summer _toga_ of such a light airy make:

_Quem tenuem decure toga nitidique capilli

_I that lov'd
Currit powder'd loose, a fine and gaudy gown._

_Creech.

I remember, says Cynthia, Juvenal rallies Creticus, that was otherwise a brave, rough

† See first series, figure 6.  ‡ See first series, figure 7.

§ See first series, figure 8.
fellow, very handsomely on this kind of garment:  

Non facient alicui cum ta multitia sillas,  
Original: et haras populo miratur merceres  
In Fracidas et Pollineas.—  

Acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,  
Cretice, peluces.  

—Nur, vain Metellus, shall  
From Rome’s tribunal thy harangues prevail  
Gaiant harlotry, whilst thou art clad so thin,  
That through thy colbwh robe we see thy skin.  
As thou declaimst.—  

Tate.  

Canst thou restore old manners, or retrench  
Rome’s pride, who comest transparent to the bench?  

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 couched under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says Philander, that it may not encumber 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 teporem cum Gallicus arvo  
Vidit, et hic pradam pedibus petit, ut saluent  
Alter inhansura simulat, jam jamque tenere  
Sperat, et extunto stringit vestigia rostro;  
Alter in ambiguous est ut sint comprensuros, et tpsis  
Moribus eripitur, tangantientia ora relinquat.  
Sic deos et virgines: ut spe euer, illa Timore.  

Ovid, Met. de Apol. et Daph. lib. 1.  

As when th’ impatient greyhound slipp’d 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’erruns her at the setting sun, and licks  
His chapels in vain, and blows upon the flax:  
She ’scapest, and for the neighboring covert strives,  
And gaining shelter, doubts if ye she live—  
Such was the god, and such the flying hare,  
She, urg’d by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,  
But he more swiftly who was urg’d by Love.  

DayDen.  

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, tune herba nitens, et roboru expers  
Tempest et insolida est, et Spe detecta agrastere.  
Omnia tum forest, florumque coloribus albus  
Ridet ager.  

Ovid. Met. lib. 15.  

The green stem grows in stature and in size,  
But only feeds with Hope the farmer’s eye;  
Then laugh the childish year with flow’rs crown’d,  
And lavish’y perfumes the fields around.  

DayDen.  

The same poet in his De Fastis, speaking of the vine in flower, expresses it,  

In spe vitae crat.  

Ovid. de Fast. lib. 5.  

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:  

Hec omnia mundi spectans  
Nulhum me a laboro recinatis olium.  

No ease doth lay me down from pain.  

Creech.  

She rests herself 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 arbor prava jubention,  
Non nullus instantis tyranni,  
Mente qualit solida, neque Auster  
Duc instaurat turbulit atidrio, etc.  

Hon.  

The man resolved, 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 tyrant’s fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defeats,  
And with superior greatness smiles.  

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms  
Adria’s black gulf, etc.  

Creech.  

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode is fortunate. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out a security for something very like it; and, till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us:  

Te Docus aper, te profugi Seythe,  
Urbeque gentesque et Latium ferox,  
Regumque matres barbarorum, et  
Purpuras sequuntur tyranni;  
Injurioso ne pede prorumas  
Stantem columnam; ne populos frequens  
Adarma cesantes, ad arma  
Concitat, imperiumque frangat.  

Hon. ad Fortunam, Od. 35. Lib. i.  

To thee their vows rough Germans pay,  
To thee the wandering Seythians bend,  
The 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.  

Creech.  

I must, however, be so far 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 goddess, and had her temple:  

Deinde ad superos Astraeas recessit  
Hec comites, atque duce pariter fugere sores.  

Ovid.  

Juv. de Pudicitia, Sat. 6  

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,  
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew.  

DayDen.  

Templa pudicitia quid opus statutisse pulletis,  
Si curis neptis guidabet esse heres?  

Tlm. lib. 2.  

Since wives whatever they please unblam’d may be,  
Why rear we useless fames to Chastity?  

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

Erige sedes retulit cultus, obnubilat octollis,  
Ita vererundis signis Pudoris erant.  

Alicat.  

† See first act of, figure 10.
She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like these was-chastity reveal'd.

Ita procul situs tumida, insignis pudor, 
Quaque legit medius mussthali longa pede.

Ovid. de Art. Aman.

--- Frontem lindo velit etcudum. 
CLAUD. de Theod. Cons.

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

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron:

Matrona proter facienc ni cernere possis,
Cetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste teguntis.

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.

CREECH.

That ni Catia est, says Cynthia, is a beauty
unknown to most of our English satirists.
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 downright, and
for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy.
I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of
art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised 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 crimi-
nal 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 malicious pre presence in their satires, and
instead of bringing in the person to give
light to any part of the poem, let you see
they wrote the whole poem on purpose to
abuse the person. But we must not leave the later this. 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 the dress of the vestal virgins,
who were the greatest and most shining ex-
amples of it. Vittata sacerdotis 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 Pha-
drus's fables:

Sed ne ignis noster facini praebeat, 
Per quem vercedos explicit Pietas deos.

Fab. 19. lib. iv.

It is to this goddess that Statius addresses
himself in the following lines:

Summa dea Pietas: ejus gratissima calo 
Rara pontes unius incurriment unius terrarum, 
Huc et iusta comam, neveque insignis amici, 
Qualis adhuc presens, nullaque expulsa nocentum

* See first series, figure 11.

Fraude rude populus atque aura regna celestes, 
Mittulo expedita aedificis, et ignibus Herculei 
Cerni non fuit, haudutaque lumbra terrestri. 
STATTUS. Silv. lib. 3.

Chief of the skies, celestial Piety!
Whose godhead, prized by those of heavenly birth
Revisits rare these tainted realms of earth,
Mill in the milky stream, to soothe thy friend.
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (ere chased by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolluted, and a golden age,
Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the soft solemnities of woe,
See, thy own Herculæus wanes 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 pre-
served that Piety is here supposed to strew on
the fire:

Dantique saecrati custodiam thursis acerrar.

Ovid. Met. lib. 13.

How ibrö pro nato plena dat letus acerra
Phæbe.

MAR. EP. lib. ir. 45.

The figure of Equity,
† differs but little from that from our painters make of her at pre-
sent. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that Per-
sius has turned them into an allegory to ex-
press the decisions of right or wrong:

Quirites

Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Seis etenim justum gemina suspenderi lance
Ancipitis libro.

Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

—Romanus, know,
Against right reason all your counsellors go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that
Not 'tis other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, etc.

DATEN.

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 Eter-
nity is each of these you may see in the fol-
lowing quotations. I am sure you will par-
don the length of the latter, as it is not im-
proper 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:

Hec externa manet, divitque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium estque sumum, nec finit: in poeo
Sed simillima tota remanet, quique amnis pur est.

MANEL. de Rounditate Corporum. lib. I

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same;
Alike, and equal to its self 'tis found,
Not and no beginning in a round;
Nought can molest it's being, nought control,
And this unembles, and confines the whole.

CREECH.

Par vultur superius, stellas qui vividus aequat
Durante, membranique tereti redundamus aerum.—
Nam pater est prælucque sui, nullaque creante
Emeries artus facundus morte reformat,
Et petit ulterius tantum der funera ritum.—
O sensum postiture rogo, falsitate sepelliris
Naturas habiture vices, qui sese renasci
Eritis, proprioque soles pubescere loco.

‡ See first series, figure 12. † Ibid. figure 13.
O felix, hortesque tut! quo solvitur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires: profutur erogar.
Per cirenea: moritur te non perenee accetues,
Vidisti quodquidque fuit: te sæcule suscuerit.
Carmina revolvuntur. Nosti quo tempore ponitis
Federique etas acopulis stagnantis usandas:
Qua Phaetonis erubitus arserit annus,
Et sub se infra nivalis, solutione saeva
Emotam tellure manes: non estimav Parca
Te dura legunt, non jus habere nocendi.
Claud. de Philo. 

A godlike bird: whose endless round of years
While the round powers, and tires the circumsolar spheres —
Begot by none himself, begotten none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renewes its date, —
And kind destruction from the long drawn date.
O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
thy age the flame to secondary shall turn,
An infant's flame is thy fun'ral urn.
Thrice happy phoenix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thy surviving heir.
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside.
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phoebus burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns.
What'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll on.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
Overopp'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the bashful youth India'd the track abode:
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chance buy thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brace,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the
head of the phoenix, distinguish him to be
the bird and offspring of the sun:

Sola est specimen: —
Una est, quae reparet, etque ipsa ramino,
Assis, phoenix vacans. Non frugis, non herbis,
Seul thuris lachrymis, et succo visibil amomi.
Haec ubi quinque sua complevit aequalis vita,
Dica in rure, trunculorum cinnamene palma,
Unguibus et duro sibi nundin construct or:
Quo simul ac casias, ac nardi lenis aristas,
Quassaque cum fulvis subtrabat cinamone myrrha,
Se super impulit, fulmis in odoribus ovum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere deserat annos,
Corpore et patrio parrum phœnico raneae.
Cum dehiscat huc atque ille ovum, unaque credunt est,
Ponderamus nidi ramos levat arbore altae,
Fertque plus cumas suas, patriamque sepulchrum,
Perque levis auras Hyperionis ut volatubilis,
Juice foras sacros Hyperionis ade repetit.
Ovid. Met. Lib. 16. 

— Titaniae alae. Claud. de Phoenix. 

—From himself the phoenix 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 essense of amomum drains;
And watches the right Ararat.
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oak boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and firmest laws.
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 Cedar, Cinnamon, and in divers kinds.
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed a raim'd:
Funeral and bridled both; and all around
The borders with corrup'test up his crown'd,
On this incubum; till ceteral flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in colours dies.
An infant phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Sheds his sweet dust, his mortal issues,
And the same ease of life on the same terms renewes.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,

He lightens on his 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,
Sucks the pious city, and his sacred church,
And decencies lays down his burden in the porch.
Dayden. 

So when his parent's pile hath ceased to burn,
Tow'ts the yoking phoenix from the burning urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil,
Bears the dear relics to the distant Nile;
Himself a species! then the bird of Jove
And all his pious nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the processeion, and resound his praise.

The radiant head of the phoenix gives us
the meaning of a passage in Ausonius, which
I was formerly surpris'd to meet with in the
description of the 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 Nestoreso impliuit purpur' fun'ras:
Et toiles terrae cornix vivace eos:o
Quam novies terris gioncarentan sacula tractus
Vincent aripitor terrenus Nester consort:
Tres quorem atates superat Phoebes oceas;
Quena novis senior Gangeticus antest alis;
Aeis cinematus radiata tempora nidi:
Aeus. Idyll. 11. 

Arcanum radiantis occili jubare: ingenia ora
Cingamus, rario cognitiam vertice situs
Astitit cristatus apex; tenentque serena
Luce secut.
Claud. de Phen. 

His fiery eyes shoot forth a brill'ning ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with his piercing light.
Praeclarum ingenii lucet
Aes, odoratissimodestum callas cinamonea. 
Claud. de Laud. Sull. lib. 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 secentum quos implicat vita urorum.
His novies superat vivendo garrula cornis:
Et quater aegribtur corihae spreada curvus.
Ailphidem cernum ter vincit cortus: et illum
Multiplicat novies phoenix, reparabile alis:
Quam vos perpetui destit prattetis aequo,
Nymphe Hamadryades, quorum longissima vita est.
Hi calientes vivas cita astra animantium.
Aeus. Idyll. 18. 

The utmost age to man the gods assign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prancing day's exceed.
Three times the daw's the deer's more lasting bred;
The deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun.
Nine time the raven: Than his father's age:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd.
The Hamadryads shine ten ages round:
Their breath the longest is the fates below:
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good arithmetician,
says Cynthia, to understand this author's
works. His description runs on like a multi-
tiplication 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 herself at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the golden age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in Claudian:

Quiquid ab externis ales longe varior colonis
Colligis, optat referens eorrida anci.

CLAUD. de Rup. Proserp. lib. 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 cito, volucre que die
Rota praeceptis solutur anni.

HERC. FUR. ACT. 1.

Life posta away,
And day from day drives on with swift career
The wheel that hurry on the heading 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 to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished:

Consumto, magnus qui dictur, anno
Rursus in antiquum veniant raga sidera curvum,
Qua di disposti sitentur at origine mundi.

AUSON. lib. 11.

When round the great Platonic year has turned,
In their old ranks the wandering stars shall stand
As when first marshalled by the 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 ancolum nascitur ordo
Jama redit et Virgo, redurrent Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies culde demittitur atque.

VIRG. Eccl. 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 new progeny from heaven descends.

LOUR LAUDERdale.

---Nunc adest mundi dies Supermissa die, qui primum genus impium
Calli ruinas; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generat renascens melior: ut quendam tuli
Jucundis tenente regna Saturno poti.

SEn. OCT. ACT. 2.

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

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. Vide, figure 15. King of France's medallions.

The next figure shadows out Eternity to us, by the sun in one hand, and the moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is, "as long as the sun and moon endure." 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.

Soes occidere et redire possum:
Nobis, cum senesce, occidit brevis lux,
Non est perpetua una domienda.

CATUL. carm. 6.

The suns shall often fall and rise;
But when the short-lived 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:

Damma tamen celere repartant celestia tona:
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo plus excele, quo Tullius dirae, et Amnes,
Palpeis et umbra numus.

Hoc, Od. 7. lib. IV.

Each loss the hast'ning moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With Tullus and Aucetius' son;
(Though rich like one, like rother good)
To dust and shades, without a sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivious flood.

SIR W. TEMPLE.

In the next figure, Eternity sits on a globe of the heavens adorned 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 aquas

DURANDO.

CLAUD.

Polar dum sidera paceat:
Semper honos, nonemque tueam, laudesque manebant.

VIRG. AE. lib. 1.

Lucida dum current amosii sidera mundi, &c.

SIR. MED.

I might here tell you that Eternity has a covering on her head, because 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 sceptre in her hand, to show that she is sovereign mistress of all things: but for any of those assertions I have no warrant from the poets.

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

*See first series, figure 18.

Auffit ipa euis ales Victoria.  
Claud. de Sex. Cons. Hon.

Dubitis solitat Victoria pennis.  
Ovid.

Necis Victoria concolor alis.  
Sil. Ital.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory:

Lenta Victoris præmia palmae.  
Ovid. Met.

Et palmae pretium Victoribus.  
Virg. Æn. 5.

Tu decorum laxis aderis cum lata triumphum  
Vox canet, et longas viscent capillia pompas.  
Ovid. Met. Apollo ad Laurnam.

Thou shalt the Roman festival adore;  
Thou shalt returning Caesar'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:

Obviale adversas vibrabant flamina Vesta.  
Ovid. Met. lib. 1.

As she fled, the wind increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;  
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view.

Dryden.

Tenes simulatur flamina Vesta.  
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  
Ezorata vestit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,  
Vis animi, excellens ardur, violentia, cura,  
Hane tribuunt, durum tractandis robor in armis.  
Quae si defuerint bellantium, aurea quamvis  
Marmorea in templo rutilas Victoria pinnae  
Erplicet, et multis surgat formata talentis,  
Non aderit, versusque effusa vellebit hastis.  
Quid miles, propriis diffusa virtus, optas  
Irrita feminis tithem solatia formae?  
Nunc quam missigeram legio ferrata pialem  
Vidi, vehementem remanor quae tela virorum.  
Vincendi quaeque dominum? sua dextra cuique est,  
Et decus immortalis. Non peco erine virago,  
Nec udo uspersa pede, atrophophe revincta,  
Nec tumidus Ruitali sita inestus papillas.  
Contra Syrm. lib. 2.

Shall Victory enfranced lend her aid  
For cakes of flour on smoking alters laid?  
Her help from that and watchings hope to find,  
From the bright holy, and unclouded mind;  
If these be wanting on th' embattled plain,  
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.  
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze  
Her dazzling wings the golden dame displays,

And many a talent in due weight was told  
To shape her godhead in the curious mould.  
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair?  
And hope for female visions in the air?  
What legion standth in iron ever survey'd  
Their darts directed by this winged maid?  
Does she give the power that gives success demand?  
'Tis he th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;  
Not the smooth nymph, whose locks in knox are tied,  
Whoe bendth shows her naked foot behind,  
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,  
And from her bosom heaves the swelling vein.

You have here another Victory† that I fancy Claudian had in 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 exceurges ardua pennis  
Ipsa ducl sacrificia Victoria panderet aures,  
Et palma virilis gaudens, et aunceta trophois.  
Claud. de Cons. Sil. lib. 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 distinguished, and with trophies gay.

The last of our imaginary beings is Ik,  
† 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:

Donatam jam rudi, quarris,  
Mecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.  
Hos. lib. i. Epist. 1.

Tarda virem minime veneta  
Me quoque donari jam rudi, tempus erat.  
Ovin. de Trist. lib. iv. 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 pruus vocabam;  
Ne me dixist esse contumaeum  
Totis pilaeararque redem.  
Mort. lib. ii. Ep. 68.

By thy plain name though now address'd,  
Though once my king and lord confess'd,  
Frown not: with all my goods I buy  
The precious cap of liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthia, 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:

Neu sterilis veri, quibus una quiritem  
Vertigio facti: hic Dana est non trea's agnos,  
Voppa et lipus, et in teuii farragine mendax;  
Verterit hume dominus, momento turbinis exit  
Marcus Dana. Papae.  
Maro spemendens, credere tu nummus?  
Marcus sub judice patres?
DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

Marcus dict: ita est. Aesis g. Marce, tabellae. 
Hac mera libertas: hanc nobis piete donat.
FRR. Sal. 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 sort beside;
So rare a rogue, for pity's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surely would become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, he said it; in every
A will is to be proved; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscribed his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther care we from the capa receive, 
Than as we please without control to live?

DAYDEN.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the cap, says Eugenius, I will give you that of the wand, out of Claudian:

Te fastos ineunte quater: sollemnia audis
Onata libertas: deductum vivide norem
Leo celebrat, familiaque juro laxatus herit
Ducitur, et grato rem赎at securior ictu,
Pristis conditionibus fronte receit.
In cernem rubuerse, turgere removit.
Verba permissis felix injuria voti.

Claud. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

The grato ictu and the felix injuria, says Cynthia, 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 contradic-
tions as Claudian. He loves to set his epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurd-
ity. 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 ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets. The first of them, says Cynthia, 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 angustius animus atque
Fortis apparens subpenter idem
Contrabae vento nilium secunda
Turgida velæ.

Hon. Od. 10. lib. ii.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then show a brave and present mind;
And when with the inductive gale,
She swells too much, then furl thy sails.

CREECH.

Nomine et fama quondam fulgere trabear,
Dum fulguntannam aura secunda meas.

Ovid. de Trist. lib. v. el. 12.

... * See second series, figure 1.

En ego, non paucis quandam minullis amicos,
Dum fiavii velis aura secunda velis.

Id. Epist. ex Ponto 3. lib. ii.

I liv'd the darling theme of every tongue,
The golden idol of the 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 al iectat milii
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, ne pressa gravi
Spiritus antennam trenant,
Lentis et modice fluentes
Aura, nec Vergens latus
Duclit intrepidam ratem.


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 bark should pass secure and slow,
Nor scarce me leaning on her side,
But smoothly cleave the unruffled tide.

After having considered the ship as a meta-

You see the description of the pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations:

Ipsa gubernator puppi Paccumurus ab alta.

Vins. Lib. 5.

Ipsus ante oculos ingens a vertice poetas
In puppis ferit: exsolutur, prorsus magister
Voleatur in caput.

An. Lib. 1.

Onores' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) even in the hero's view,
From stern to stern, by waves overborne;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd.

DAYDEN.

... Sogenmania Menacter,
Oblatus decoris et societate salutis,
In mare precipitam puppi destructab at alta:
Ipsa gubernacio recto subit.

An. Lib. 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.

DAYDEN.
I have mentioned these last two 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 velit immannis Triton, et cura concha_  
_Extcrrens freta: cui laterum tenes hispida nanti_  
_Frons hominem profect, in pristn desinit aleus;_  
_Spumata semifero sub pectore murmurat unda._  
_Virg. Æn. lib. 10.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound  
Old ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.  
A hairy man above the waist he shows,  
A porcupine tail down from his belly grows,  
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.  

_Lord Lauderdale._

_Duciur et Libya puppis signata figurum_  
_Et Triton caputiae._  

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 mihí, stíque precor, fáce tuéla Minervae Navi._  
_Ovid. de Trist. lib. I. ch. 10._

_Nunum erat celsa puppis vicina Dione._  
_Sil. Ital. lib. 14._

_Hannum numen erat Libya gentile carina,_  
_Cornigeraque sedes spectabilis cura fronte._  
_Ibid._

_The poop great Ammon Libya's god display'd, Whose horned from 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 which you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that 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 Persicus:_

_Subitum cum pondere victrix, Insellienc mari, submergitur alveus undis, Scatam sinistrum, cristaque, et incurta spicula, ferro, Tutelaeque deum fluant._  
_Sil. Ital. lib. 14._

_The poop great Ammon Libya's god display'd, Whose horned from 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 which you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that 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 Persicus:_

_Subitum cum pondere victrix, Insellienc mari, submergitur alveus undis, Scatam sinistrum, cristaque, et incurta spicula, ferro, Tutelaeque deum fluant._  
_Sil. Ital. lib. 14._

_Sunk by a weight so dreadful, down she goes, And o'er her head the broken billows close, Bright shields and crests on floor round the whirling floods, And useless spears confound'd with tutelary gods._

_The scales rule Italy, where Rome commands, And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands: They hang upon her nod, their fate is weigh'd By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd: And as her powerful favour turns the scale, How low some ancient sink and others rise! Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom. They gave us Cesar, founder of our Rome._  
_Chees._

_The thunderbolt is a reverse of Augustus: See we it used by the greatest poet_*

* See second series, figure 2.  
† Ibid. figure 3.  
‡ So Vossius reads it.  
§ See second series, figure 4.
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 bella,

Scipias—VIRG. ÄN. lib. 6.

Who can declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war?

Cæsar dam magnus ad altum

Fulminat Ephratam bello.—

Georg. lib. 4.

While mighty Cæsar thundering from afar,
Seeks on Ephraite's banks the spoils of war.

I have sometimes wondered, says Eugenius, why the Latin poets so frequently give the epithets of trifidum and trisulcum to the thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before the time; 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 aquosa
Addiderant, rufuli tres ignis, et aliis Austeri.
Fulgere nunc terrificos, sonumque, metumque
Miecbant spirit, flammeaque squamratillas tras.

VIRG. ÄN. lib. 8.

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

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 Silico 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 quercus
Velaret, validis quis fuso viribus hoste
Casurum mori potestis subjacere cimem.
At tibi qui poteris pro tantis civica reddi
Mamibus? aut quantis pensabant facta corona?
CLAUD. DE CONS. SUR. LIB. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foiled the threatening foe, our sires decreed
An oaken garland for the victor's meed.
Those who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free.
Is this? What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for
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 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 strengthened 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, he had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament:

At qui umbra, gerunt cieiti tempora quercum,
Hi titi Nomenium, et Gabinos, artemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatianas imponent montibus aures.

VIRG. ÄN. lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabriel walls and strong Fidenas rear:
Nomenium, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatinus towers on rocky ground.

Ipsa loci custos, cujus sacra corago,
Famosaque locus nomen meminisse reetat,
Innumeros aris sonitus, et verbera crebro
Ut sensint magisque forum, morte hordida saneto
Ora sita, meritoriu caput venerabile quercu.

STATIC. 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 sky 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:*

Apparatuque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

HOR. CARM. SEC.

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 thunderbolts, two caduceuses, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double cornucopia 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:

Rigidum, fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revelli.
Naiades hor, ponias et adora flore reglement.
Secretumque nunc bona cappa vox est.
Dixerat: et nympha, ritu succincta Diana
Una ministrans, fusa utrique capilli.
Ins��it, tumultum tuilet pristieae cornu
Autumnum, et montes felicia ponos secundas.

OVID. MET. DE ACHELOI CORNU, LIB. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt race and scorn,
From my minit's 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 heauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs.
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stored
And readily applies for the second board.

Lar dabat illa Leo: sed fremit in arborum cornu:
Truncaque dianit anderh dans cor ballistic.
Sancta = hoc omen; cineremque recusat herbis,
Et plenum ponas Ad Jovis ora tuit.
Ille, ubi cresce velent, solique paterno
Sedet, et tibi mi Jove magnus erat,
Sedera nutrici, nutricis fertile cornus.
Procis; quod dominus quaeque nomen habet.

OVID. FAST. DE CORNU AMALTHEAE, LIB. 5.

The god she suck'd of old Rhean horn;
And in the plowman's office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted oak she tore
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair Amalthea took it off the ground,
With apples well-fed, and with garlands bound.

* See second series, figure 5.
Which to the smiling infant he convey'd,
He, when the aspects 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,
Did his rough nurse the starchy heavens adorn,
And grateful in the zodiac fix'd her horn.

Betwixt the double cornucophie, you see Merycree's rod:
Cyllenes calique decus, facundae minister,
Aurea cat. torio virga draconis virrei.

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:

---Hae fretes venos et nudita tranal.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racing clouds along the liquid space.

The two heads over the two cornucopii are of the emperors' 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 miti primam
Tet nautorum memoranda parent,
Utero toties enixa gravit
The first kind author of my joys,
That source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every three.

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 join one another are emblems of Fidelity;*
Socierum animos, pignus hoc fideli cape,

---En dextra fidesque
Quem secum patrios aitne portare penates! Viis. En. lib. 4.
See now the promised fault, a vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods.

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 a 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 Ceream suavit, pacis alunna Ceres.
Ovid, de Fael. lib. 1.

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 pretorian 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 Anchise gives it in the following verses:

Ipsa pater dextre Anchiis hand multa moratus
Dat juvenem, aequum animum praestitit munere firmat
Viis. En. 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:

Dirae Maurorum ategias, castella Brigantum,
Ut lequeplenum aquilum tibi seragenses annus
Afferat.

---Tu miti primam
Tet nautorum memoranda parent,
Utero toties enixa gravit
The first kind author of my joys,
That source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every three.

I remember in one of the poets the signifier 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:

---Hec montana turgesse immene fames
Terrori implexus seia, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecla subbit
Horridus, Herculeoqu nemoros indutus amicu.
Viis. En. lib. 1.
Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In savage pomp a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the good his father, homely great,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest!

Since you have mentioned the dress of your standard-bearer, says Cynthia, I cannot forbear remarking that of Claudiaus, 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.

Virgil in his description 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 clothing. 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 books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression:

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cererec roseum et ceras Telephi
Laudes braehia, ne meum
Pereuns difficult bile tumet jeur.

When Telephus his youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and wading arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentment 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 name of their tunicas, that had show'd them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the Romans:

"Et tunico manicas, et habenti ridinica! militia."

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:

"Ille te nulla fiat quod leges tenetur, 
Pro Latii obtulor, pro majestatis tuorum; 
Cum jam convivias pacem felicitas, etc., 
Component, cum jam leges et iudicia jument. 
Ne vetus indigensus nomen muliere Latinos, 
Ne Troas fieri jubeas, Tecuroque vocari; 
Ati vos non muliere avos, et veriere vestes. 
Sit Latium, sitis, Albani per sacrum esse; 
Sic Romana potens Italia virtute propago; 
Occidi, occidentque inas cum numine Troja."

Verg. Lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no fater withstands) Both for myself and for your father's kind, 
That when the napthal bed 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 habit which their grandfathers wore. 
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown 
And name of Troy wish that detained town. 
Latium be Latium still: let Albba reign, 
And Rome's immortal mayor remain."

Drd. 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 subrindicis hominum rerumque reruptor: 
Et geranae Jovis, Saturnique altera proles: 
Irratum tantos volbis sub pectore fluctus: 
Pars aegro, et inceptum frata subitam furorem, 
De quo vis: et me vicisque volensque remitem. 
Sermoneus Amostiae patrium moreaque tenetem. 
Uppus est, nonum ere: commissi corpora tantum: 
Subsidit Tecus: morem vitique sacrarum 
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinus, etc." 

En. Lib. 12.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies, 
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eye,) 
Can Saturn's issue, and heaven'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 up their name, their habit, and their tongue. 
The Trojans to their customs shall be best, 
I will myself their common rites provide; 
The naives shall command, the foreigners subside: 
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name: 
And her lost sons forget from whence they came."

Drd. I am apt to think Virgil had a farther view in this request of Juno than what his commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his Æneas was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Æneas'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, Virgil makes this difference to arise from the former and predetermination of the gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the lady in the next medal? Methinks she is very particular in her coiffure.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness, says Philander, and was designed as 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 turrets 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 Berycynthia mater 
Imphibat currus Phrygian torrida curbe, 
Latia dum parturi." 


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 medallion 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:

"Ulpque tui faciant suis juvena nive potates, 
Per tuaeque aut sita parentis eant."

Ovid. De Rn. cl. 1, lib. 12.

"Tu quoque estes vacatis fauces, 
Defende nobis stipites, infelix pars, 
Malo vidus orbis, columen angustae domus, 
Britannique." 


"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 habetis, 
Undarum terraque potens, et deorum dona.


"Stay, great Caesar, that yorehause to reign 
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main; 
Receive to his empire the skies, 
And people heaven with Roman deities."

Pomp.

I need not mention Homer's comparing Astyanax to the morning star, nor Virgil's imitation of him in his description of Ascanius. The next medal was stamped 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:

"Phæbus obvius flammis.

Demet nocti luna timorem.


And to show that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband:

"* See second series, figure 9. † Ibid. figure 10."
Sic ut Luna suo luce tantum deficit orbe, 
Quam Phaebum adversis currentem non vidit astra. 
MANIL. Lib. 4.

Because the moon then only feels decay, 
When opposite unto her brother's ray. 
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, 
Socita toris, cur a patria 

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

Implebit aulam stipes coelestium 
Genera deo; Claudia gentis decus, 
Sortitae fratris, more Junonis, toris. Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with every blooming grace, 
Will mount thy bed to enlarge the Claudian race: 
And proudly seeming 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 a poetical genealogy brother and sister. Virgil gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this medal:

Ne fratri radios ombrae seergere luna. 

The flattery on the next medal is the same thought as that of Lucretius:

Ipsa Epicurus obit decusque lumine vita; 
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnis Praetrsintis, stellas aequor uti atheorum sol. 
Lucretius, lib. 3.

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

The emperor appears as the rising sun, and holds a globe in his hand to figure out the earth that is enlightened and actuated by his beauty:

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lucrar. 
Virg. 

Ibi primum erastinus ortus 
Estectulus Titian, radiisque retorcror orbem. Idem.

When next the sun his rising light displays, 
And glides the world below with purple rays. 
Dayden.

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:

Invictum dextra portat Titana lactea; 
Nondum terrae gravem, nec subsecentibus alta 
Cristatum radiis; prima elementior avo 
Fugitare, et tenerum ensitiv despect ignem. 
Claud. de Rapt. Prov. lib. 2.

* See second series, figure 11.

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.

The Sun rises on a medal of Commodus, as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaeton:

Ardua prima via est, et qua vix mane recentes 
Enuntur equi. — Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

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

Pyroes, at Eous, et Ethon, 
Solis equi, quartusque Phileon. — Ibid.

Corripue viam, pedibusque per aera motis 
Obstantes sequuntur nebulae. — Ibid.

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

Sustulit omniis collo tonus arida vulus; 
Opposuitque mamum fronti: magnoque temore 
Omnia concutientes pellillum subedit. — Ibid.

The Earth at length —

Uplifted to the heaven her blasted head 
And clapp'd her hand upon her brow, and said, 
(But first, impatient of the utter heat, 
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat.)

The cornucopia in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter:

Hocne mibi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem 
Officique referas? quod advinc vulnera urat 
Rastrorumque fero, totaque exercer annos? 
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque militia fruges 
Humano generi, voles quoque thura ministra? — Ibid.

And does the plough for this my body tear? 
This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 
Tortur'd with rakes, and harassed all the year? 
That herb 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 Phoebi conscendere curvae, 
Telluremente, nihil mutato sole tinentem, 
Igne vago lastrar juver. — Liv. ad Neronem, lib. 1.

Or if thou choose the empire of the day, 
And make the sun's unwilling seeds obey; 
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team, 
While earth rejoices in thy gentle beam. — 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:

Quam suspensus eum Phaebus, currurque reflectat 
Huc illuc, agilea et secreta in eathere metas. 
Manil. lib. 1.

—— Hesperio posiis in littore metas. 
Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

Et sol ex aqua meti distabat utrque. — 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—\(^1\) I had almost said, as the sun itself.

I believe, says Cynthia, 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 turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago:

---

**Laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,**

**Solem Asiae Brutum appellat.**

---

Hor. Sa. 7. lib. 1.

He praises Brutus much and all his train;
He calls him Asia's sun. \(^1\)

**GREEK**

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.

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 caused 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 aurto**

**Signaebat labarum.**

**PRUDENT. contra Symm. lib. 1.**

A Christ was on the imperial standard borne,
That gold embroiders, and that gem adorned.

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 medal and verses: \(^\dagger\)

---

**Agonae, regna, libens mea signa necesse est:**

**In quibus affectus eruci ani gemmatis refugit, quae longissi salto ex uno pro ferre in hastis.**

**PRUDENT. Constantius Roman aaliquote.**

My ensign let the queen of nations praise,
That rich in gems the Christian cross displays:
There rich in gems; but on my quivering spears
In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

**Vexillumque crucis summiss dominator adorat.**

**Idem. in Apotheosi.**

See there the cross he wave 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 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 wherever 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 carried 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-fetched compliment to Fabius:

**Ocyus has Aquelas servataque signa referre,**

**Hic patria est, munrique urbis slant pecore in uno.**

---

Su. Ital. lib. 7.

The following medal was stamped on Trajan's victory over the Dacis you see on it the figure of Trajan presenting a little Victory to Rome. Between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. It may it 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 adeo has exornat manus Victoria fugit.**

---

Virg. Aen. lib. 11.

If you consent, he shall not be refused,
Nor find a hand to Victory unused. **DRAVEN.**

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:

---

**Voxtra fereor**

**Gloria Trajan.**

**Non tam quad, Tigrideos victo,**

**Nostri triumphal fuerei provincia Poebri,**

**Alia victorius xstraia capitolia Dacii**

**Quave patriae quad milia erat.**

---

Claud. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

Thy glory, Trajan, shall for ever live,
Not that thy arms the Tiber mourn'd, o' erome, And tributary Parnia bow'd to Rome,
Not that the capitol received thy train
With shouts of triumph for the Dacian slay
But for thy mildness to thy country shawn.

The city of Rome carries the wand in her hand that is the symbol of her divinity:

---

**Delubrum Roma (cultur nam sanguine et ipso**

**More Dei.**

---

PRUDENT. contra Symm. lib. 1.

For Rome, a goddess too, can boast her shrine,
With victima stain'd, and sought with rites divine.

As the globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nation of the earth:

---

**Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma ;**

**Cui par est nihim, et nihil sequuntur.**

---


O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second ever 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 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 laden with chains:

---

\(*\) See second series, figure 14. \(^\dagger\) Ibid. figure 15.
Clausentur belli portas: Furor implus intus
Sedea sedens super lacrum, et eunctum visceus alenis
Post turgem nodis, fremet horridus ore crucuto.

Virg. Aen. lib. i.

Janus himself before his face shall walk,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bash and iron bars; within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains,
High on a trophy raised of useless arms.
He sits, and threats the world with dire alarms.

Dryden.

We are told by the old scholast, 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:

Nuitos illae dies incomito maesta capillis
Sedea.

Propert. lib. i. el. 15.

O uinarn ante tuas sedeam captiva penates
Idem. lib. iv. el. 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:

Eceus, manus jusserum interea post tertia revincuit,
Pastores magnos ad regem cliamornere ferebant.

Virg. Aen. lib. 2.

Meanwhile, with shows, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king.

Dryden.

Cui dedit iniatas victa noverca manus.
Ovid. de Fast.

Cum rudi urgent brachia victa dedi?
Propert. lib. iv. el. 3.

We may learn from Ovid that this 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 viscitos trunca trophaea viros.
Ovid. Ep. ex Ponto, lib. 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:

Frastra, blanditia, ventit ad me
Attritus miserabilis labelli.
Dicturus dominum, devumpse non summ;
Janus non est locus hor in urbe visus.
Ad Parthos procudile patecit,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum solo basiade regum.


In vain, mean flatterers, ye try
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;

* See second series, figure 17.

No man a god or lord I name:
From Romans far he such a shame!
Go teach the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate lying
Some Pict, before his barbarous king

I cannot hear, says Cynthia, without a kind of indignation, the satirical reflections that Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an emperor deserved all the threats that the Greeks and Parthians 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 overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and vil lainy 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, unless you have a mind to compare the trophy on it with that of Mezentius in Virgil:

Ingentem quercum decisio undique ramis
Consilia tumulo fulgurante squalid armis,
Mezentis dicis exstatis, tibi, magne, tropaeum,
Bellipotens, captivum: atpt vertantes supplacri, victas,
Telopea trunca virt, et his sex torques pacium
Perfossunque locis: clypeaque ex ore sinistras
Subligat, atque ensom collo suspendit chironum.

Virg. Aen. lib. 11.

He bared an ancient oak of all her boughs,
Then on a rising ground the trunk he placed,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he girded:
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked stag in triumph borne,
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,
Appeared his plunty crest, beam'd with blood;
His braven buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bod'd,
And to the neck was tied his unraviling sword.

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:

Pignore Pacis
Pretendente dextro ramanum canentis olivam.

Sil. Ital. lib. 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:

Quidem eram, cum primam acerem Præna secupis
Strut, sectumque incendii victor accendens
Virg. Aen. lib. 3.

Such as I was beneath Præana's walls:
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.

Dryden.
DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

Ast, ibi, bellipotens, sacrum, constructi acerr
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra.
Ipse mamam celatum patient flamamque comitant.
Atollens, ductor Graduim in voce elebat:
Primitias pugna, et tect Libanum bell.
Hancque ac nemorum re creatae de non mine victor,
Et ibi, Mars genitor, voctorum haud surde morum.
Arma eleea dicit spiritum turba voituron.

Tum facce populo ferendae fumida ignis
Flammand molem; et ruspa caligine, in auras
Aetna apex claro perfundit lumi ne campos.


To thee the warrior-god, aloft in air,
A mountain pile of Roman arms doth rear:
The general, grasping in his victor hand
A plume of stateful growth, he waw'd the brand,
And cried, O Mars! to thee the devil yield.
These choice first-fruits of honour purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praise,
Thy Hannibal this wond'rous oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for Latian laurels won.
Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.
Then to the pile the flaming torch he lost;
In smould'ring smoke the light of heaven 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 on two coins of Marcus Aurelius. * De Sarmatis and de Germania* allude, perhaps, to the form of words that might be used at their setting fire to them.— *A sonio de nomine*.

Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these last two medals may think it an objection, that there is no torch or fire near them to signify 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 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 Cynthia, that you have forgotten the pillar on your eighteenth 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 a templo sumnum brevis area circum:
Et est non parva parva column note
Hinc solet huma mali pravum, nisi,
In regem et genies cum placet arma capi.
Ovid. de Fast. lib. 6.

Where the high flame the ample circle commands, A little, but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when Rome the distant kings defies, In form the war-denounting javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next medal 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. Ho-

ner 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 inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel:

Cymothoe, simul et Triton adhibitus, acus
Detrahunt naves scorpion; levi spatium tridenti;
Et vastas apertur ayes, et temperat aqua.


Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear open the rocks, the vessels with their hands, The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opens the deep, and spreads the moving sands.

Davel.

Jam placidis ratus est atque, quam gurgutae ab imo
Et Thesee, et magnum Nevres socer ortu unate.

Val. Flac. lib. 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 triumphant over the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of water deities on other medals represented after the same manner:

Ite, dea virides, liquidoque aderit ultus
At vitresum teneris crinis redintu corum,
Prate velil testa; guares emergitatis alas.
Fonitus, et cius satysvos forteacis amantes.

Statius de Balneo Euraci, lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye Naiads! with attractive art
New charms to every native grace impart:
When from the wavelet gliss the vales bind your sea-green hair, Unvail'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the satyris 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 pretorian guards under Nerva, was quite run aground in danger of perishing. Some of those embordered in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is Trajan that, by the adoption of Nerva, staves 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 it not liable to the same exceptions that we made last night to such explanations as have nothing but the writer's imagination to support them? To show you, says Philander, that the construction I put on this medal is conformed 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, referre in mare te novi
Peleas.

And shall the rising waves again
Bear thee back into the main? Crecch.

Nor was any thing more usual than to repre-
sent a god in the shape and dress of an em-
peror:
Now had Apelles liv'd, he'd sue to grace
His glowing tablets with thy godlike face;
Phidias, a sculptor for the pow'r above,
Had wish'd to place thee with his Ivry Jove.
Rhodes and Tarentum, that with pride survey,
The thunder'd this, and that the god of day;
Each fain'd Colossus would 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 Theoclesius in Claudian, as the medal here makes to Trajan:

**Nulla relicta foret Romani noninis umbra**
Ni pater ile tua jam jam ruritua subscuet
Pompeia, turba tautomque ralem,
tertiae levasset

Claud. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

Had not thy sire defer'd th' impending fate,
And with his solid virtue propp'd the state;
Sunk in oblivion's shade, the name of Rome,
An empty name! I 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 stamp'd in honour of Trajan, when he was only Caesar, as appears by the face of it.... sari traiano.

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

*Tria etiam Thalamos per trina annigmate quarrant
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus
Terruit Jovis volucris, lea, 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 panic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the morn is new,
Walks on four legs insinm; 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 Edipus enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says Philander, 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 nobody 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:

**Studis florentem urinisque Minervae.**

Whom both Minervas boast add 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.

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 Donai processit Caesaris astraum.

V. ccl. 9.

See, Caesar's lamp is lighted in the skies. DRYDEN.

**Meat inter omnes**
Julium sidus, celat inter ignes
Luna minores:

Hoe.

Julius Caesar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies.
The beauteous moon amides the meanest stars.

CREECH.

Vix etas erat; media c inn seda senatus
Constituisti alius Venus, nulli cornenda, suique
Caesaris ejusque membros, nec in aera solae
Possa recentem animam, caelestibus induit astris.
Dumque tulit, lunam capere, aequo ignesceuresens,
Eminat super Luna. Luna volat alius illa,
Flammas formampque trahens opatione finito crimen
Stella micalat.—

Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

This spoke; the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Caesar's heavenly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste in air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise,
Forth spurring 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. Welsted.

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 aegus Italos in praelia Caesar,
Cum patribus, populi, pateribus et magnis dicis,
Stans calvis in puppi: geminias cur temporis flammare
Laet conviv., patriamque aperitur vertice sidera.

Virg. Aen. lib. 8

Young Caesar on the stern in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans, and the gods, to fight:
His beauteous temples shoot their flame afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.

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:

**Divinium Imperium cum Jove Caesar habet.**

**Hic socium summum cum Jove munem habet.**

**Regit Augustus socios per signa Tonante.**

**Sed tibi debuit colarem, te fulmine pollens,**
Accepit cupidit regia magna Jovis.

Ovid. de Augusto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the corona radiata, which, at that time, was another type of his

† See second series, figure 23.
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:

--- Ingentis male Latinus,
Quadrijuge vehit curru, cui tempora circum
Salaris bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.

--- An. lib. 12.

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

DDryen.

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 re-
verse,* 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 dung the blaze of glories from his head.

Impostumque comes radios.

--- Istd.

Then fax'd his bony circle on his head.

---Liget ignisnumum frangere equorum
Ipse tuis alio radiante crinitis arceum
Imprimat.


Though Phæbus longs to mix his rays with shine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine. Pepe.

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 amantes, et adhaire terrae parentes,
Phæbus equos, simulacrum dolens et verberque sovet:
Savit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.

--- Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

Prevaileth upon at length, again he took
The harness' steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them 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
Auszoni, to make a sort of witticism, has
followed his example:

Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei.
Lecret.

Essulant uto super arida vasa rapine,
Luciferique parentletali telaie.
Acons. Edyi. 10.

Calligo terra scinquit,
Percusa solis spicula.

PRUDENT. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such
emblematical medals as are untrimmed by the
Latin poets, and have shown several pas-
sages in the Latin poets that receive an il-
ustration from medals. Some of the coins we
have had before us have not been explained
by others, as many of them have been ex-
plained in a different manner. There are, in-
deed, others that have had very near the same
explication put upon them; but as this ex-
planation has been supported by no authority,
it can at best be looked upon but as a pro-
bable conjecture. It is certain, says Eu-
genius, 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 cus-
toms, 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 Africa, Spain, France, Italy, and se-
veral other nations of the earth before you.
This is one of the pleasantest maps, says
Cynthis, 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 as-
sembly of such well-shaped persons. This, then-
erefore, says Philander, is a geography particu-
lar to the medals. The poets, however, have
sometimes given in to 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:

Dentibus ex illis, quo modit portu Syrænæ.
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscuræ Indus.
Et quo deponat Nabathæis bellos saltus,
Jam nimios captivae graves.


She is always coiffed 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 poetas, diversaque membra ferarum,
Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;
Horrerant angues, habitationesque venenosa
Et mortis partus, viracitia crimina terre,
Et vastos elephantes habet, saevoque irone,
In panas facundæ suas, parit horrenda tellus.

Manil. de Africa, lib. 4.

Here nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars:
Here snakes, those cells of poison, take their birth,
Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Frail in its own plagues, the desert shore
Hears elephants, and frightful lions roar.

CREECH.

Lucan, in his description of the several nox-
ious animals of this country, mentions in par-
icular the flying dragon that we see on this
medal:

Vos quoque, qui cumitis immissa numina terris
Serpitis, curare nitide fulgere dracones,
Postfero arenas facit: Africa: ducitis altaum
Aera cum pennis, armeniacque tota securi
Rumpit ingenios amplexi verbera taurus

--- See third series, figure 1.
The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shows us that Africa abounds in agriculture:

—Thi habe frumentum, Alldius inquit, O Libye; desjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.
Juv. Sat. 5.

No more plough up the ground,
O Libyes, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alldius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more.
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 cornucopia, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification:

Sed qua se compis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur facunda veneno.
Felix, qua pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nee Cerere Ennea, Phario nec victa colonis.
Sil. Ital. lib. 1.

Frenimenti quantum meti Africa.
Rom. lib. ii. Sat. 3.

The lion on the second medal* marks her out for the
—Leonum
Arida nutrix.
Hor.

The scorpion† on the third is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular, in the following catalogue of her venomous animals:

—Quis fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires matura mortis habere?
Ile minus nodis, et recto verbere sacus
Teat tuisti coleo vicis Orontis.
Luc. lib. 9.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he bears his knotty tail on high,
The vast Orion thus he doth not to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky.
Rowe.

The three figures you have here shown us, says Engenius, 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:

* See third series, figure 2. † Ibid. figure 3.
DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyprians worshipped it as a god:

Quis neces, Volusi Bithynica, qualia demens
Egyptiis portenta ait? Crocodilum adorat
Pars ille divi partem nativam sacratibus ibi.
Effigies sacri nihii aurae eoriphece.

Juv. Sil. 13.

How Egypt, mad with superstition crown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known;
One sect devotion to Nile's serpents pays;
Others to ibis, that on serpents prey.
Where, Thbes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where mad'Memnon's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mouldring left, the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine. Tate.

Venerem precaris? Comprecare et simiam.
Placet sacratos aquis Euxoniacis
Crocodilum, ibis, et canis cur dissipent?
PRUDENTIUS, Pasieo Romani.

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 passim exsultant Numidea, genti insula freni:
Quos inter geminus per ludum nobilis aures
Quadrupedam flecit non cedens virga lupatis.
Attrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum
Tullus.

Sil. Ital. lib. 1.

On his hot steed, unbrid'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 it obedient hence.

—An Mauri fremitum rocqueque repulsis
Umbonam, et nossum passari, cominus ense?
Non contra eclipse testis, galasique micantes
Hostis; in saevis longe fidicia telis.

Exarmatus erit, cum missile torsoii, hostis.
Dextra morte jaclum, pretiosus pallia lexae,
Cetera nudius ovibus. Sonitas ignarus habet
Virgam regil. Non ulia fides, non aemina ordo:
Arma oneri.

CLAUD. DE Bel. Gildon.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
Of short and falchion, and repelling shieds?
Against a host of quivering spears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe who vainly trusts his art,
And fings away his armour in his dart;
His dart the right hand shakes, the left uprears
His robe; beneath his tender skin appears.
Their seeds unresist'd obey the horseman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march or stand;
In the war's dreadul laws intaught 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 armatur equii, bellum hae armenta minatur.

Verg. En. lib. 2.

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned medallists that tell us the rabbit,* which you see before her feet, may signify either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or perhaps the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the Latin word cuniculus signifying either a rabbit 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 rabbit or a mine, but the picture of a rabbit 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 rabbit, which is there found in vast multitudes:

Cuniculus Cehteriae fuli. 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:

—Gladesium sum prima Minerva
Necam comam foliis, fulvique intexa micantem
Veste Tagum, lalce proflert Hispania roseas.
CLAUD. DE Landa. Stil. lib. 2.

Thus Spain, whose bough the olive wreathe enfolds,
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:

Batia olivera crinum redimere coroa,
Aurea qui nititid velletas lingis aquis:
Quem Brounist quem Pallas amat.
MART. lib. XI. Ep. 99.

Faire Berenice, whose branch the azure pole;
In fleecy gold they cloth her the neighboring flocks;
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

And Prudentius of one of its eminent towns:

Tudecem sanctas revet eh et oesto,
Cesar augusta audiosa Christi,
Vertice fusiis olea revetns
Paetis amore.
PRUDENT. HYMN. VII.

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

Quamnam nec Calabria, melia ferunt apes,
Nec Leaurigonia Bacchus in ampore
Lanuexcat mili, nec pinguia Galliae
Crescant tellera pascim.
HOR. lib. III. Od. 16.

Though 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.—
CREECH.

She carries on her shoulders the sagulum that Virgil speaks of as the habit of the ancient Gauls:

Aurea coar seros olit, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis.

VIRG. En. lib. 8.

The gold displayed well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear,
Gold are their vestas.—
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:

* See third series, figure 5. | ibid. figure 6.

† See third series, figure 7.
and there, if any patient ear
My muse's feebie song will hear,
My voice shall sound through Rome:
Then, see, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair:
These, thee, I'll praise, when Caesar'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.

Italy has a cornucopia in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness;

—and a crown of towrs 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 herself to Julius Caesar:

| Ingen. visa duci patriar. trepidantis imago; | in Ovid. Fast. lib. 1. |
| Clara per obscuram vultu munitissima nocem, | Amidst the dusky horrors of the night, |
| Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines | A wondrous vision stood confest to sight; |
| Caesaros laebras, nudique adustae lacertis, | Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image reard, |
| Ei genitum permissa loqui. | Trembling and sad the matron form appeard; |
| Lucan, lib. 1. | A towry crown her hoary temples bound; |
| She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to show 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: |

| Ipse triumphatque quo possidet athera regna. | Claud. in Proh. et Olyb. Cons. |
| Jupiter arcu qua totum dum spectat in orbem, | Jupiter arcu qua totum dum spectat in orbem, |
| Nil nisi Romanae quod tuerat habet. | Nil nisi Romanae quod tuerat habet. |
| Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys, | Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys, |
| Orben jam totum victor Romanos habetab, | Orben jam totum victor Romanos habetab, |
| Qua mare, qua tellus, qua sidus currit utrunque. | Qua mare, qua tellus, qua sidus currit utrunque. |
| Petron. | Petron. |
| Now Rome, sole empress, reigns from pole to pole, | Now Rome, sole empress, reigns from pole to pole, |
| Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll. | Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll. |

The picture that Claudian makes of Rome one would think was copied from the next medal:

| —Annum rius imitata Minerva; Nam neque casariani criniis stringere cultu, | —Annum rius imitata Minerva; Nam neque casariani criniis stringere cultu, |
| Colle nee aurata paenit praelire recto, | Colla nee aurata paenit praelire recto, |
| Brevium muda latius, niveos compressa laevoat, | Brevium muda latius, niveos compressa laevoat, |
| Aediscena reticis magnibus, laxumque coercess | Aediscena reticis magnibus, laxumque coercess |
| Mordet grammumam. | Mordet grammumam. |
| Clypeus Titanus laeviset | Clypeus Titanus laeviset |
| Luminem quem tota variorat Mulciber arte; | Luminem quem tota variorat Mulciber arte; |
| Hic, patriae Marcioris amor, fataque notabant | Hic, patriae Marcioris amor, fataque notabant |
| Romulei, post annis inest, et bellum nutrit. | Romulei, post annis inest, et bellum nutrit. |

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Hold 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 dazzled as her shield she read'd, Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appear'd
The Joves of Mars her sire, fair Ilia's joys, The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia; I am sorry, says Cynthia, 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 Britan-nias. 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 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 totos diecis orbis Britannos. | Et penitus totos diecis orbis Britannos. |
| The rest among the Britons be confin'd! A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. | The rest among the Britons be confin'd! A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. |
| Dryden. | Dryden. |
| Adevinc, confundit populos imperiosa tellus: | Adevinc, confundit populos imperiosa tellus: |
| At nunc oceanos geminos interiit orbis. | At nunc oceanos geminos interiit orbis. |
| Idem, de Britannia et Opposito Continent. | Idem, de Britannia et Opposito Continent. |
| Nee stetit oceano, remiique ingressa profundum, Vincendos alio quaevis in orbis Britannos. | Nee stetit oceano, remiique ingressa profundum, Vincendos alio quaevis in orbis Britannos. |
| Claud. | Claud. |

The fect of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same poet:

| —Cujus vestigia verrit | —Cujus vestigia verrit |

She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province:

| —Victoria Caesar | —Victoria Caesar |
| Signa Caledoniav transvexit ad usque Britannos. | Signa Caledoniav transvexit ad usque Britannos. |

But to return to Achaia, whom we left

<table>
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<tr>
<th>See third series, figure 10.</th>
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upon her knees before the emperor Adrian.  She has a pot before her, with a sprig of parsley rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a sallad of parsley 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 parsley was the victor's reward.  You have an account of these games in Ausonius:

Quattuor antiquos celeberrimi Achaiae ludos,
Calicium duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jove, Phoebique, Palæmonis, Archæmorique:
Seris quibus pinus, malus, alcea, opium.
Aegon. de Lusaral. Agon.

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;
Phebus to his an apple garland gave;
The pane, Palamon; nor with less renown,
Archæmorus conferred the parsley crown.

Archæori Nemeta cœunt Junæria Thebae.
Idem, de locis. Agon.

Alida Nemæa sacravit honorem.
Idem, de Auct. Agon.

One reason why they chose parsley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily:

*Neu vicis opium, nec brevè lium.* Lib. i. Od. 36.

Let fuding lîkes and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-liV'd parsley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest.

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

*Grataque opium munusse coronae.* Lib. i. Od. 36.

And winning at a wake their parsley crown.

Stepsey.

She presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family:

*Jux imperiumque Thraces* 
*Cœoris accepit genibus major.*

Hor. Epist. 12. lib. i.

The haughty Parthian now to Caesar kneels.

Creech.

It is, he donat diadema fronte
Quem geni nixa tremienter gentes.


*Non, ut iexigo genu,*
*Regnantem adores, petimus.*


*Te linguis varia gentes, misisque rogamum* 
*Peditum Pancorem passos cum patre sedentem,* 
*Hac quondam videre domo postique lata* 
*Subiisse genu.*

Claud. ad Honorum.

Thy infant virtue various clines admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conceived;
Then to the sovereign seat, the Persians view'd,
When in this regal dome for peace they sued;
Each generous bow, in sign of worship gave;
And every knee confess'd the bound they crav'd.

Sicily appears before Adrian in the same posture.* She has a bundle of corn in her

*See third series, figure 12.

hand, and a garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres:

*Urape frugiferis est invia nobilii arvis.*
*Nec plus Hesperiam longinquaque multis, uide,*
*Nec Romanas magis compleverit herrea terre.*

Loc. de Sicilia et Saracenis, lib. 2.

Sardinia, too, rewarded for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
Nor want more plenty to the Roman coast.

*Terra tribus scopulis vacat procuri quem* 
*Primacris, a positum numerat loci.*
*Grata domus Ceres; multias ibi possideturub.*

In quibus est culto fertilita Hенно solo.

Ovid. de Nat. lib. 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 champion of the fairest isle.

We find Judæa 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 excerpt Turba lacertos.*
*Veste remissa Substantia sinum, utaque tenuis* 
*Paelent auris.*

Cadat ex humeris.

*Vestis aperta: immanque tegat* 
*Suffulta latus. Jam nuda vocant* 
*Pictora dextra.*

Nunc nunc vires
Eyprom, dolor, iuus.


Bare your arms, your vesture slackly tied
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your waist.--

Let

From your divested Shoulders slide
Your garments down on either side,
Now bared bosom call for blows,
Now, sorrow, all thy power's disclose.

Sir Ed. Sheriffne.

*Aperta pectora matres*
*Significant lacrum.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 13.

Who bared their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
*The signs of grief, and mark of public wo.*

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

*Ipsa trires vestis obtinent caput* 
*Vilata, justa praesides audat done.*


*Si tuba scala, caput ferari obducti amicit.*

Decreesque partem tenebriæ, puppissæ cavernæ
Delibuit: omnibus arce complessa dolores
Perfructus lacrymis, et amant pro conjuge lacrum.

Loc. de Cornes, lib. 9.

So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:

Rolv'd to throud in thickest shades her wo.
She seeks the ships 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 would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.

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 remembered 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 foretells the represented virtue of palms. Forsooth! the Romans, if the Roman palms which they presented had been of any use, might have remembered them. So too the palm of Martial is, in some sort, of their country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespassian's conquest; that is the subject of this medal:

Palmiferanque senex belli domitabat Idumen.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 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 Scopertus a charioteer driver, which, in those degenerate times of the empire, was looked upon as a public calamity:

Tristis Idumæae frangat Victoria palmæ;
Plange Favor sovæa pectora nulla manu.

The man by the palm tree in the first of these medals, is supposed to be a Jew with his hands bound behind him.

I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other medal is 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:

 Ars evo clypeum, magni gestamum Abantis,
Postibus adversis fato, et rem carmine signo;
Enca hac de Danais victorius arma.

VIRG. En. lib. 3.

I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore;
The verse beneath my name and actions speaks;
"These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.

DRYDEN.

Pyrene tumulto clypeum eum carmine figu't;
Hastrubalis spoliem gradato Scipio victor.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 15.

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

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver which are so much talked of by the poets. Lucan's account of the Parthians is very pretty and poetical:

Parthoque sequens
Virla tela dolis, nec Martem coniunx vnum
Awa pati virtus, et longe tendere nervos,
Et, quo fere velit, permittare vulnera venti.

LUCAN. lib. 8.

Each scene, that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fire, impruniguable, secure.
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flatting air.

ROWE.

Sagitiferosque 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:

Ipsa oratoraes ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum seep tro misit.

VIRG. ÄN. lib. 8.

Tarcon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament.

DRAKE.

Antioch has an anchor by her, in memory of her founder Seleucus, whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you will believe historians. Antiochus has taken notice of it in his verses on this city:

—Ilia Seleucum
Nuncupat ingenium, cujus fuit anchora signum.
Qualis inuata solet; generis notae certa, per omnem
Nam nobilia seriem natius cucurrit image.

AUSON. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The towe'rs of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phæbus at thy birth his son confess'd,
By the fair anchor on the hape impress'd,
Which all thy genuine offspring won to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmitted through the race.

 Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon, that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar deity in her hand:

 Jus illt, et tell faderis testes des
Invocat.

SÉN. Phaniisse, Act. 1.

On the left arm of Smyrna is the figula, or buckler, of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the bipennis, or secu ris:

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me amenda securis,
Ait exuio levi pelta gerenda manus.

ODIV. ex PONT. lib. III. epist. 1.

Lunatis agmina petitis.

VIRG.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.

DRAKE.

Videue Rhatti bella sub Alphibus
Drusum generem, et Findeliciis; quibus
Mox unde deductas per omne
Tempus Amazonia secund.

Dextris obarinet quercere distall.

HOR. lib. iv. Od. 4.

Such Drussus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urg'd the war:
In vain the Rhabid did their axes wield,
Like Amazons they fought, like women fled the field,
But why those savage troops this weapon choose,
Confirm'd by long-established use,
Historians would in vain discourse.

The dress that Arabian appears in, brings

1 See third series, figure 16.  § Ibid. figure 17
2 See third series, figure 18.
to my mind the description Lucan has made of these eastern nations:

Quaeque ad Eos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emolit gentis elementa caeli.
Hic et latae vestes, et flava virorum
Velamenta videt.

Lucan. lib. 8.

While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Disrots her sons in idleness and ease;
Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.

Rowe.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense:

— Solis est thurea virga Sabelis.
And od'rous frankincense on the Sabaean bough.

Dryden.

Thuriferos Arabum salutis.
Claud. de Ter. Cons. Hon.

Thurilegos Arabas.—— Ovid. de Fast. 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, varisque novos radiet honoros;
Lentiler adjunxit gynnagogia literas panas,
Et terras mare nomen habet.—

Manil. de Sinu Arabico, lib. 4.

More west the other soft Arabia bear,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweet;
The bay is called the Arabian gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame.

Cretch.

Urantar pia thura focii, urantar odores,
Quos tener una terra divina melli Arabo.

Toul. lib. ii. el. 2.

Sit dives ameno
Cinnamonaque, costumque caulm, madataque ligno
Thura ferat, foresque alias Panchialia tellus;
Dum ferat et myrrhan.

Ovid. Met. lib. 10.

Let Araby exol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon, and sweet anomum boast;
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvest, and her double years:
How can the land be called so blest'd, that myrrh
beare

Dryden.

— Odoan spirant medicamia silent.
Manil.

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

Cretch.

Cinnamomos arabos beatos

What a delicious country is this, says Cynthis; 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 e silicente camelio.

Pers. Sat. 5.

—The previous weight
Of pepper and Sabaean incense, take
With thy own hands from the third camel's back.

Dryden.

He leads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country:

Mercibus hic Italia mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper.—— Pers. 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,
Bartr'ing for spices their Italian war.—

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 helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthia, 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 outwritten the Pharsalia. He was, indeed, employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like description, but where he has an occasion of showing 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 satire 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 satire, 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. Cynthia 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.
The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at sunrise 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 bareness of imagination. It is Cicero's observation on the plane tree, 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 style 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 joined by Cynthio and Eugenius. Cynthio immediately fell upon Philander for breaking his night's rest. You 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 slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a caduceus or a cornucopia. 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 myself, 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 shows itself 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 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 Romans; 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 itself 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 laughed at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the result of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip. 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. 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 goldsmith's hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these last two or three centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in those barbarous ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. You 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 and 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 itself 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 Cynthia, 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. I know no other way of securing these kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to futur times. But where statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interests, 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 laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthia, 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 cabinet once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says Philander, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call medallions. 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 medallions on their ordinary coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see on our halfpenny 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 it from the model of it as it stood whole and entire. The coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his bombs and canons. 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 repainted 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 fiddling, 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 pounds 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 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. It is 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 satire 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 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. But 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 Cæsar, 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 satire. 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 Cynthia, 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 forefathers 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 doubt 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 forefathers, 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 laugh at our sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satire 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 Cynthia; I should as soon expect to see a critic on the posy 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 Decius 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 Egenius, 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 couter 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 sometimes the whole side of a medal overrun 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 stamped by the present emperor of Germany, on the raising of the army of Vienna.

**Miles ego Christi, Christa duce sterno tyrannos,**

**Herculis simul et calca meos pedibus.**

**Parce Christo! me, debellare feraces, Papio colas Christus dux mea in animat.**

It is well, says Cynthia, you tell us this is a medal of the great Gustavus Adolphus, that will stand as an eternal monument of dulness and bravery:

You 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 surprised to see the title of a serious book in rhyme: yet it is very whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a medal in a piece of an hexamer. 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 quiuescat 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 **Requisitum ut Atlas.** To instance a medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with Holland, there was one stamped with the following legend—**Redeant Commercium Florentinum.** 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.

**Whichever 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 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 surprise, and may therefore deserve a place on a medal.

Again, if there is more than a single cir-
cumstance 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 satire, 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 an 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 mottoes 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 Gustavus 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 them 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? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters and 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 Cynthia, 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, insomuch 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 togas and tunicas, trabeas 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 Cæsar. 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 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 an age likely 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 medi
dallic 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 ob-
servations have set them; but on this condi-
tion, 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 their 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 Cynthia, 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 one be the more unreasoning than to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his arms stripped up to his elbows, a laurel on his head, and a chalybs over his shoulders? I fancy, says Eugenius, the society of medallists would give you their reasons for what they have done. Yourself 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, DVNNIRKA ILL.ESA. Not to cavil at the two K’s in Dunkirk, or the impriopacity of the word Illasa, the whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English: Quo opimus, Vultere et sulpugere 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 set. 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 the eleventh 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 Cynthia, of a pasquinade that at the same time was fixed up at Rome. Ad Galli cantum Petrus est. 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 profile, to use a French term of art, which gives us the 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 prominences 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 looked 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 surveyed 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 gave me an opportunity of finishing my dialogue.
THREE SETS OF MEDALS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE ANCIENT POETS, IN THE FORE-GOING DIALOGUES.

THE FIRST SERIES.

1. VIRTUTI AVGVSTI, S. C. Reverse of Domitian.
2. HONOS ET VIRTUS. Reverse of Galba.
3. CONCORDIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Sabina.
4. PAX ORBIS TERRARVM. Reverse of Otho.
5. ARBIVNDANTIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Gordianus.
6. FIDES EXERCITVS. Reverse of Helogabalus.
7. SPES AVGUSTA. Reverse of Claudius.
8. SECVRITAS PUBVICA. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
12. AEQVITAS AVGVSTI, S. C. Reverse of Trajan.
14. SAFECVLVM AVREVM. Reverse of Adrian.
15. FELIX TEMPORVM REPARATIO. Reverse of Constantine.
17. VICTORIA AVGVSTI, S. C. Reverse of Nero.
18. SARMATIA DEVICTA. Victory. Reverse of Constantine.

THE SECOND SERIES.

1. FELICITATI AVG. COS. III. P. P. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
2. PONTIF MAX. TR. POT. PP. COS. II.
7. PVDICITIA. Reverse of Titus.
8. FIDES PUBVICA. Reverse of Claudius.
10. NERO CLAV. CAESAR. IMP. ET OCTAVIA. AVGVSTI, P. Reverse of Claudius.
11. ORIENS AVG. Reverse of Aurelian.
12. REVERSE OF COMMODUS.
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