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THE GRACES:
A CLASSICAL ALLEGORY,

**INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY, AND ILLUSTRATED
BY EXPLANATORY NOTES:**

TOGETHER WITH
A POETICAL FRAGMENT
ENTITLED
PSYCHE AMONG THE GRACES.

**TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN OF
CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND.**

“ These were the GRACES, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and dance there day and night,
These Three to men all gifts of grace do grant,
And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt!”

SPENSER.

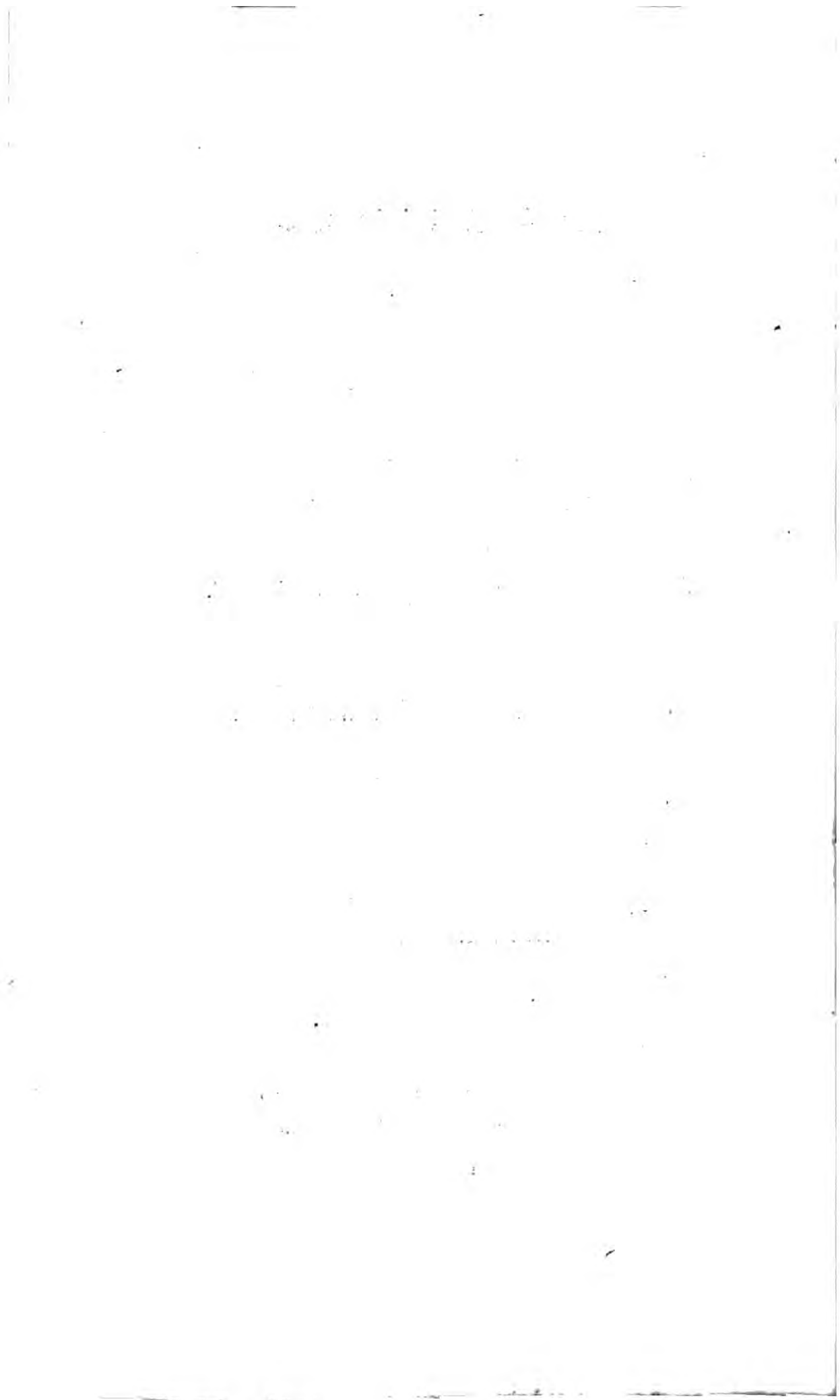
“ GRAZIE, senza Voi ogni fatica
È vana ”

DANTE.



LONDON:
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA LANE.

1823.



PREFATORY REMARKS.

DIE GRAZIEN, “The Graces,”—This allegorical *jeu d'esprit* was originally intended to have been written entirely in verse, but the author having changed his mind, retained as much only of the poetry as pleased him, and then connected the narrative by portions of prose.

The classical scholar will find no difficulty in understanding the language of “the Graces,” and the notes which are appended to each book will serve, in some degree, as interpreters to those who are less familiar with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome.

As the Translator of the GRAZIEN, I have borne in mind the well-known advice of Horace, and have endeavoured to avoid equally the extremes

of mere verbal translation, and fanciful imitation. In the poetical parts, some liberties have occasionally been taken, but such as the original author, if alive¹, would not perhaps have objected to.

Scholars who are conversant in the idioms and grammatical construction of the German and English languages, know that these are occasionally very different; that in the former, longer periods occur—a more extended use of parenthesis—of phraseological inversion—of disjointed

¹ Christopher Martin Wieland was born at Biberach, 1738, and died lately at his country-seat, at Ostnenstadt, near Wiemar. Up to his eightieth year he retained the full enjoyment of his intellectual powers, and continued to instruct and amuse his countrymen by occasional publication. The versatility of this author's genius, and the vast stores of learning, ancient as well as modern, which he possessed, have enabled him to attempt and excel in almost every department of literature. His works, which are very voluminous, display an extensive field of classical knowledge, and continually abound in allusion to the histories of Greece and Rome—to their mythology, religion, arts, and sciences.

compound verbs—of affixes and other obstacles which sometimes retard the progress of a translator. I do not, however, by this remark mean to insinuate, that a translator is to be allowed a share of praise proportionate to the difficulty, and not to the execution of his work, but only claim a little indulgence for the auxiliaries I may have employed to facilitate the completion of it. Every one who attempts to translate, should at least strive to do his best; and while he remembers the opinion of Pope, endeavour to avoid the charge of a similar defect².

“The Graces,” invested by the muse of Wieland, have long been the delight of *his* fair country-

² “It is singular that Pope in one of his early letters should have pointed out by a sensible and true observation, the very defect, and perhaps the only general defect of his own Homer. In a letter to Mr. Cromwell, he says, ‘Let the sense be ever so exactly rendered unless an author *looks like himself* in his *habit* and *manner*, ’tis a disguise, and not a translation.’” TWINING, Preface to Aristotle.

women, and should these same ideal Deities, in their English attire, chance to please *mine*, I shall then be amply rewarded for having introduced them to their notice.

T

THE GRACES.

INTRODUCTION.

“ ENOUGH, beautiful Danaë, if you think so ; yet I see no reason why you should imagine that Wieland knows more of the Graces than others do. Still however, that maxim of mine, which your ingenuity has adopted, removes at once my scruples to discover to you (who, with all your excellencies are but mortal) the mysteries of my beloved Goddesses.”

“ ¹ The Heathen Deities, as described by the Poets, act (according to your account) from principles very different to those which regulate the customs and habits

¹ The author's introduction opens with a dialogue between him and his favourite Danaë, who is endeavouring to persuade him to reveal the mysterious history of the Graces. The whole of the passage, from the sentence beginning with “ The Heathen Deities,” and ending at “ my request,” is an ideal address from Danaë to the author, but cited by the author himself.

of mankind : it is on this ground, that the Goddess of Love has no reason to blush at having made Adonis the happiest of mortals ; allowing therefore, that you knew more of the Graces of Venus, than a modern belle would wish you to know of her's, surely there can be no harm in your consenting to my request."

" Pardon me, Danaë. If ever I reveal these mysteries, it will depend on the external beauty of the person, for whose sake I commit so great a breach of trust.

" Why should not the Graces have peculiar rites, as well as the Goddesses Ceres and Isis ? and ought not a Poet, think you, to be forgiven if he cautiously excludes from profane eyes, the mysterious charms of these enchanting Deities ? This caution, however, may be avoided in your case—from you, lovely Danaë, the Graces have no secrets to conceal, for what human being dare hope to be made acquainted with them, if she dare not,

‘ Round whom the zone of heavenly Venus twin’d,
Each eye delights, and fetters every mind !’—

" In a word Danaë if your curiosity be not satisfied, it must be because I am not so intimately acquainted with these companions of Love and the Muses as you are pleased to believe ; I will not, however, by too

hasty a confession, suffer my modesty to outstep the bounds of truth ; but doubtless you might have applied to some Poet, a greater favourite with the Graces than myself? Do not fancy that I allude to ²C****, or to B****. The good Abbot might be allowed to sing of them, but no such unknown scribbler as B**** or C**** ; Indeed I would not answer for the subsequent actions even of the Abbot (though the most cautious of priests, the most perfect of courtiers, and the most skilful of those who might draw a comparison between these three rivals for the dominion of the world) should the Graces of Homer, which he so beautifully sung, chance to make him faithless to the Graces of St. Thomas.

“ But, be that as it may, Danaë, I am satisfied, since you do not wish for the Graces of the French Muse— Had such been your wish I would have recommended you to the pleasing Poet, who painted Zelis in the bath, and enriched by his imitation, the German Selima.

“ You sigh for the Graces of Greece, those who taught Anacreon to sing, Xenophon to write, and Apelles to paint ; the Graces to whom Plato made his

² I cannot tell to whom Wieland here alludes under the letters C**** and B****, probably to some poetaster of the day. The Abbot, so highly complimented, was the Italian Cesarotti, the much admired translator of Homer and of Ossian. St. Thomas is the titular saint of the monastery to which Cesarotti belonged. T.

offerings, and whom his ³master sculptured; these are
the Deities you wish the German Muse to celebrate ⁴ *

* * * * *

“ After all then Danaë, you will not apply to the
Poets of the Graces ?”

“ Do you mean Thleim, or Jacobi ?”

“ I thank you, Danaë, for the hint; it makes amends
for the wrong I had done my poetical friends (for
friends they are), and to say the least of us, never in
our days, have three Poets flourished so beloved by
each other, and by the sisterhood of the Muses, three
Poets,

‘ Who by the love of verse alike inspir’d,
And by each sister Grace alike admir’d,
Kind Wisdom for our favourite mistress chose,
(Wisdom that sweetens human cares and woes)
And weaving oft our sympathies in rhymes,
Sung tender hearts, ourselves, and better times !”

“ I assure you, Danaë, that it would give me the
greatest pleasure to introduce you to these poetical

³ Socrates, who in his youth carved the Graces in marble.

⁴ In order to fill up this apparent break in the dialogue, the reader
may suppose that Danaë still continued to urge Wieland to gratify
her request, in preference to any other Poet. T.

friends of mine—delightful songs! when Thleim and Jacobi sing of the Graces, what strains might we not expect? Strains fit for the vocal powers of Philaide, or the amiable St-d-n, strains worthy of being accompanied by the musical talents of your friend * *

* * * * *

“ So, then, you will not be refused, Danaë, and do not wish to give occasion for a contest of poetical modesty? Thleim and Jacobi, you say, would refer you to the Father of the Poets, and at last I should be left to repent of my refusal.—You really deserve to be punished for your importunity by my immediate compliance, and you should be so chastised, could the subject of controversy be decided by bon mot or repartee. But to write the history of the Graces, presupposes inspiration from the Graces themselves, who are alone able to bestow it ———⁵ * * *

* * * * *

“ Pardon my contradiction, Danaë; these Goddesses are not so forward as to be at the call of every one.—They know little of many who nevertheless pretend to be most familiar with them. Nothing is easier than to

⁵ The reader may here suppose that Danaë had contradicted the author's hypothesis, “ that inspiration was a necessary qualification in the biographers of the Graces,” and that she had made some remarks on the facility with which many writers apparently describe these imaginary Deities. T.

prate about Muses and Graces, and to make verses rhyming with *faces* and *Graces*. It is this practice which gives our poetasters the appearance of being as intimate with Venus and the Graces, as those great Poets really are, who deserve to be the delight of the former, and the favourites of the latter.

“ Be assured, my fair friend, that the tutelary Muses, belles, and Graces, of these scribbling boasters, are in reality, neither better nor worse than so many Dulcineas of Toboso. * * * * *

* * “ You allow, then, the truth of my observation, and without offering violence to my modesty, kindly presume that I have no reproaches to fear on that subject? Listen therefore, lovely Danaë, and you shall hear all that has been revealed to me; but first (like true disciples of Plato) let us make an offering to the Muses, without which neither Love nor laughing Venus will prosper our undertaking.”—

BOOK I.

“ THE inhabitants with whom Deucalion and Pyrrha peopled ancient Greece, were at first barbarous and rude, such however as one might expect to find a race of beings whose origin was so remarkable¹: when,

‘ Mid forest oaks her sons wild nature sent,
Or arm’d with club, or clad in shaggy hide;

¹ Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, following the advice of Prometheus, escaped from the deluge of Thessaly, by taking refuge on the top of Mount Parnassus. As soon as the waters had subsided, they consulted the Oracle of Themis in Attica, which commanded them to re-people the earth by throwing the bones of their grandmother behind them. These bones were the stones of the earth. The stones thrown by Deucalion, became men, those by Pyrrha women. This fable has afforded great scope to the fancy of the Poets of old, and is here not inaptly introduced by Wieland, who intends to paint a picture of the mythological rise and progress of the people of ancient Greece. T.

The deluge of Deucalion’s age has by some of the learned been considered the same as that of Noah’s. Philo Judæus, of Alexan-

While ape-like young hung dangling at the side
 Of many a savage mother as she went.
 And herding thus, from morn till night they stray'd,
 Then slept where chance, not choice, their pallets laid !

“ Or when

² ‘ Each pitying tree, spread o’er the wanderers’ head,
 Dropt low its arms for shade, its fruit for bread ;
 And if at night a hollow trunk they found,
 The rovers slept by leaves encompass’d round !’

“ I know not, Danaë, how far you may feel inclined to adopt the opinion of the author of the new *Eloise*, viz. ‘ that this was the happy state for which nature destined us :’ but when we take the aggregate amount of the evils to which these rude children of nature were strangers, it is impossible not to allow them a species of negative happiness ³.

dria, was one of the earliest writers who supported this opinion. The passage occurs in his treatise on rewards and punishments, and is quoted by Mr. Bryant, in his *Ancient Mythology*.—Vol. II. p. 212.

² “ to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them,” &c.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. 325, describing the primeval repast of Adam and Eve.

³ “ The savage has no care, or fear, for the future, his hunting

“As for the Poets, they can effect every thing, when fancy bids them embellish a favourite subject : for

‘ Say, when the sister arts conspiring, guide
The poets’ or the painters’ touch, shall force
Dissolve bright Fancy’s spell, or set in shade
Those radiating beauties wont to catch
The connoisseur’s enraptured eye,—beauties
Such as the youthful Hebe’s form inspired,
Or Galatè’s, or Danaë’s, beauties such
As nature, wanting art, could never draw ?’

and fishing give him a certain subsistence. He sleeps sound, and knows not the diseases of cities ; he cannot want what he does not desire, nor desire that which he does not know ; and vexation or grief do not enter his soul. He is not under the controul of a superior in his actions. In a word, the savage only suffers the evils of nature. The wish of independence is one of the first instincts of man. He who can enjoy the possession of this primitive right, and the moral security of subsistence is more happy than the rich man, amidst laws, superiors, prejudices, and passions, which endanger his liberty.”—Abbe Raynal, *Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*.—After all, I think, that the majority of the civilized part of mankind will assent to Mr. Mickle’s remark, in the introduction to his *Translation of the Lusiad*.—“The reveries, the fairy-dreams of a Rousseau, may figure the paradisiacal life of a Hot-tentot ; but it is only in such dreams that the superior happiness of the barbarian exists.” T.

“ This, my fair friend, is a digression you will pardon ; I only wish to say that the Golden Age of the Poets, was really no better than the barbarous state of existence before alluded to,

‘ When without planting, or tilling, or sowing,
Men fatten’d on gifts, which the Gods kept bestowing !’

and such, Homer tells us, was the idle life of the Sicilians.

“ Shall I, Danaë, give you a specimen of the embellishments which a Poet would make use of in describing the Golden Age of pastoral simplicity ?

‘ Oh ! where lives the man so contented and happy,
Who ne’er (in his dreams, or when he was nappy,
Transported by fanciful joys and vagaries,
Where Nature, like Oberon, kindest of fairies,
Was pleas’d to provide for each favourite child
And place him in gardens of Jessamine wild,
To revel and sport, and carouse with good cheer,
Quite lawless and careless of hope or of fear)
Believ’d that such hours, at a fair calculation,
Danc’d rapidly round in a moment’s duration ?—

* * * * *

The Gods all delighted with pastoral pleasures,
Deserting the spheres and the rest of their treasures,
Came down to enrich the poor Earth with their essence,
While Heav'n was robbed of its deiform presence !—
Each kindly contended what gifts to bestow,
Best fitting the nature of things here below.
First yellow-hair'd Ceres, o'erturning her horn
Bedeck'd the proud fields, with her golden-ear'd corn—
And Zephyr and Flora their perfumes bestowing
Strew'd beds for the maidens of flow'rs that kept
blowing—

The nymphs planted mazes and bowers out of number,
Inviting the Shepherds to solace and slumber—
Pan guarded the silver-fleec'd flocks with his reed,
Increas'd all the sheepfolds, and better'd their breed—
While Bacchus, supported by laughing Silene,
Encourag'd the rustics who gaz'd on the scene,
Where rich fertile vineyards, to grapes giving birth,
Discover'd to mortals the nectar of Earth.—

⁴ Apollo the fairest of shepherds, that day,
Took a fancy (since common to Poets they say)

⁴ If we are to believe the account of other Poets, Apollo was banished from heaven for having slain the Cyclops, who had forged the thunderbolts of Jove. Æsculapius, according to the heathen mythology, had been slain by Jupiter, for restoring the dead to life, and the Delphic God revenged his death in the manner above-

To alter his features, and crop his bright locks,
 And then go and watch o'er Admetus's flocks.
 His wit which was better than country folks trade in,
 Was lov'd by each swain, and no doubt by each
 maiden—

He gave them fine arts ; he taught the young misses
 To dance, sing, and then—play at forfeits for kisses.'

mentioned. Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, are silent on the subject of Apollo's turning shepherd ; but Tibullus has twice alluded to it.

" Pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo
 Nec cythara, intonsæ profueruntve comæ !" &c.

Lib. II. Eleg. 3.

In another place the same Poet puts the following confession into the mouth of Apollo :

" Me quondam Admeti niveas pavisse Juvencas,
 Non est in vanum fabula picta Jocum."

Lib. III. Eleg. 4.

" The elegant Sanazzarro has also introduced the shepherd Apollo, in the Prosa of his third Eclogue of the Arcadia.—' Ed in un de' lati vi era Apollo biondissimo il quale appoggiato ad un bastone di salvatica oliva guardava gli armenti di Admeto ; alla riva d'un fiume e per attentamente mirare due forti tori che con le corna si urtavano, non si avvedea del sagace Mercurio che in abito pastorale con una pelle di capra appicata sotto al sinistro omero gli furava le vacche.' T.

Spenser, after recounting the love-intrigues of Jupiter, alludes to those of Apollo during his exile from heaven : but the celebrated English melodrame of Midas conveys the best idea of the character and employment which Wieland meant to assign to this " fairest of shepherds." T.

“ Does this description please you Danaë ? Ah, how many beautiful pictures would the poetical Vateau compose from such wild and unconnected subjects. How happy were the men of yore⁵—

‘ Blissful life of constant pleasure,
 Ignorance its dearest treasure !
 Then the savage had not known
 A happier station than his own ;
 Ever sporting, kissing, dreaming,
 These, his highest transports seeming !’

“ Who would imagine Danaë that these *Αυτοχθόνες*, (nay, do not be alarmed at this terrible word) clad in rough skins, and stretched under the shade of oaks and hazels, these creatures, in outward appearance, not unlike the larger apes of Africa, or the East Indies, who I say would imagine that these, and the happy children of the Golden Age, were one and the same race of beings : But rude as their condition was it would never have been bettered, had not the Graces and the

⁵ For a short but classical description of the golden, silver, brazen and iron ages, and also of the Age of Heroes and Demigods, vide Hesiod, in his *εργων & ημερων*. Lib. a. v. 109 to 160. Similar descriptions may be found in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, Lib. I. Virgil’s *Georgics* I., &c. &c.

Muses united to model into men, the creatures which Nature had barely fashioned. By the assistance of these deities this savage race began to amend ; they learned various arts ; their lives and manners were soon ameliorated and refined ; their wit was improved ; their passions were softened and a thousand new sensations implanted in their hearts—

“ Till this period the Graces had never been heard of ;

‘ No Poet yet where peaceful Peneus ⁶ glides,
Had seen the Graces dance with loosen’d zone ;
Nor mark’d their rural cot which Nature hides,
In fairest vale to Gods and men unknown !’

“ You ask why so much secrecy was necessary ?

“ The mother of the Graces had, no doubt, good reasons for using it, reasons which had now long ceased to exist but you shall hear the story.

“ You must have already learned from the Poets, that Venus was the mother of the Graces, there are

⁶ This Thessalian river received its name from Peneus, the son of Oceanus and Tethys. Its waters were stagnated in the Vale of Tempe, after the earthquake which had separated the mountains Ossa and Olympus. On the banks of this river Daphne was changed into a laurel.—Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* I. v. 452. Virgil’s *Georgics* IV. v. 317, &c.

however few who can tell the name of their father. Many vague reports have arisen on the subject. You shall have the story fresh from the fountain of truth.—

“ When ⁷ Venus springing from the ocean, raised her beautiful form above the waters, heaven and earth beheld her with ecstasy. The Gods themselves were at a loss, and could not decide whose favourite she should be. The shortest way would have been to have left the young Goddess to the choice of her own heart; for love had made the Gods so coy, that no one thought himself worthy of preference, and they would not draw lots for her.

“ The matter remained for some time undetermined, and might have remained so for ever, had not Momus, to the satisfaction of all, proposed this whimsical decision: ‘ Bestow the young Goddess on the ⁸ ugliest of

⁷ The classical reader will not be at a loss to find poetical descriptions of Venus and Vulcan, and Mars, among the ancient Poets. The lover of Italian literature will find the same subjects discussed by Ferrante Pallavicino, who has introduced them in his elegant Tale entitled, “ *La rete di Vulcano* ;” and also by Nicolo Franco, in the first of his Dialogues. T.

⁸ This decision is contrary to the commonly received opinion. The match was doubtless an unpleasant one to Venus. John Lilly, in one of his six court comedies, published during the reign of Elizabeth, introduces a whimsical allusion to the marriage of Venus and Vulcan. The title of the comedy is *Sappho and Phaon*, and as the work is scarce, I may, perhaps, be allowed to quote the follow-

her immortal suitors!' Vulcan was the happy one elect, and the rest of the Gods made themselves as merry at his wedding, as if each had celebrated his own nuptials. As for the amiable bridegroom he flattered himself—but what grounds could he have to flatter himself upon? Was it the virtue and constancy of the Goddess of Love?—Oh ticklish ground! But still it was better for Vulcan that he thought as many other easy husbands do!—In the meantime Venus taking advantage of the irresolution of the Gods, clandestinely became the mother of the Graces.—Hear how it happened—

' Not yet the Cyprian queen her throne had fix'd
In Amathùs⁹, and all too young to hear

ing passage. " It is no lesse unseemly than unwholesome for Venus, who is most honoured in prince's courtes, to sojourn with Vulcan in a smith's forge, where bellows are insteade of sighes and dark smoakes arise for sweete perfumes; and for the panting of lovin ge heartes is only heard the beating of steeled hammers. Unhappy Venus that carrying fire in thine own breast, thou shouldest dwell with fire in his forge. What doth Vulcan, all day long, but endeavour to be as crabbed in manners as he is crooked in body? driving nails when he should give kisses, and hammering hard armours when he should sing sweet amours.—' It came *by lot*, and not by love, that I was linked to him.' "—Act I. Scene I.

⁹ Amathùs, a city on the south side of the isle of Cyprus, and dedicated to Venus.—Virg. *Æn.* X. 51. calls it Amathusia.

Unmov'd, variety's inviting call,
 Went forth in happy hour this lower world
 To see and beautify—onward from place
 To place her car proud swans exulting drew,
 While busy Zephyrs strew'd with flow'ry sweets
 The shores she rested on, and roseate bow'rs
 Sprung round the wild and solitary baths
 In which the matchless Queen of Beauty lav'd !'

“ These favoured spots still bloom in the works of the Greek and Roman poets—the delightful shores of the ¹ Eurotas—the ² Thessalian Tempe—the flowery ³ Enna, made famous by the rape of Proserpine—the aromatic Mount ⁴ Hybla—the rose-bearing ⁵ Cythera—

¹ There were two rivers of this name ; one flowing from Laconia to Sparta, and called for distinction Basilopotamus, or the King of Rivers, Pausan. iii. c. 1. ; the other in Thessaly, near Mount Olympus ; this river united itself with the Peneus, Strab. vi.

² The Valley situate between the mountains Olympus and Ossa, in Thessaly. See former note on river Peneus.

³ Enna, in the midst of Sicily, whence Pluto is said to have carried off Proserpine ; its modern name is Castro Giovanni.

⁴ A mountain of Sicily, afterwards called Megara, it was celebrated for the abundance of aromatic plants and odoriferous flowers, which it bore indigenously.

⁵ Cythera, an island on the coast of Laconia, in the Peloponnese. From this island Venus was surnamed Cytherea. The Phenicians built a temple there, and dedicated it to Venus. T.

the pleasant groves of ⁶ Dafne, the magic calm of which made the Stoic M. Antoninus for a while forget

⁶ Dafne, near Antioch. Wieland here alludes to the adopted son of the Emperor surnamed Pius, and successor to Adrian. This adopted son, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, was styled the Philosopher, and was a prince as virtuous as his predecessor, Pius. He died aged sixty-one, after a reign of nineteen years. We are indebted to his labours for the philosophical work entitled *Ta Kaθ' εαυτον*. Edit. Cam. 4to. 1652.

The address of Lucretius to Venus is well known, and the translation of it which Spenser has introduced in his *Fairy Queen*, Canto X. is highly elegant.

XLIV.

“ Great Venus, Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly;
Thee, Goddess, thee, the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh and all the world shews joyous cheer!

* * * * *

And again :

XLVII.

“ So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair ;
Ne aught on Earth that merry is and glad,
Ne aught on Earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare !” T.

the cares of this world ;—in a word, Danaë, the most beautiful scenes in the universe have to thank the presence of the Goddess of Love for the superiority of their charms—no spot was left without some memorial of her visitation—wherever she deigned to look, a terrestrial paradise or happy islands (like those of the blessed) began to flourish—a perpetual spring took possession of the earth—wildernesses bloomed like the gardens of the ⁷ Hesperides—on every side hedges of myrtle and roses offered their fragrant and inviting shade. Then man, and man particularly, felt the inspiration of her presence.

1.

‘ Each nymph that before had been prudish and coy,
And dreaded the shadow of man at high noon,
Now led thro’ old groves by the Cyprian boy,
Would hazard her steps by the light of the moon.

2.

‘ Till, glowing his eye and extended his arm,
A frolicksome fawn at the close of the day,
Fled to her, and she never dreaming of harm,
(Why should she, poor innocent?) fled not away!

⁷ Hesperides, according to the ancient mythology, the daughters of Hesperus, who guarded the golden apples, which were afterwards plucked by Hercules.

* * * * *

1.

' Each shepherd (that long had been smit with Love's
 dart,
 At the feet of his nymph had vow'd he should die,
 Oft sigh'd and oft wept, but had ne'er touch'd her
 heart)
 Soon forgot to be timid, soon ceas'd to be shy !

2.

' Embolden'd he ventur'd to steal the first kiss,
 But fear'd with a glance from her eye to expire,
 When laughing, his Cloë repeated the bliss,
 And kissing again added fuel to fire !'

* * * * *

' Old ^s Tithon long dead to the charms of the fair,
 And blind to the smiles of each nymph debonair,

^s Tithonus, son of Laomedon, King of Troy. Aurora became enamoured of his beauty, and conveyed him away. He begged of the Goddess to make him immortal ; his request was granted, but as he had forgotten to ask for a continuance of the youth and beauty he then enjoyed, he soon grew old and infirm. When life became insupportable, he prayed Aurora to remove him from the world ; the Goddess consented, and changed him into a grasshopper.
 T.

Now quickly reviv'd by Aurora's embrace,
Shar'd transports befitting his deified race.'

"In preference to all other pastures in the world, Venus chose those delightful ones, which extend from the foot of Mount⁹ Amanus—highly-favoured meads, destined to witness the most splendid of the conquests of the Goddess of Love! Here it was that she first encountered the offspring of Jove and the beautiful Semele. The Nymphs of¹⁰ Nysa had placed the youth in a bower among the mountains. Weary with the fatigues of the chase, Venus beheld him reclining on a bed of ivy and roses.

"Oh, Danaë, could I but paint the youthful Bacchus, your own heart would then perhaps experience what the fascinated Goddess felt at that first rencontre."

"Well, but at least make the attempt."

"I consent, Danaë, provided you will allow me the liberty of borrowing my colours from the cabinet of¹ Winkelman.

⁹ Amanus, one of the mountains of Cilicia, to the north of the Isle of Cyprus.

¹⁰ These were the nymphs to whom Jupiter entrusted the early education of Bacchus. Vid. Ovid. Met. III. v. 313.

"(Furtim IHum primis Ino matertera cunis
Educat—inde datum nymphæ *Niseides* antris
Occuluère suis lactisque alimenta dedère—)."

¹ Winkelman, author of the well-known treatise upon ancient sculpture. T.

‘ Just had he reach’d that prime (as poets sing)
 Where blooms the sweet and pleasure-yielding spring
 Of life for ever green, for ever young ;
 The perfum’d breath that left his coral lip
 Smelt like the baths where opening rose-buds dip,
 And health and strength from youth’s pure
 fountains sprung,—
 Fresh pleasures sportive play around his breast,
 And beaming eyes love’s kindling fires attest !’

“ You may also remember the beautiful song of the
² Thleim of the Greeks. Had Anacreon seen the
 youthful Bacchus in this situation, he would have mis-
 taken him for his favourite ³ Bathyllus.

‘ Deep in the myrtle’s dark’ning shade he lay,
 While reason ’midst bewild’ring slumbers rov’d—
 Trac’d in his looks gay fancy’s visions stray,
 And speak the God with inward raptures mov’d.’

² Thleim, one of the lyric poets of Germany.

³ Bathyllus—Horace in a short ode complaining of want of energy
 to finish some iambic verses, which he had promised to Mæcenas :

“ Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
 Anacreonta Teïum,
 Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem
 Non elaboratum ad pedem.”

Hor. Ep. Lib. Ode 14. T.

“Chance could never have brought these youthful Deities together at a more favourable moment; nor was it possible for the Goddess of Love to contemplate so beautiful a youth without being enamoured of him:

‘For Bacchus he was kind and fair,
And kind and fair was Beauty’s Queen;
How should it else have come to pass,
That either lov’d as soon as seen?
Besides, ‘Baumgarten’s proofs declare,
It could not else have come to pass.’

“The tender young Goddess never appeared so beautiful and captivating as at this first interview with the God of Wine. She who spreads over all the warm influence of love (wherever she turns her eye) had herself till then never felt its effects. A sigh, the first that ever left her glowing bosom, told her that she loved.—The sigh of Venus!—Happy immortal who experienced its power, and thereby perceived that he was indeed more than mortal—for what human being could have withstood the shock of those raptures, impelled by which the youthful Bacchus flew into the

⁴ The celebrated German naturalist and philosopher.

arms of Venus ?..... You should remember, Danaë, that this lover was but a stripling, so interesting and innocent (and more particularly interesting on account of that innocence) that his charms were sure to captivate and enslave.

‘ Had chance directed Dian’s footsteps there,
Not all her purity had stood the test,
When Venus checked the youth with luring care,
Then press’d him softly to her swelling breast.’

“ The heathen Deities are not always able to rule over Nature ; there are cases in which Gods as well as men are equally subject to her power. The youthful Bacchus and the tender Venus gave themselves up to those soft sympathies, which their innocent inexperience had till then been unacquainted with.....

“ Oh, Danaë, your delicacy need not be alarmed ! I have, really, suppressed half-a-dozen of the most beautiful verses I was ever inspired with ; still, if I thought that you fancied they were omitted to serve my own convenience, then I”

“ No, no, I cannot imagine any thing to your disadvantage ; every one knows the warmth of your pencil ; but still let”

“ A beautiful garland of roses encircle the warm picture I would paint?—Be it so, Danaë, your orders shall be obeyed ; see here is the outline !”



BOOK II.

“AMOR! Love! you know him, do you not, Danaë?”

—“And suppose I knew no more of him than the descriptions of your friends Thleim and Jacobi would teach me, or the gems of antiquity, or the engravings of ¹ Daullè and ² Mechel, after the pictures of ³ Coypel and ⁴ Vanloo?”

¹ Daullè, Jean, graveur du Roi, nè a Abbeville, mort à Paris en 1763, âge de 54 ans, a gravé avec un égal succès l'histoire et le portrait. Entre les piécès que l'on a de sa main on distingue particulièrement le Triomphe de Venus, d'après Boucher, &c. &c.—F. Basan's *Dictionnaire des Graveurs*.

² Mechel, Christian, graveur moderne, natif de Bâle, a gravé a Paris. “L'Amour qui décoche une flèche d'après Carle Vanloo.” Basan's Dict.

³ Coypel, Antonio, a celebrated French painter, born at Paris, 1661, made a noble for his merit. He painted the grand Gallery of the Palais Royal.

⁴ Vanloo, Carle Amadis Philip, who, together with Louis Michel Vanloo, were the sons of the celebrated Giovanni Battiste, who died 1745. Besides these there was another Vanloo, sirnamed Carle André, equally celebrated as an artist. T.

—“ In that case, Danaë, any French Poet would politely offer to make you better acquainted with the little God, whereas all that I could say, would be, that I pitied you.

—“ Love, when very young, having lost himself during a ramble through the groves of Arcadia, fell asleep among some myrtle bushes.

‘ On earth’s flower-spangl’d lap, mid violets sweet
And blooming hyacinths his limbs recline,—
Their heads the joyous plants uplift, to meet
His lovely frame, and court his touch divine!’

—“ Should these verses chance to please you, Danaë, you must thank Homer for them. That poet first placed the Father of the Gods on a similar couch, when⁵ Juno (aided by Sleep) found means to make him for a while forget that she was his consort.

⁵ The passage alluded to, is in *Iliad* XIV. 395. where Juno leaves Jupiter asleep, and hastens to assist the Greeks against the Trojan fleet.

“ Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers :
Thick new-born vi’lets a soft carpet spread,
And clust’ring Lotus swell’d the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the paths bestrow,
And flaming crocus made the mountain glow!”

Pope’s Translation.

—“ When Cupid awoke, he found himself surrounded by three young maidens, the most lovely his eyes had ever beheld. Their resemblance to each other was so striking, that at the first *coup d'œil* they appeared like three copies of the same original.

“ This lovely Trio were going at eventide, to gather flowers with which they were accustomed to strew the bed of their supposed mother Lycanion. “ Here are plenty,” cried the youngest nymph, running towards the spot where Cupid slept. Conceive how agreeably she was surprized on discovering him nestling among the flowerets.

“ Quick, (with whisper soft she cries)

“ Lest the sleeper ope his eyes.

Milton has borrowed this description, and introduced it in *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. and IX.

“ Roses and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic ; underfoot, the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Broider'd the ground,” &c.

Book IX.

“ Flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap !” &c. T.

“ Sisters, hither, tripping light,
“ Come, and view this beauteous sprite !
“ Maiden none, yet still as fair
“ As our fairest maidens are.
“ Mark its locks of golden hue,
“ Shoulders mottled, white and blue :
“ Like a bird, it droops its head,
“ Couch’d upon a flowery bed.
“ Sisters, did you ever see
“ Such matchless form and symmetry ?”

“ The other sisters ran to the spot, and the Trio stood
around contemplating the infant God with tender
admiration.

‘ Its face how fair ! its mouth how red !
Golden tresses gild its head ;
Snow-white are its rounded arms,
As it smiles a thousand charms,
Playing round each dimpled cheek,
Inward mirth and joy bespeak !
Aglaja, let us catch it, pray,
Ere it waking fly away.’
‘ Catch it. Oh you’re wond’rous wise !
And what, when caught, would be your prize ?’

‘ Sister, why this question ask ?
 Mine shall be the willing task,
 To teach this little One to play,
 Sing and while the hours away !

* * * * *

See how Innocence doth keep
 Watching o’er the spell of sleep.
 View that tender little arm,
 Sure it ne’er was form’d for harm.
 Shall we, sisters, break the charm ?’

}

“ Oh Diana, preserve us ! cried the youngest sister,
 in a fright. What have we here strewed among the
 flowers ? a bow and a quiver full of golden arrows !

‘ Stay, perhaps, it may be Love,
 An Imp that would our ruin prove.
 No, that face and form so slim,
 Are too pretty, far, for him.

* * * * *

Should it be that dragon, dread,
 Which our mother told us, fed
 On hearts of maidens in despair.
 Sisters, sisters, have a care !
 But that stranger would affright,
 This transports us with delight ;

Such charms in all its features move,
It never, never can be love.'——

"My heart beats with anxiety, said the gentle Pasithea. Poor little innocent, it was not anxiety, but love which distressed her.

"Come away, sisters, cried Aglaja, the safest way is to be gone.

"Speak not so loud, whispered the merry Thalia, who was loth to leave the little sleeper. Whatever it may be, I am sure it can do us no harm.

"But if it really should be Love, said Pasithea, indeed, indeed, the safest way is to leave it.

"Sisters, returned Thalia, a thought strikes me,

'What say you? let's bind him with garlands of flow'rs,
With ivy, and tie up his wings in rose fetters;
Then, should he be Love, though he swear by the
Pow'rs,
And struggle and fret—we still are his betters.

⁶ The idea expressed in these lines, as well as those in the Italian quoted below, seem to have been borrowed primarily from the Ode of Anacreon, beginning,

*Ἄμυσται τον Ερωτα
Δησασαι τεφανοισι,' &c.*

Metastasio has a pretty little poem, entitled, "L'Amor Prigio-

We'll break all his arrows, nor let him go free,
Till he promise as tame as a lambkin to be!

"This scheme pleased the three sisters. They took off their garlands, and plaiting fresh ones, wound them so tight round the arms and wings of Cupid, that when this little conqueror of Gods and men awoke, all his strength could not break the chains asunder.

"In order to witness in secret the awaking of their captive, the nymphs concealed themselves behind a

nero." Diana having found Love sleeping in the woods, binds him, and then desires her nymphs to break his arrows, and clip his wings. The same poet, in another canzonet, entitled, "Le Grazie Vendicate," details the various tricks which Cupid had played the Graces. Among others, that of his binding Aglaja exactly resembles Wieland's description of the Graces in the act of binding Love.

Aglaja. Amor chi non lontano

Furtivo mi osservò, subito corse

E d'intrecciate rose

Saldo laccio compose, a me s'appressa

Cheto e leggier : con replicati giri

Me ne accolge, m'annoda

Al tronco d'un alloro, e fu sì destro

Che gl'inganni intrapresi

Compiè, tornò a celarsi e nulla intesi."

myrtle hedge. The prisoner did not long remain in suspense ; a burst of laughter betrayed his merry foes, and waking, he espied them in their ambuscade. His little heart leaped for joy ; never before had he seen so lovely a Trio, and in soft seductive tones he thus addressed them :

“ Ye beautiful nymphs, pray pity my weeping,
 “ Oh help a poor boy, and flee not away—
 “ For Love is my name, and Venus my mother,
 “ Lost, as I chanc’d through the meadows to stray ;
 “ Fast fetter’d by some cruel wood-god or other,
 “ While on the flow’rs I lay carelessly sleeping⁷ !”

⁷ The Italian poet, Benedetto Menzini, in his elegant poem, beginning, “ Voi che amor schernite,” has a passage somewhat similar to this of Wieland’s, at least in scenical description.

‘ Amor cinto di penne,
 Tu fatto Prigioniere ;
 Da belle Donne altiere
 Che con dure ritorte,
 Le braccia al tergo attorte
 A quel meschin legaron
 Aime ! quel pianto amaro
 Scendea dal volto al petto
 Di fino avorio schietto !’

This same subject has been handled by a more modern, though not less celebrated poet of Italy, the Marchese Maffei, who, in his

"Hear him, cried Aglaja, the rogue has betrayed himself.

"Yes, answered the gentle Pasithea, but he begs so sweetly that we must go to him. His fetters are quite fast, and he never can harm us.

"So you are Love, are you? asked the laughing Thalia.

"Yes, beautiful nymph, I am indeed Cupid, the god of soft desires; and never felt I so completely

cantata between Licori, Silvio, and Amore, represents Cupid entangled in the nets of the fowler, and crying for assistance.

"*Amor.* Aità! oime! qual frode aità! aità!"

"*Licor.* Qual miraviglia? mira

Che strano angel nell' alta rete è avvolto.

Ha d'uom la voce e 'l volto!"

"*Sil.* Che veggio? io 'l oiglio inarco

Fanciul che ha l' ali e l' arco? egli è stesso

Che già ferimmi, è Amor—L. come? S. egli è desso."

"*Amor.* Innocente pargoletto

Soccorete per pietà

S' io qui resto avvinto e stretto

Tutto il mondo languira!"

Or Tu che in Terra, è 'n ciel tuoi lasci ordisci,

Come negli altrui lacci ora cadesti?"

"*Amor.* Mentre volando, e revolando in questi

Solighi bosci nuove prede io traccio

Urtai nel teso impaccio

Maladetto qual dì

Che un folle sdegno i rai mi ricropri!" T.

assured of it as from the first instant that I beheld you.

“ You are a young flatterer, answered the maiden, but shall not deceive us ; and for the very reason that you are Love, you must remain our prisoner.

“ But why, although I be Love?

“ Oh we must first break all your arrows.

“ Must break all my arrows—a rare piece of fun !
But first, pretty maiden, say what have I done ?
Must Love die for love, or for looking at you ?
Break all if you will, I don't care if you do ;
For quick would my quiver find better supplies
In the arrowy showers which dart from your eyes !

“ Cupid varnished his flattery with such smooth and specious entreaty, that the sisters knew not how to determine.

“ If this really be Love, whispered they, then must there be two Loves, for this one is nothing like the monster our mother warned us against, but is so friendly and innocent that we must unbind him.

“ Well, but if he gets away from us ?

“ Never, lovely nymphs, cried Cupid, who overheard their whispering, never shall I desire it—Be better acquainted with the power you have over me. The very thought of leaving you would be intolerable. My wish is to stay with you for ever.

“ Will you then go with us, stay with us, and be our playfellow ?

“ Yes indeed will I, for—

1.

“ I ne’er could be the God of Love
To think of leaving you—

“ With herds and hinds, through woods to rove,
While I to Paphos flew !”

2.

“ No, gentle sisters, no, all three
To Venus’ court I’ll bear—

“ To sport and play, and live with me,
And be my mother’s care !”

“ This offer of Love pleased the maidens. Paphos !—the court of Venus !—these certainly must be delightful. Their effect was soon perceived.—What is this sudden tenderness which possesses me ? cried one. Now I am myself again, and awake as from a dream. Methought Love had bewitched us all : it is impossible to resist his smiles and soft glances.”

In short, the nymphs began to unbind Love’s flowery fetters.

How delighted was the little prisoner when he

recovered the liberty of one of his arms. Should you have thought, Danaë, that the first use he made of it would be in striving to embrace his fair deliverers ?

“ Hold, hold, cried Thalia, laughing, are you so wanton with but one arm ? beware, Love, for you shall not have the other set free till you have sworn to be perfectly manageable.

“ Well, but may not Cupid give you one kiss ?

“ A kiss, indeed, said the maiden, as a roseate cloud passed over her glowing face.

“ *Thalia.* No, Love, no, it can't be so,
We pay too dear, for empty cheer,
If kiss we buy, from boy so sly,
No, Love, no, it can't be so !

“ A kiss gives pain, you sha'nt deceive,
“ For oft I've heard our mother cry,
“ Girls, kissing is no joke, believe ;
“ But twists each pretty face awry,
“ And makes the lips to burn and smart,
“ Then lights a flame within the heart !”

Cupid. “ Yes, from Faunus' lip, I own,
A kiss may make you smart ;
But, at mine, you'll ne'er repine,
My kiss revives the heart !
Do but try—I'm sure you'll cry,
Oh, gentle Love, we thank you !

Thalia. No, Love, no, it can't be so,
Give o'er the wanton task—I say :
Have done with this—you shall not kiss,
Till we our mother ask—away !

“ Very well, cried the little God, with a swaggering look, which added a thousand charms to his naïvète ; I see you must be made to like kissing, and shall soon persuade you to change your mind on the subject.”

Love thought to liberate himself by an easy struggle, but was quite mistaken. Shackles of adamant he might have broken, but these flowery fetters resisted all his efforts. What sort of maidens can these be, thought the captive, staring full in their faces, as if wishing to read the history of their mysterious existence.

“ Why do you stare at us so earnestly ?” asked Aglaja.

“ I was asking myself which of the three should be my greatest favourite.”

“ And pray what answer did self make you ?”

“ They are all so beautiful that you can give no preference.”

“ Well, but which of us can best please you ?”

“ She who will give me the first kiss.”

“ Sisters, sisters, cried Aglaja, with a sigh, I fear we shall repent having intermeddled with this pert little urchin.”

What were the poor nymphs to do? The sun was already sinking, and it was time for them to return to their cot. To leave Love bound, and exposed in the woods, was so cruel a deed, that no one gave it a moment's consideration.

“ Come, Love, said the sisters, we will unbind you. Swear, therefore, to be civil and complaisant in every thing we require of you.

“ Ah! who would have dreamed, said the little prisoner, that mistrust could dwell in the hearts of three such tender young maidens. However I will do every thing you desire of me.

LOVE'S OATH.

“ By the playful charms that lie
Revelling in each sister eye :
By these flow'ry bands so tight,
By my train of Zephyrs light ;
Zephyrs, who close ambush keep,
Or on virgin bosoms sleep :
Till rous'd by me, the sportive host
Quickly seek their favourite post,
Where on beauty's nectar lip
Their pleasure-breathing wings they dip !

By the grape inspiring cheer,
Kindling love and quenching fear.
By my Mother's team of doves ;
By the ¹ sleeper Dian loves ;
By the race ² Atlanta run ;
By the fleece bold Jason won ;
By fair ³ Ariadne's clue ;
By the spear ⁴ Æneides threw ;

¹ Endymion.—A shepherd beloved by Diana, who beheld him sleeping on Mount Latmos, whence he is sometimes called " Latmus heros."

² Atalanta.—According to Ovid, an Arcadian, who preferred a life of celibacy, till Hippomenes (having beaten her in a foot-race, by means of the golden apples which Venus gave him) became her husband. Atalanta had many suitors, who ventured to try their speed with her, but they were beaten and killed by the javelin of the nymph, according to the conditions of the race. Hippomenes, however, having successively thrown down the golden apples during the race reached the goal, while Atalanta was delayed in picking them up.

³ Ariadne.—Daughter of Minos, king of Crete. She fell in love with Theseus, and supplied him with a clue of thread, by which he liberated himself from the mazes of the labyrinth, and slew the Minotaur. He afterwards carried away Ariadne to the Isle of Naxos, where he deserted her, and left her to perish by means of her own hands.

⁴ Æneides.—Meleager, the son of Æneus, king of Ætolia, who killed the wild boar sent by Diana to infest the country of Ætolia. Diana inflicted this pest, because Æneus had neglected her altars.

By ⁵ Dafne's laurels, fam'd of old,
 By ⁶ Leda's egg, and ⁷ Danaë's gold ;
 Your captive swears whate'er he's told !"

" Simple-hearted nymphs to suppose that the oaths of Love would be binding !

" Is it not surprising, Danaë, that so many hearts (since the first that was betrayed by an oath) should every day be duped by protestations not an atom more binding than these of Cupid were ?"

" True, sir, but I am still your creditor for the picture you owe me."

" What picture, and of whom ?"

" Of the Graces, with whose history you have hitherto amused me without giving the slightest sketch of their persons."

⁵ Dafne.—A nymph, daughter of the River Peneus. She resisted the love of Apollo, who pursued her. On supplicating the Gods to assist her, Dafne was changed into a laurel-tree. Apollo crowned himself with the leaves of the tree, and hence the laurel is sacred to that God.

⁶ Leda.—Who in consequence of her amour with Jupiter in the shape of a swan, became the mother of Pollux and Helena, Castor and Clytemnestra, and these four sprung from the two eggs which Leda brought forth.

⁷ Danaë.—Daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos. Jupiter fell in love with her, and visited her in the shape of a shower of gold. T.

“ So much the worse for me, Danaë. I certainly once thought of painting the innocent Graces, who had need of a brother’s assistance to remove the light veil which Arcadian simplicity had thrown around them, and to make them better known to the God of Love.”

“ Tell me then their ⁸ form.”

“ Pardon me, Danaë, you now ask more than I can grant. The three Goddesses certainly appeared very charming, even in their pastoral attire, but a few strokes from my friend Cæsar’s pencil will give you a better idea of their personal beauty than any description of mine can.”

“ They were not as generally represented, then?”

“ Unattired, do you mean? No, they were partly clad after the manner of the Arcadian shepherdesses, only with superior elegance. The maidens of Arcadia strove to imitate them, but that principle which made Graces of the daughters of Venus, however clad, defied all imitation. ⁹ It was not (as one might say) a nose-

⁸ The Graces have often been represented as very diminutive in their persons; and one of the most elegant of the French critics has made the following observation upon it:—“ Nous ne sommes pas non choquez de ce qu’ on a feint que les Graces estoient petites et d’une taille fort nuë; on a voulu montrer per la que les agrements consiste dans des petites choses, quelquefois dans une geste, ou dans un souris, quelquefois dans un air negligé, et dans quelquechose des moins.”—Pere Bouhours, *Manière de bien penser*. T.

⁹ The whole passage from ⁹ to ¹ may be considered as a

gay of this or that sort, placed in any bosom, but a bouquet, placed by the hand of one of the Graces on the bosom of another : it was like that magic sensation which no one can describe, and which the most sensible souls (as the peculiar favourites of nature) are alone destined to experience.

“ I know not whether the Graces which Socrates when a youth carved in marble, were represented with flowing robes and unbound zones, but I am sure that a true delineation of the Graces in that situation, could never be achieved by the pencil of a Rheubens, a Boucher, or any other painter you choose to name.”

“ Young, beautiful, and captivating, they might paint them, but still not Graces.”

“ Their pictures might be extolled, but the apotheosis of form which adorned these three Goddesses, would only come within the powers of an Apelles or a Correggio ; and were even these to attempt it, their talents must be aided by peculiar inspiration. If, indeed, nature should ever think fit to concentrate in one artist, the imagination of Correggio, the spirit of Raphael, and to add to these the magic colouring of the most refined pencils of the Dutch school, then might

parenthetical digression of the author's, who introduces it, partly for the sake of complimenting his friend Winkelman, and partly for the sake of censuring the works of some of the modern painters. T.

this Phoenix be allowed to venture all his talents in the execution of the picture for which he felt himself so peculiarly qualified.

“ From an artist like this we might fairly expect all those imaginary charms which belong to the Graces,—charms of which the enthusiastic Winkelman writes so rapturously, (yet as coming from his pen) so truly—‘ Their unique and unparalleled form, which strikes the beholder quick as thought, and seems produced by some airy spirit ; in short, that characteristic rapture giving beauty—that smile diffused over the whole contour—that spirit of attraction and joy appearing as if through a veil, and making us at once conscious that we are in the presence of immortal beings.’

“ However, since this picture appears so difficult to execute, I wish, Danaë, that you would unite with me, in entreating the artists of our day, that if they wish to exercise their talents in the delineation of unattired beauty, they will choose terrestrial originals, which they cannot profane. And should the painter think it more decorous not to throw aside the veil (to which he is so much indebted) from his common and unideal forms, still let him be cautious in removing the curtain which shelters the bath of beauty, merely on the ground that the fair nymph might fancy herself excluded from the eye of man¹.

Yes, Danaë, the Graces were attired, and in such dresses as best suited their simplicity.

“ Not press’d by Gothic braids of hair,
 Like those our grandames us’d to wear ;
 Not clad in airy garments light,
 As Rome’s proud matrons were bedight—
² Nor were they seen with zone unbound ;
 Or flowing robes that swept the ground ;
 As when, to grace the feast of Love,
 The Trio left the realms above—
 For then their vests of silver hue,
 Shone bright as those the Zephyr drew
 O’er blushing Luna’s eye, that glanc’d
 Where her shepherd lay entranc’d !”

² *Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis*

Gratiæ Zonis properentque Nymphæ, &c. &c.

Hor. Ode XXX.



BOOK III.

“ No sooner had the Graces unbound their prisoner, than he cried exultingly, Now I am free, and see, beautiful nymphs, what use Love makes of his freedom !” —In a moment, he fluttered alternately from the arms of one sister to the other, and sported so merrily, that the Graces pressed him tenderly to their bosoms, and returned him all the kisses he had snatched from them, without once asking their permission to do so.

“ I would not, Danaë, advise those who may be fond of love-games to follow Cupid’s example ; for one must either be Love himself, or have the little God for his pleader, to expect such success.

As soon as Love quitted the arms of his fair deliverers, he braided the flowery garlands which had fallen to the ground, into a long chain, and twisting one end of it round his waist, gave the other to the three Sisters, and at the same time declared his willingness to remain their prisoner.



*"and twisting one end of it
round his waist, gave the other to the
three Sisters."*

P. 46.



1.

“ Dear nymphs, your fetters are so light,
 That never in his life before,
 Till those fetters Cupid bore,
 Felt he Pleasure’s pure delight.

2.

“ But how shall he the Trio name,
 How in a word their charms express,—
 The smile, the look, the gait, and dress,
 That animate their perfect frame?

3.

“ Live, Graces, hence in Beauty’s train,
 So ¹ Cnidus’ Queen and ² Paphia’s Boy
 Shall hail that name with grateful joy,
 And by your aid triumphant reign.”

“ The Graces were unable to comprehend entirely these words; still, however, they understood enough of them to perceive that they were highly flattering. Who

¹ Cnidus or Gnidus, a town of Doris in Caria of Phenicia. Venus was worshipped there.

² Paphia; Venus was so called from the city of Paphos in Cyprus, where she chiefly resided. Horace, Ode xxx. Lib. i. addresses her as Queen of these two places.

“ O Venus, Regina, Gnidi, Paphique,” &c.

could have believed, cried Thalia, that Love would prove so polite?"

The little God himself scarcely knew how to account for his own feelings; and from the moment of his associating with these nymphs, lost the power of self-controul — all his frolicksomeness vanished, he was unable to play off a single trick—his sensibility became more refined, and he assumed by turns the appearance of softness and innocence, by the same principle that the camelion puts on at pleasure the colour of the object nearest to it. Had the maidens in question been of the common order of beings, Love would not have laid aside his wantonness ten minutes, to have preserved their peace of mind for ever. But in these three lovely Sisters lay concealed, as in the bud, pleasing innocence, agreeable goodness, and native sweetness of disposition, qualities so endearing, that Love could not but esteem them in a manner as if he had felt conscious that the fair and happy owners of them, were his sisters. Each nymph was equally fascinating, and so much so, that Jealousy herself must have been friends with them all, could we imagine that so unamiable and self-tormenting a passion, ever found a place near the hearts of the Graces.

"What will our mother say to us, cried the timid Pasithea, when we carry Love home with us?"

"We will fill this basket with roses, answered Thalia, put Love amongst them; carry him to our cot; say we

found him among the flowers, and ask our mother if she has ever seen any bird so pretty. What say you, sisters, to my scheme?

“ Oh! excellent Thalia, cried Love laughing. I will make myself as light as a butterfly. Leave the management of your mother’s reception to me; we shall both be good friends very soon.”

The little God now leaped into the basket, and the laughing and sporting Graces carried off their captive in triumph.

“ You will readily believe, Danaë, that the Shepherdess selected by Venus for the adopted mother of the Graces, had once been very beautiful: she was now, however, in the wane of beauty: her faithful swain was no Celadon, no Pastor Fido, nor Daphnis of Gesner, yet he might justly vie with the best of the Doric Shepherds of Theocritus; and his Lycanion, notwithstanding his old age, still loved him dearly.

“ Lycanion herself was standing at the door of her cot, when the Love-bearing nymphs came skipping into it with the basket of roses.

“ Dearest Mother, said Thalia,

“ Pray what’s this tiny bird we bring,
With pretty wings and golden hair,
And maiden face so fair?
Could it but half as sweetly sing

As talk, then every one who heard
Would love this singing bird,
With pretty wings and golden hair,
And maiden face so fair!—

“ Venus preserve us, cried the shepherdess, looking into the basket. What bird is it, indeed! Ah, my poor children, see you not that it is Love himself?

“ Yes, it is Love sure enough, replied Pasithea, but the very best and most tender-hearted Love in the world.

1.

“ Not Love, who so cruel, so wicked and wild,
Makes his feast on the hearts of poor girls in
despair,
Our Love is so gentle, so merry and mild,
He never can harm what is tender and fair!

2.

“ We bound him, while sleeping, with garlands of
flow'rs,
Long we resisted his pray'rs to be free;
Tho' he vow'd he was Love, and the gentlest of
pow'rs,
That he was but one, and to one we were Three!

3.

“ Then he swore ere we his rose fetters unbound,
 For aye to be innocent, harmless and kind ;
 Nor ever more sweetly did Love's accents sound,
 Than when in good humour he thus told his
 mind :

4.

“ Dear maidens, like sisters, I'll love you all Three,
 Be your friend, your protector and brother ;
 Will waft you to Cyprus, and there you shall be
 The favourite Trio of Love and his mother !”

“ Children, children, cried the old nurse, (not knowing that her foster children were the daughters of a Goddess) Love has deceived you, and is as wicked as he appears amiable.

1.

“ ³ Say, silly girls, do you think Love a child,
 All innocent, harmless and young,
 Deluded by him, too late you'll repent
 That you trusted his flatt'ring tongue.

³ Metastasio, in his poem before quoted, has an ariette somewhat similar in thought to this.

“ Ninfe, se liete
 Viver bramate

E 2

2.

“ Love, like a water-fiend, lurks on the shore,
And sings where the green rushes grow ;
But, ah ! if a list’ner enraptur’d draws nigh,
Love instantly drags him below !”

“ Ah, good mother, cried Love, what a pretty character you give me. Do not, I beseech you, terrify my three pretty maidens. Have you a right to blame me because Hymen has proved too tedious for you ? Let us then be good friends, my pretty Lycanion”—

“ What ho ! Damot ! what ho ! Damot ! where are you, Damot, how like you this young shepherdess ?

“ Oh ye Gods, cried husband and wife, embracing and admiring each other at the same moment. Are you my Damot ?—Are you my Lycanion ?—What power divine can thus suddenly have restored us to

Non gli credete
Non vi fidate
È un traditore
V’ ingannerà !
Tutto promette
Nulla mantiene
E quando ha strette,
Le sue catene
Mai più d’un core
Non hà pietà !”

youth again. Oh, Love, we acknowledge thy mighty power ; but our ecstasy alone must express our gratitude.

“ How ? are you also pleased with Love’s revenge, Danaë ! Picture to yourself the astonishment which this unhopèd-for joy occasioned. The transformation was immediately followed by another, which placed even Love himself in pleasing astonishment ! The cot in which the group were standing was suddenly transformed into a large bower, whose sides and top were thickly interwoven with myrtle, ivy, and vine-branches. Festoons of fresh roses, tied in true-lovers’ knots, hung about the bower, and the carved mug and cups on the table filled themselves with the choicest wines which overflowed their ⁴ sides.

Love acknowledging the invisible presence of his parents, gazed upon the wonder-struck Graces. But how much greater was his own astonishment, on witnessing the visible and distinct apotheosis of the three lovely nymphs, whose earthly form evanishing fell from them like an æry veil.—Breathing inexpressible charms, they hovered above the ground, immortal

⁴ “ And self prepar’d the splendid banquet stands,
Self pour’d the nectar sparkles in the bowl.”

Mrs. Tighe’s *Psyche*.

youth glistened in each eye. Their waving locks seemed to distil ambrosia, and a rose-scented robe, woven by the Zephyrs, encompassed their matchless forms.

“ Let us embrace, cried Love, in ecstasy. My eyes are now opened—the Gods have manifested your mysterious existence—embrace me, lovely Graces, for you are my sisters. The Goddesses caught Love in their arms.

“ But this was a scene which could only have been described by that poet, who so sweetly sung of the inspired statue of ⁵ Pygmalion, and of the deification of the Goddess Ino ⁶.

⁵ Ovid. *Metam. Lib. X. Fab. VIII.* celebrates the history of Pygmalion and his ivory statue, of which he became so violently enamoured that he prayed Venus to animate it. The Goddess complied with the earnest intreaty of the statuary, who marrying the vivified work of his own hands had by her a son, called Paphos, from whom, if we may credit the poet, the island of Paphos took its name.

“ *Illa Paphon genuit de quo tenet insula nomen!*”

V. 297.

The whole description in Ovid is highly finished, and well worthy of reference. T.

⁶ Ino, daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, and nurse to Bacchus. Juno, enraged at the great prosperity of Ino, sent Tysiphone, one of the furies, into her palace, who made Athamas the husband believe, that Ino his wife was a lioness, and her children whelps. The enraged father cast one of his sons against the wall and pursued Ino,

“ I assure you, Danaë, that I have now reached the extreme limits of ‘*mon possible*.’ ”

who, with her son Melicerta in her arms, threw herself into the sea. Neptune taking pity on Ino, changed her into a sea Goddess, afterwards called Leucothoe, and her son into a sea Deity, known by the name of Palæmon.—Ovid. Metam. Lib. IV. Fab. 14. Mr. Hollwell, in his abstract from Mr. Bryant’s Ancient Mythology, assures us, that Ino was no other than Iona or Venus herself, a reputed sea Goddess and nurse to Bacchus. T.



BOOK IV.

“ THE first inhabitants of ¹ Arcadia were for the most part herdsmen, naturally a good sort of people,

¹ Arcadia, an inland country of the Peloponnese, so called from Arcas, the son of Jupiter and Callisto. Potter, in his Grecian Antiquities, Vol. I. p. 1, tells us, that the Egyptians, Phrygians, and Scythians, fancied themselves to be the first race of mankind, and the Arcadians boasted that they were *προσεληνοι*, or before the moon. The want of letters was the great cause of this opinion, for wanting history, the first colonies of Greece had no means of recording or preserving the memory of their ancestors, and after a few generations forgot their mother country, and fancied that they had inhabited their own from the beginning of the world. Arcadia has ever been the favourite theme of the poets as well ancient as modern. Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Propertius, and other Greek and Latin poets have continually alluded to its scenery and inhabitants. In the Spanish language we have the Arcadia of Lope de Vega, in English of Sir Philip Sidney ; but the most celebrated of all is the Arcadia of Sanazzarro, published in the fifteenth century. This work deservedly ranks very high among the models of Italian composition. The elegance of its style, the

but far from being able to express themselves in such soft and cunning monologues as those which Guarini continually puts into the mouths of Corisca and Myrtilla.

“ We ought, however, Danaë, to pardon the faults of this Italian poet, because we are always carried away by the spirited style of his writings, the magic force of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. Still it must be allowed, that the unnatural mixture of Arcadian simplicity, and romantic subtilty of thought and

sweetness of its pastoral allusions and pictures, together with the purity of its language, make it deserving of the study and the praise of all who delight in Italian literature. A similar sort of work has been published in Germany, entitled *Arcadien*, but I am ignorant of the author's name. Whatever beauty the country of Arcadia in ancient times might have possessed above the other countries of Greece, seems long ago to have deserted it. Lord Byron, in the observations which accompany his poem of *Childe Harold*, does by no means allow that superiority of scenical attraction to Arcadia which it has generally enjoyed.—“ I heard,” says his Lordship, “ of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion, (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountain of the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.” The lovers of old English poetry, will find a good ideal description of Arcadia, in the *Thealma* and *Clearchus* of Izaak Walton, originally printed under the name of John Chalkhill.—See *Retrospect. Rev.* No. VIII. Nov. 1821. T.

expression (which ² Guarini combines in the characters of his lovers) produces in us a similar effect to that we should feel, on seeing the clipped hedges and trees of our pleasure gardens transplanted into the plains of Arcadia.

² The Pastor Fido of Guarini, although it possesses all the merit which Wieland here allows it, has been severely and justly criticized for a want of keeping in the characters which it portrays. Muratori, the best, perhaps, of all the Italian critics, censures Guarini for a want of moral instruction in the plot and language of his Pastor Fido, and after enumerating the means by which every good poet and dramatic writer ought to impress his audience with the love of virtue, and the detestation of vice, he adds—"Io non credo già che un tal frutto possa raccogliersi dal Pastor Fido, componimento degno bensì di gran lode ma difettoso nel fin politico del vero Teatro, cioè nel giovare al popolo veggendosi quivi non riprovata ma persuasa da i consigli d'una Corisca, dall' esempio di Dorinda e da altri non pochi ragionamenti tanto più perniziosi, quanto più teneri, l' impudicizia, e la follia de' bassi amori."—*La Perfetta Poesia*, Vol. II. Lib. III.——Gravina, also, in his *Ragion Poetica*, finds fault with Guarini's style; but Denina, a more modern critic, censures both the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini.—"L' *Aminta* Tragicomedia pastorale del medesimo Tasso, e il *Pastor Fido* del Guarini che ne è un' imitazione superiore all' originale; snervarono fratanto la poesia drammatica con intrecci troppo artificiosi con caratteri fuori dell' ordine naturale con lo stile soverchiamente studiato, oltrechè vi s' introdusse l' amore quasi l' unico e il principal soggetto delle favole loro."—*Vicende della Letteratura in Italia*, &c.

“ In spots, where unrestrain’d by laws of art,
The hand of nature sporting, wonder heap’d
On wonder, such as human rule or skill
Ne’er yet could match—huge, massy, grand,
sublime,—
In modest pride, in pleasing majesty,
In seeming harmony, though void of plan.
And where, at day-break’s calmer hour, soft rills
Flow’d underneath impending trees and shrubs,
Fit shelt’ring place for sun-burnt shepherd boy,
Or love-sick swain, or meditating bard !

“ These beautiful scenes nevertheless wanted inhabitants worthy of their attractions. The Arcadians as yet resembled but an imperfect and earth-born race, wanting those animating sparks of intellect, which³ Prometheus first undertook to steal from the mysterious fires of Olympus.

“ Freedom of will, Danaë, and an abundant supply of the necessities of life may afford that species of prosperity, which forms the basis of happiness, but is not happiness itself.

“ The Arcadians lived peaceably one with another. Necessity had given them the nobler ideas of common

³ Prometheus is here introduced as the allegorical representative of Counsel and Wisdom.

good, of virtue, and regularity, but they were unacquainted with the pleasures of refined society.

“ Their young men were mild, and their maidens modest, but their loves were too much under the guidance of natural instinct. Their souls (if I dare use ‘Milton’s expression) were not exalted to the ideas of refined happiness, resulting from the choice of their companions. Unbridled festivity prevailed at all their entertainments, which resembled those of the Thracians. Battles with cups and mugs took place, and their jollity generally ended in complete ⁵ intoxication.

4 “ A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates.”

Paradise Lost, B. VIII. v. 399, the Deity’s address to Adam.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est.

Horat. Od. I. 37.

⁵ Aristotle, in his *Metaph. Lib. IV.* mentions a curious property belonging to the wine of Arcadia—i. e. “ That if it be put into goat’s skins, and placed before the fire, it quickly assumes a chalky appearance, and at last is turned into salt.” If this be the fact, surely the drunkards of Arcadia must be more witty than the soberest of other countries ! The Thracians inhabited the southern parts of Scythia, and received their name from Thrax, the son of Mars, and chief Deity of their country. The manners of the Thracians were very different from those of the Scythians, who are celebrated by historians for their temperance, sobriety, and love of

“ But in those days the Gods themselves had no better pastimes, no finer amusements. Unacquainted with the laws of restraint and decorum, the Arcadians were strangers to many of the nobler sentiments of the soul—to that refined sensation which alone is worthy of the name of Love—to that bashful playfulness and winning smile which do not intoxicate, but gently elevate the soul, and, like Homer’s *Nepenthe*, lull to sleep all care—disarm all sadness, and qualify the heart for every delicate impulse and innocent joy.

“ It is true that at an early period the Muses had introduced their gifts among the Arcadians, who soon became celebrated above all the Greeks for their love of⁶ music. But the daughters of Jove, unaided by the Graces, must never expect to bring the accomplish-

virtue. Some writers, however, will not allow them these honourable distinctions, and *Anacreon* in one of his imperfect odes calls them sots.

“ Like the sots of *Scythia*’s shore,
Let us not drink, rant, and roar,
But let us our joys refine,
Wise and merry be with wine.”

Girdlestone’s Translation.

⁶ “ The Arcadians were generally fierce and savage till softened by the powers of music, which formed an essential part of their education. The *Cynethians* a branch of the same people, neglected the study of this science, and were the most ungovernable and ferocious among all the subjects of Greece.”—*Polybius*. T.

ments of man to perfection. — Such was the state of civilization in this part of ancient Greece, when Cupid and his sisters removed to Paphos, the seat of their beautiful mother, having previously determined to leave the first memorials of their power, amid the scenes in which their infancy had been spent in innocence and simplicity.

“ One of the ancient kings of Arcadia had instituted contests of beauty, in which the young shepherds only were allowed to contend. The day for deciding the prizes was now near at hand.

“ Wherefore, (said Damot, to his fellow-countrymen) should we any longer exclude our maidens from becoming competitors for a prize, they are as much interested in the games as the shepherds ?

“ You are right, Damot, answered the Arcadians, the maidens shall contend for a prize, and the fairest maiden from the hand of the fairest youth shall receive a garland of roses as the emblem of victory.

“ Nothing could be more simple than this proposal from Damot, yet no one had hit upon it before ; but this you know, Danaë, is generally the case in matters of discovery, and Damot himself would never have proposed such a prize, had not the Graces, though unobserved, inspired him with the thought, and made the Arcadians ready to execute it.

“ Hitherto, as Winkelman says of Diana, these maidens were beautiful without being adorned ; or to speak more correctly, their charms had never borrowed the foil of art to increase their brilliancy.

“ Where yet no temples stood in sacred groves
 Their holy rites to hold, the Shepherd tribes
 In unsophisticated nature came.
 Though hundreds came, no maiden thought to ask
 Herself, if she had power to charm or please !
 Perchance a ruddy face, a pouting lip,
 A bosom fair, a free and open mien,
 Or this, or that, would prove Love’s pleasing lure :
 Their eyes as yet to other sights estranged,
 Alone on Nature’s scenes content would gaze ;
 Nor Art with cunning hand these nymphs had taught
 So well the nosegays tints to spread, that half
 The bosom unadorn’d, eclips’d the whole ⁷
 Adorn’d.—

“ Suddenly, the feelings of the nymphs were roused,
 an ardent desire of pleasing throbbled in every heart,

⁷ Wieland has borrowed this thought from Hesiod—

“ *Ἰσηπιοι, οὐδ’ ἴσασιν οσφ πλεον ημισυ παντος.*”

But there is an awkwardness in the German version of it.—Milton’s well known line will best convey the idea intended by Wieland.
 T.

and beamed in every eye.—Solitary they stole away to the quiet groves, to the shadowy baths and grottoes, where murmuring streamlets collected themselves into transparent pools. Here, like ⁸ Hagedorn's country girls, they painted their faces, and contemplated themselves in the reflective surface of the waters..... Here also they studied how to place their garlands of flowers most becomingly, and considered by what arts they should improve a beauty, or conceal a blemish ⁹.

“ Among all the shepherdesses, no one had better pretensions to the prize of Beauty than Phyllis, a simple-hearted creature, who appeared by far more insensible to the pleasure of winning her lover, than any of her companions did. The youthful Daphnis (who was as bashful as Phyllis was fair and insensible) loved that nymph dearly. Two long summers had he pined for her, and a thousand times had been on the point of discovering his attachment, but as yet had never found natural courage enough to declare it :

⁸ Hagedorn, a celebrated pastoral poet of Germany, sometimes styled the Father of German Poetry.

⁹ “ One charmed by the slender elegance of her form, another by the snowy whiteness of her forehead, or of her heaving bosom ; this by the majestic beauty of the Goddess of the Chace, and that by the bewitching smile of Venus ; here tender youth unfolded its blushing charms like the unexpanded rose-bud ; there the ripe perfection of beauty resembled the full-blown flower.” Gesner, *Daphnis and Phyllis*, Book I. T.

“ His love-sick looks and amorous sighs,
And the glist’ning tears that fill’d his eyes,
Would tell Love’s torch his heart had fir’d ;
Yet what could such a simple Boy,
So meek, so bashful, and so coy,
Unless by Nature’s fire inspir’d !

“ It chanced one day, that Daphnis discovered his
Phyllis on the bank of a river

1.

“ On roses soft, and moss reclin’d,
With throbbing heart, and pensive mind,
Absorbed in thought the maiden lay ;
Her glowing features blushes grace,
Fresher than o’er the rose-bud’s face
Bright Eös sheds at break of day !

2.

“ Though now she felt Love’s pleasing pain,
Her eye ne’er caught the ambush’d swain,
But vacant rang’d the trees among ;
Where unconceal’d a cooing dove,
(The bird so fam’d for tender love)
Responsive to its helpmate sung !

“ While the young shepherd was standing behind some light bushes, with his eyes riveted on the nymph, Love, who hovered near by, inspired him with a thought at which the shepherd was astonished, for he perceived that it was not his own.—Now, whispered Love, now,

“ (While by each cheek and heaving breast,
Her inward feelings seem confess'd,
And Phyllis softly sighing cries !
' Ah where am I—what pleasing pain
Doth make me sigh ?')—“ Up, bashful swain,
“ Go, woo and win your yielding prize !”

“ Daphnis submitted to the secret influence of Love, but his bashfulness was too strong to give way all at once

“ With cautious steps the shepherd steals along,
His wallet fumbling as he tunes a song ;
Then loth sweet Phyllis' anger to provoke,
With faltering tongue his honest love bespoke !

“ All to no purpose ! Lost in pensive reverie, the beautiful shepherdess neither saw, nor heard him. A little impatience distressed the son of Venus—Why do you hesitate ? whispered he, throw yourself at the maiden's feet. Impelled by the gentle impulse which

Love gave him, Daphnis (before he was himself aware of it) knelt at the feet of his shepherdess

“ In fright the startled maiden fain had fled,
But every nerve and every limb seem'd dead ;
While vows so soft her Daphnis' pardon plead,
No nymph could hate, or not forgive the deed !

“ The youngest of Cupid's sisters, though unseen, had followed her roving brother, and now, when the loving shepherd embraced with tender violence the knees of the trembling maiden, Pasithea thought it high time to assist her old playfellow. Breathing softly upon her favourite Phyllis, such gentle fires of coy resistance glanced from the eyes of the latter, that they shed a brighter lustre over all the rest of her beautiful features—one moment, with the proud but timid hand of innocence, she repulsed her youthful lover ; and the next, her little anger melted into sympathy and love. Cupid himself appeared to lend all his magic aid to make the shepherd seducing.

1.

“ Poor Phyllis gaz'd, and wond'ring thought,
Why she before had been so weak,
As not to learn (what Love now taught,)
' That beauty bloom'd on Daphnis' cheek.'

2.

“ His curling locks of raven black,
 Dark eyes and rounded chin so fair,
 With dimples (such as others lack,)
 For ¹ Cupid's self had stamp'd them there !

3.

“ These charms before unseen, now claim
 The conquering maiden's tender care ;
 Her killing eyes their arrows aim,
 Shot through the ringlets of her hair !

4.

“ Blind lover he who could not view
 In those moist eyes some promis'd bliss,—
 Nor greet love's smile, when back she drew
 Her hand, and laughing cried, “ don't kiss!”—

“ Phyllis was the fairest of the shepherdesses that
 had as yet appeared in Arcadia, and Daphnis had now

¹ “ *Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.*”

“ The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.”

Childe Harold, Canto I. st. 58. T.

experienced the effect of love more forcibly than any of his companions. The warmest desire, tempered by the most delicate respect, rendered him incapable of profiting by the languishing manner of his mistress, and the lover seemed neither to desire—nor comprehend any greater bliss,

“ Than a kiss on her hand, or a glance from her eye,
To confess what her lips might wish to deny !

“ I need not tell you, Danaë, that our love should be always thus moderated, when the Graces and their brother divide the dominion of our hearts between them.

“ Dare I hope, exclaimed the eager Daphnis, that Love (after two long years of secret sorrow and hidden tears) is at last propitious ? or does deceitful Hope delude me ? If so, kind God of soft desires, never let me awaken from this enchanting dream.

“ A more tender glance, and a softer embrace conveyed the answer of the blushing maid.

“ Oh, Phyllis, to-morrow you will see all our young men together—each will strive to please you only, and this emulation will make them appear the more interesting—what, Phyllis, say, what will then become of your poor Daphnis ?

“ And you too, Daphnis, will to-morrow see all our

maidens together, and each will make her secret vows to Love, and she who may be able to please you, will reckon herself the fairest of the maidens of Arcadia.— But your Phyllis will hide herself behind in distrust, and not have courage enough to lift up her eyes— Oh, Daphnis, will your eyes then search for mine, and when they have found them, will they assure me that you still love me?

“ (A true lover’s answer to a question like this, Danaë, is so well known, that I need not detain you by repeating it.)

“ The long desired though fearful day of contest had now arrived.

“ Both young and old assembled themselves at the foot of a hill gradually rising into the form of an amphitheatre, whose summit was encircled by lofty trees through which the morning sun was just appearing.

“ Six old Arcadians (whose eyes were still keen enough to acknowledge every beauty, and challenge every fault) took their seats as umpires. The youths began the contest with a war-dance; they danced round a statue of the beautiful ²Hyacinthus, whom Apollo had loved. The workmanship of this statue was of

² Hyacinthus, son of Amyclas and Diomede, beloved by Apollo and Zephyrus, who when Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing at

ancient art, but nevertheless fine enough to be reckoned a perfect model of manly beauty. ³Phidias himself, or ⁴Polycletus, would only have preferred ⁵Apollo among the Muses, or the youthful Bacchus.

quoits, blew the quoit of the former in such a direction that it fell upon the head of the latter and killed him. Apollo changed his blood into the flower which still bears his name, and placed his body among the constellations. The Spartans established yearly festivals in honour of the nephew of their king, and called them Hyacinthia.—Pausan. 3. c. 19. T.

³ Phidias, the matchless statuary of Athens, who died 432 B. C. The most celebrated of his works were the statue of Minerva, made at the request of Pericles for the Pantheon, and the statue of Jupiter Olympus at Elis. The former statute was made of * ivory and gold, and was thirty-nine feet in height ; but the latter was held in greater estimation, and considered as one of the wonders of the world.—Pausan. 9. c. 4. T.

⁴ Polycletus, a native of Sicyon, now Basilico, the capital of Sicyonia. He flourished about 232 years B. C. and as a statuary was only second in that art to Phidias. His statue of a body-guard of the king of Persia was reckoned so perfect a model that it was called by way of distinction, The Rule.—Pausan. 2. and 6. T.

⁵ Apollo: this statue, as well as the others mentioned by Wieland, were probably of wood. The author might have borrowed the

* Strabo in his Geography mentions a statue of this sort. Allusion to it is quoted by Winkeler " En Achale sur le grand chemin qui menoit a Pellene on trouva une statue de Pallas dans un temple qui lui etoit consacré et cette Pallas etoient d'ivoire et d'ore"—Strabo also names a statue of Æsculapius of the same materials at the same place—*Strabo. Geo. Lib. VIII.*

“ Scarcely had the war-dance⁶ concluded with a song in praise of Apollo and his favourite, when the

thought from his countryman, Winkeler. The passage in the French translation is as follows.—“ Pausanias nomme différentes especes de bois dont on faisoit des figures dans les premiers ages de l’art : et de son temps on monroit de ces statues de bois dans plusieurs endroits celebres de la Grece—on voyoit entre autres a Megalapolis en Arcadia une Junone un *Apollo et les Muses*, une Venus et un Mercure fait par Demophon un des plus anciennes artists.”—Winkeler Hist. de l’Art chez les Anciennes. Amst. 1766. Vol. I. p. 19.

⁶ These dances were called by the Spartans, the Pyrrhic dances. Mr. Maurice, in his *Indian Antiquities*, Vol. V. p. 933, observes upon the ancient dancing of Greece, (after the rites of Isis had been introduced from Egypt into that country)—“ When those rites were imported into Greece, and Ceres usurped the honours of Isis, the Greeks carried the sacred as well as the social dance to the highest point of attainable perfection. They made use of the varied dance not only to animate devotion, but to excite valour and terrify guilt. The Pyrrhic dance of the Spartans was performed by youths armed cap à pié, who brandished aloft their swords, and darted their javelins to the sound of martial music. The dance of the Bacchantes was more furious, accompanied by every sort of mirthful extravagance and furious gesticulation—shrieks, cries, and all the outward signs of violent agitation. But the most terrible of all dances was that of the Eumenides, or Furies, introduced on the tragic stage of Athens. The minds of the audience were agitated with dreadful alternation of passion, rage, anguish, and dismay: the valiant veteran, who had a thousand times braved death in the field of battle, trembled while it was performing: a great part of the scared multitude rushed with precipitation from the theatre, and outcries of horror were heard on every side: the remaining audience, who had courage to witness

eager rivals began to strip themselves, each shewing, by his activity, that he had no reason to shun the eyes of the umpires.

“ The whole group presented a charming coup d’œil of unadorned nature and undebilitated youth. Juvenile activity, blended with the strength of age, and animated by the ruddy tints of health, so pleasingly contrasted with the fairer ones of beauty, that it would have been difficult for the most frigid spectator to have found fault with any individual shape or form.

“ New dances succeeded by contests of wrestling and leaping, (and every other manly exercise calculated

the exhibition, appalled at the scenes which were acting, imagined they saw in earnest those terrific deities, the ministers of eternal justice, armed with the vengeance of heaven, and commissioned to pursue and punish crimes upon earth.”

The people of Ionia were the most wanton of all the Greeks in their dances ; whence Horace, reproving the manners of his own age :

“ Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo.”

Lib. III. Od. 6.

Homer, Il. XVIII. 681. describes a dance of Grecian females, which constitutes one of the departments of the shield of Achilles. The same poet, in his Odyss. VIII. 292. gives us a description of the games, wrestling, throwing the discus, and dancing of the youths of Phæacia, at the court of king Alcinous, who exhibited them in honour of his guest Ulysses. T.

to display the charms of symmetry) gave the umpires an opportunity of confirming their judgment; while the short ejaculations (which any pre-eminently attractive attitude forced from their judicial *sang-froid*) seemed the harbingers of the sentence which hovered on their lips.

“ Custom required that the umpires should select from among the competitors four, who after a fair trial were esteemed most worthy of contending for the prize, and from these they chose the youth, who in symmetry bore the nearest resemblance to the statue of Hyacinthus. These four, therefore, having been arranged in pairs on each side of the statue, placed themselves in the same attitude with it, and thus presented themselves before the eyes of the umpires.

“ The votes were taken, and Daphnis carried off the prize.

“ The blushing youth was immediately crowned with flowers, and so great was the admiration of his symmetry, that among the remaining unsuccessful rivals, not one was to be found who felt himself uneasy or offended at the preference shewn to the conqueror.—

“ A shout of joy proclaimed aloud the name of Daphnis, and echo wafted it to the maidens, who sepa-

rated from the youths by a wood consecrated to the nymphs) were assembled under the care of their mothers, to contend for a prize of beauty which all affected, but no one dared hope to obtain.

“ By diffidence abash’d, in timid groups
Arcadia’s nymphs collected stand, while each
(All jealously apart) her playmates’ charms
Admiring, thinks her own by their’s eclips’d ;
And as of old Apelles’ ardent touch
Gave shadow, light and life to all his work,
So round these sylph-like forms flow’r painted robes
Of finest texture waving, shadow’d part
So well, that all the rest more perfect shone.
One half their locks are braided smooth, th’ other
Spread o’er each beauteous shoulder downward
floats ;
A thousand loops their graceful garments tie,
White are their arms of alabaster hue,
And half conceal’d their virgin bosoms heave.

“ The Graces in their original forms and dresses
had mingled themselves with the rest of the shepherdesses, and would have remained unknown, had not that immortal lustre and those indescribable charms,

which characterize their whole existence, riveted every eye with admiration.

“ How fascinating are the daughters of Lycanion, whispered one to another—Never have we seen them so beautiful. Would you believe it, Egle, your beauty was encreased from the moment Thalia smiled upon you. Alas ! our shepherds will have no eyes but for the daughters of Lycanion.

“ I feel conscious, said Phyllis, as she threw herself into the arms of Aglaja, that the Goddess of Love alone is fit to contend with you. I cannot sufficiently admire your charms, but be assured that my admiration shall not be clouded by disappointment, while in contemplating your excellence, I become convinced of my own imperfection. Embrace me, amiable Aglaja, and assure me that you love me as tenderly as I do you.”

Aglaja immediately embraced Phyllis, and fixed so powerful a glance upon her that she quite excelled herself. An expression of surprize passed over the features of the young shepherdess as she sighed out,

“ Oh, what a look was that, and then added in a lower tone of voice, Alas ! what will become of poor Phyllis ?

“ What are you afraid of, my love ?

“ I am afraid of you, Aglaja ; yet I feel at the same time that I love you past expression.

“ What are you talking of, my dear friend ? You afraid of Aglaja ?

“ Ah, Aglaja, I will confess to you the whole of my weakness. Your kind and affectionate looks leave me no room for distrust.

“ I love ! said the blushing maid, as she hid her face in the bosom of her friend.

“ And does not the youth return your love, Phyllis ?

“ Yes, Aglaja, he loved me—I am sure he still loves me ; but as soon as he sees you——Oh, my dearest friend, I feel already that I must be unhappy, and still I cannot love you the less. Daphnis will see you, and from that moment forget that Phyllis (whom he once loved, and whose heart could never withstand his tears) is still in existence. You too, Aglaja, must love him in return. Why should you not ? he is the most handsome and amiable of all the shepherds !

“ Fear not, lovely Phyllis, replied Aglaja, for were I really as dangerous a rival, as your fear leads you to believe me, yet at first sight I should appear to your shepherd no better than any other maiden.—In the eye of love its favourite object alone is predominant !”

“ Forgive me, dearest friend, my own heart tells me

(and I am still a maiden) what his will feel should you cast on him such a look as that you lately glanced on me. Do not despise my weakness, but if I dared ask you something——

“ Oh, every thing that the heart of my favourite playfellow can desire.

“ Ah ! it is a silly request which you cannot comply with. I would entreat you not to appear quite so interesting, so affable and captivating as you do ; but, alas, how can you appear otherwise !—

“ Be at ease, dear Phyllis, the youths are approaching—lay aside your fears, and you will soon find how ill-grounded all your apprehensions were.—”

At this moment Aglaja glided away from the embrace of her friend.—Music and songs proclaimed the approach of the shepherds.

First came the handsome Daphnis, crowned with a chaplet of roses, and looking like Apollo, when he descends from Mount ⁷ Pindus with a golden lyre in his hand. Groups of blooming swains accompanied the conqueror as he stepped down the hill, leading to the plain where the maidens were assembled.

“ Fathers and mothers, side by side, had seated

⁷ Pindus, a mountain, situated partly in Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus. It was greatly celebrated as being sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

themselves on a mound of turf, which rose above the plain in the form of a crescent. The younger part of the assembly either stood or sat down at the foot of the hill. In the midst of them all stood the handsome Daphnis holding the garland of roses, which was destined to crown the fairest maiden. Near by his side were the three chosen youths, inferior only to the conqueror himself. It was decreed, that these might select three maidens, on the fairest of whom Daphnis should bestow the prize. This decision was founded on one of the maxims of Lucian, who makes Jupiter say, ‘that he who is himself beautiful must naturally be a good judge of beauty;’—For this reason that shepherdess round whose brows Daphnis should bind the garland, was to be esteemed the fairest.

“The herald now proclaimed a general silence, and the dances of the maidens were led off.

“Did the Graces dance with them, ask you, Danaë?

“Yes, they did join in the dance.”

“Poor shepherdesses, the contest was quite unequal—what honour could the Graces gain by eclipsing these mortal rivals, these simple shepherdesses of Arcadia?”

“You are mistaken, Danaë, the Graces did not behave so ill, for they testified their presence rather by the charms they bestowed on others, than by a display

of their own ; and thought less of pleasing themselves, than of rendering their companions objects of love and attraction. They were aware of the maxim—‘ that a restless desire to please defeats its own purpose.

“ Owing to the mysterious influence of the Graces, a general spirit of benevolence and soft playfulness was diffused among the rival beauties. Without the least jealousy or apprehension of being thought inferior to the rest, every one appeared more proud of the charms of her companions than of her own.

“ Their dancing seemed the unexpected inspiration of that native joy which animated every limb, and breathed through all their movements a common flow of soul.

“ So erst on ⁸ Cynthus’ green and springing turf,
Light dancing nymphs in glossy cymars veil’d,
The moving maze around their mistress ⁹ form’d.

⁸ Mount Cynthus, in Delos, whence Apollo received the title of Cynthius, and Diana that of Cynthia.

⁹ Our poet Spenser has described Venus and the Graces, and Gloriana, dancing to the sound of Colin Clout’s pipe on Mount Acidale.

“ All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round, but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both dance and sing
The whilst the rest did round about them hem,
And like a girland did encompass them,” &c.

* * * * *

So erst in Delphic woods old ¹ Homer saw
² Latona, with the Graces and the Nine,
 Lead off to merry notes, so blythe a dance,
 That never did bright Fancy's pencil sketch
 A female group more frolicsome and gay.
 Each eye half drown'd in pleasure's crystal flood,
 Half lost in admiration's dazzling glare,
 Still struggl'd hard to catch the transient forms
 That beauty's mirror flash'd along the stream.
 Charm after charm in quick succession came,
 Bright golden locks and eyes of azure blue.
 The rounding breast (ripe as the clust'ring grape
 That beckons to be pluck'd) rose prominent
 Above its lily bed, which fann'd by Love's
 Soft gales, in snow-white billows ³ rose and fell !

“ These were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and dance there day and night,
 These three to men all gifts of grace do grant
 And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt.”

Faerie Queene, B. IV. C. X. St. 11, 12, &c.

¹ Odyss. B. VI. v. 116. and for various ancient dances, Iliad XVIII. v. 682.—Horace alludes to the dances of Venus and the Graces, Ode IV. and again Lib. IV. Ode VII.

² Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, by Jupiter : she was worshipped at Argos and Delos. T.

When scenes like these the golden age adorn'd,
 Art (copying since from forms degenerate)
 Invited Zeuxis, and the self-nam'd 'king,
 To view pure nature in her native charms.
 Then fancy's garden bloom'd with genuine flow'rs,

³ Wieland here seems to have imitated the celebrated description of beauty by Ariosto :

“ Due pome acerbi e più d'avorio fatte
 Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,
 Quando piacevol aura il mar combatte.”

O. F. C. VII. S. 14.—T.

⁴ The self-named king.—Parrhasius, of Ephesus, who, with Zeuxis, lived about 415 B. C.—These two celebrated painters once contended for the palm of victory. The grapes painted by Zeuxis appeared so natural that the birds came and pecked at them. When Parrhasius exhibited his picture, Zeuxis desired him to remove the curtain, but the curtain was the painting. He then acknowledged himself conquered, and generously said, Zeuxis has deceived birds, but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis himself. After this Parrhasius became so vain that he wore a crown of gold, and called himself the king of the painters. Horace, Lib. IV. Od. 8. classes Parrhasius with Scopas a celebrated sculptor of Ephesus.

“ Neque tu pessima munerum
 Ferres divite me scilicet artium,
 Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas
 Hic Saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 Solers nunc hominem ponere nunc Deum!” T.

(Oh! may it never want such prize flow'rs dear!)
 Whence painting, like the honey-sipping bee,
 Might cull the choicest sweets, and duly train'd
 By nature and by art, indignant scorn
 The baits of vicious taste, and shew how art
 By nature aided, art alone surpass'd!

* * * * *

“ The Graces, as I before observed, had used every precaution in order to conceal their divinity, but their maiden-like disguise did not prevent them from appearing more captivating than their friends, and this would have equally happened had they assumed the Gothic costume of old Dame ⁵ Quintagnone. It was, therefore, no wonder that the three youths, who were to select the three fairest rivals, should unanimously fix their choice upon the daughters of Lycanion. Their decision was ratified by a soft but general clapping of hands, and among the many mothers assembled, not one was to be found, who would not have acknowledged with pleasure the justness of the election.

“ Daphnis, alone, who was to crown the fairest of the three elect, stood perplexed and irresolute. His searching eye looked in vain for his favourite Phyllis.

⁵ Quintagnone, the heroine of an old German romance, written in bombastic language.

Phyllis, poor maid, saw him not : for what was there to encourage her to raise her eyes from the ground? All that she desired was to appear the fairest in the eyes of her Daphnis, but how could she expect it, when the shepherd saw before him Lycanion's daughter Aglaja, all glittering in the lustre of her charms?

“Long had Daphnis hesitated, all eyes were fixed upon him, and expectation hovered on the half-opened lips of the spectators. At length approaching the Graces, he thus addressed them:—“How beautiful, oh! lovely sisters, do you appear, the more I contemplate you the less you seem like mortal beings. It is impossible for me to prefer either of the Three; forgive me, therefore, if love should oblige me to act unjustly towards your superior merits.”

“Once more Daphnis looked for his Phyllis; this

^a The whole of this fourth Book of the Graces should be read in connexion with Gesner's elegant Pastoral of Daphnis and Phyllis. The following extract will convey an idea of the similarity of style between the two German writers.

“The rapid glances of Daphnis, the fairest of the youths, roved among the troop of maidens; they met a thousand speaking eyes, which smiled upon him, and were then averted for a moment, but returned to greet him with a still more friendly smile. At length he perceived Phyllis, a sigh escaped his bosom, and a blush crimsoned his cheek—his eyes were fixed upon her, she looked at him, and they sank to the earth. She retired, and her modest eye was again turned towards him. Daphnis trembled, his heart throbbed,

time his eye met her's, and oh! what a world of love and anxiety did he read there—in every glance a starting tear. Had his decision wavered, such a sight would have determined it—not the resentment of Venus herself could have shaken his resolution.

“Forgive me, said he, ye beautiful sisters, and all ye fair shepherdesses, every one of whom is worthy of being crowned by Cupid himself: I love, and how is it possible that the dearest object of my affection should not appear the fairest in my sight?”

“Daphnis instantly flew towards Phyllis, and placed the garland of victory round her brows. The tears of alarm which stood in her eyes, changing to those of joy, trickled down each glowing cheek.

“No, Daphnis, cried the nymph, this is indeed too

his languishing looks pursued her, and his bosom was filled with alarm lest he should lose her among the crowd—but she still stood before him, conversing with her companions—her eye sometimes glanced on Daphnis, but with maiden modesty instantly sunk on the turf at her feet. Sometimes in the throng a taller maiden stood before her—Daphnis murmured, and when she retired his eager eyes smiled on Phyllis with delight. So smile the plains when the moon bursts forth from the clouds which concealed it.”

Perhaps the reader will think Gesner's description prolix, but if he should call the closing simile hyperbolically Ossian-like, I shall certainly agree in opinion with him. I only quote to shew, that Wieland could handle the same subjects with as great facility as Gesner. T.

much—your heart I deserve, and that is all I desire—let Aglaja receive the prize due to her superior charms.

“ General attention was now fixed on the scene, which suddenly became changed by an unexpected phenomenon.

“ Love raised himself above the assembly, and rested on a golden cloud supported by the Zephyrs—nebulous streams of ambrosial fragrance floated beneath him.

“ The earthly veil in which the Graces were invested melted away—gently soaring on high these Goddesses assumed their proper forms, and winged their flight towards Love.

“ Soft alarm mixed with universal delight, was diffused through every soul. Daphnis and Phyllis bowed themselves to the ground—the trembling youth wished to speak, but Love, with heart-touching words, anticipated all he had to say.

“ In the face of this whole assembly, you, oh youthful shepherd, have done justice to my power. You deserve to be happy, and when you have received all the favours which Love and his sisters are able to bestow on constant lovers, your happiness will be so complete that you will have nothing farther to wish for.

“ And now, oh ye other youths and maidens, hear the decree of Love!—‘ In future it will be useless to contend for a prize of beauty, let every shepherdess be

content with appearing the fairest in the eyes of her own shepherd.'

" Scarcely had Love concluded this short address, when a small grove of fresh blooming roses sprung up under him.

" Every youth ran towards it, and plucked a garland to deck the hair of his dear shepherdess.

" And now," cried Aglaja, (as she rested on the arms of her beautiful sisters, and spoke with smiles and soft accents befitting the fairest of the Graces)—" Hear me, also, ye fair maidens, who were lately my favourite playmates,—Never will the Graces forsake you. Oft at summer's even-tide will we though unseen mix in your merry dances—but our presence shall be manifested by the gentle agitation of your bosoms, and by those refined sensations, which mutual love and content, and the pleasure of seeing each other happy, will excite in you.

" In future, on the return of this day, oh daughters of Arcadia, make holiday! Then let there be a sacred contest of female virtue, and let her only who is the Best, carry off the Prize of Beauty."

" On a sudden the heavenly vision withdrew itself from their fascinated eyes, which long remained gazing on high, and striving to follow its course through the ambrosial air. At every spot where the feet of the Graces had touched the ground, myrtle bushes, and bowers of jessamine sprung up spontaneously. On

this favoured track, which gave their country the appearance of another Paphos, the Arcadians erected an altar to the Graces, and as long as these happy people continued worthy of the protection of the three amiable immortals, Joy, Concord, Innocence and Love reigned among them, and as often as the roses bloomed, the fête of the Graces was celebrated."



BOOK V.

“ BEAUTY, unassisted by the Graces, is like the statue of Pygmalion, ere it began to breathe and feel. All that inanimate symmetry can effect by its own power, is to inspire in us the wish of seeing it endowed with life. If any one can call this essential power love, then let it be so ; but what is it when compared with that inexpressible softness by which the Graces penetrate our hearts ; or with those æry yet indissoluble fetters by which they enslave the soul ; or with that incomprehensible ¹ magic, whose cause and effect the well experienced Petrarch sings ?

“ Was it think you, Danaë, the corporeal beauty of his sweet ² enemy (as he termed his Laura) ? or rather

¹ “ E que’ begli occhi che i cor fanno smalti—
Da questi *magi* trasformato fui.”

Son. 178.

² “ Mostrami almen ch’ io dica
Amor in guisa, che se mai percuote

was it not—those ³ eyes whence Love seemed to shower down upon him immeasurable joy and sweetness?—or that smile which would have melted even the heart of a ⁴ savage—and which ever sheds over the mind that tranquil sort of calm, which leaves no room for grief or

Gli orecchi de la *dolce mia nemica*.”

But Petrarch applies this title to his mistress at least twenty times, and once he calls her *Guerrera*.

“ Mille fiate ò dolce mia *Guerriera*,
Per haver co' begli occhi vostri pace,
V' haggio profito 'l cor,” &c.

Son. 18.

The word *nemica* is frequently used among the modern poets of Italy in the same sense.

“ Queste lagrime mie questi sospiri
Son dolce cibo de la mia *nemi*
Ond' ella si nutrica.”

Eglog. Baldassar Castaglione.

³ “ Tanta negli occhi bei fuor di misura,
Par che Amore, e dolcezza, e grazia, *piove*.”

Son. 121.

⁴ “ *Riso* di far inamorar un uom selvaggio.”

Son. 207.

Ariosto, in his beautiful description of Alcina has the same thought.

care, and almost resembles the ⁵ peace of heaven itself?
 Was it not that interesting ⁶ paleness which (at the
 sight of Petrarch's pain) covered Laura's face like a
 lovely cloud? that ⁷ gait, the gait of an immortal being?

..... " Parolette

Da render molle ogni cor rozzo, e scabro,

Qui vi si forma quel soave *riso*—

Ch' apre a sua posta in terra il Paradiso."

Can. X. St. 13.

⁵ " *Pace* tranquilla senz' alcun affanno

Simile a quella ch' è nel *ciel* eterna,

Muove dal lor inamorado *riso*."

Can. XX.

⁶ " Quel *vago impallidir*, che 'l dolce *riso*

D'un amorosa nebbia ricoperse."

Son. 98.

⁷ " Non era l' *andar suo* cosa mortale

Ma d' angelica forma, e le parole

Suonavano altro che par voce umana."

Son. 69.

which is borrowed from Virgil—

" Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

And again—

" Nec vox hominum sonat, Oh Dea certè."

those words whose sounds were harmony? or lastly, the soft delusion of a lover and those newly discovered and peculiar graces of Laura, which placed the amiable soul of this poetical Plato, in such ecstatic bliss, that he both felt and did, what before his time had never entered into the thoughts of man, and what hereafter will only be understood by the few whose sympathetic hearts may have previously experienced a somewhat similar ecstasy?

“ But you, Danaë, are so well acquainted with the sonnets of this amiable enthusiast, that I need not quote you twenty other passages to confirm these. It is true that Petrarch in more than one place mentions the personal charms of his beloved object, with suffi-

So Milton, *Par. Lost*, speaking of Eve—

“ Grace in all her steps, and heaven in her eye.”

Again—

“ Ed era 'l cielo all' *armonia* sì 'ntento—
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l' aere, e 'l vento.”

Son. 123.

Other passages may be found in Petrarch if the reader think it worth while to refer to them, viz.

Can. XVIII. XIX. XXX. XVII. XXX. XXXI. XXXV.

Son. 84. 134. 142, 143.

cient warmth to avoid the ridicule of a passion entirely Platonic. But her mental perfections, and the grace diffused over every thing she did and said were, to use his own words, the *magicians* which transformed him.

“ The Muses of Greece, in their descriptive pictures of Venus and the Graces endeavoured to reach the acmè of supreme excellence. Their exertions were crowned with partial success ; but (as our Winkelman says) ‘ the perfection of beauty consists in those higher charms, which are more immediately discovered by the mind’s eye, than conveyed through the medium of the senses.’ ”

“ Are you aware, Sir, that you and your friend Winkelman (not to use too harsh a term) are a little at *variance* in your opinions? ‘ A charm,’ say you, ‘ which in a corporeal form, whether ideal or not, shall be distinguished by the powers of intellect?’—

“ Surely this is mere pretension, for how can we persuade ourselves to grant you an intuitive power of discovering what you please in an object, unless you will first allow us, through the medium of sight, to determine whether or no your mind’s eye has judged rightly?”

“ To confess the truth, Danaë, I really fear that you are in the right, yet there are moments when my mind seems sensible of those exalted and incorporeal graces, which (if I mistake not) Winkelman first distinguished

from those which are generally called so. However this refined sensation I allude to is so indistinctly marked that it might deceive me, could (that slight degree of scepticism which I inherit from the Socratic school) induce me (which it never shall do) to sacrifice the certain evidence of my senses at the shrine of doubt.

“ Be this as it may, we at any rate are assured by the historians of the upper world, that the Graces became the constant and inseparable companions of Venus, from the moment their brother carried them to Paphos. The Goddess of Love certainly did not invite the assistance of the Graces, from any mistrust of her own power ; but (if I may be allowed to indulge my own fancy for a moment) that she might lower herself to the capacity of sentient beings, whenever she wished to come within the scope of human eyes.

“ ⁸ Thus (when bathed by the Graces, anointed with

⁸ This idea is taken from Homer, *Iliad*, XIV. where he describes Juno dressing herself in the zone of Venus, which she had borrowed, in order to appear more acceptable to Jupiter her husband.

“ Here first she bathes, and round her body pours,
Soft oil of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs ;
The winds perfum'd the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all the ærial way,
Spirit divine, whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets! T.

ambrosia, and encircled by the celebrated Zone, into which the art of her lovely daughters had infused every captivating charm, tender desire, and soft persuasion,

* * * * *

With awe divine the Queen of Love
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove,
 And from her fragrant breast the Zone unbrac'd,
 With various skill and high embroidery grac'd.
 In this was every art and every charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
 Persuasive speech; and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

Pope's Translation.

The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the cestus of Venus is become proverbial. The best imitations are those of *Monsieur de la Motte*, and *Tasso* in his description of the magic girdle of *Armida*, Canto XVI. *Spenser*, when speaking of the girdle of *Florimel*, gives an account of a different cestus made for Venus by *Vulcan*.

" Her husband Vulcan, whilom for her sake,
 When first he loved her with heart entire,
 This precious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire,
 And afterwards did for her love's first hire,
 Give to her for ever to remain;
 Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
 And loose affection straightly to restrain,
 Which virtue it for ever after did retain."

Faerie Queene, B. IV. C. 5. T.

sufficient to steal the heart of Prudence herself,) Venus secure of victory, offered herself before the judgment of Paris on Mount Ida—thus she triumphed over her rivals. Thus adorned, did she stand leaning upon the Graces, when Adonis for the first time beheld her among the verdant shrubs, which in after times, under the name of Daphne, were dedicated to the Goddess of Joy and to the Muses.

“ Beneath the rose tree’s fragrant shade,
In charms resistless Venus shone,
Her staff the Graces three she made,
And look’d like lily standing lone
Near violets sweet that haply borrow’d grace
From her more fair, more soft, and spotless face !

“ When first the Queen of Beauty’s blaze,
Flash’d on the destin’d umpire’s eyes,
Trembling and mute he long did gaze,
A demi-god in blest surprize ;
For ne’er since Venus from old Ocean sprung,
Had mortal seen a form so fair and young !

The commentator, in his notes on Pope’s Homer, quaintly observes on this girdle : “ Such a girdle it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other. Homer’s cestus would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife ; but Spenser’s cestus would probably destroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.”

T.

“ The three Graces accompanied their mother to Olympus, and no heavenly ⁹ fête was afterwards complete unless attended by them. Even the Gods (whose manners, as represented by Homer, were not so polished as one might expect,) through the influence of the Graces, corrected themselves, and began to appear to more advantage ; they no longer burst into those immoderate fits of laughter, such as shook the skies, when

⁹ This idea is borrowed from the celebrated invocation which Pindar addresses to the Graces at the beginning of his XIVth Olym. Strophe I.

“ Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my pray’r,
 All that’s sweet and pleasing here,
 Mortals from your hands receive ;
 Splendor ye and fame confer,
 Genius, wit, and beauty give.
 Nor without your shining train,
 Ever on th’ etherial plain,
 In harmonious measures move
 The celestial choir above,
 When the figur’d dance they lead,
 Or the nectar’d banquet spread,
 But with thrones immortal grac’d,
 And by Pythian Phœbus plac’d,
 Ord’ring thro’ the blest abodes,
 All the splendid works of Gods,
 Sit the sisters in a ring,
 Round the golden-shafted king,” &c.

West’s Translation. T.

¹ Vulcan (to put an end to the dispute between his father and mother) filled the office of cup-bearer with less grace than good-will.

“ No longer did Jupiter threaten his consort with a beating, or terrify her with the threats of another anvil-clogged suspension from the ² welkin; and in consequence of these improvements, Juno became the most agreeable of wives, Jupiter the best of husbands, and the Gods in general the pleasantest society in the universe.

¹ Jupiter and his wife had been quarrelling about the Greeks and Trojans, when Vulcan, lamenting the discord of the Gods, advised them to drown their quarrel in a carouse: he then takes upon himself the office of cup-bearer, and the whole assembly are convulsed with laughter at his awkwardness.

“ Then to the rest he filled, and in his turn
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn;
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter rends the skies.”

Iliad, I. T.

² Jupiter tells Juno that by her arts she had made Hector yield and retreat with the squadrons from the field of battle; adding this threatening hint:

“ Hast thou forgot when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the vaulted sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden * chain?”

* Under the allegory of this golden chain (says the commentator) is signified the gravitation of the planets upon the sun. T.

" E'en Pallas (who often her credit to save,
 Had play'd off the part of philosopher grave,
 Now when the high conclave all met in great glee,
 Best thanks to the Graces who made them agree,
 And ³ Momus with mirth the whole party elating,
 Sat snug in his corner new frolicks creating ;)
 Forgot on a sudden to frown and to pine,
 Well pleas'd at the dance of the Three and the Nine !
 Old ⁴ Vesta the prude, who Mæonides said,
 Chose rather to die an old maid than to wed,
 Who till then at each conclave was peevish and coy,
 All at once with Love's sisters and Jove's pretty ⁵ boy,
 Took a wonderful liking to play ⁶ blindman's buff,
 A game for such romps surely harmless enough !

³ Momus, the God of Pleasantry.

⁴ Vesta, when considered as the mother of the Gods, is the mother of Rhea and Saturn ; when considered as the patroness of the vestal virgins and the Goddess of Fire, she is called the daughter of Rhea and Saturn. Under this last name she was worshipped by the Romans. T.

⁵ Ganymede, the cup-bearer of Jove.

⁶ I know but of one other poet who has admitted blindman's buff in his compositions.

" Disguis'd in all the mask of night,
 We left our champion on his flight,
 At blindman's buff to grope his way,
 In equal fear of night and day."

Hudibras, Canto II. T.

“ The Graces were naturally very obliging in their manners, and it added much to their credit that they condescended by their juvenile frolicks to smooth the wrinkled brows of the good old Vesta ; while that peculiar species of sympathy, which inspires amiable persons with mutual esteem, and has from the first impulse all the power of experience, soon united the Muses and the Graces in the closest bonds of amity.—

“ By this friendly union, the former could but gain endless honour, while their austerity was necessarily softened by the charms of the latter. The songs with which the Muses inspired their favourites, were no longer confined to subjects surpassing the limits of human wit, such as the marriage of Chaos and Night, the origin of the gods of the universe, or the transmigration of the soul, but they thought it more noble and worthy the character of benevolent deities to improve the pleasures of mankind.

1.

“ To soothe the mateless ⁷ Orpheus’ pains,
And harmonize ⁸ Amphion’s strains,

⁷ Orpheus, son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope. The story of his descent to hell is well known.

⁸ Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope. He was said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre ; or as the fable

Their songs of old the Muses sung ;
 But soon inspir'd by love and wine,
 Bade ⁹ Sappho and the ¹ Teian join,
 And then the festive lyre was strung !

2.

“ On maiden face then joys were trac'd,
 And garlands fresh each bosom grac'd,
 Of rose and myrtle intertwin'd.
 In sportive glee Anacreon smil'd,
 And, amorous as ² Silenus wild,
 Inflam'd each jealous lover's mind.

has been explained, persuaded a rude and barbarous people to unite and build themselves a town for a defence against their enemies. T.

⁹ Sappho, born at Lesbos 600 years B.C. She threw herself from Mount Leucas into the sea, having previously attempted in vain to gain the affections of a Mitylenian youth, named Phaon. Of the nine books of lyric verses, besides other pieces of her poetry, only two fragments have been preserved ; whence the Sapphic verse is so called. After her death, the Lesbians paid her divine honours, and raised temples to her memory. T.

¹ The Teian, Anacreon, so called from Teos in Ionia, his birth-place. T.

² Silenus, the son of Pan, and preceptor and attendant of Bacchus. He is generally represented as a jolly old man, riding on an ass, and crowned with flowers. From him the fauns and satyrs are sometimes called Sileni. T.

3.

“ Sometimes the Nine, a sprightly band,
Would take the Graces hand in hand,
And round their dear old Poet move ;
Sometimes to crown her Lyrist's bliss,
Each Muse would pay with grateful kiss,
His glowing songs to wine and love.

“ Even the Muse of Philosophy learned from the
Graces the useful art of combining amusement with in-
struction.

“ From Jove's lov'd progeny the bard ³ Divine
Receiv'd his hymns ; from them sweet ⁴ Fontenelle,
The flow'rs wherewith they bade him strew the track
Of flying truth ; and if perchance they heard
Some favourite bard invoke, they willing left
The lofty empyrëan, whence they came
To visit earth, veiling in shade their charms,
That else had dazzled more than mortal eye !

³ Plato, the Athenian philosopher, called Divine, from the excellence and beauty of his compositions.

⁴ Fontenelle, a modern French poet, much admired for his pastoral works. T.

“ The Graces have ever been considered as the tutelary Goddesses of the school of Socrates, who having been previously inspired by them, attempted, when in the bloom of his youth, to carve their images in marble ; the degree of success which this unique specimen of his art met with, may be easily conjectured, by remembering that it was the only one esteemed worthy of a niche in that part of the Athenian citadel, in which the earliest master-pieces of statuary were preserved. ⁵ Speusippus, the successor of Plato, exhibited models of the Graces in the very schools where they had spoken from the mouth of his great master.

“ But to what mortal being have the Graces shewn more kindness than to the amiable ⁶ Xenophon, who has drawn their manners with the truest delineation, and in the expression of his thoughts and feelings has so inimitably united simplicity with unadorned truth ?

“ Whosoever wished to become the favourites of the Graces, sacrificed to them after the manner of the Greeks, and there was a period in the history of Athens,

⁵ Speusippus was the nephew, as well as pupil and successor of Plato, at whose schools he presided upwards of eight years, and then disgraced himself by debauchery. He flourished 339 years B. C. T.

⁶ Wieland has probably adopted this panegyric from the character given to Xenophon, by Quintilian. T.

when their assistance was as necessary to the statesman and warrior, as to the lowest mechanic or artist.

“ Besides there was a magic grace diffused over the language and actions of Alcibiades, which gave even his faults a lustre that outshone the ordinary virtues of others. Can it then be a matter of wonder that ⁷ Aspasia (while she ruled Pericles, and taught Socrates) should have directed the military and literary pursuits of Greece? And, provided our strict notions of moral propriety would allow us to judge candidly, how very amiable should we ourselves then consider these Beauties of the Socratic age, who were in a manner looked upon as the Priestesses of the Graces?

⁷ Aspasia flourished about 450 years B.C. She was the daughter of Axiochus of Miletus, whence she came to Athens to teach eloquence. So superior was the education of this courtesan, that Socrates himself was among the number of her pupils. Pericles fell in love with the fair orator, and divorcing his first wife, married Aspasia, and at her instigation, made war against the Samians. The dissolute life which Pericles afterwards led contributed greatly (in Plutarch's opinion) towards the decline of the Athenian government. Aspasia is supposed by some to have composed the celebrated funeral oration spoken by Pericles in honour of those who were slain in the Samian war. The dangers arising from female ascendancy over the statesmen of Rome was as notorious as that of Aspasia over those of Athens. The remonstrance of the patriotic Cato should never be forgotten—“ Romans rule the world, but wives rule the Romans.” T.

“ Whose ⁸ orgies only could belong
To three of Venus' votive throng,
To Glycerè and Laïs fair,
And Phrynè with her bosom bare,—
These while at Paphia's court they staid,
Learn'd all the arts of Cupid's trade,
One, cheated Justice of her blow ;
All, at their feet made Wisdom bow !—

“ What an age, Danaë, was this in the annals of mankind !—Ever-memorable epoch, from the days of Pericles to those of Alexander !—An epoch of which more can be said than of any other : “ That it was entirely under the dominion of the Graces !”

“ When the sons of wisdom, art, and poesy,
The judge, the priest, and legislator felt
Alike the powerful influence which grace

⁸ The Graces had festivals celebrated in honour of them. These were called the Orgies of the Graces, and are recorded by Pausanias. Wieland unfitly choseth the three most celebrated courtezans of antiquity to preside as their priestesses. Laïs was the favourite of Alcibiades. Glycerè, of Harpalus. Phrynè, when about to be condemned for impiety, exposed her bosom to the judges, and thereby influenced them to pardon her. Quintilian, II. c. 15. T.

Around the mighty works of ⁹ Phidias,
 Or e'er the soft touch of ¹ Calamis, had shed,
 Whence taste and grandeur emanating, shone
 With charms alternate—then great Plato learn'd
 To think, ² Hippias to please, and Laïs lov'd

⁹ Phidias, the Athenian statuary, who, at the request of his friend Pericles executed a statue of Minerva in ivory and gold. He was accused of having carved his own image and that of Pericles on the shield of the Goddess, for which offence he was banished Athens; retiring to Elis, he built the statue of Jupiter Olympus, which has always been considered his chef-d'œuvre. T.

¹ Calamis, a sculptor of Athens, who excelled in carving horses. Cicero reckons his works inferior to those of Mycon or Praxiteles. The statue which Wieland would compare with those of Phidias was one of Sosandra, praised by Lucian. Pausanias has enumerated several of the statues of Calamis, and Propertius classes him with the most celebrated artists of antiquity.

“ Gloria Lysippo est animosa effingere signa
 Exactis Calamis se mihi jactat equis,
 In Veneris tabulâ summum sibi ponit Apelles
 Parrhasius privâ vindicat arte locum,
 Phidiacus signo se Jupiter ornat eburno
 Praxitelem propriâ vindicat arte lapis.”

Lib. II. El. 9. T.

² Hippias, the philosopher of Elis, who maintained that virtue consisted in personal independence. He boasted at the Olympic games that the ring, the cloak, and the shoes which he wore, were all of his own manufacture. T.

To own such pow'rs, ere venal bard had dar'd
To prostitute for hire the sacred Muse—
To graphic rules well train'd ³ Euphranor's hand,
Proud Corinth then could boast; and Athens claim
A prize for ⁴ Damon, skill'd in sister arts;
Then Music's stirring sounds, and manly sports
Made feeble age more strong, and youth more wise—
Then ⁵ Pericles, as fancy led, would seek,
With equal haste by turns, the jocund chase,
The bustling court, the fair ⁶ Aspasia;
And ⁷ Alcibiades, (in war's alarms

³ Euphranor, a celebrated painter of Corinth. He is mentioned by Pliny.

⁴ Damon an Athenian, equally skilled in music and in painting.

⁵ Pericles; for forty years, this great man sustained the characters of statesman and warrior with various success, and added much to the honour of Athens by his eloquence and his exploits. By his fondness for Aspasia, he laid himself open to the satirical poets of his day, who ridiculed him under the title of Jupiter, which in the first instance was bestowed on him in consequence of his eloquence, which was compared to the thunder and lightning of Jove. In the seventieth year of his age he fell a victim to the plague which depopulated Athens, 429 B.C. T.

⁶ See former note, p. 104.

⁷ Alcibiades, the Athenian general, famous for his enterprising spirit, military talent, and natural foibles, he was one of the pupils of Socrates, and after undergoing all the reverses which fortune

Or councils great, as ere Achilles bold
 Or sage Ulysses) bore Cupid's impress
 On his shield, and when the palm of victory
 Was won—a gay gallant among the fair
 He sat, and well had challeng'd Paris' self
 For deeds of dalliance, love and courtesy!——

* * * * *

Oh, Golden Age! when every Muse and Grace
 Uniting breath'd in sister-like embrace !
 When Heroes touch'd the soothing lyre, and knew
 The worth of ⁸ that great bard who made the wrath
 Of Peleus' son immortal. When the wit
 Of ⁹ Theophrast and Glycerè supplied

generally dispenses to great characters, he was at last killed in the 46th year of his age, by two of the servants of Pharnabazus, the Persian satrap, who, having at first treated the Athenian with great kindness and hospitality, afterwards at the instigation of Lysander, the Spartan, plotted his murder. T.

⁸ Of Homer, whose *Iliad* opens with the fatal consequences of the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus, king of Thessaly.

⁹ Theophrast, the son of a fuller of Eresus, in Lesbos. He was pupil to Plato and Aristotle, the latter of whom he succeeded in the Lyceum. His original name was Tyrtamus, which he changed to Euphrastus, (or the *good* speaker) but not thinking that title sufficiently characteristic of his eloquence, he afterwards altered it to

A new ¹ Menander—and fair nature shew'd
 Her form (by purest symmetry combin'd)
 To ² Zeuxis and ³ Alcamenes—
 When envy could not blast the constant love
 Of kind ⁴ Apelles and ⁵ Protogenes,—

Theophrastus, or the *god-like* speaker. He died in the 107th year of his age, and 288 B. C. On his death-bed he lamented the shortness of life, and complained of the partiality of nature in granting longevity to the crow and the stag, and not to man. T.

¹ Menander, the pupil of Theophrastus, and the most celebrated of the Greek comic poets. He wrote 108 comedies, of which only a few fragments have come down to us. Terence is said to have translated some or all of these Greek plays; but even this elegant writer was thought inferior to Menander. It is said that Menander, jealous of the fame of his rival Philemon, drowned himself in the fifty-second year of his age. T.

² Zeuxis.—See former note, p. 82.

³ Alcamenes, a celebrated statuary, distinguished by his statues of Vulcan and Venus. He flourished about 450 B. C.

⁴ The favourite painter of Alexander the Great, who would allow no other artist to paint his portrait. Apelles was a native of the island of Cos, (now Zia) one of the Cyclades. The chef-d'œuvre of this painter was his Venus Anadyomene, rising wet from the sea. While painting the likeness of Campaspe (one of the mistresses of Alexander) he fell in love with her, and the conqueror allowed him to marry her. It is to Apelles that painters are indebted for the good old proverb, “nulla dies sine linea.” T.

⁵ Protogenes, a painter of Rhodes, 328 B. C. He was patronized

But each upon his friend due praise bestow'd
 Contending only in the rivalry
 That might increase the honour of their art !
 Then favourite of the Graces flourish'd he
 ' Who all their gifts acknowledg'd oft, and dar'd
 To style himself their painter—he to whom
 The zoneless Trio first appear'd by streams
 Of flow'r embank'd Cephissus, where around
 His works they breath'd the fadeless bloom of grace,
 Or dipp'd his pencil in Love's glowing tints
 Whence Venus sprung by matchless art create,
 Bright as when from Thetis' arms arising.

and highly esteemed by Apelles—he had till then lived in great poverty. He copied nature with the strictest accuracy. When Demetrius was besieging Rhodes, he desired his troops not to fire that part of the city which would have rendered the capture of the rest easy, because he knew that Protogenes dwelt there. After the capture of the city, the conqueror found the artist painting in his own garden ; who, on being asked why he did not shew more care about the common calamity, replied, “ because Demetrius makes war upon the Rhodians, and not on the fine arts.” T.

⁶ Pindar is the poetical painter alluded to, who in the fourteenth Olympiad before quoted, addresses the Graces as presiding over the river Cephissus—

“ Ye pow'rs o'er all the flow'ry meads
 Where deep Cephissus rolls his lucid tide,
 Allotted to preside,” &c. T.

“ Thus far, my charming Danaë, I have drawn you a hasty sketch of the customs and manners of the Graces, who as you know, dislike all long laboured lamp-smelling performances. The power however of these amiable Deities extends still farther, for not only are the boundless regions of fancy subservient to it, but even those of virtue.

“ ⁷ Epaminondas, Scipio, Menander, and Aristippus, alike sacrificed at the shrine of Grace. Moreover to the habits and morals of a good nation (which as Socrates said like a perfect figure should present a pleasing *tout ensemble*) the Graces must ever give that appearance of unfettered ease, and that splendour of accomplishment, which make such qualifications appear rather as the gifts of nature, than the works of art:—it was this striking virtue which was wanting to Cato at Utica, and it is generally the absence of it which renders pretended virtue so disgusting. But under the polishing hands of the Graces the wisdom and virtues

⁷ The Theban conqueror of Lacedæmon, justly famed for his private virtues, love of truth, and military accomplishments. He flourished 360 years B. C. T.

Scipio Africanus.

Menander. Vide note, p. 109.

Aristippus, a philosopher of Cyrene, disciple of Socrates, and founder of the Cyrenaic sect. T.

of mankind lost that exaggeration and hyperbole, that harshness and angulated stiffness which deformed their true symmetry, and placed them beyond the measures of moral proportion. These were the principles of Grace which the Muses wished to teach their scholars.

“ Tell me, Danaë, was it possible, think you, to misunderstand them ?”



BOOK VI.

“ OH, Danaë, must I for ever be on my guard against your attacks? I certainly never dreamed that you would remember an expression which escaped me, I know not how.

“ You tell me that you have a right to look to the completion of my promise; but was it really a promise? I told you that at some future period I might, perhaps, divulge the secret mysteries of the Graces, and you, without the least regard to my feelings, assert, that it is very uncourteous to excite in any lady that curiosity which I do not mean to satisfy!

“ This is, indeed, an argument which I cannot confute, although I see no reason why I should merit such reproach from you.—But you shall soon be pacified.—

“ Is it probable, Danaë, that the Graces should quit the world without leaving some little anecdotes of their history behind them? Goddesses—in whom were united the most perfect charms and the bloom of eternal youth

—whose lives were spent in continuous sports and frolics with the God of Love—daughters of the joyful Bacchus and the tender Venus, they must have entirely degenerated, had they themselves been insensible to the love with which they inspired so many Gods, demigods, and mortals, and by whom they were so much beloved—Could they all three, think you, without one exception, have been contented with Platonic lovers?—it is quite improbable!—

“ Still, however, I assure you, that it is the opinion of numberless writers that the Graces have been the most innocent among the Goddesses above. But the virginity which is usually attributed to the Graces, is not sufficient alone to protect them from the wanton conjectures of slander, for even Minerva herself had an adventure with the limping ¹ Vulcan—Diana intrigued with the beautiful shepherd ² Endymion—Io, Callisto,

¹ Jupiter had sworn by the river Styx to give to Vulcan, who had made him a complete suit of armour, whatever he desired. Vulcan demanded Minerva—her father Jupiter consented, but having permitted her to live in perpetual celibacy, he privately advised her to resist the God of fire, which she did, and overcame both his entreaties and his violence. T.

² Endymion, besought from Jupiter eternal youth, and the power of sleeping whenever he pleased. Diana fell in love with him as he slept on Mount Latmos, and was so struck with his beauty, that she came every night to behold him. Such is the fabulous account :

Europa, and twenty more had their amours, which have since served as classical subjects for the painter

others affirm that this story arose from Endymion's love of astrology, and because he passed whole nights on the mountains observing the motions of the heavenly bodies. T.

Io, daughter of Inachus, king of Argos, and priestess of Juno. Jupiter falling in love with her, in order to conceal his passion from Juno, turned Io into a beautiful heifer. Juno, however, discovered the trick, and having obtained the heifer as a gift from Jupiter, gave it to the custody of the hundred-eyed Argus, who was afterwards slain by Mercury, at the command of Jupiter. Io again restored to liberty was tormented by Juno, and made to wander over a great part of the earth, till arriving at the banks of the river Nile she implored Jupiter to restore her to her human form again. He complied, and she was afterwards married to Telegonus, king of Egypt, or Osiris. She treated her subjects with such mildness, that after death she received divine honours, and was worshipped under the name of Isis. Æschylus, the tragedian, gives a long description of the wanderings of Io in his play of the Prometheus Vincetus. Mr. Bryant, in his ancient mythology, asserts, that Io and Jonah the same, and no other than the dove which Noah sent from the ark, and which was esteemed as the peculiar messenger of the Gods, and as an emblem of peace and good-will, whence priests and soothsayers were styled Jonah or doves. From Jonah was constituted Adionah, the title of a heathen deity, the worship of which was forbade by Moses in the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy.—Vol. III. p. 369.

Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, one of the nymphs of Diana. Jupiter having assumed the form of her mistress gained her love. Juno afterwards changed Callisto into a bear; but Jupiter, to preserve her from the violence of the chase, made her a constellation in heaven, under the name of the Bear. T.

and the poet. But even the respectable old ³ Vesta (if we may credit Ovid) was once on the point of being surprised with the most dangerous lover a prude could entertain. Lastly, the biographers of the heathen deities no where inform us, of the origin of those numerous hosts the ⁴ Amoretts, who, like so many butterflies on a summer's day, hover round the groves of Paphos, Gnidos, and Cythere. Claudian (if I mistake not) contents himself with assigning them mothers from among the nymphs, but can you believe, Danaë, that such an hypothesis is sufficient to remove the suspicion of the

Europa, seduced by Jupiter under the form of a bull, was carried away to Crete, where she became the mother of Minos, Sarpedon, and Rhadamanthus.—“Under the character of Europa,” says Mr. Bryant, “may be understood the people styled Europeans, from the worship of the serpent. Europa (the same as Rhea and As-tarte) was a deity, and the name is a compound of Eur Ope, and signifies Orus Pytho. It is rendered by the Greeks as a feminine upon the supposition that it was the name of a woman, but it related properly to a country.”—Orus, according to Mr. Bryant, was the God of light.—Pytho was a surname of Apollo, from his having killed the serpent Python, after the deluge of Deucalion. T.

³ Fasti, lib. vi. v. 332.

⁴ “ Mille Pharetrati ludunt in margine fratres,
Ore pares, ævo similis gens mollis amorum—
Hos nymphæ pariunt.”

Claudian. de Nupt. Honor. et Mar. v. 72. T.

Graces having given birth to these charming amoretts, provided these Goddesses really had reason to blush for their intrigues ?

“ I will, however, tell you in a few words, what was confidently whispered at the court of Venus.—

“ Do you remember the charming little God, called Genius ?

“ Who fans the flow'rs with hovering wings,
And woos them all, but only brings
His kiss to rear the chosen few :
Half Cupid like, and half a Faun,
Lest the coy nymph should dread his horn,
A rose-bud hides it from her view !

“ A celebrated painter whom you know, Danaë, painted the spirit of ⁵Hamilton in the form of a Faun. It is not as you might have supposed ideal, but a copy from one of the living originals, which may be found among the deiform inhabitants of Paphos, who constitute the playfellows of Love.

“ The loveliest Faun that ever prest
Nectareous juice for mother's breast ;

⁵ Count Hamilton, the celebrated author of the *Life of the Count de Grammont*.

He might have passed for Love till now,
 Had he but borne the wings and bow.
 His mother, as she sleeping lay
 Beneath the shade one summer's day,
 Unconscious, from some cause or other,
 A virgin slept, but woke a mother—
 And this her son, the world admir'd,
 And Venus' self his love desir'd !

* * * * *

1.

" Train'd up at Gnidus by nymphs and by Graces,
 He play'd with the amoretts there,
 His birth so mystical nobody traces,
 ' A Faun breeds a Faun any where.'

2.

" Merry Thalia good humour'dly tried
 After Love to model this Faun,
 His hair with a roseate band she tied,
 And gilded the tip of his ⁶horn !

⁶ Should this rhyme be objected to as contrary to the rules of Orthography, it will perhaps be allowed by those of Euphony. T.

“ Who, Danaë, would have believed this little being capable of returning love for love, though in truth it was so conformable to the nature of a Faun that to think otherwise would be doing injustice to his character.

“ I know not how it happens, Danaë, that Goddesses in some cases have peculiar prerogatives of their own.

“ No one was aware of it, when a charming little stranger suddenly appeared in the groves of Gnidos. The remarkable combination of wantonness and grace which appeared in his countenance and form bespoke him of ambiguous origin. In soft alarm Pasithea first discovered him, as she awoke from the slumbers of a summer bower.

“ This Faun, familiar, frank and free,
Of kindred race appear'd to be.—
Whene'er with revelling hands he prest
The roses on Pasithea's breast,—
His eyes, that Love's soft triumph speak,
And flowing locks, and dimpled cheek,
His mother's name in silence shew,—
While tiny horns that sprouting grow,
And dauntless look and open air,
His father's name and race declare!—
By endless pranks, and artless art,
He soon invades Pasithea's heart,

And mad with joy and revelry
Exulting shews his ecstasy !

“ No sooner had Pasithea perceived this *adiaphory* of Faun and Grace, than her thoughts were divided between him and her sisters. On carrying the little foundling to her sisters, she discovered that neither of them were acquainted with the cause of his sudden appearance ; but the laughing Thalia observed that he bore a strong resemblance to them all.—“ I would lay a wager, said she, that he is nearer related to one of us, than we may wish to confess.”

“ A sprightly contest now arose among the Graces, each claiming for the Faun the maternal protection of the other, and finding some traits in which the foundling resembled her sister.

“ Their mirth soon attracted a number of amoretts and nymphs, who joined in the merry dispute. They all found the new little God extremely charming, but no one would acknowledge him for a son ; and his origin remained one of those secrets which every one knows, yet no one appears to know.—

“ In thought unseen, Thalia press'd
The grateful Faun within her breast ;
But soon her joy, like transient dream,
Evanish'd by Cephissus' stream,

When from the rushes peep'd a Naiad,
And ⁷ Faun and Grace were both betray'd!

" Do you, Danaë, wish to learn the subsequent fate of this little *Impromptu* of the tenderest of the Graces? He became the Genius of the irony of Socrates, of the satire of Horace, and of the raillery of Lucian.

GENIUS.

" He taught wise ⁸ Socrates the art,
In secret how to wound that heart,
Which proud of empty wit and trash,
Was subject fit for whip and lash;
He gave to ⁹ Horace ridicule,
Whereby each silly Roman fool,

⁷ In no part of his Allegory has the Author shewn greater delicacy than in this.

⁸ Socrates; this most celebrated perhaps of all the philosophers of Athens, died by poison in the seventieth year of his age, and 400 B. C. The oracle of Delphi had pronounced him the wisest of mankind; yet when the Philosopher himself made his defence before his accusers, he declared " that he knew nothing." T.

⁹ Horace—

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit et admissus circum præcordia ludit
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso."

These lines are neatly turned by J. Brown, in his Essay on Satire, Part III. prefixed to Mr. Pope's Essay on Man.

¹ Metellus, ² Natta, ³ Catius too,
 And other blockheads not a few,
 By turns were made to wince and smile,
 And curse and praise his easy style,
 Then join, despite of inward sense,
 The laugh set up at their expence!
 But now this little God of rhymes,
 Is seldom heard in modern times :
 'Tis true the ravish'd ⁴ curl he sung,
 And ⁵ Verd-verd's pious couplets strung ;
 'Twas he who bade Cervantes write,
 How Quixote did with windmills fight ;

¹ " *Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metelli
 Scilicet ut decies solidum exsorberet aceto
 Diluet insignem baccam.*"

Horat. Sat. II. Lib. II. v. 239.

² " ungor olivo
 Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta Lucernis."

Sat. I. v. 124.

³ Catius, a philosopher of the Epicurean sect. Horace has devoted the fourth Satire, Lib. II. to the ridicule of Catius's love of dainties and good cooking. T.

⁴ Pope's poem of the Rape of the Lock.

⁵ Verd-verd, a celebrated poem by Gresset. Its subject is the death of a parrot killed by eating sugar-plums. The style of the poem is the mock heroic. Verd-verd is reckoned the best of all the French poems of a similar kind. T.

And ⁶ Hamilton, how Facardine,
In nightly garb his Crystalline
Led safe, with spinning-wheel in hand,
Through fifty swords of Moorish band ;
How Sterne, his hobby-horse, did ride
Poor Yorick, till at last—he died.

“ You must not expect me, Danaë, to enumerate all the inspired favourites of Genius, and though you still may wish to know more of the mysteries of the Graces, I have nothing farther to communicate for your amusement, than what you are already acquainted with.—If indeed there be any mysteries still remaining, they are probably similar to those I have already revealed.”

⁶ Count Anthony Hamilton was the descendant of a noble Scotch family. He was born in Ireland, but settled afterwards in France. His family followed the fortunes of Charles II. Count Hamilton died A.D. 1720, aged 74. His chef-d'œuvre, as an author, is his life of the Count de Grammont. He wrote the romance of the Four Facardines, in consequence of an opinion given in his presence, “ that no one could write a tale after the manner of the Arabian Nights.” The character of the Facardines is thus briefly sketched in the French Dictionnaire Historique :—“ Enchaînement insipide d'histoire qui se croisent les unes les autres, sans qu'on voie la fine d'aucune.” This most extravagant of all extravagant romances, has been translated by Mr. Lewis, and published in his *Translations of Romantic Tales*, 4 vols. 8vo. which may be had at most of the circulating libraries. T.

“ But I had nearly forgotten one thing relative to my favourite Trio, which will perhaps surprize you more than all you have yet heard. Would you believe it! one of the Graces was in good earnest betrothed, and ⁷ Juno herself was the match maker?”—

“ Betrothed, say you ?”

“ It is true.”

“ But to whom ?”

“ Oh, you might certainly guess every probable member of the Pantheon, and still be wrong. Indeed, had we not the unexceptionable authority of Homer on our side, we could never for a moment commit ourselves so much as to think of marrying one of the Graces—to the God of slumbers !

“ You perhaps, Danaë, may not imagine this said God of Sleep to be so amiable as the Grecian artists and poets used to represent him—We ought not, however, to undervalue this charming Deity, who, in common with

⁷ Juno promises Morpheus, Pasithaë for his bride, on condition that he would lull Jupiter into a sound sleep.

“ Hear and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize,
For know thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine !”

Hom. Il. XIV. v. 301. T.

Love and the Graces, may be reckoned among the greatest benefactors of mankind.

1.

“ Sleep’s magic cloud at night descending,
Shrouds the heart from ⁸ waking care,
Till Phœbus bright his car ascending,
Bids some early work prepare.

2.

“ Ah, fain would he in purple clothing,
Watchful vigils doom’d to keep,
With slave or plough-boy, riches loathing,
Barter gold for leaden sleep.

3.

“ And fain would Grief, on down reclining,
Quit her couch of misery,
And Avarice o’er her treasures pining,
Sleep on straw with Poverty!

⁸ Waking care. Mr. Southey does not agree with Wieland on this point.

“ Thou hast been called, oh Sleep, the friend of woe,
But ’tis the happy who have called thee so!”

Curse of Kehama, Vol. II. T.

“ In short, what unhappy mortal finds not in sleep the oblivion of his cares?—And who among us, Danaë, is so much of an immortal, as not to consider himself miserable, when deserted by the God of slumbers?

“ For doth not Love,
When tir'd of kissing,
Close his eye,
And cradl'd lie,
On breast of sleep,
Till weariness be o'er?
And heav'n above,
If sleep were missing,
(Homer swears)
Would melt in tears,
For ever weep,
And happy be no more!!—

“ But you, Danaë, may represent Sleep under the most amiable form imaginable.—

“ With ringlets thick of golden hair,
With drowsy look but youthful air;

⁹ After this pleasing description of the person of Sleep, the reader, perhaps, may like to read that of his dwelling, which our

Fair as Love in Psyche's arms,
 When he rests from war's alarms ;
 Fair as Luna's shepherd blest,
 When in dreams by her caress'd ;
 Fair as summer's eventide,
 When Sol's glowing rays subside !

* * * * *

poet Spenser (borrowing from Ovid) introduces in his *Faerie Queene*, C. I.

“ Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
 And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever drooping head,
 Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.”

“ And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon,
 No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard, but careless quiet lies,
 Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies !”

The natural instruments which this poet has chosen to lull the drowsy God, are well chosen and harmoniously attuned. The same may be said of the descriptions of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. T.

“ Fair as you please,
Sleep lov'd at his ease,
His dear little Grace,
Who lov'd him again,
But modesty never would let her,
Though sure the best plan
Confess to his face
In truth, gentle sleep,
My faith I will keep,
And never love any one better !—

“ Perhaps he was mad,
For sober folks said,
On rosy beds soft,
His joy to prolong,
Sleep cradl'd his deary at noon ;
But rocking too long,
And peeping too oft,
He was conquer'd quite,
By beauty bright,
And forgot all but love very soon !—

“ Then quickly uprose
The worst of his foes,
¹ Agrypnia fell,

¹ Agrypnia, a Greek derivative signifying Restlessness. T.

A terrible witch,
 Who wak'd all the world in a trice :
 So potent her spell,
 Each eye felt a twitch,
 Then struggl'd in vain
 To slumber again,
 For Sleep had forgotten his office !

* * * * *

“ Now every kind of healing art,
 That Galen's pupils could impart,
 And opiates strong were all too weak,
 To make this witch give o'er her freak ;
 Anon she charms the Gods above,
 And sets a spell on hen-peck'd Jove,
 Who never now in slumbers blest
 From Juno's eye and tongue can rest ;
 Nor ever play the cygnet's part,
 To win another Leda's heart,
 But only act the dragon bold,
 To vent his spleen and tame his scold !

“ In short, Danaë, all nature was in an uproar, and it became absolutely necessary to administer some immediate opiate to the restless God of slumbers. The best that could be prescribed was the amiable Pasithea. Her sister Graces conducted the blushing bride to the

grot of Sleep, and in a few moments the eyes of her phlegmatic little bridegroom closed.—Agrypnia fled, and all the world was at rest again.

“ So drowsy an alliance could not have made a mortal beauty very happy, and would have proved the most dangerous one for a prude. But the gentlest of the Graces was well suited for such an amiable partner, who when awakened by a kiss, just took a transient glimpse of his bride, and quite satisfied fell asleep again.

“ It was, however, to the epithalamium of Sleep, and the youngest of the Graces, that the world were indebted for some of the most delightful of dreams—dreams from which each Vestal priestess,

“ Awoke next morn at early dawn,
Before her dream was ended ;
And pond’ring oft, in musings soft,
What such a dream portended,
She napping lay, throughout the day,
Till night again descended,
Then slumber’d sound, and I’ll be bound
To dream the rest intended !

“ That lonely night, some cheating dream
Did lull each youthful widow’s pain,
And lead her midst Elysian fields
To meet her lawful lord again !

“ But dreams there are the very best,
That bless the happy hours of rest,
And these to gentle Love belong—
Oh ! oft may he thro’ myrtle mead,
My dear, my charming Danaë lead,
And Sleep the pleasing dream prolong !

“ In quiet grot, by tepid spring,
When setting suns their shadows fling :
And if by Naiads taught to peep,
Some lurking Faun from ambush leap,
Or goblin fright the maid I love,
May Leda’s swan guard Wieland’s dove !”





PSYCHE AMONG THE GRACES.



INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE ALLEGORY OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

PSYCHE, literally translated from the Greek, signifies, that immortal part of man which we call the soul, the allegorical personification of which was not adopted till a short period after the Augustan age. An allusion, however, to the immortality of the soul had probably pre-existed long before that period; and the Egyptian symbol by which it was expressed, was the Aurelian Crysalis.

The learned Kircher, in the third volume of his *Œdipus Egyptiacus*, observes, that this butterfly, (bred in the papyrus growing about the river Nile) forms the first hieroglyphic on the minor obelisks which he has delineated, and that it is emblematic of the immortality of the soul, of its first and second state reposing between life and death.

Mr. Bryant, in his *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, has the following observations on the word Psyche.

“ The most pleasing emblem among the Egyptians was exhibited under the character of Psyche. This was originally no other than the aurelia or butterfly, but in after times was represented as a lovely female child, with the beautiful wings of that insect. The circumstance of a second birth or issuing into life, after a confinement, is continually described under the character of Psyche. And as the whole, the preservation of Noah and the ark, &c. &c. was owing to divine love, of which Eros was an emblem, we find this person often introduced as a concomitant of Psyche. They are generally described as accidentally meeting and enjoying a pleasing interview, which is attended with embraces and salutes, and every kind mark of reconciliation and favour. From this union of divine love and the soul, the ancients dated the institution of marriage ; and as the renewal of mankind commenced from their issuing out

of the ark, and from the gracious promise made by the Deity on that occasion, they thought proper to assign to Jonah, or Juno, (the emblem of Divine Providence) the office of presiding at that ceremony ¹."

Mr. Maurice, in comparing the leading traces of the mythology of Egypt, Persia, and Greece, has introduced the allegory of Cupid and Pysche ², as congenial with the Indian fictions concerning the excruciating severities to be endured by the transmigration of the soul. Mr. Maurice has given his readers a highly-finished translation of the fifth and sixth books of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which comprehend the interesting amours of Cupid and Psyche. Apuleius ³, if we may credit his own words ⁴, had been initiated into the Eleusynian mysteries, and of course became the better able to write on similar mystical rites and ceremonies. By the heathens, Apuleius was (on account of his superior knowledge in the sciences) considered as a magician. But let us return to Mr. Maurice, who makes

¹ Vol. II. p. 388.

² Indian Antiquities, Vol. V.

³ Apuleius flourished in the second century after the birth of Christ, under Aurelius and Antoninus; he followed the school of Plato, wrote many elegant works, among which his Golden Ass holds the first rank. T.

⁴ Metam. Book II. Vol. I. p. 273. Edit. Bipont.

the following remarks towards the close of his translation from Apuleius. " The general moral intended to be inculcated by the preceding fable of Cupid and Psyche, must be obvious to the reader, although many of the circumstances recorded in it, being introduced merely for the sake of ornament, no direct or particular application can be made of every part of it. We can, however, collect from it on the whole, that the ancient Greeks, like the Brahmins, conceived there was no greater enemy to the soul aspiring to the heights of purity and virtue, than carnal affection, symbolized by Venus, whose servant, Custom, drags us on against our better inclinations and resolutions to criminal indulgence, and then delivers us over, by the command of her mistress, to be tormented by her two other servants, Sorrow and Anxiety. There are a variety of designs of ancient gems and marbles, which still more strikingly and distinctly explain their meaning in this point, and many of these may be seen in Montfaucon's and others' collections. On these sculptures, Psyche is invariably designated with the wings of a butterfly, and sometimes a Cupid is represented as burning her wings (those wings on which she should mount to heaven) with his flaming torch. Sometimes she is drawn kneeling with her hands tied behind her, a certain mark of the

abject slavery into which a soul is brought by the power of the passions ; at other times she is to be seen bound to a tree, while Cupid is severely beating her with rods. In an engraving published by Spon, he is even armed with a hammer and a chisel to bruise and torment her tender limbs. These gems and sculptures sufficiently mark the parallel sentiments entertained on this subject by the philosophers of Greece and of India ; but in no country ever yet heard of, except the latter, have austerities been actually put in practice to such a dreadful and sanguinary complexion as those voluntarily inflicted upon themselves by the penitents of the latter country."

The fable of Apuleius has been universally admired and translated into most of the modern languages of Europe. Moliere and Quinault have dramatized it. ⁵ Fontaine has treated it in a manner somewhat similar to that in which Cardinal Bembo conducts the narrative of his *Asolani* ; the former of these writers has interspersed his translation with occasional pieces of poetry by no means unconnected with the thread of the allegorical history. In our own language, we have the almost

⁵ A translation of this work was published in English by a person named Lockman, 1744.

interminable pilgrimage of ⁶ Beaumont's "Cupid and Psyche," through twenty-four cantos, each containing from two to three hundred stanzas : with this labour of the latter part of the seventeenth century, may be contrasted the elegant poem of Mr. Gurney, in the ballad metre. But the last and best composition on this subject is from the pen of Mrs. Tighe, whose fable is partly borrowed from Apuleius, and partly original. The selection which she has made is such as one might expect from a female mind highly polished and delicately austere. This lady has, however, omitted many

⁶ The reader may form some idea of the style and versification, from the first and last stanzas of this extraordinary performance.

" Psyche, fair daughter of the blest Three One,
 Th' eternal Father's choice for future bride
 To his almighty co-eternal Son,
 When by the Spirit's pure unctions purify'd,
 By Charis and by guardian Phylax led
 Thro' life's dark shades to thy bright nuptial bed.

* * * * *

" To loathed earth then having bid adieu !
 And firmly fix'd her loving eye
 On her dear heav'n, to keep her aim in view,
 Her flame's triumphant tempest swell'd so high,
 That she unable to contain its tide,
 With three deep sighs cry'd out, O Love! and dy'd."

scenes of the original allegory, which would suit the higher flights of poetry, and give ample scope for imagination. The scenes, I allude to, have some of them been attempted by Moliere, but with little success. Among others which remain unsung, are, the precipitous destruction of the jealous sisters of Cupid's bride ; her offerings at the temples of Ceres and Juno ; her journey to the infernal regions ; their terrors ; the dread power of Pluto, and the tempting banquet of Proserpine ; Psyche's previous attempt to commit suicide ; the precious casket, and its fatal disclosure ; the punishment of her curiosity and vanity ;—these, and similar pictures are still left for the pencils of future painters, and are subjects not unworthy the study and attention of the best of our living poets.

THE TRANSLATOR.

CHRISTOPHER MARTIN WIELAND

TO

MR. WEISSE.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Notwithstanding the interest you take in my poetical fragments, you cannot entirely disapprove of the motives which induced me to leave my poem of ⁷ Pysche in an unfinished state; and you are still unwilling that that part of it which was long ago completed, should be lost. You must, however, moderate those paternal impulses which are too apt to prejudice poets in favour of the children of their fancy, and remember that the task is one of your own seeking. I send you the following fragment, which contains an epitome of the whole subject, and may perhaps possess a few passages which even in my own opinion, would not be an unworthy offering to the Graces. Should I be mistaken,

⁷ Wieland had originally intended to write an entire poem on the allegorical fable of Cupid and Psyche divided into cantos, the third of which he here addresses to his friend, Mr. Weisse, who had requested from him the perusal of a part of his unfinished work. T.

their perusal will at least convince you, how insignificant the loss of the whole poem would be.

* * * * *

“ Psyche, at the commencement of this poetical sketch, is struggling under the influence of an attachment to a young shepherd in love with her, but the sensation she experiences is rather the effect of growing tenderness than of real love.”



“⁸ Her tender heart had ne’er till then been weigh’d
 In the wav’ring scales of Love and Sympathy ;
 And when to seize her hand the swain essay’d,
 Half willing, half afraid, distrustfully
 She drew it back ; then easier yielding made
 Of that soft pledge, on which o’erpow’r’d by bliss,
 Her lover bow’d to print one amorous kiss—
 When quick as flax by zephyr’s light upborne,
 His Psyche fled, pursu’d by sighs and hopes forlorn.

“ This accident, Danaë, is related in order to make the introduction to the following fragment, (originally intended for the third Canto) more intelligible.

⁸ In the following stanzas, I have deviated a little from Spenser’s model, and have done so in order to introduce another rhyme. T.

“ By slow degrees, the Soul each scatter’d sense
Collects, and speech returning, utters rude
Impulsive bursts of, “ when? and where? and whence?
“ This mossy couch and I with roses strew’d—
“ Sweet jessamines too? Delusive vision, hence!
“ ’This grot for gods was made! Who brought
“ me here?
“ ’Tis but a moment past that Cupid fair,
“ In shepherd guise, my yielding hand did seize—
“ Was that a dream? Ah, no!—he lurks among yon
“ trees!”

“ Now glancing round her timid eye she moves,
To wonder oft, and oft to doubt inclin’d—
Then seeking Love, from shrub to shrub she roves,
But neither Love, nor shepherd there can find;
The grove had inmate none, save turtle-doves,
That fearless coo’d in shade;—at every pace,
New phantoms rising, Psyche’s senses chase,
Yet when herself she views she then can see
Unchang’d her name, her nature, and identity!

“ Sure some divinity must here reside,
As tranc’d in some bright vision Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.”

Psyche, by Mrs. Tighe.

“¹ Misled by aëry dreams and self intent,
 A silv’ry spring near by the wand’rer spies,
 And as she gazing o’er its surface bent,
 A form beheld, which made her wanton eyes
 O’erflow with joy, and for her heart’s content
 She tried to clasp that pleasant floating charm,
 (For ne’er with kindred love glow’d hearts more
 warm,
 More sister-like,) and good or ill betide,
 Forgotten was her swain, and all the world beside.

“ Still o’er the magic spring she hover’d long,
 Still on the floating image dwelt her eye,
 When sudden² sound, like sound of sweetest song,
 The charm dissolv’d—then listening wistfully,

¹ The reader will do well to compare this allegorical satire upon self-love and vanity with Milton’s description of Eve admiring herself in the pool, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. v. 449.

“ That day I oft remember when from sleep
 I first awak’d,” &c. T.

² “ When lo a voice divinely sweet she hears,
 From unseen lips proceeds the heav’nly sound;
 Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
 At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
 And bids for thee immortal joys abound.”

Psyche, by Mrs. Tighe.

Articulate she hears Euphonia's tongue—

“ Will Cupid's bride elect with phantoms play,

“ While he is mateless left to chide her stay ?

“ Could Psyche once his godlike person view,

“ No longer would her pride delusive shades pursue !”

“ Who bids my hope aspire ?”—No answer came,

No object met her scrutinizing sight,

Tho' fond desire still echo'd Cupid's name.

“ Love bids my hope aspire, for if aright

“ I heard, the God of Love did Psyche claim

“ For bride ; and oh, can he keep tarriance ?”—

“ Thine eye is all too weak to meet Love's glance,”

(Responsive voice replied,) “ though us'd of late

“ Full long upon thine own bright form to contemplate.

“ Wild madd'ning joy o'er reason soon would reign,

“ Should Love at once his dazzling charms unfold !”

Such hazards all did Psyche's soul disdain,

As smiling maidenlike and vainly bold,

Her form she view'd in flattery's spring again,

And questions more had ask'd, but all was mute,

Her wond'ring self of speech left destitute,

Though inward bliss by outward looks was shewn,

And silent thoughts dictated love, and love alone.

“ A God invites—’twas he, the God of Love,
“ In beauty matchless, here in happy hour,
“ His Psyche wafted ; his this charming grove,
“ This silver spring, these turtle doves, this bower,
“ And his the inspiring joys that through me move—
“ Oh guide my steps, ye doves, where Love is laid
“ To sleep beneath the fragrant myrtle’s shade,
“ So Psyche’s virgin kiss your flight shall pay”—
³Dione’s birds her wish fulfill’d, and led the way.

“ By sylvan umbrage cool, and winding path,
Made sweet by flowers and plants of evergreen,
Quite unobserv’d they reach a lonely bath,
Where dwelt the loveliest group that e’er was seen,
Whom roseate shrubs festoon’d with ivy wreath,
Half hid, and half to curious eye laid bare ;
Now wonder-struck shall trembling Psyche dare
Advance? She dares—and quick to aid her view
A Zephyr came, and back the leafy curtain drew !

“ On blossoms wet with dews ambrosial,
And light as air the loving Sisters three,
In native elegance and charms congenial,
Sate binding flow’ry fetters tastefully
All round about young Love’s convivial,

³ Dione, one of the titles which Venus inherited from her mother
Dione, a nymph daughter of Nereus and Doris. T.

Who merry captives chain'd in curling hair,
Or snow-white arm, or other prison fair,
Now cradled laugh on breasts that gently move,
Now fan with rustling wing the rising flames of love.

“ Oh could I ⁴ Oëser's classic genius boast,
Then in true colours I might hope to set
The trembling Psyche in new raptures lost
(Fit gem to shine in ⁵ Winkler's cabinet)
Or rather paint her, when by Amorett host
Convey'd, the Graces did her terrors soothe
With fond embrace, and kiss and language smooth,
Did call her sister, and sure promise make
That all she saw and heard was plann'd for her dear
sake.

“ Soon as the roguish Loves thought Psyche's mind
By pensive joys entranc'd, they straight conspire
Her coarser robings quickly to unbind,
And dress her in the Graces' best attire;
While she to shun those wanton elves, inclin'd
Her blushing cheek on young Pasithea's breast,
And heeded not fresh charms, that hence confest

⁴ Oëser, a celebrated German painter.

⁵ Winkler. See former note.

⁶ In bridal splendour rise, and boldly dare
All other shapes, all other charms to hold compare.

“ Thus not unseen, not unadmir’d, did stand
Love’s destin’d Bride amid this graceful train,
And form’d by nature’s and by fancy’s hand,
Seem’d all that Cupid’s longing hopes would fain
Possess, while sporting with the Zephyrs bland
Sublime on buoyant wing, and far apart,
In thought he press’d his Psyche to his heart—
But not till Sol his fiery course had run,
Were Pæans sung, or Hymen’s sacred rites begun.

“ ⁷ Socratic robes, with silver rays inwrought,
Round Psyche’s form from hip to ancle play’d,

⁶ “ And well might mortal suitor sure despair,
Since mortal charms were none which might with her’s compare.”
Psyche, by Mrs. Tighe.

⁷ Like those carved by Socrates in his models of the Graces.
Spenser has dressed his amoret in a silver-wrought vest.

——— “ a goodly maid,
The which was all in lily white array’d,
With silver streams among the linen stray’d.
Like to the morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray’d;
That same was fairest amoret in place,
Shining with beauty’s light and heavenly virtue’s grace.”
Faerie Queene, B. IV. c. x. st. 52. T.

Flow'r-buds, to grace her locks, the Amoretts brought,
 Which fair Aglaja in those locks did braid :
 Then, duly trimm'd, a myrtle bower they sought,
 Where god-like Fête, and song, and dance succeed,
 Lit up by Luna's lamp in grassy mead ;
 While busy playful Loves at eventide
 Bestrew'd the nuptial bed, for Cupid's lovely bride !"



FINIS.

LONDON :
 PRINTED BY R. GILBERT,
 ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

