

"J. Bapt. Ferrarii Hesperides, sive de Malorum Aureorum culturâ et usû Libri IV." In this age of decadence in classical knowledge it may be necessary to say that the Hesperides were certain mythic nymphs, daughters of Hesperus or the West, placed in charge of gardens or islands productive of delicious fruits, but whose site was kept secret. We have first, in Ferrarius' book, the story of the visit of Hercules to the garden of the Hesperides in quest of the precious fruits (*Aurea Mala*); then comes an account of the introduction of these fruits, which are stated to be citrons, lemons, and oranges of various sorts, into Italy, with mythological legends relating to that introduction; and finally we have a discussion of the several varieties of the fruits just named, their properties and their proper treatment. Interspersed are splendidly executed copperplates of Hercules, from the antique; engravings of coins on which Hercules figures; also, emblematic groups representing the introduction of the *Aurea Mala* into Italy; and then spirited representations of the different fruits themselves, some in each species assuming very curious and even grotesque forms. The sketches or designs of the emblematic groups were contributed by artists of great eminence: one is by Andreas Sacchi; another by Pietro Beretini di Cortona; another by Francis Albani; another by Philippus Galiardus; another by Guido Reni; and another by Nicholas Poussin. The Hercules Farnese is by Perier. The engraver in the majority of cases is Bloemhart. It appears that Guido Reni had just died. A eulogy on his skill and genius is given. In Guido's plate, a Syren or Nereid is seen performing on the violin. In the mind of an Italian there is nothing of the ludicrous about the idea of a violin. Angels in heaven are often represented in sacred Art as playing on that instrument.

Ferrarius dedicates his work to the city of Siena, his native place. Hercules, he says, presented to King Eurysthenes only three of the apples of the Hesperides. He, Ferrarius, offers to the acceptance of his fellow-Sienese an orchard full of them. The language throughout his great folio is remarkably easy and good; nevertheless, at the end he rhetorically professes to have lowly thoughts of his literary powers, indulging at the same time in a play on his own name. These are his closing words: *Hæc habui quæ æ malis aureis conscriberem, nec elegantius potui ferreo stylo, FERRARIUS.*"

Often must Horace Walpole have lifted down this curious volume from its place; often must his hands and those of his friends have