Unlearn'd in Hambert no Works we need

To know this Truth, but only Scripture read.

Is it not written there in ev'ry Page?

And who with fuch a Writer can engage?

Who dares, prodigious Impudence! to doubt

His Word, and what he has affirm'd, Difpute?

Vain Doctors! And of Scepticks fure the worst,

Shou'd Christians by the Church for this be Curst?

The Law is indispensable to Love

God only for himself; wou'd you reprove,

As Error, that which had it's rise above?

By a false Law, which late for true has past,

Wou'd you have Charity no more embrac'd,

But from the Book of Christian Rules be raz'd?

Of these, if I shou'd ask the most severe,
Shou'd a Son love his Father? 'Tis so clear,
I wonder you can doubt it, he'd Reply;
None can a Thing that proves it self deny:
But if that very instant I enquire,
Whether a Man shou'd Love his Heav'nly Sire;
The God that's only Lovely, only Good?
He's Pos'd, and nothing dares on this conclude:

140

Tho' he to that, so readily reply'd, This he's afraid, too rally to decide.

One of these sage Divines, the other Day. Happen'd, by good Adventure, in my Wa,, And what enfu'd, I can't forbear to fay. Lively's the Figure that I us'd, tho' odd. And serves to vindicate the Cause of God. The Occasion of it was a Book we read, And one infulted me, because I said : "That tho' a Sinner has his Sins confest, Unless he's with the Love of God possest, In vain is Absolution from a Prieft. How, fays the Doctor! This is Calvinifm, And thus I was with Error charg'd, and Schiffn ; Check'd and rebuk'd --- But boldly I purfu'd My Plea; for well I knew, my Cause was good. When Heav'n shall Judge the Wicked and the Dead, (In that tremendous Day the Guilty dread;) When the meek Lambs He from the Goats shall part, And each Reward, equal to his Defert.

To all of us, he, Gracious or Severe, Our Deeds within this Mortal Life declare :

All of their unrepented Guilt remind,

And as eternal Judgment on Mankind.

If He, like you, will Judge, to me He'll cry,

- " Go wicked Goat, in Fires Eternal fry ; .
- " Go Wretch, who boldly didft pretend to prove,
- That Man should Me, while he was Mortal, Love.
- Too boldly on this Subject didft declare,
- Go now to Hell, and preach this Doctrine there.
- ' That he, who wou'd my Righteous Wrath prevent,
- ' Shou'd, touch'd with Horror of his Sins, repent;
- ' For Me excited by an ardent Zeal,
- Shou'd in his Soul fome tender Motions feel;
- ' The First of my Commands observe to keep,
- And Love me, like a Meek and Faithful Sheep.

But if I must believe you, Sir; he'll say

To you, when thus he drives the Goats away:

' My Lamb, my Heritage, come hither: Thou

- Didst never to so poor a Passion bow;
- ' Thou ever to this Doctrine wast a Foe,
- With Arguments most Orthodox didst know
- To prove, that none need Love his God below.

ome

- \* Come, thou my well belov'd, who coud'ft with Eafe
- Perplex the Holieft Ofuncils clear Decrees,
- And by nice Subtleties their Words confound,
- To make that dang'rous which they faid was sound.
- Thus, Oh, most useful Doctor, did'st thou tree
- Mankind from the hard Task of Loving Me.
- A useles Burthen from their Shoulders take,
- And the vile Yoke, which wou'd have crusht'em break.
- Go thou to Heav'n, and crown'd with my Applause,
- Go now, and to the Angels, plead this Caufe.
- Convince the Heav'nly Hoft, they need not Love
- Their God, and undeceive the Saints above.

These Words pronounc'd, if God can say 'em, I, Will thus, perhaps, without Offence reply.

- Did not my Heart, less obstinate, agree,
- With my Mouth, always, in my Love to Thee.
- Lord, if my Tongue has err'd, my Soul's the fame,
- From that, my Words, alass! My Worship came,

To my Creator, I'll this Answer make,

But you who to his Bosom thus he'll take,

And with furprizing Tenderness receive,

What Answer will you to th' Almighty give?

How will you in your Doctrine then persist,
Or Hope your Name's in the Celestial List.
How without Shame, Confusion, and Despair,
Will ou an Irony so killing hear?
The bitter Taunt, the dire Derision see,
And look, tho' rank'd among the Lambs, on me.

The Doctor thought himself severely lash'd
With this Discourse, both silenc'd and abash'd.
He went, but mutter'd to himself: His Breast,
With Shame, Resentment and Revenge, possest.
To \* Binsfeld and to Basile Ponce, he slies,
Whom he thinks only Holy, only Wise,
And with their Arguments sull fraught will come,
This Doctrine to resute, and strike me Dumb.

<sup>\*</sup> Two Defenders of False Attrition.

# ODES, EPIGRAMS,

AND OTHER

MICELLANIES.

#### A

# DISCOURSE

UPON

# O D E.

HE following ODE was compos'd upon Occasion of some strange \* Dialogues
lately publish'd, wherein all the Greatest Writers of Antiquity are treated as Persons
of mean Genius, Fellows of the same Size with
the Chappelain's and the Cotin's; and wherein
the Author pretending to Honour our own Age,
has in some measure Disgrac'd it, by giving
an Instance that there are Men capable of Writing such sensels Stuff. Pindar is handled
the worst of any; for the Beauties of that
Poet being extremely confin'd to the Language
Vol. II.

<sup>\*</sup> Written by M. Perrault,

# 148 A Descourse upon ODE.

he writ in, the Author of these Dialogues, who probably knows nothing of Greek, and never read Pindar but in the Latin Translations, (which are very faulty) has taken for Trafb whatever the Weakness of his Wylerstanding cou'd not Comprehend. He lias efpecially ridicul'd those marvellous Passages, where the Poet, to show a Spirit intirely befide it felf, does sometimes designedly quit the Pursuit of his Discourse; and if we may so fay, departs from Reason, the better to enter into it; with great Diligence avoiding that Methodical Order, and those exact Connexions of Sense which wou'd take away the very Soul of Livie Poetry. The Cenfor I speak of did not consider, That while he sell upon these Noble Boldneffes of Pindar, he gave Occasion to believe, That he never understood the Sublime of David's Pfalms, wherein (if we may be allow'd to mention those Holy Canticles in the fame Breath with Things fo Prophane) there are a great many of these abrupt Senses, which fometimes ferve even to convey to us the Divinity of 'em. It is very likely, this Critic is not thoroughly convinc'd of the Precept I laid down in my Art of Poetry, with respect to the Ode.

Son stile impetueux souvent marche au hazard: Chez elle un beau desordre est un effet de l'Art.

Her generous Style will oft at Random start, And by a brave Disorder show her Art. And indeed, this Precept which gives for a Rule, Not to observe any Rule at all upon some Occasions, is a Mystery of the Art not easily mode Intelligible to a Man without any Taste, who steems Cletia, and the Opera's, as Models of the Sublime; who thinks Terence stat, Virgil cold, Homer nonsensical; and who, by an odd turn of Mind is become insensible to every Thing that the generality of Mankind is mov'd with. But this is no Place to show him his Errors; and therefore we shall defer it to some proper Opportunity, which may happen ere it be long.

To return to PINDAR, it wou'd be no difficult Matter to make those sensible of his Beauties who are ever fo little acquainted with the Greek. But this Tongue being now-a-days pretty much unknown to most Men, and it being impossible to show 'em Pindar in Pindar himself, I was of Opinion I cou'd not better justifie that great Poet, than by endeavouring to make an Ode in French after his Manner: . That is to fay, full of Movements and Transports, wherein the Mind feem'd rather hurry'd away by the Fury of the Poetry, than guided by Reason. This is what I propose to my felf in the Ode I am going to present. I chose the taking of Namur for my Subject, as the greatest warlike Action perform'd in our Time, and as the fittest Matter to warm a Poer's Fancy. I have thrown into it as much Mag-

nificence of Words as I could; and like the Ancient Dithyrambic Poets, have employ'd the boldest Figures; even to the making a Star of the White Plume of Feathers the King 16mmonly wears in his Hat, and which in red is a fort of Comet fatal to our Enemies, who give h themselves for Loft as soon as they perceive it. This is the Defign of my Ode. I will not warrant that I have fucceeded in it, nor do I know, whether the Public, who are accustom'd to the regular Excursions of Malherbe, will approve of these Sallies and Pindarical Extravagances; but if I do mifcarry, I shall at least Comfort my felf with the beginning of that celebrated Ode of Horace :

Pindarum quifquis studet amulari, &c.

wherein Horace gives sufficiently to undersland, That if he himself shou'd attempt to reach PINDAR's Height, he shou'd think himself in great Danger of Falling.

To conclude; there being among the Epigrams that follow this Ode, another small Ode of mine, which I have not before inferted in my Works, I am very defirous (in order to avoid all Occasion of Cavil with the Present English) to put the Reader in Mind, That the English whom I attack in that small Poem, (a Juvenile Piece) are those of Cromwell's

# A Discourse upon O D E. 151

I have likewise added to these Epigrams, a Burlesque Decree, from Parnassus: This I formerly compos'd, in order to prevent a very serious Decree, which the University sollicited the Farliament to grant against such who should teach in the Schools any Principles but Aristotle's. The Banter is somewhat Low, and entirely in Law Terms. But 'twas necessary it should be so that it might have it's Effect, which was very Successful, and, I may say, oblig'd the University to drop the Petition they were going to Present.

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.

# ODE On the Taking of NAMUR.

## AN

# O D E

On the Taking of

# NAMUR,

Anno 1692.

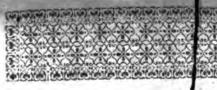
Made English

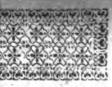
By SAMUEL COBB, M. A.

Late of Trinity-College, Cambridge.



Printed in the Year 1712.





AN

On the Taking of

# AMUR,

Anno 1692.



HAT Learned Fury in my Breaft doca reign,

And, rifing from the fam'd Caftalian Spring. Like some invading King,

Extends its new Dominion o'er my

Sure, I behold the Sacred Nine, With graceful Smiles, and Air Divine; Come ye Pierian Sisters, and inspire . My lab'ring Fancy, tune my Lyre; Quit Pindus lofty Hill, and in my Numbers join.

Silence,

## .158 An ODE of the Taking of NAMUR.

Vex with rude Notife the lift ring Trees:
Without the Help of fanning Air,
They nod their leafy Heads, when e'er
For LEWIS I a Verse prepare.

Lo! How the confcious Groves attend, and feem
To fignify their just Esteem;

Mov'd by the Loudness of my Voice, and Greatness of my Theme.

#### H

From fordid Earth, and vulgar Eves, PIND AR above the Clouds does foar: Thro' Paths of Air, unwing'd before, The bold Direcan Eagle flies. Familiar with the Stars and Skies With Flames, like His, within I burn, And if, O Lyre, thy faithful Strings Can equal what the Poet fings. And the commanded Sounds return : Then shall thy fweet melodious Shell The Rhodopeian Lute excel. So shall my Magic Numbers flow, That Hills and Valleys shall applaud my Song, And Woods, obsequious, round me throng, And Pines and Oaks, in decent Row. Dance from the Mountains, where they us'd to grow. III.

Or do I dream? Or do I fo

A vaft, flupendous Pile, which flirouds Its formidable Head amidft the Clouds,

And with Giganti : Pride, affects the threatned Sky?

What God employ'd his Hand Divine

In fuch a wonderful Defign?

Did PHOEBUS, skilful Architect

Of Trojan Walls, with Neptune join,

And, with united Toil, the dreadful Work erect?

On frowning Rocks, impregnable it stands:

A Foss the fatal Pass defends,

Precipitoufly deep below,

In which the Maes and Sambre flow:

While from above an hundred Cannons roar.

And Iron Deaths, when-e'er they thunder, pour,

And from their Brazen Mouths, Fire and Destruction throw.

IV.

Ten thousand valiant Heroes crown

The frightful Walls which guard the Town.

Heroes like Hercules of old.

With more than Humane Courage bold.

Down on their diftant Enemy below,

Terror and Death, and Ruin throw.

In many a murd'ring Show'r

Of miffive Flame (and horrible to tell!)

From their afpiring Citade!

They rain their Lightnings, and their liunders roar.

## 160 An On E or the Taking of NAMUE.

Deftructive Vulc n, ready for a Birth,
Lurks dormant in the Pregnant Earth;
But strait she shoots him from her bursting Womb;
Then by a sudden Spring is upwards blown,
To frighted Air and Skies unknown;
Whatever bold unhappy Man presume
To tread the faithless Ground,
Where her Infernal Treasures open all around
A horrid blazing Scene, a wide Sulphireous Tomb.

#### V.

Had TROY, the built by Hands Divine, Been fortify'd with Walls like Thine, O NAMUR, were the half to ftrong, Atrides from the Siege had went. More Souls to Pluto had been fent. More than ten Years been vainly fpent, And Helen's Rape still unreveng'd in Song. But what, or Man, or God is He, Whom in the midst of Flames I fee, Advancing with a dreadful Power, To thunder down thy Haughty Tower: At whose Approach thy Mountains crack, Thy Heroes start affrighted back? What Noise, what buftling Tumults rife? What flashing Fire around him flies? Sure, JOVE himself is in the Field, Or He, who taught the World, that MONS could yield.

## · An ODE on the Taking of NAMUR. 161

VI.

Which reigns fuperior in his Face:
All ger a King: His Lightning Eyes
Pale MASSAU in his Camp furprize.

He trembles, NAMUR, for Himfelf and Thee,
With true Prophetic Fear; tho He
His Datch Battalions round Him rang'd behold,
Those docil Slaves, who to His Standards bow,
Who scorn'd the Spanish Yoke of old:
Tho' the Germanic Eagles, humble now,
Have learn'd a less aspiring Flight,
And, with the Belgic Lion join'd, delight
All under the Britannic Pards to fight.

#### VII.

Soon as the Name of LEWIS stunn'd his Ear,
A sudden, and benumbing Dread
Thro' every Vein, like a chill Poison, spread,
And all His boastful Squadrons froze with Fear.
To ward the fure impending Blow,
He calls forth distant Nations from afar;
His Fears to lessen, and affist the War,
Like an imperuous Tide, they flow;
With scorching Heat of Western Summers tann'd,
Some Tagus, proud with Golden Sand,
Sends from the Lustanian Strand,

## 162 An ODE of the Taking of NAMUR.

Some, quitting their cold Wint'ry Home, From Norway, and the Baltic come. Each Climate fent's its various Swarms, Where Boreas freezes, or where Phabus warms.

#### VIII.

But ah! What makes the fwelling Sambre roar
Beyond the Limits of his Shore?

Maia's aftonish'd at the Power unknown
Which sends a Winter, not Her Own.

What Storms from secret Magazines have drove
Such Torrents, as in cold December flow,
Destructive to the Fields below,
And frightful to the Twins above.

See! how pale Ceres, with dishevel'd Hair,
And weeping Eyes, and wild Despair,
Flies from her Kingdom to a fad Exile,
When she Her Treasures plunder'd sees
By Boreas, and the Hyades,
Who with inverted Urns despoil
The greedy Farmer's Hopes, the Hind's laborious Toil

#### IX.

Yes; to your Fury loofe the willing Rein,
Nor your collected Wraths restrain.
Empty, Ye Clouds, each show'ry Storm,
Ye Nations, each Battalion arm,

## 'An ODE on the Taking of NAMUR. 163

Ye Princes, with new Courage glow,
Ye Winds, from every Corner blow;
Yet Then shall NAMUR's crambling Walls to Duft and Ruin go.

For what can Winds, or Rain, or Hail,
Or Floods, or Troops, or Kings, avail
Against that Arm, by which Proud Spanish Ganda fell?
The first and fairest of his Conquests, Liste,
With Hundreds more, too many to rehearse,
Or too rebellious for my Verse,
Or too uncourtly for my Style,
Have witness'd to the World, how vain a Thing
"Twou'd be t'oppose the Power of Heavin, or a Heavin-Given King."

#### X.

Nor vain my Augury; for lo!

Those Walls, which with disdainful Pride
Our loud Artillery defy'd,
Begin to stagger at each batt'ring Blow,
And all their boasted Strength in their own Ashes hide.

Gradieus, all on fire, impetuous roars,
And with a Voice tremendous breathes
Their Ruin forth, and thousand Deaths
From all his staming Mouths he pours.

And now, the Bombs, from direful Engines thrown,
With sudden Spring are upwards blown,
And to the cloudy Regions sty,
As if they'd florm th' endanger'd Sky,
Or see where brooding Thunders sie.

## 164 An ODE on the Taking of NAMURS

Then dropping downward thro' the finged Air,
With burfting quake the Earth, around they tear,
As if they'd force their Way to Hell; and feare.
With Flames unknown, the Monfters which inhabit there.

#### XI.

Where is NASSAU? and where the Bojan Duke,
Sole Hopes of those once formidable Walls?
Sure, they will hear, when Glory calls,
Sure, they will leave their Banks, and safely look,
If e'er they Fame and Honour sought,
At what a stender Price it may be bought.
Draw near, Te mighty Two!
Those Warlike Youths, who in your Sight
Combat the Rocks insuperable Height,
With Wonder and Amazement view.
LEWIS leads on the glorious Way:
Nor Flames, nor Waters check his Stay.
Like the World's Universal Soul,
He moves and animates the Whole,
And shares the common Dangers of th' important Day.

#### XII.

Mark! how, amidst the furious Storms of War,
The filver Plumes, which o'er His Royal Head,
Uncommon Influences shed,
Attract the gazing Eyes of All from far,
The Standards of His Enemies affright,
To them a Comet's hairy Light,
To Us a favourable Star!

# An ODE on the Taking of NAMUR. 165

A Star, at whose commanding Nod,
Obsequious Victory has always flown,
And Glory, in a golden Charior drawn,
Attended by War's bloody God,
Follows with winged Speed, true Friend to Bourbon's Line,
She does in LEWIS most delight,
LEWIS, Her Darling Favourite,
And with new Laurels loads his Brows Divine.

#### XIII.

Ye Guardian Princes of Iberia's Fate, Launch now your tardy Thunder, which was means The Fall of NAMUR to prevent; Nor let your ling'ring Lightning flash too late! Hark! the Martial Clarions found. Your list'ning Horse begin the warlike Dance, And now your Infantry advance, And quit their tented Ground. Come on, ye brave Confederates of Spain, And onward crowd to the Mehaine, Whose trembling Waters never saw before Such Numbers, cluftering on the Shore, Of armed Warriours, who appear Scornful of Danger, and fecure of Fear. Come on ; What stops your noble Passage, Say & What makes your loitering Courage flay? What! does fo poor a Stream impeach your Way?

#### XIV.

Hither are all the Eyes of Europe bent. And the World waits the vast Event. Why do you, then, like Statues grow? Dare you not march to meet your Foc ?. What strange Misfortune do your Minds fore-bode, When all's a plain and open Road? When th' adverse Bank from Luxembourg is clear; What! Does his Sight alone fo freeze with Fear? Where is your vaunted Valour now? Where is your fierce and threatning Brow? You who were once fo bold and brave. To march from Thames and the Hungarian Drave. (Whose Stream is taught to wear the Austrian Chain) You who to Spain our Kingdom gave, With fanguine Hopes who cross'd the Main, To pamper Flandrian Steeds on fair Lateria's Plain.

#### XV.

Mean time, the frighted Governor retires,
To the last Wall for Refuge slies,
But Refuge the last Wall denies,
And doubles His Confusion, and our Fires.
The Gallic Mars bestrides the Plain,
And rides triumphant o'er the Slain;
With nearer Ruin threatens to destroy,
The hoary Father, and the helples Eoy,

# · An ODE on the Taking of NAMUR. 167

Unless the Garrison comply,

And wave their suppliant Signals in the Sky.

What can their muttering People quell?

What can the Force of France repel?

Pushing with Fire and Sword our Cohorts go,

O'er Heaps of Stones, and broken Limbs

Of Rocks, the dauntless Soldier climbs

O'er Helmets, Swords, Guns, Carcasses, the dreadful Pomp

'of Wee.

#### XVI.

Tis done: The candid Enfign is display'd,
I heard them beat the loud Chamade.
Our rattling Drums and Trumpets cease,
And all's a calm and gentle Peace.
Go, ye fond Princes, whom Desire of Fame
And Envy at Great Bourbon's Name,
In Arms united from the Banks of Thames,
With those who drink Amstela's Streams,
And those who from the Spanish Iber came.
Tell it to Brussels and to Liege,
How you were humble, idle Lookers on,
To see the Palms which LEWIS won,
To see in Smoke your vapour'd Glory gone,
At NAMUR's Noble Siege.

## 168 An ODE omthe Taking of NAMUR.

#### XVII.

Me Phebus warms with gentlest Fires,
With sweetest Transports Me inspires:
Me by the Hand Thalia leads
Thro' laurel'd Groves, Aonian Meads:
Bears Me to the Castalian Well,
Where Clio, and Her Sisters dwell:
Me teaches with aerial Flight
To reach Parnassus losty Height.
I know the Hills, and sacred Springs,
And all the secret Avenues
Frequented by the Theban Muse
And heated with Poetic Rage,
Instructed in the Note which Flaceus sings,
Thro' Paths of Air I stretch my Wings,
Untrodden by th' insipid Pernaults of the Age.



# EPIGRAMS,

AND OTHER

# PIECES.

## A FABLE out of ÆSOP.

The OLD MAN and DEATH.

Poor, old Wretch, beneath the Weight
Of cumbrous Sticks, was seen to Sweat,
Aud Puff, and Blow, and Fume, and Fret.
Till tir'd at last; and out of Breath,
He shot his Load, and call'd for Death.
With ghastly Face the gristy Dame
No sooner call'd, but, at her Name,
Like Tavern-Drawer, up She came.
Sir, Did you call? What would you have?
My Name is Death, your Worship's Slave.
Vol. II.

I call? Quoth he: Oh!— I befeech ye So far, Sweet Madam, to oblige me, As on my Back these Sticks to lay, And your Petitioner shall Pray.

#### EPIGRAM.

The Grateful Debtor.

IN Want (and what's a greater Curse?)

He was assisted by my Purse.

I made a Man of him from Nought,
And yet have ne'er receiv'd a Groat.

And tho' his All to me he owes,
His Meat, his Drink, his very Cloaths;
He can with Ease my Presence bear,
Can on Me, without Blushing, stare:

Was ever Gratitude so rare?

VERSES to be put under the KING's Busto, (made by the Famous Statuary M. Girardon,) the Year the Germans took Belgrade.

Behold in Peace and War a Monarch Great,

From whom the govern'd Earth expects her

Fate.

Nations, his Glory, with Amazement, view, And own his Laws, or for Protection Sue. The Rhine still trembles with his loud Alarms,. His numerous Squadrons, and victorious Arms. Those Heroes, who against the SULTAN strive, Beyond the Bosphorus the VIZIER drive, A hundred Times have been compell'd to fly, And seen his Lillies dim their Eagle's Eye.

----

VERSES to be put under Mademoiselle de Lamoignon's Piëtare.

Cælestial Virtues from her Parents drew.

Whose Piety was, early as the \* Sun,

Felt, like his Heat, where first his Light begun,

And overtook him, e'er his Race was run.

Whose Goodness scorn'd to be confin'd to Place,

To whom the World was but a narrow Space.

An active Love for God, and all Mankind

By Day and Night instam'd her zealous Mind.

Her large Estate was spread o'er East and West,

And Lent out to the Poor at Interest.

Her Rest and Health she lost for them alone;

And, to preserve their Lives, consum'd her own.

<sup>\*</sup> Madamoiselle de Lamoignon us'd to send considerable Sums of Money to the Missionaries both in the East and West-Indies.

# A CATCH made at Baville, when Father Bourdaloue was there.

1.

When the \* chief Magistrate is there
To loosen and unbend his Care.
Who jocund at the Table sits,
And BACCHUS, to inspire our Wits,
As our First President admits.

II.

Three Muses in a modish Dress
The Second Place to him possess.
While with a Bumper † ARBOUVILLE
Obeys, and executes his Will.

III.

If BOURDALOUE should be severe, And bid us, Too much Pleasure fear, We answer, Father, ESCOBAR,

. }

m 3

Does

<sup>\*</sup> Monueur Lamoignon.

<sup>+</sup> A Relation of Monsieur de Lamoignon's.

Does with it for our Health dispence, To quicken and inlarge our Sense.

IV.

Should he contribute to Espouse-Exploded Abstinence's Cause, Against a Doctor so Divine, He's voted by the God of Wine A Heretic, if he persist; Nay, what is worse, a Jansenist.

VERSES to be put before an Allegorical Romance, wherein the whole Morality of the Stoics was explain'd.

E Partifans of EPICURUS Tribe,
Whose poison'd Doctrines you imbibe;
Who with unchastest Pleasures burn,
To Reason's purest Light at last return,
And from the Self-denying Stoic learn.

This BOOK, if well-observed by wanton Youth
Will teach them an Eternal Truth.
That he's most Happy, who himself denies,
And Pleasure in the want of Pleasure lies.

EPI-

#### EPIGRAM.

March to the state of

#### To a PHYSICIAN.

Es, I have faid, an Asculapian \* Sot, More by VITRUVIUS than by GALEN got. He prov'd Successful in the Building Way,

Who as a Doctor always went aftray.

Yet think not, + LUBIN, I on you reflect, Your Pardon, Sir. My Muse is too correct. A Quack you are; but no good Architect.

#### EPIGRAM.

To Melfieurs PRADON and BONNECORSE, who both at the same time publish'd a Book of Scandal against me.

Ome PRADON and you BONNECORSE, Writers both of equal Force; Receive the Honours which are due, To your Poetry, and You.

Poffess

Vid. The Art of Poetry. Book IV.

I Suppos'd to be Monfieur Perrault the Physician,

#### EPIGRAMS,

Possess the Place your Names demand,

And ever in my Writings stand.

You've both been long expected there

To herd with PERRIN and LINIERE,

176

#### EPIGRAM.

To Monsieur PERRAULT. On his Books against the Ancients.

Hree \* Emperors, as 'tis in Story told;
Sots, Fools and Madmen, were efteem'd of
Old:

Because they ridicul'd, and set at Nought,
What PLATO, TULLY, HOMER, VIRGIL wrote.
You, Sir, attack those Chiefs of Ancient Time,
With equal want of Wit, and no less Crime.
What Name then should we, were you Emperour,
On your exalted Ignorance confer?

<sup>\*</sup> Caligula, Nero, and Adrian.

### Another on the same Subject.

Now comes it, PERRAULT, I would gladly know

That \* Authors of Two thousand Years ago,

Whom in their Native Dress all Times revere,

In your Translations should so flat appear:

'Tis you divest them of their own Sublime.

By your vile Crudities, and humble Rhyme.

They're thine, when suffering thy wretched Phrase,

And then no wonder, if they meet no Praise.

#### EPIGRAM.

On Monsieur PERRAULT the Physician.

Did PERRAULT that Affafine ever give Physic to me, or I his Pills receive?

Tis false and needs no Proof, for I'm alive.

<sup>\*</sup> Tully, Plato, Homer, Virgil.

SONNET, upon a Cousin of mine that died very young, in the Hands of a Quack.

My tender Life in Innocence I led.

In all her harmless Sports I bore a Part,

Nor was I more ally'd in Blood, than Heart:

I shar'd in all her Joys, her Hopes and Fears,

The Charms of Friendship growing with our Years,

Till with a long and painful Sickness spent,

She pin'd away her Bloom in Languishment.

A cursed Quack the Gordian Knot unty'd;

And by his Physic my lov'd Cousin dy'd.

How did this sudden Blow my Heart surprize!

How the warm Streams pour'd from my gushing

Eyes!

For this foul Fact I drew my angry Pen To Lash it in the Face of guilty Men.

Yes, when I scarce had fifteen Summers told, I ventur'd on the Stage, resolv'd and bold; My Griefs exposing to the World, I try'd

To stab with Verse this barb'rous Homicide.

Yes, dear Revenge, for his perfidious Crime

Was the first Dæmon, which inspir'd my Rhyme.

#### EPIGRAM.

Occasion'd by some Verses that were read in the Academy against HOMER and VIRGIL.

To PHABUS, God of Day and Rhyme.

You can't imagine, Sir, said She,

That such a Thing should ever be,

In any corner of the World,

Where e'er your golden Beams are hurl'd,

That an ungracious Set of Men,

Should call with Tongue, or write with Pen,

HOMER and VIRGIL, barren Tools,

And an insipid Brace of Fools.

Impossible! APOLLO cry'd:

'Tis very true, the Muse reply'd.

Perhaps among those Salvage Sots,

The \* Hurrons, or the Hottentots!

At Paris. In a Mad-House then?

No: By a Pack of Learned Men.

And at the Louvre it was done

Before the Eyes of you, the Sun.

### EPIGRAM

Upon a Paultry Satire which the Abbot Cotin handed about under my Name.

F all the Pens, which my poor Rhymes molest,

COTIN's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.

Others outragious Scold and Rail downright,

With hearty Rancour, and true Christian Spite.

But He, a readier Method does Design,

Writes scoundrel Verses, and then says they're mine.

<sup>\*</sup> The Salvages of the East and West-Indies.

# Another against the same.

Hy fo much Pains, that, like a lafting Brand,

The Name should in my Works no longer stand. If you would shun th' Offence of being known, Fear not my Writings, blot it from thy Own.

VERSES to be put under the Picture of Monsieur Tavernier, the famous Traveller.

His Traveller from Paris us'd to run

To Deli and the Rifing of the Sua.

And there familiar with those Monarchs grow,
Who Rule where Indus and Hydaspes flow.

Still on the Banks of Ganges he's rever'd;
Wheree're he came, his Virtue was Guard.

And tho', returning to his Native Seat,
He shows what \* Jewels ripening Suns beget,
Presents to View the Wealth of Indian Kings,
Yet nothing equal to himself he brings.

12/4/01

<sup>\*</sup> He return'd from the Indies, with the Value of Three Millions in Jewels.

MEET IN

VERSES to be put under the Picture of the late Monsieur Hamon, Physician of Port-Royal.

Ith Knowledge, Wit and Eloquence adorn'd,

He shun'd Mankind, and in the Desart mourn'd.

The Woods he courted, where he liv'd Obscure;
Laid out his Skill and Fortune on the Poor.

In austere Fasting Thirty Years he spent,
And all his Life was one continu'd Lent.

So much his Mind did the World's Pleasures slight,
That Works of Penance were his sole Delight.

VERSES to put under the Picture of Monsieur de la Bruyere, before his Book, entitul'd, The Manners of the Age.

# The Author Speaks.

Et the Self-Lover these strict Lessons learn, And here himself, within himself Discern; My BOOK, which scorns his Vanity to hide, Will cure his Passion, and correct his Pride.

## STANZAS.

To Monsieur MOLIERE, upon his Comedy, call'd, L'Ecole de Femmes, or, The SCHOOL Of WOMEN, which several carpt at.

1

N vain a Thonfand, jealous Wits,
Hot, angry Critics, empty Cits,
Presume t'arraign thy finest Piece,
Which vies with Rome, or witty Greece.
Whose undrest Charms do so ingage
As shall divert a Future Age,
And Sons unborn cares the Page.

11.

O how agreeable's the Style,

When your wife Jest commands a Smile!

Not \* He, by whom Numantium fell,

Who did the Power of Carthage quell,

Was, under TERENCE's Disguise;

More Solid, Witty, or more Wise.

<sup>\*</sup> Scipio.

III.

How pleasant is thy Muse's Truth!

Thy School directs our wandring Youth.

Thy jocular, instructive Lines

Excell a hundred, dull Divines.

1V.

Let peevish and invidious Men
Decry the Labours of thy Pen.
Let Vulgar Critics prate; and fay
That Vulgar Palates like Thy Play:
That all thy Rhimes are wondrous flat,
And the Discourse, but idle chat:
Yet hear for once a Friends Advice;
In pleasing much, your Error lies.
If then you'd take with Court and City,
Be less Diverting, and less Witty.

### EPIGRAM.

Against an ATHEIST.

Hile in his Double-Elbow Chair
Young ALIDOR does Loll and Swear,
No wonder if a Wretch, like me,
Am Object of his Raillery.
Why should not I a Blockhead seem
To One, who does his God Blaspheme?
But no Man thinks (what e'er He sith)
His Words are Articles of Faith.

#### Another.

Did with MENAGE a Wager lay.

That there was nothing ever feen

Against ARNAULD by Saint Sorlain.

Tes—fays a Bookseller—I know

About some Twenty Years ago,

(Proceeds the pert Marchand Libraire,)

A Hundred Copies Printed were,

I have 'em all; They're lasting Ware.

Vol. II.

# A TETRASTIC

On the Picture of Don Quixote's Harje Rofinante.

Ail King of Horses, Noble Rosinance,
Th' Iberian Coursers come not in a Span t'ye,
Who Trotting Day and Night o'er Hills and Dales,
Did Gallop once; or else th' Historian fails.

### EPIGRAM.

TO CLIMENE.

LIME NE fomething has perplext me;

I thought a fit of Love had vext me.

Nay, prithee, Dear, contain thy Fury;

Tis not with you I can affure you.

### EPIGRAMMA.

In novum Cauffidicum ruftici Lictoris filium.

D'in Puer iste sero natus Lictore perorat,

Et clamat medio, stante Parente, soro.

Quaris, quid sileat circumfusa undique Turba?

Non stupet ob Natum, sed timet illa Patrem.

Upon a Toung LAWYER, the Son of a Country Beadle.

Hile the fierce Beadle's Brat does loudly
Bawl,

How filent are the Mob! How still the Hall!

Yet think not that his Rhetorick's rever'd,

The SON is harmless, but the FATHER's fear'd.

# ALTERUM,

In Marullum verfibus Phaleucis antea male laudatum.

Jam dudum tacitus, Marulle, quaro:

Quum nec sint stolidi, nec insiceti,

Nec pingui nimium fluant Minerva.

Tuas sed celebrant, Marulle, laudes,

O versus stolidos & insicetos!

On Marullus banter'd formerly in Phaleucian Verses.

That my poor Verses shou'd displease ye.

I long have born with this Assront,

But now wou'd know the Reason on't.

For, if some Men of Wit and Breeding,

Inform me right, they will bear Reading.

Nor want they Salt, nor do they flow

With a dull Cadence, flat and low;

But they're in Praise of you, and therefore seem

So dull and wanting more of Flame than Fleme.

Vers en stile de Chapelain, pour mettre a la fin de son Poeme de la Pucelle.

Audit soit l'Auteur dur, dont l'apre & rude verve Son cerveau teuaillant, rima malgre Minerve; Et, de son lourd marteau martelant le bon Sens, A fait de mechans Vers douze sois douze cens.

VERSES in Chapelain's Style, to be put at the end of his Poem of the Maid (of Orleans.)

Urse on the Wretch whose Rage to be a Wit

Tort'ring his Brain in Spite of Nature writ:

Whose heavy Strokes on Reasons Anvil thunder'd,

Hammering out paltry Lines, twelve times twelve

Hundred.

The Poem contains Twelve Books, and each Book 1200 Verfes.

# TREATISE

OFTHE

# SUBLIME

Translated from the Greek of LONGINUS.

### WITH

Critical Reflections, Remarks, and Observations,

By M. BOILEAU, M. DACIER, and M. BOIVIN-

The Muses sure Longinus did inspire, And blest their Critic with a Poet's Fire. An ardent Judge, that Zealous in his Trust, With Warmth gives Sentence, yet is always Just; Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws, And is himself that great Sublime be draws. Essay on Criticism.

L 0 N D 0 N:

Printed in the Year, MDCCXII.

Researcher Crafted and which

# Monfieur BOILEAU's

# PREFACE

To his Translation of

# LONGINUS.



HE little Treatife, a Translation of which I now present to the Publick, is a small Piece which escap'd the Wreck that befell several other Books compos'd by Longinus. However it is not come down to us entire, for the the Volume might not at first

be very large, there are several Places desective in what remains, and the Treatise of the Passions which the Author wrote of in a Book by it self, to serve as a Sequel to this, is quite lost. Nevertheless, as dissiour'd as it is, there's enough still to give us a very great Idea of the Author, and make us heartily sorry for the Loss of his other Writings, the Number of which was not small. Suidas reckons up nine, but the Titles of 'em are only less us, and those too confus'dly. They were all Pieces of Criticism and certainly we can never sufficiently grieve Vol. II.

for the Loss of these excellent Originals, which if we judge of them by this, must have been so many Masterpieces of good Sense, Learning and Eloquence. Elo-quence I say, because Longinus was not satisfy'd with giving us, like Aristotle and Hermogenes, dry Precepts without any manner of Ornament. He would not. commit the same Fault he laid to the Charge of Cariling, who, fays he, wrote of the Sublime in a Lew Stile; for when he treats of the Beauties of Elocution, he makes use of all its Graces; he often employs the Figure he teaches, and in talking of the Sublime, is himself most Sublime. However he does it so a propos and with such Art that one cannot accuse him any where of going once out of the Didactick Stile. This is what has got his Book such a great Reputation among the Learned, toho have all look'd upon it as one of the most precious Remains of Antiquity on the Subject of Rhetorick. Cafaubon calls it the Golden Book, to fhew the value of this little Piece, which, as little as 'tis, may be put in the Balance with the greatest Volumes.

Longinus's Merit was such that no Man was in more Esteem even in his own Time; the Philosopher Porphyrius, who was his Disciple, speaks of him as a Prodigy. If he is to be believ'd, this Critick's Judga ment was the Standard of good Senje, bis Opinion in Matters of Learning and Eloquence past for sovereign Decrees, and nothing was good or bad but according as Longinus approv'd or condemn'd it. Eunapius in the Lives of the Sophists goes still further. He runs out into extravagant Hyperboles to shew his Value for Longinus, and cou'd not be contented to speak in a reasonable Stile of Merst fo extraordinary as that of this Author. But Longinus was not only an able Critick, he was a confiderable Minister of State, and 'tis a sufficient Panegyrick on him to fay, he was in great Credit with Zenobia the famous Queen of the Palmyrenians, who dar'd, in Defiance of the Roman Empire, declare herfelf Queen of the East after the Death of her Hus-

band

band Odenatus. She at first plac'd him near her Perfon to teach her the Greek Tongue, but from her Greek Master she advanc'd him at last to be one of her Prime Ministers. 'Twas he who encourag'd her in maintaining her felf in the Sovereignty of the East, who conam'd her in Adversity, and furnish'd her with those haughty Words which she wrote to Aurelian when that Emperor Summon'd her to Surrender. This Advice cost our Author his Life, but his Death was equally glorious to him and shameful to Aurelian, to whose Memory it may be said to be an eternal Stain. As the Death of Longinus is one of the most famous Incidents of the History of that Time, the Reader perhaps will not be displeas'd to see what Flavius Vopiscus has written of it, &c. he tells us that when Zenobia's Army was routed near the City of Emessa, Aurelian laid Siege to Palmyra, where this Princess had shut her self up; he met with a greater Resistance than he expected, or indeed cou'd expect reasonably from the Resolution of a Woman. Being tir'd with the Length of the Seige he try'd to get the Town by. Treaty. He wrote a Letter to Zenobia in which he offer'd her her Life and a Place of Retirement, provided she surrender'd in a certain Time. Zenobia, adds Vopiscus, answer'd this Letter with a phaughtiness which ill suited with the State of her Affairs. She did it to terrify Aurelian, and the Contents were as follow.

Zenobia Queen of the East to the Emperor Aurelian. No Body till now has made such a Demand as thine. Valour, Aurelian, ought to do every thing in War. Thou commandest me to deliver my self up into thy Hands, as if thou didst not know that Cleopatra chose rather to die with the Title of Queen, than to live with any other Diguity. We expect Succour from the Persians, the Saracens are arming in our Desence, the Armenians have declar'd for us, a Band of Robbers have in Syria routed thy Army, judge then what thou art to expect when

all these Forces are join'd. Thy Pride with which shou now order'st me to yield to thee as the absolute

Lord of all things, will be abated.

Vopifcus continues, This Letter rather rais'd Aurelian's Fury than made him asham'd. The City of Palmyra was taken a few Days afterwards, and Zenol's feiz'd as the was flying to the Perfians; all the Arm requir'd the should be put to Death, yet Aurelian would. not dishonour his Victory by the Death of a Woman. He therefore kept Zenobia for his Triumph, and contented himself with commanding the Execution of those who had affifted her with their Counsels; among these was the Philosopher Longinus, who was extremely lamented. This Princess had taken him into her Service to teach her Greek, and Aurelian condemn'd him to die for writing the foregoing Letter. Zosimus the Historian affirms, that 'twas Zenobia her felf who accus'd him. Zenobia, says he, being fiez'd, threw all the Fault on her Ministers, who she said impos'd upon the Weakness of ber Understanding. She particularly nam'd Longinus, of whom we have so many useful Writings, and Aurelian order'd he shou'd be put to Death. Zofimus goes on: This great Man (hero'd a wonderful Constanc; athis Execution, infomuch, that at the last Mordent be comforted those whom his Misfortune had touch'd with !. Pity and Indignation.

By this we may perceive Longinus was not only an able Rhetorician as Quinctilian and Hermogenes, but a Philosopher worthy to be put in Comparison with the Socrates's and Cato's. There's nothing in his Book which is not agreeable to this Character. The Man of Honour is to be seen every where in it, and there's something in the Sentiments which shews not only a sublime Wit, but a Soul elevated very much above what is common; wherefore I do not repent that I have employ'd some Time in endeavouring to explain and make their this execulent Work, which, I may say, has hitherto been understood but by a very few, even of the Learned.

Muret was the first who undertook to translate it into Latin at the Sollicitation of Manucius, but he never finished it, either on account of the Difficulties he found in it, or that Death prevented him. Gabriel de Petra /ome time after was more couragious, and 'tis to him we owe the Latin Translation that we have of this Treatife. There pre besides two others, but so rude and impersect, that it sou's be to do too much Honour to the Authors to name 'em only, even that of Petra, which is infinitely the best is not perfect, for he not only frequently talks Greek in Latin, but there are several Places wherein one may say he did not very well understand his Author; not that I wou'd accuse so learned a Man as he of Ignorance, nor establish my Reputation on the Ruins of his: I know what it is to attempt first to make an Author's Sense clear, and I confess his Works was of great Use to me as well as Langbain's and Monsieur Le Fevres short Notes. I wou'd, if I could, excuse the Faults that may have escap'd me in this French Translation by those in the Latin, tho' I have done my best to make mine as exact as it cou'd be made. To fay Truth, I have not met with a few Difficulties. 'Tis easie for a Latin Translator to rid himself of a troublesome Business, even in those Places that he does not understand. He need only translate the Greek Word for Word. and out such in his Translation as may at least be suppos'd to be intelligible, for the Reader who very often has no Conception of the Matter, will rather take it upon himfelf than imagine the Ignorance was in the Translator. 'Tis not the fame Thing with Translations in a Vulgar Language, every Thing the Reader does not understand he calls Nonfenfe, and the Translator alone is accountable for it; the very Author's Faults are laid to his Charge, and he must in some Places rectify him without daring to leave him in any. As little as this Volume of Longinus may be, I can't think I have made a mean Present to the Publick, if I have given it a good Translation in our Tongue. I have spar'd neither for Care nor Pains, however the Reader is not to expect here a timorous Version confin'd servilely

20 Longinus's Words, the' I oblig'd my felf never to break the Rules of a true Translation in any one Place, yet I took an honest Liberty, especially in the Passages quoted by him. I thought I was not bound to give a meer Translation of Longinus, but a Treatise on the Sublime that might be useful to the World. After all, there may perhaps be some Persons who will be so far from approving of my Version, that they will not spare even the Original Vex pect that there will be feveral who will except against Longinus's Authority, who will condemn what he approves, and approve what he condemns : such certainly is the Treatment be ought to expect from the greatest Part of the Judges of our Times. These Men accustom'd to the Depravity and Extravagance of Modern Poets, who admire nothing but what they do not understand, don't suppose that an Author can have an elevated Genius unless he flies intirely out of Sight in his Writings; thefe little Wits, I fay, will not be very much touch'd with the Flights of the Homer's. the bold Strokes of the Plato's and Demosthenes's, they may often feek after the Sublime, in the Sublime, and perhaps laugh at the Exclamations. West Longinus fametimes makes on Passages, which the very Sublime, are nevertheless simple and natural, and rather seize the Soul than dazzle the Eyes. Whatever Assurance these Gentlemen may have of the Clearness of their Undistandings, I beg they would consider that this is not the Work of a Learner, but the Master-Piece of one of the greatest Criticks of Antiquity, that if they dont find out the Beauty of those Passages, it may as well be occafion'd by the Weakness of their Sight as by the little Luftre that hines in them, or let the Worft happen that can, I advise them to accuse the Translation, since 'tis but too true that I have neither attain'd, nor cou'd attain to the Perfection of those excellent Originals, and I declare really before hand, if there are any Faults they cou'd come from no Body but me.

The only Thing that remains to be faid to finish this Preface, is to explain what Longinus means by the Sublime, for as he wrote on this Subject after Cecilius who had wasted almost all his Works in shewing what the Sublime was, he did not think it necessary for him to enter upon the Explanation of a Thing which had been but too sich defous'd already. It must be observ'd then that The Sublime he does not mean what the Orators call the Sublime Stile, but something extraordinary and marvellous that strikes us in a Discourse and makes it elevate, ravish and transport us. The Sublime Stile re-· quires always great Words, but the Sublime may be found in a Thought only, or in a Figure or Turn of Expression. A Thing may be in the Sublime Stile, and yet not be Sublime, that is, have nothing extraordinary nor furpriling in it : As for Example, The Sovereign Arbiter of Nature with one Word only form'd the Light; this is in the Sublime Stile, and yet is far from being Sublime, because there's nothing very marvellous in it, and which might not be easily thought and exprest on that Occasion by any one; but God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light, is an extraordinary Turn of Expression which so well denotes the Obedience of the Creature to the Orders of the Creator, that it is truly Sublime and has something Divine in it; therefore by the Sublime in Longinus must be understood that which is extraordinary furprising, and as I have translated it, marvellous in Discourse.

I have quoted those Words out of Genesis, as an Expression the most proper of any to put my Thoughts in a true Light, and made use of it the more willingly, because this very Expression is cited with Applause by Longinus himself, who under the Darkness of Paganism, could not but perceive something Divine in those Words of the Scripture. What then shall we say of one of the most learned Men of our Age, who having the Advantage of the Gospel Light, did not find out the Beauty of this Passage, but has presumed to advance in a Book he wrote in Desence

Defence of the Christian Religion, that Longinus was mistaken in thinking these Words Sublime; however I have the Satisfaction to find there are Persons of as profound Erudition of another Opinion. The Translators of the sirst Book of Genesis in their Preface, among several other excellent Proofs that that Book was dictated by the Holy Ghost, have mention'd this Passage of Longintal to shew how much Christians ought to be convinced of a Truth so clear, that a Pagan himself could not helf being sensible of its Power by the Light of Reason

only.

To conclude, when this last Edition of my Book was at the Press, Monsieur Dacier, who has lately given us Horace's Odes in French, communicated to me some short Notes of his on Longinus, which are very Learned, and in which he has endeavour'd to find out new Sense unknown to all the Interpreters that went before. I have follow'd him in fome Places, and as I may be mistaken in those wherein I was not of his Opinion, I thought I cou'd not do better than make the Reader the Judge. 'Twas with this View that I put 'em at the End of my Remarks, Monsieur Dacier being not only a Man of very great Learning and a nice Critick, but also very Polite, a Quality by so much the more valuable by how much 'tis rarely to be found with great Fradition. He was a Disciple of the famous Masseur Le Fevre, Father of that learned young Gentleweman to whom we are indebted for the first Translation of Anacreon into French, and who is now about translating Aristophanes, Sophocles and Euripides into our Lan-

In all my other Additions I let this Preface pass as it was in the first Impression about twenty Years ago, and added nothing to it, but now as I revised the Proofs and had prepared them to be returned to the Printer, I thought it might not perhaps be amiss, the better to explain what Longinus means by the Word Sublime, to add some other Example, which I have met with elsewhere, to that I quoted out of the Bible. While I was thinking of it this came

happily

happily into my Mind; 'tistaken out of Monsieur Corneilles's Horace. In this Tragedy, the three first Acts of which are in my Mind the Master-piece of that Illustrious Writer. · A Woman who had been present at the Combat of the three Horatii with the Curatii, but went away from the Place too foon and had not feen the End of it, came to halling to old Horace their Father, and told him two of his Sons were kill'd, and the third finding he was not able to make any Resistance afterwards sled, upon which this old Roman full of Love to his Country, without mourning for the Death of his two Sons who had dy'd fo gloriously. griev'd only for the shameful Flight of the last, who, Jays he, by so base an Action had fix'd an eternal Stain on the Name of Horace, and their Sifter who was present, saying to him, What wou'd you have had him do against Three? He reply'd briskly, Die? A short Answer; yet there's no Body who hears the Word Die but is sensible of the Heroick Grandeur contain'd in it, which Expression is the more Sublime for being so simple and natural; and because we see that the old Hero speaks from the very Bottom of his Soul: If instead of Die he had faid, Let him follow the Example of his Brethren, or facrifice his Life to the Interest and Glary of his Country, a great deal of the Force of his Answer had been lost, for 'tis even the Simplicity of it that makes the Dignity: Such Things as these are what Longinus calls the Sublime, and fuch Things as thefe that he would have admir'd in Corneille had he been his Contemporary, much more than those big Words with which Ptolemy fills his Mouth at the beginning of the Death of Pompey, to aggravate the vain Circumstances of a Rout which he did not see.



A

# TREATISE

OFTHE

# SUBLIME,

OR,

The Marvellous in Discourse.

Translated from the GREEK of LONGINUS.

#### CHAP. I.

Serving for a PREFACE to the whole Work.



O U know very well, my dear Terentianus, that when we read the little Treatise, which Cecilius wrote on the Sublime, together, we found that the Meanness of his Stile was not answerable to the Dignity of his Subject, that he had not touch'd

upon the chief Points of the Matter, and in a Word,

Word, that his Work cou'd be of no great Use to the Reader, tho' Use is what every Man ought to aim at in Writing: Besides when one treats of any Art there are Two Things which ought to be study'd. The First is to render the Subject very intelligible: The Second, which in truth I take to be the Chief, consists in shewing how and bowhat Means the Thing taught is to be acquir'd.

Cecilius was very industrious about one of these two Things, for he labours to shew by abundance of Words, what the Great and Sublime is, as if it was a Matter of which Mankind was very ignorant, but he says nothing of the Means by which the Mind might be rais'd to this Great and this Sublime; he passes over that, I know not for what Reason, as if 'twas a Thing entirely useless. After all perhaps this Author is not so much to be reprov'd for his Faults as to be commended for his Industry and Design to do well; be it as it will, since you will have me write also on the Sublime, let us see if I have not, for your sake, made some reasonable Observations on this Subject of which the Orators may make some fort of Advantage.

But 'tis on this Condition, dear Terentianus, that we shall revise what I do together, and that you shall tell me your Opinion with the Sincerity which one Friend naturally owes another: For as a certain \* Sage said very well; If there is any Way for us to render our selves like the Immortal Gods, 'tis to do

Good and freak Truth.

Further, as 'tis to you I write, you who are a Man vers'd in all Parts of Polite Learning, I shall not enlarge on several Things which I must else have handled before I enter'd upon the present Matter, to prove that the Sublime is in essect that which forms the Excellence and Sovereign Perfection

of Discourse; that tis by the Sublime that great Poets and the most famous Writers have gain'd the Prize, and fill'd Posterity with the Fame of their Glory; for it does not, properly fpeaking. perswade, it charms, it transports and produces in a certain Admiration mingled with Aftonifiment and Surprize, which is quite another Thing than pleasing or perswading only. We may fay of Perswasion, that it generally has no more Power over us than we please our felves. 'Tis not thus with the Sublime; it gives Discourse a certain noble Vigour, an invincible Force which ravishes the Souls of all that hear us. One Place or two in the Works of Poets or Orators is not fufficient to let you fee the Art of the Invention. the Beauty of the Occonomy and Disposition. This Exactness of Contrivance is hardly to be observ'd in the whole Course of a Poem or Oration; but when the Sublime breaks forth where it ought, it carries all before it like a Tempest. and prefents at once all the collected Strength of the Orator or Poet. I forget that what I have faid, what I may fay of this kind is of no manner of use to you who know these Things by Experience, and might upon Occasion give me Instruction in them.

### CHAP. II.

If the Sublime is a particular Art, and of the Three Vices which are opposite to it.

WE must first examine whether there is a particular Art in the Sublime, because some Men imagine 'tis an Error to endeavour to reduce it to Art and lay down Rules for it. The

The Sublime, fay they, is born with us, and not to be learnt, and the only way to reach it is to have it given by Nature; they even pretend that Nature alone ought to produce certain Works, the Constraint of Precepts only weaken them and makes'em fo dry that they become meager and Rie ther'd; let them pretend what they please, I main tain that if we judge rightly of Things, the Contra-

ry will be evident to us.

For tho', in Truth, Nature never shews her felf more liberal than in Sublime and Pathetick Difcourses, yet 'tis easie to perceive she is not led away by Chance, nor entirely an Enemy to Art and Rules. I confess the must in all our Preductions be suppos'd to be the Basis, the Principle and chief Foundation; nevertheless 'tis certain our vention stands in need of a Method to teach it to fay nothing but what shou'd be faid, and to fay it in its proper Place, which Method will very much contribute to our acquiring a perfect Habit of the Sublime; for as Ships are in Danger of Perishing when they are abandon'd to their own Lightness only, and have not the Ballast and Lading which they ought to have; 'tis the fame in the Sublime, if we abandon it to the Impetuolity of rash and ignorant Nature. Our Wit has as often need of the Bridle as of the Spur. Demosthenes observes somewhere to us, that the greatest Good which can happen to Life is to be happy. But there's still another which is not less, and without which the First cannot subfift, and that is to know how to guide one's felf with Prudence, We may fay as much with Respect to discourse. Nature is most necessary towards our arriving at the Great, yet if Art does not carefully guide it, 'tis like a Thing that is blind and knows not where it goes; fuch are thefe Thoughts; Curling Waves of Fire, to vomit against Heaven, to make Boreas his Piper, and other the like Ways of speak-

ing, of which this Piece is full, for they are not Great and Tragical, but \* Puffy and Extravagant. All Phrases embarrast thus, with vain Imaginations difturb and spoil a Discourse much more than they elevate it, fo that to take a near View of 'em and bring 'em to the Light, that which appear'd fo Errible at first becomes at once filly and ridicuous: If this Bombast is an unsufferable Fault in Tragedy, which is naturally Pompous and Magnificent, how much more is it blameable in common Discourses. Hence it is that Gorgias has been rally'd for calling Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians, and Vulturs, Living Sepulchers. Neither have the Learn'd been more favourable to Califthenes, who in some Places of his Writings does not rife with Reafon, but tow'rs fo high that we lofe Sight of him; however I know none of all these fort of Writers so bombast as Clitarchus, he is all Wind and Froth, like a Man, who to use the Words of Sophocles, Opens a wide Mouth to blow into a little Flute. The same Judgment may be past on Amphicrates, Hegesias and Matris; these imagining sometimes that they are siez'd with Enthusiasm and a Divine Fury, instead of Thundering, as they think, only trifle and babble like Children.

There's certainly nothing more difficult to be avoided in Eloquence than Bombast; for as in all Things we naturally seek after something Great, and fear more than any Thing to be accused of Driness or Want of Strength, so it happens, I know not which Way, that the greatest Part of Men fall into this Vice grounded on this common Maxim.

We

<sup>\*</sup> The Author speaks of the Puffy Stile, and quotes on that Head the ridiculous Sayings of a Tragick Poet, of which these are some Remains. See the Remarks.

# We Nobly Perish in a Noble Cause.

However it cannot be deny'd but that Swelling in a Discourse is not less Vicious than Tumours in the Body; it consists of nothing but a salse Outside and a deceitful Appearance, while within 'fis, all hollow and empty, and has sometimes an Estect quite contrary to what is truly Great, since as 'tis very well said, There is nothing drier than a Dropsy.

The Fault of the Bombast Stile is, that it wou'd go beyond the Sublime; in this 'ris opposite to the Puerile, than which nothing can be more mean, more poor, and more contrary to true Sublimity.

What therefore is this Puerility? 'Tis plainly nothing else but the Thought of a School-Boy, which becomes cold by being too affected. All such fall into this Vice as wou'd continually say something extraordinary and Brillant; especially such as carefully study to be pleasant and agreeable, because by confining themselves too much to the Figurative Stile, they at last sink into a ridiculous Affectation.

There's a third Fault opposite to the Sublime, and that relates to the Fathetick. Theodoret calls it a Fury out of Season, when a Man is heated without Occasion, or transported to Excess, when the Subject requires only a moderate Heat; indeed we very often meet with Orators, who, as if they were drunk, are hurry'd away by Passions which do not at all agree with their Subject, but are properly their, own, and such as they brought with 'em from School. By this Means as we are not at all touch'd with what they say, so they in the End become Odious and insupportable. Thus it must necessarily happen to those who raise themselves to transport and Enthusiasm, without any manner of Occasion before such

as are not in the least moved: But we shall elsewhere speak of what concerns the Passions.

### CHAP. III.

# Of the Cold Stile.

Imaus is full of the Cold and Puerile Stile, of which we have spoken; tho' he's otherwise a Man of sufficient Capacity, and even in some Places, does not want the Sublime: He understands things well, and does not express himself ill: His Fault was, that he naturally inclin'd to reprove other Men's Failings, tho' he was blind to his own; and fo fond of faying fomething New, that he thereby often fell into the Last Puerility. I shall only give two or three Examples of it; because Cecilius has mention'd a great many. When he would praise Alexander, he fays; He conquered all Alia, in less time than Isocrates took to compose his Panegyrick. Here's a Rare Comparison of Alexander the Great with a Rhetorician: For the same Reason, Timeus, it follows, that the Lacedamonians ought to yield to Ifocrates; because they were Thirty Years in taking the City of Messene, and Isocrates was but Ten in writing his Panegyrick.

Further, What an Exclamation do you think he makes on the Athenians being made Prisoners of War in Italy? He says; Twas a Punishment of Heaven, for their Impiety to the God Hetmes, otherwise call'd Mercury; and for their having broken his Statues: Especially, because one of the Generals of the Enemies Army, deriv'd his Name of Hermes from Father to Son, as Hermocrates Son of Hermon. In truth, Dear Terentianus, I wonder he had not said also of Dionysius the Tyrant; That the Gods suffer'd Voll. II.

him to be driven out of his Kingdom by Dion and Heraclides, for the little Respect he had to \* Dios and + Heracles, that is, to Jupiter and Hercules. But why should I stop so long upon Timeus? Xenophon and Plato, those Heroes of Antiquity, bred up in the School of Socrates, fometimes forget themselves, fo far as to let Mean and Puerile things escape em in their Writings. As Xenophon, for Instance; in the Book he made on the Republick of the Laeedmonians. You can no more hear them speak, fays he, than if they were Stones. They turn their Eyes no more than if they were of Brass. In a Word, you would say they have more Modesty than those Parts of the Eye, which we call in Greek by the Name of Vir-'Twas for Amphicrates and not for Xenophon, to call the Apple of the Eye, the Virgin full of Modefty. What a Thought was that! Good Gods! Because the Word Core, which signifies in Greek the Apple of the Eye, fignifics also a Virgin; therefore all Apples of Eyes must univerfally be Virgins full of Modelty; tho' perhaps there's no part about us, where Impudence displays it felf more, than in the Eyes: And 'tis for this Reason, Homer, to express an Impudent Man, fays; A Man overcharg'd with Wine, who has the Impudence of a Dog in his Eyes. Yet Timeus cou'd not fee fo Cold a Thought in Xenophon, without challenging it as a Theft: As if that Author had stolen it from him. Thus he makes use of it in the Life of Agathocles. Is it not a strange thing, that he should Ravish his own Cousin, who had been just Marry'd to another Man? That he shou'd, I lay, Ravish her the very next Day after she was Marryd? For who is there, that could have done such a thing; if he had not had Virgins in his Eyes, and not Impudent Apples? But what shall we say of Plato, tho' in other things Divine, who speaking of the Wooden

<sup>\*</sup> Zevis DiG Inpiter.

Plates of Cypress, on which the Publick Laws were to be Written, uses this Thought: Having Written Wall these things, they deposited those Monuments of Cypress in the Temples. And elsewhere, when he has occasion to speak of Walls. As for Walls, Megillus, says hes I am of the same Opinion with \* Sparta, to tet them sleep on the Ground, and never to raise 'em. There's something every whit as ridiculous in Herodotus; when he calls Handsome Women, Eye-sores. However this seems pardonable in some Measure, considering 'tis said by Barbarians in Wine and Debauchery: But those Persons don't excuse the Meanness of the thing, and one must not to tell a bad Jest, run the Hazard of displeasing all Posterity.

### CHAP. IV.

# Of the Origin of the Cold Stile.

LL this Affectation, as Mean and Puerile as 'tis, comes from one only Caufe, and that is the Seeking too much after Novelty in Thoughts, which is particularly the Way of Writers now adays: For Evil comes often from the fame place, from whence comes Good. Thus we fee that what on certain Occasions, contributes most to the Beauty. Grandeur, and Graces of Elocution, at other times is the Caufe of the Contrary; as we may eafily perceive in Hyperboles, and other Figures call'd /lural. In effect, we shall in the Sequel shew, how dangerous 'tis to make use of 'em. We must now fee how we may avoid those Vices, that sometimes flide into the Sublime. Now the only way to B .2 know

<sup>+</sup> There were no Walls at Sparta.

know 'em, is first to acquire a Clear and Distinct Knowledge of the true Sublime, and learn to Judge well of it; which is not a very easy Matter, since to Judge well of the Strength and Weakness of a Discourse, can only be the Effect of long Practice and the last Fruit, if I may so say, of Consummate Study: But notwithstanding all this, perhaps what follows may serve to put us in the right way to come at it.

### CHAP. V.

Of the General Marks of the Sublime.

You must know, my Dear Terentianus, that in Common Life, we cannot say any thing is Great, when the Contempt of that very thing has it self Greatness in it. This thus with Riches, Dignities, Honours, Empires, and all those other Good things in Appearance, which have only a Pompous Outside, and will never be thought truly Good by a Wise man, because 'tis on the Contrary, no small Advantage to be able to despise them. From whence it proceeds, that we much less admire those who possess them, than those who having it in their Power to possess, out of a pure Greatness of Soul, reject them.

Our Judgment ought to be the same, with respect to Poets and Orators: I mean, we must be very careful that we do not take a certain. Appearance, of Dignity, founded upon Great Words jumbl'd together by chance, for Sublime; for if you examine em well, you'll find em to be nothing but a vain Flatus of Words, which deserves rather to be despised than

admir'd.

Every thing that's truly Sublime, has this Property in it; when we hear it, it elevates the Soul, and gives it a higher Opinion of it felf; filling it with Joy and a certain noble Pride, as if it had it felf brought forth the things which it only heard.

Wherefore when a Man of Good Senfe, Skilful in these Matters, repeats to us any Passage of a Writing; if after having heard it several times, we don't find that it raises our Souls, and leaves an Idea in the Mind, above even what we have heard: If on the contrary, when we have harken'd to it attentively, we find it slags and cannot support it felf, there's nothing Great in it; 'tis only a Sound of Words, which strikes the Ear, and does not affect the Mind.

The infallible Sign of the Sublime, is when we meet with fomething in a Discourse, that gives us a great deal of room for Thought: It must at first Hearing, have an Effect upon us, which is very difficult, not to fay impossible to resist; the Remembrance of which will last, and not without Trouble, be effac'd in our Minds. In a Word, imagine that to be Sublime, which pleafes univerfally and in every Part of it. For when a great Number of Perfons, of different Professions and Ages, having no manner of Relation to each other by Humour or Inclination, shall be equally touch'd with any Part of a Discourse; the Equal Judgment and Approbation of fo many Minds, otherwise so different from one another, is a certain and undoubted Proof that the Marvellous and Sublime are there.

### CHAP. VI.

# Of the Five Original Causes of the Sublime.

W E may affirm that there are Five Original or Principal Causes of the Sublime; but these Five Causes presuppose a common Foundation to all, A Faculty of Speaking well, without which all the rest is worth nothing.

The First and Chiefest of those Causes is that Elevation of Mind, by which we think kappily on every thing, as we have already shewn in our Commenta-

ries upon Xenophon.

The Second confifts in the Pathetick. By Pathetick I mean that Enthusiasm and Natural Vehemence which touch and move. These two Causes are almost entirely the Gift of Nature, and must be Born with us; whereas the other three depend in some Measure upon Art.

The Third is nothing but a happy Turn of Figures. Now Figures are of two Sorts; Figures of Thought,

and Figures of Diction.

For the Fourth we put Noblene's of Expression, which has two Parts; Choice of Words, and an

Elegant and Figurative Diction.

The Fifth is that which properly speaking, produces the Sublime, and contains all the others in it self; being the Composition and Disposition of Words with all the Magnificence and Dignity they are capable of.

Let us now fee what there is observable in each of these Cases in particular: But we must take Notice en passant, that Cecilius has forgotten some of 'em, and among others the Pathetick: If he did it, because he believ'd the Sublime and Pathetick went naturally

naturally together, and were never feen apart, he is mistaken; there being Passions that have nothing of the Sublime in 'em; for on one Hand there's something mean in some of 'em, as Sorrow, Fear, Sadness, and on the other, there are abundance of things, Great and Sublime, in which there is no Passion: As for Instance; What Homer says with so much Boldness, speaking of the \* Aloides;

Their vast Ambition to Dethrone the Gods,

Ossa on Pelion undertook to Pile.

What follows is still much Stronger?

And doubtless they had done it, &c.

In Profe, Panegyricks, and all Discourses made only for Ostentation, have every where the Great and Sublime; tho' there commonly is no Passion in 'em; infomuch that those Orators who are most Pathetick, are generally least proper for Panegyricks, and those on the contrary, who succeed best in Panegyricks, know little enough of the Passions, and how to touch them.

If Cecilius imagin'd that the Pathetick in general, did not contribute to the Sublime, and confequently that there was no Occasion of treating of it, he's again as much mistaken; for I dare fay, that perhaps nothing raises a Discourse so much as a Fine Emotion, and Passion touch'd a propos: 'Tis indeed a fort of Enthusiasm and Noble Fury, which animates an Oration, and gives it a Divine Pire and Vigour.

B4 CHAP.

<sup>\*</sup> The Along were Giants that grew a Cubit in Bigness, and an Ell in Height every Day; they were but Fisteen Tears old, when they attempted to Scale Heaven. They kill'd one another by the Address of Diana. Odyss. 1. x1.

### CHAP. VII.

# Of the Sublimity of Thoughts ..

Hough of the Five Causes I have mention'd, A Natural Elevation of Wit, the First and Chiefest of 'em all, be rather a Gift of Heaven, than a Quality that may be acquir'd; yet we ought as much as we can, to accustom our Thoughts to the Sublime, and keep 'em always full and puff'd up, as we may fay, with a certain Noble and Generous Boldness.

If 'tis demanded how it must be effected; I have elsewhere said, that this Elevation of Wit was an Image of a Greatness of Soul: For which Reason, we fometimes admire the Thought only of a Man; tho' he does not speak on account of the great Courage we fee in him; As for Example, The Silence of Ajax in Hell, in the \* Odysses xx. For there's something Nobler in that Silence, than in any thing

he could have faid.

Wherefore the First Qualification that is to be Suppos'd in a true Orator, is that his Wit be not Creeping; indeed 'tis impossible that a Man, who al! his Life time has been us'd to Mean and Servile Inclinations and Sentiments, should ever be able to produce any thing very Marvellous, or worthy of Posterity. 'Tis not likely that any, but such ashave Lofty and Solid Thoughts, shou'd make Elevated Discourses; and Great Men particularly are those that speak extraordinary things; as for Instance, Alexander's Answer, when Darius offer'd him half - Afia

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Tis in the xi Book of the Odysses, where Ulysses makes his Submillion to Ajax; but Ajax does not condescend to answer bim.

Afia with his Daughter in Marriage. As for me faid Parmenio, If I were Alexander, I wou'd have accepted of those Offers: And so wou'd I, reply'd that Prince, If I had been Parmenio. Who but Alexander, could have made such an Answer?

This was Homer's chief Excellence; Homer, whose Thoughts were all Sublime, as may be seen by the Description of the Goddess Discord; Who, says he,

Has in the Heav'ns her Head, on Earth her Feet.

For this Grandeur given by the Poet to Discord, is less the Measure of that Fury, than of the Capacity and Elevation of Homer's Wit. Hessed has a Verse in his Shield, quite different from this; if he was Author of that Poem, when speaking of the Goddess of Darkness, he says;

A Filthy Humour from her Nostrils flow'd.

In effect, he does not properly render that Goddess Terrible, but Odious and Shocking. See on the contrary, what Majesty Homer gives to the Gods.

What Space a Man can from a Lofty Rock, On the Sea's Margin, in the Air behold; Th' Intrepid Courfers of th' Immortal Gods Leap at a Bound, &c. Ilias l. 5.

He measures the Extent of their Leap by that of the Universe. Who is there, that when he sees the Magnificence of this Hyperbole, does not cry out: If the Horses of the Gods were to have taken a Second Leap, there had not been Space enough in the World for them? When he Paints the Combat of the Gods, how Great are his Images! How Sublime is that when he says;

All Heaven refounded, and Olympus shook.

Ilias 1. 21

## And elfewhere;

Hell at the Noise of Neptune's Fury rose, And Pluto pale and howling left his Throne, Afraid the God would reach those Dire Abodes. To the World's Center with his Trident Strike; And thro' the gaping Earth admit the Day. Thus leave the Defart Shoars of Styx expos'd; And to the Living flew his Hated Realms, Abhorr'd by Men, and dreaded ev'n by Gods.

Miss I. 20.

There, my Dear Terentianus, you fee the Earth open'd to the Center, Hell is just ready to appear, and the Machine of the World about to be deftroy'd and overturn'd. To shew that in this Combat, Heaven, Hell, things Mortal and Immortal; in a Word, all things combated with the Gods, and that there was nothing in Nature, but what was in Danger. However all those Thoughts must be taken in an Allegorical Senfe; otherwife they wou'd have fomething in 'em that is Frightful, Impious, and little agreeable to the Majesty of Gods. For my part, when I read in Homer of the Wounds, the Factions, the Sufferings, the Tears, the Imprisonments of the Gods, and all those Accidents which incessantly fal 'em; it feems to me, that he does his 4tmost to make Gods of the Men, who were at the Siege of Troy;

and on the contrary, of the Gods themselves to make Men: Indeed he puts 'em in a worse Condition; for with respect to us, when we are Misserable, we have Death at least, which is a certain End to all our Miseries; whereas in representing the Gods in that Manner, he rather makes 'em eternally Miserable than Immortal.

He fucceeds much better, when he Paints a God forth as he is, in his full Majesty and Grandeur; without any Mixture of Mortal Impersections, as in that Passage, which has been taken Notice of by several before me; speaking of Neptune, he says;

Nepsune thus marching o'er those Boundless Plains,

Made the Hills Tremble, and the Forests Shake.

Hiss I. 13

And in another Place;

He Proudly mounts on his Imperial Car,
And with it cleaves, where e'er he comes, the Waves,
When on the Liquid Plains he's feen to march,
The Heavy Whale grows Light, and leaps for Joy,
The Waters Dance beneath their Sov'raign God,
And feem, with Pleasure, to Confess their King.
The Car thus flying, &c.

Thus the Law-giver of the Jews, who was no Ordinary Man, having had a very just Conception of the Greatness and Power of God, expresses it in all its Dignity, at the Beginning of his Laws, by these Words; God said, Let there be Light; and there

there was Light: Let the Earth be made; and the Earth was made.

I Believe, Dear Terentianus, you'll not be difpleas'd, if I repeat here a Passage out of our Poet, where he speaks of Men; to shew you how Heroick Homer is himfelf, when he Paints the Character of a Hero. A thick Darkness had on a sudden covered all the Camp of the Greeks, and hinder'd their Fighting: Ajax not knowing what Refolution to take on that Occasion, cries out;

Drive hence, Great God, the Night that veils our Eyes, And Fight against us with the Flaming Skies.

There's the true Sentiment of fuch a Warriour as Ajax: He does not pray for Life; but not being able to Signalize his Courage in the midst of Da. knefs, he is troubled that he's hinder'd from Fighting: He prays therefore in a Passion, that Light may appear; that he may at least dye, as became a Man of his Great Soul; tho' Jupiter himself was the Enemy whom he was to Fight with. The Truth is, Homer in this Place, is like a Fair Wind, which Seconds the Ardor of the Combatants; for he's himself mov'd with no less Violence, than if he was himself seized with the same Fury.

Like Mars amid the Battel, full of Rage, On Fixe; when Horror all around it Darts, And Wasts the Forest with Outrageous Flame:

He Foams with Fury, &c.

Iliad. 1. 15.

But I beg you to observe for several Reasons, how he flaggs in his Odyffer; where he flews what

great Wit naturally comes to, when it begins b grow Old and Decline: It then pleafes it felf with telling of Tales and Fables. For that he wrote the Odyffes after the Iliads, is evident by the follow-

ing Proofs.

First, 'Tis certain there are abundance of things' in the Odyffes, which are only the Sequel of the Misfortunes we read of in the Ilias; and which he carry'd into the Odysses as Episodes of the Trojan War. Add to this, the Incidents in the Iliads are often lamented by the Heroes of the Odyffes, as Misfortunes that were known, and had happen'd a long time before: Wherefore the Odyffes are properly fpeaking, nothing but the Epilogue to the

\* There Ajax, there the Great Achilles lies; There fell Brave Patroclus, and there my Son; My Darling Son with Glory fought and fell.

From hence it is, in my Opinion, that as Homer wrote his Ilias during the greatest Vigour of his Mind; the whole Body of the Poem is Dramatick and full of Action; whereas the best Part of the Odyffes is taken up with Narration, according to the Genius of Old Age; infomuch that we may compare him in this last Work to a Setting Sun, which has always the same Bigness with the Morning or Meridian, but has not the fame Force nor the fame Warmth. In fhort, he does not talk in the fame Tone. We do not there meet with the Sublime of the Ilias, which goes on every where with an Equal Step, and without ever stopping or reposing it felf: We do not perceive that Crowd of Emotions

Nefter Speaks thus in the Odyffes.

tions and Passions heap'd one upon another: Therenone of that Strength, and if I may say, that Volubility of Discourse, so proper for Actions mingled with so many Natural Images of things. We may term it the Ebb of his Wit, which, as in the Ocean, retires and deserts the Shore. He evil now and then, slies out into incredible Fancies, and Fables; and yet I do not forget the Descriptions he makes of Tempests, the Adventures which imppen'd to Ulysses at Polyphemus's, and some other Places, which are certainly very line. For this Old Age in Homer, is after all, the Old Age of Homer. The Fault is, that in all those Places there's much more

Fable and Narration than Action.

I have been the longer upon this, to flew you, that as I have already hinted, those Genius's that are Naturally most Lofty, fall sometimes into trifling, when the Force of their Wit begins to decay. Of this kind is what he fays of the Bag, wherein tolus enclos'd the Winds of Ulyffes's Companions, chang'd into Swine, which Zoilus calls the Little Crying Pigs: Such also are the Doves which Nurs'd Jupiter, as if he had been a young Pidgeon; and Viviles's Fast, when for Ten Days together, after his Shipwrack, he liv'd without eating. To which may be added the Abfurdities he's guilty of, in his Account of the Death of Penelope's Lovers; for all that can be faid in Favour of these Fictions is; they are a pretty Sort of Dreams, or if you will, Dreams that Jupiter himself need not be asham'd of. One thing more that oblig'd me to speak of the Odysses, was to let you see, that Great Poets and Famous Writers, when their Wit has not Vigour enough for the Pathetick, commonly amuse themselves with Painting of Manners. Such is Homer's Description of the Life, which Penelope's Lo-

22

percent led in Ulysses's House: For in truth all that pescription is a kind of Comedy, wherein the different Claracters of Men are Painted.

## CHAP. VIII.

Of the Sublimity which is drawn from Circumstances.

ET us now fee whether there's no other way of rendring a Discourse Sublime. I say then, that as nothing happens naturally in the World, without being attended with certain Circumstancese Twon'd be an infallible Secret for us to reach the Sublime, if we knew how to make a right-Choice of the most considerable, and by connecting them well together, form 'em into one Body: For this Choice on one Hand, and the Connection of select Circumstances together on the other, are as a Powerful Charm upon the Mind.

Thus when Sapho wou'd express the Furies of Love, she gathers together from all Sides, the Accidents that follow and attend that Passion; but her Address appears chiefly, in that of all those incidents, she chooses those, which Denote most the Excess and Violence of Love, and connects them

well together.

Happy! Who near thee, fighs alone for thee:

Who hears thy Charming Tongue, and hears like me:

Who fometime find thee Tender as thou'rt Fair.

an the Ged's Happiness with her's compare?

From

From Vein to Vein, I feel a Subtle Flame,

Whene'er I fee thee, run thro' all my Frame.

And as the Transport seizes on my Mind,

I'm Dumb; and neither Tongue nor Voice can find.

A Mist of Pleasure o'er my Eyes is spread:

I hear no more, and am to Reason dead.

Pale, Breathless, Speechless, I Expiring lie:

I Barn, I Freeze, I Tremble and I Die.

When Nothing's left us, we may venture All.

Don't you admire how she collects all these things, and blends 'em together; Soul, Body, Hearing, Language, Sight, Colour, as if they were fo many different Persons, and all ready to Expire? See, with how many contrary Emotions she's agitated; the Freezes, the Burns, the's Mad, the's Wife; the's either entirely out of her Wits, or is Dying: In a Word, we can't fay she's feiz'd with one particular Passion, but that her Soul is the Rendezvous of all the Passions; which indeed is what happens to all that are in Love. You find there, that as I have observ'd, all the grand Circumstances distinguish'd a propos, and collected with Judgment, are the chief Beauty of her Poem. Thus when Homer wou'd make a Description of a Storm, he takes care to express every thing that could happen most terrible in a Tempest. The Author of the Poem on the \* Arimaspians, thinks he says very Surprizing things. when he cries out,

<sup>\*</sup> A Scythian Nation.

Oh Predigy! Oh Rage Incredible!

Madmen in feeble Vessels tempt the Winds;

And far from Land upon the Waters dwell,

Far; following the Seas uncertain Paths,

They go in fearch of Labour and of Pain:

They never know the peaceful Sweets of Ease!

Yow'rds Heav'n they look, when on the Waves they think;

They often wring their Hands, and pray in vain:

The Gods are Deaf, and give the Winds their Pray'rs.

There's hardly any one, but will foon perceive this Description is more Florid than Great and Sublime. Let's see how Homer behaves himself on the same Occasion, and consider this Passage among several others.

As when we view the Waves by Tempests swoln,
Dash on a Vessel which resists their Rage;
The rattling Winds with Fury rend the Sails,
The Billows foam, the distant Thunder roars;
The Mariner, abandon'd by his Art,
Despairs; and in each Wave expects his Death.

Arans thought to refine upon this Verse in saying,
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A thin flight Plank is their Defence from Do.th.

But in dawbing over this Thought with hefs Colouring, he has rendred it Mean and Triffa a whereas before it was Terrible: And by including all the Danger in these Words, A thin Slight Plank is their Defence from Death, he removes it farther off: and rather diminishes than augments it. not contented with fetting the Peril the Seamen were in, once before our Eyes; he reprefents them as in a Picture, on the Point of being swallewit up by every Wave that rifes; and even on his Words and Syllables makes an Impression of the Danger they are in. \* Archilochus uses no other Artifice in the Description of his Shipwrack; no more than Demosthenes did in that Place, where he describes the Trouble of the Athenians, upon News of the taking of Elatea: When he fays, 'Twas very late, &c. For both of 'em did nothing, but take care to collect the most important Circumstances and to avoid inferting any Mean and Superfluous Particulars in their Discourses; for that they smell too much of the School: Indeed it spoils all, to dwell long upon little things; and is like Piling Dirt and Rubbish upon each other, to form a Building.

\* See the Remarks.

## CHAP. IX.

Of Amplification.

A Mplification is one of the Means, which clarks a Place among those that contribute to the

we: For when the Nature of the Subjects treated of, or the Causes to be pleaded, require long Periods compos'd of more Members than one; w may be rais'd by degrees, and in fuch a nner, that one Word may still refine upon another. This Art is very ufeful, either in handling and Part of a Discourse, or aggravating, or confirming, or putting Fact in a true Light, or managing a Passion. Amplification may be divided ato an infinite Number of Species: But the Orator must know, that not one of them is perfect of it felt, if there is not the Great and the Sublime in unless Pity is to be mov'd, or the Value of any thing rais'd: In every thing elfe, if you take away the Sublime from Amplification, you tear, if I may fo fav, the Soul from the Body: In a Word, when it wants that Support, it Languishes, and has neither Secength nor Motion. For the greater Explication of this Matter, let us in a few Words shew the Difference between this Part of the Sublime, and that treated of in the Preceding Chapter; which as I have faid, is nothing but gathering and uniting Select Circumstances together. We will now examine in what Amplification in general, differs from the Great and Sublime.

#### CHAP. X.

# What Amplification is.

Cannot approve of the Definition made by the Masters of the Art of Rhetorick. Amplification, by they, is a Discourse which augments and aggrandizes things. For this Definition may agree as well

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to the Sublime, the Pathetick, and Figures; beautified they all give a certain Character of Grandeur to a Discourse: However there's a great deal of Discourse: However there's a great deal of Discourse. And first the Sublime consists in Lostiness and Elevation; whereas Amplification consists is a Multitude of Words. The Sublime is sometimes to be met with in a single Thought; but Amplification cannot subsist without Pomp and Abundance. Wherefore Amplification, to give here a general Hea of it, is an Encrease of Words, drawn from the particular Circumstances of things, and all the Topick of an Oration; which fills and fortises it, by resting on what has been already said. Thus it differs from Proise, Inasmuch as the latter is made use of to prove a Question; whereas Amplification serves only to ex-

tend and exaggerate\*.

In my Opinion, there is the fame Difference between Demosthenes and Cicero, concerning the Gwarand Sublime; as far as we Greeks can judge of the Works of a Latin Author. Demosthenes is Sublime in being Close and Concise; Cicero on the contrary in being Diffus'd and Copious. The First may, on account of the Violence Rapidity, and Vehemence, with which he bears down all before him, be compar'd to a Storm and Thunder: As for Cicero, he may in my Judgment, be faid to be like a great Fire, which Devours and Confumes every Thing that lie in its Way, with a Flame not to be Extinguish'd For fuch is the Flame that is spread up and down in his Writings; and according as it advances, it still gathers new Strength. Demosthenes's Sublime is doubtless most proper for Strong Exaggerations and Violent Paffions: On the contrary, Abundance is best, where if I may so express my felf, the Orator would shed an Agreeable Dew on the Minds of his Auditory. A Copious Discourse is certainly most fuitable to common Places, Perorations, is greflions,

<sup>\*</sup> See the Remarks.

ns, and generally all Writings, of the Demonstrative Kind; as also for History, Treatises of Phylick, and feveral other fuch like Matters.

#### CHAP. XI.

Of Imitation.

O return to our Subject; Plato, whose Stile is very Lofty, tho' it flows without being rapid, and without making a Noise, has given us an Idea of this Stile; which you cannot but know, if you have read the Books of his Commonwealth. Wretches, fays he, somewhere who know not what Wisdom and Vertue are, and who are continually plung'd in Riot and Heharchery, are still going from Worse to Worse, and Erring to their Lives End: Truth has neither Beauty nor Charms for them; they never cast their Eyes on her, and in a Word, never enjoy'd any pure and folid Pleasure: They are like Beafts that always look downwards, and are bent towards the Earth: They think of nothing but Eating and Drinking, to fatisfie their Brutal Paffions; and in the Heat of their Festivals, they Kick, they Scratch, they Fight with their Poisonous Nails and Hoofs, and at last perish by their Insatiable Gluttony.

Further, the Philosopher has shewn us another Way, if we will not neglect it, to conduct us to the Sublime. And what Way is this? Why, the Imitation and Emulation of the Famous Poets and Writers who liv'd before us; for that is what we

ought always to have in our View.

Tis not to be doubted, but much may be inspir'd by the Enthusiasm of another seiz'd with Divine like the Priestess of Apollo on the Sacred Tripos. For 'tis faid there's a Cavity in the Earth, from whence a Holy Breath afcends, a Celeftial

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Vapour,

Vapour, which fills her immediately with Evine Vertue, and infpires her with the Oracles the pro-

Thus these great Beauties which we meet with in the Works of the Ancients, are like so many Sacred Springs, from whence arise those happy Vapours which insuse themselves into the Souls of their Ishitators, and animate those very Minds with a Warmth they never received from Nature; so that they are but the Instant, as it were ravished and transported by another's Enthusiasm. Thus we see Herodotus, and before him Stesschorus and Archilochus, were Great Imitators of Homer: However none has imitated him so much as Plate: For he drain'd that Poet as a Living Pountain, from which he turn'd an infinite Number of Streams; of which I might give many Examples, if Ammonius had not done it already.

Neither ought this to be look'd upon as a Robbery, but a Fine Idea conceiv'd and form'd, upon the Manners, Inventions, and Writings of another Man. Indeed, I cannot think he could ever have intermix'd fo many Sublime Things in his Philosophical Tracts, passing as he does, from Simple Discourse to Poetical Expressions and Things, if he had not, like a New Champion, enter'd the Lists to Dispute the Prize with Homer; with that Homer, who had been the Wonder of Ages: For tho' he does it, perhaps with too much Warmth, as we say, with his Sword in his Hand; 'tis however of great Use to him; since according to Hesod,

# A Noble Jealoufy improves Mankind.

And is it not fomething truly Glorious and Worthy a Noble Soul, to Combat for the Honour Prize of Victory with those that went before us? because in those forts of Combats, we may without Shame be Conquer'd. CHAP.

# CHAP, XII.

Of the Manner of Imitation.

S often therefore as we wou'd undertake a Work, which requires the Great and Sublime; convenient to make this Reflection: How wou'd Homer have faid such a thing? What wou'd Plate, Demofthenes, or even Thucydides, if it is a Matter of History have done, had they been to write this in the Sublime Stile? Thus by prefenting those Great Men we propose to Imitate, to our Imagination, they stand us instead of a Torch to light us, and raife our Souls almost as high as the Idea we have conceiv'd of those Illustrious Genius's; especially after we have made a good Impression of this in our Minds: What wou'd Homer or Demosthenes think of what I fay, if they heard me? What Judgment wou'd they pass upon me? Indeed we shou'd not think we had an Ordinary Prize to dispute, if we cou'd figure feriously to our felves, that we are about to give an Account of our Writings before fo High a Tribunal, and upon a Stage where we have fuch Heroes, both for Judges and Witneffes-

There's still a greater Motive to animate us than all this; and that is to think what Judgment Perferity will make of us: For if a Man, dissident of his own Capacity, as I may say, is afraid of saying a thing that will live longer than himself; his Productions will necessarily be Blind, Imperfect, and Abortive Births; and he will never give himself the Trouble to finish those Works, which he does write with a View, that they may be transmitted to latest Posterity.

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## CHAP. XIII.

Of Images.

Those Images which others term Pictures or Fictions, are of great Use to give Weight, Magnificence and Strength to a Discourse. The Word Image is taken in general for every Thought, proper to produce an Expression, and which Paints any thing to the Mind, after any manner whatsoever: But 'tis taken also, in a more particular and closer Sense, for such Discourses, Wherein by an extraordinary Enthusiasm and Emotion of Soul, it seems as if we saw the things we speak of, and put them before the Eyes of those that hear us.

You must farther know, that the Use of Images in Rhetorick and Poetry, are quite different. The End the Poet proposes to himself, is Admiration and Surprize; whereas, in Prose they are only to Paint things, and give the Reader a clear View of them. Nevertheless, there's this in common to both of 'cm, that they tend alike to move in Prose

and Poetry.

\* Hold, Cruel Mother, Drive the Furies hence.

Be gone ye hated Shades. They come, they come;

I fee 'em: Now to Murder me they Arm.

Mark how the dreadful Snakes around 'em hifs.

# A Saying of Orestes in Euripides;

# A Treatife of the SUBLIME. And elfewhere,

-Ah! Whither shall I fly.

Save me ! She comes. I fee her there, I die.

The Poet does not fee the Furies here; yet he draws fo lively an Image of 'em, that he makes his Auditors almost fee them. Truly I can't tell whether Euripides was as happy in expressing the other Passions; but as to Love and Madness, he particularly study'd them, and succeeded very well in touching them; nay in some Places, he wants not bold Images, and Strong Painting: For tho' his Wit naturally did not carry him to the Sublime, he corrected Nature, and forc'd her to become Tragical and Losty, especially in great Subjects; insomuch, that we may apply those Verses of the Poet to him.

As Danger threatens, he excites his Rage; His Hair flands up, his Eye-balls Sparkle Fire; And his rough Flank he Lashes with his Tail.

As may be observed in that Place, where the Sun talks to Phaeton, when he put the Reins of his Horfes into his Hands, saying;

See that thou art not born by too much Heat, O'er Lybia's dry and defart Sands; for there No Waters flow, no Show'rs refresh the Field; Nor cool my Chariot in its Fiery Course.

And in the following Verses.

# A Treatife of the SUBLIME.

Seven Stars thou then before thee wilt espy;

By them direct thy Course, and keep the Way.

He said: And Phaeton the Reins assum'd;

Whipp'd his Wing'd Horses, and began the Race.

The Coursers of the Sun his Voice obey:

They Start. The Chariot from afar is seen,

Like Lightning darting thro' the Fields of Air.

The Father sull of high Concern look'd on;

And saw him Roll along th' Etherial Plains.

From Highest Heav'n he pointed to the Road;

And far he follow'd with his Voice and Eyes;

There, There, he cry'd; Come back, Turn, Stop, &c.

Wou'd not you think the Poets Soul mounted the Car with Phaeton, partook of his Dangers, and flew in the Air with his Horfes: For it he had not follow'd them thro' the Heavens; if he had not attended him in his Career, and been a Witness of what had happen'd: How cou'd he Paint it as he has done? Of the same kind is that Place of his Cassandra, which begins thus,

But, On Brave Trojans, &c.

Noble and Heroick Imagination, as may be feen in his Tragedy, entitul'd; The Seven before Thebes; where a Courier bringing Etcocles the News of the Seven Chiefs, who had all, without Pity or Mercy, Sworn

A Treatife of the SUBLIME.

Sworn, as one may fay, their own Deaths. He

On a Black Buckler these remorfeless Chiefs Frighten the very Gods with Frightful Oaths.

A Juli they Slaughter'd for their Impious Rites,

And dipping in his Blood, they Swore Revenge;

By Mars, Bellona, and by Fear they Swore.

'Tis true, this Poet by endeavouring to be Lofty, often falls into Rude, Gross, and Vulgar Thoughts. Even Euripides, thro' a Noble Emulation, fometimes exposes himself to the same Danger: As for Example. The Palace of Lycurgus in Assembles, Moves and grows Furious at the Sight of Bacchus.

Enrag'd, the Palace Bellow'd at his Sight.

Euripides makes use of the same Thought, after another manner; and Softens it a little.

The Mountain Bellowing, Answers to their Cries,

Sophocles is not less Excellent in Painting things; as we may fee in his Description of Oedipus, Dying, and Burying himself in the midst of a Prodigious Storm; and where he Paints the Apparition of Achilles on his Tomb, at the Moment the Greeks were about to weigh Anchor: Tho' as to the Apparition, I question whether ever any one made so Lively a Description of that kind, as Simonides. But we shou'd never have done, if we pretended to proper here, all the Examples of this Nature, that may be produc'd.

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To return to the Subject we are upon. The Images in Poetry, are commonly full of Fabulous Incidents, which exceed all manner of Belief; whereas in Rhetorick, the Beauty of Images confifts in reprefenting things as they happen'd, and as they arein Triah. For a Poetical and Fabulous Invention in an Oration, draws necessarily after it Crude and Inproper Digrellions; and falls into an Extreme Abfurdity: Yet this is what our Orators now adays, are fond of; these Great Orators, I say, sometimes see the Furies as well as the Tragick Poets; and the Good People, who hear them, don't mind that when Orestes fays,

Thou Goddess, who wou'd'ft hurl me to the Damn'd, At last to persecute me cease, coc.

He only fanfies he fees those things, because he is out of his Wits. What then is the Effect of Rhetorical Images? Befides feveral other Qualities, they ferve to Animate and Warm an Oration; fo that if they are artfully intermix'd with the Proofs, they not only Perswade, but Conquer and Compell the Auditor. If a Man, fays an Orator, shou'd hear a great Noise before the Hall of Justice; and another at the fame time, come and tell him the Prisons are broken open, and the Priloners of War have made their Escape ; There's never an Old Man fo Stricken in Years, nor Young Man fo Cerelefs, but wou'd run with all his Might, to belp reduce 'em. If any one shou'd on the Spot, shew them the Author of this Diforder; his Business would be done immediately; they mou'd not give him time to speak, but would all fall on him, and tear him to Pieces. Hyperides made use of this Device in an Oration, wherein he juffify'd an Ordinance he had caus'd 'to' be made, to give Liberty to Slaves, after the Del feat at Cheronea. Tis not, fays he, an Orator, who

Rout at Cheronea. At the same time that he proves the things by Reason, he makes an Image; and by the Proposition he advances, he does more than ei-

ther perswade or prove.

For as in all things, we are most taken with what Shines and Strikes most; so the Mind of the Auditor, is easily drawn away by the Image prefented to him in a Crowd of Reasons: Which Image Striking his Imagination, hinders his examining the Strength of the Proofs more narrowly; Dazling him with the great Lustre, with which it Covers and Surrounds a Discourse.

Further, 'Tis no extraordinary thing, that Images shou'd have this Effect on us; since 'tis certain, that of two Bodies join'd together, that which is Strongest, will always attract to it self the Virtue and Power of the other. Enough has been said of the Sublimity, which consists in the Thoughts, and proceeds, as I have shewn, either from Greatness of Soul, or from Imitation, or from Imagination.

## CHAP. XIV.

Of Figures; and first of the Apostrophe.

THE next thing to be spoken of, according to the Order we prescrib'd our selves; are Figures: For, as has been said, they are not one of the least Parts of the Sublime, when we give them the Furn they ought to have. But 'twou'd be a Work of too much Breath, not to say infinite; if we shou'd here treat of all the Figures that may be admitted into Discourse, Wherefore we shall content our selves with running over some of the Principal ones;

we mean those that contribute most to the Soblim, only to shew that we advance nothing but what's true.

Demosthenes, endeavouring to justifie his Conduct, and prove to the Athenians, that they had not err'd in giving Battel to Philip: How Natural was the Air he assum'd in his Oration? He might have said; You did not err, Gentlemen, in Fighting to the Hazard of your Lives, for the Liberty and Safety of all Greece; and you have Examples for it, which no Body dares oppofe : For who can fay, those Great Men err'd, who Fought for the same Cause, in the Plains of Marathon at Salamis, and before Platza: But he gave it quite another Turn; and on a fudden, as if inspir'd by a God, and possest with the Spirit of Apollo himself, he cries out; swearing by those Brave Defenders of Greece: No, Gentlemen, no, you have not err'd, I swear by the Manes of those Patriots, who fought for the same Cause in the Plains of Marathon. By this only Form of an Oath, which I call an Apostrophe, he Deify'd those Ancient Citizens of whom he spoke; and shew'd in Effect, that all those who dy'd in that manner, ought to be look'd upon as Gods; by whose Name, Men ought to Swear. He inspir'd his Judges with the Spirit and Sentiments of those Illustrious Heroes, who fell at Marathon; and by changing the Natural Air of the Proof, into the Great and Pathetick Way of affirming by Oaths, that were fo Extraordinary, fo New, and fo worthy of Credit; he infuses 'em into the Soul of his Auditors, as a Sort of Counter-poifon and Antidote, which expell'd all Evil Impressions: He rais'd their Courage by Praifes. In a Word, he made them believe they ought not to have a worse Opinion of the Batel they Lost to Philip, than of the Victories they obtain'd at Marathon and Salamis; and by all those different Ways included in one Figure, he drew them to his Side. There are however, some who pretend

A Treatife of the SUBLIME.

pretend that the Original of this Oath is to be found in Eupolis, when he fays;

You, at their Joy shall fee me griev'd no more,

I Swear by my Fam'd Fight at Marathon.

But there's no great Art in fwearing Simply: It must be observ'd How, on what Occasion, and Why the Oath was made. Now, in this Passage of the Poet, there's nothing but a Simple Oath: For he's there talking to the Athenians when they were happy, and had no need of Comforts. Add to this, that Eupolis in his Oath, did not Swear as Demo-Sthenes did, by the Men whom he renders Immortal: nor does he think of inspiring the Athenians, with Sentiments worthy of the Bravery of their Ance-Itors; fince, instead of Swearing by the Names of those who Fought there, he amuses himself with Swearing by fo inanimate a thing as a Fight. On the Contrary, Demosthenes's Oath tends directly to restore Courage to the Conquer'd Athenians, and to hinder their looking on the Battel of Cheronea, any more as a Misfortune: Infomuch, that as has been faid, in this one Figure, he proves by Reason. they had not err'd: He furnishes 'em with an Example, he confirms them by Oaths, he extolls them, and exhorts them to carry on the War against Phi-Lip.

But because it might have been reply'd to the Orator; The thing in question, is the Battel we have Lost to Philip, during your Management of the Affairs of the Common wealth; and you Swear by the Victories obtain'd by your Ancestors: Wherefore to proceed surely, he takes such Care to order his Words for the most Advantage, that there are none but what are of use to him, shewing, that on all Occasions, even those where Passion is most apt

fpeaking therefore of these Victories of their Ancestors, he says; They who Fought by Land at Marathon, and by Sea at Salamis, they who gave Battel near Artemissum and Platæa. He's cautious of saying they who Conquer'd, and careful to conceal the Event which had been, as happy in those two Battels, as satal in that of Cheronea; preventing one Auditory by continuing thus; All those, O Eschines, who perish'd in those Engagements, were bury'd at the Charge of the Republick, and not those only, whose Fortune seconded their Valour.

#### CHAP. XV.

That Figures want the Sublime to support them.

W E must not here forget a Reflection we made before, which may be explain'd in a few Words; and that is: If Figures naturally support the Sublime; the Sublime on the other Side, is a wonderful Help to Figures; and when, and how it

is fo, shall be treated of in the next Place.

First then, 'tis certain that those Discourses, wherein Figures are us'd alone, are suspected of themselves, to be Designing, Artificial, and Deceitful; especially when they are spoken before a Soveraign Jedge; and above all, if that Judge is a Great Lord; as a Tyrant, a King, or a General of an Army: For he conceives within himself an Indignation against the Orator, and cannot bear to hear a Vile Rhetorician pretend to deceive him like a Child, with gross Devices: Nay, there is sometimes reason to fear, lest he should take such an Artifice for Contempt, and be entirely enrag'd

at it. Tho' he may bridle his Choler, and be a little mollify'd by the Charms of the Discourse; vet he will always be averfe to believing what's faid to him: For which Reafon, there's no Figure fo excellent, as that which is quite hidden, and not to be perceiv'd that 'tis a Figure. Now, there's no fuch admirable way of hiding it, as the Sublime and Patherek; because when the Art is thus surrounded with fomething Great and Shining, it has all that it wanted, and is not suspected to be guilty of any Deceit. I cannot give you a better Example, than that which I have already mention'd. I fwear by the Manes of those Patriots, &c. How has the Orator hid the Figure he makes use of? Is it not case to fee 'tis by the Brightness of the Thought. For as the Less Lights vanish at the Appearance of the Sun; fo all the Subtilties of Rhetorick disappear at the Sight of that Dignity, which furrounds them on all Sides. 'Tis almost the very same thing in Painting; for let several Parallels be design'd upon the fame Plane, with their Lights and Shades; 'tis certain what is Luminous will first present it self to the Sight, on account of its Great Brightness, which makes it feem to iffue out of the Picture: and in fome measure, to approach near us. Thus the Sublime and Pathetick, either thro' their Natural Affinity to the Emotions of the Soul, or because of their Luftre, appear more, and feem to touch our Understanding nearer than the Figures, the Art of which they hide; and ferve as a Cover for them.

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## CHAP. XVI.

# Of Interrogations.

Hat shall I say of Questions and Laterrogations? For who can deny that these kind of Figures do not give a great deal of Motion, Action, and Strength to a Discourse? Will you never, fays Demosthenes to the Athenians, do any thing but go about the City, enquiring of each other: What News do you hear? What can you hear newer than what you have feen? A Man of Macedonia makes himself Mafter of the Athenians, and gives Laws to all Greece. One fays, Is Philip dead? No, replies another; He's only Sick. Alas! What is it to you, Gentlemen, whether he lives or dies? Shou'd Heaven deliver you from him, you will foon be another Philip to your felves. And elsewhere; Let us embark for Macedonia. But some will fay, Where shall us Land in Spite of Philip? The War it felf, Gentlemen, will discover to us where Philip is easie to be conquer'd. If he had faid this simply, his Discourse had not been answerable to the Majesty of the Affair of which he talks: Whereas, by this Divine and Violent way of proposing Questions, and answering them himself on the Spot, as if it had been a third Person; he not only renders what he says Greater and Stronger, but more Plaufible and more Probable. The Pathetick has never more Effect than when the Orator does not feem to have study'd it, and it looks as if it was produc'd only by the Occasion it sef. Now, there's nothing that imitates Passion better than these fort of Questions and Fire fwers: For those we ask the Question of, naturally feel a certain Emotion, which causes them immediately to hasten to the Answer, and say what they know of the Truth, even before the Question is finish'd

hish'd: So that by this Figure; the Author is ingeniously deceiv'd, and takes the most premeditated Discourse for things said Extempore and in a Heat. \*\*
There's nothing that gives still more Life to a Discourse, than to take away the Connections or Conjunctions: Indeed, when a Discourse is not bound regether and embarrass'd, it walks and slides along of it self, and will want very little sometimes, of going faster than even the Thought of the Orator. Joining their Bucklers to one another, says Xenophon, they gave back, they fought, they slew, they dy'd together. Of the same Nature is what Eurylochus says to Ulystes in Homer;

We past, at thy Command, with hasty Steps,
These Woods, by Bye and Unfrequented Paths:
We reach'd a Gloomy Vale, and at the End
Discover'd Circe's Lonely House, &c:

For these Periods cut thus, and yet pronounc'd with Precipitation, are the Signs of a Lively Sorrow, which at the same time hinders and forces him to speak; and thus did Homer take away the Connections from his Discourse, when it was necessary to animate it.

\*\* See the Remarks.

## CHAP. XVII.

Of Mingling of Figures.

Here's nothing of greater Force in moving, than heaping feveral Figures together: For two or three Figures being this mingled, enter in-

to a fort of Combination, and communicate their Strength, Graces, and Ornament to each other; As may be feen in that Passage of Demosthenes's Oration against Midias; where he at the same time, takes away the Connections of the Difcourfe, and mingles the Figures of Repetition and Description together. For every Man, fays this Orator? that afe fronts another, does a great deal with his Cestures, his Eyes, his Voice, which he who is affronted cannot by Words express. And for fear his Discourse shou'd flag in the Sequel, knowing well that Order belongs to a Sedate Mind, and that Diforder is on the Contrary, a Sign of Passion, which is in truth, nothing of it felf but a Trouble and Emotion of Soul, he goes on with the same Divertity of Figures. Sometimes he strikes like an Enemy, sometimes insults him, sometimes beuts him with his Fift, sometimes strikes him on the Face. By this Violence of Words, pil'd thus one upon another, the Orator touches and moves the Judges, as much as if they faw the Blows. He returns to the Charge, and purfues it like a Tempest. These Affronts provoke, these Affronts transport a Man of Courage, who is not us'd to bear Injuries. One cannot by Words express the Enormity of such an Action. By this continual Change he preferves every where. the Character of these Turbulent Figures; infomuch. that there's Diforder in his Order, and on the Contrary, a Wonderful Order in his Diforder. As a Proof of what I say; Let us, if you please, put Conjunctions to this Passage, as the Disciples of I/ocrates did And certainly it must not be forgot that he who affront another, does a great deal; First, by his Gestures, then by his Eyes, and at last, by his very Voice, &c. For by Equalling and Levelling all things thus, by means of Connections or Conjunctions; you may fee, that from a very Violent Pathetick, you dwindle into a Flat Stile, without Point of Sting; and that all the Fire of the Discourse, will

of it felf be Extinguish'd: For, as if the Body of a Man who is to run be ty'd, he loses all his Strength; so if you embarrass one Passion with Useless Particles, it suffers them with Pain; you take away its Liberty, and that Impetuosity, which drives it along with the same Violence, as when an Arrow's darted cost of a Machine.

## CHAP. XVIII.

# Of Hyperbata's.

Y Yperbata's must have a Place among the other Figures. Now, an Hyperbaton is nothing but a Transposition of Thoughts or Words, in the Order or Series of a Discourse. This Figure carries with it the true Character of a Strong and Vehement Paftion. Indeed, if you look on all fuch as are mov'd by Choler, Fear, Malice, Jealoufy, or any other Passion whatsoever, for there are so many they are not to be numbred, their Minds are in a continual Agitation, they have fearce thought of one Delign, before they think of another; and in the midst of that Thought, propose a new one to themselves, without any manner of Reason or Relation to the former; after which, they often return to their first Resolution. Passion is in them, sike a light and inconftant Wind, which incessantanother: So that in this perpetual Flax and Remux of opposite Sentiments, they change every Moment both Thought and Language, and observe neither Order nor Sequel in their Discourses.

Now, the best Writers make use of Hyperbata's, in Imitation of those Emotions of Nature. For in

Truth, Art is never in fo High a Degree of Perfection as then; it so nearly resembles Nature, as to be taken for it: And on the contrary, Nature never succeeds better, than when the Art is hidden.

We meet with a very fine Example of this Transpofition in Herodotus; when Dionyfus the Phocian fpeats thus to the Ionians. In Truth, Gentlemen, our Affairs are reduc'd to the last Extremity: We must of necessity, be either Free or Slaves, and Miserable Slaves too. If therefore, you wou'd escape the Missortunes that threaten you, you must without Delay, set your selves to Labour and Industry, and purchase your Liberty by the Defeat of your Enemies. If he had follow'd the Order of Nature; pray see how he wou'd have express'd himself. Gentlemen, It lies upon you to fet your selves to Labour and Industry; for in Short, our Affairs are reduc'd to the last Extremity, &c. First then, he transposes the Word Gentlemen, not incerting it, till prefently after he had fill'd their Souls with Fear; as if the Greatness of the Danger, had made him forget the Respect he ow'd to those he spoke to in the Beginning of his Harangue. He afterwards inverts the Order of the Thoughts; for before he exhorts them to Labour, which is however his Aim, he gives them the Reafons that ought to incline them to it. In truth, our Affairs are reduc'd to the last Extremity. Which he does, that they might not think he was speaking a premeditated Discourse to them; but that Passion forc'd him to talk fo, extempore. Thucydides has also very remar able Hyperbatas; and understood admirably wel, how to transpose things which seem'd the most united by Nature, and one wou'd this .. cou'd not possibly be parted.

Demosthenes is more referv'd in this, than he. Indeed, never Man scatter'd 'em with more Profusion, than Thucydides. One may say, he almost surfeits

his Readers with them. For being very fond to have it thought that every thing he fays, is faid extempore, he perpetually draws the Reader after him, by the intricate Mazes of his long Transpositions: Wherefore he often suspends his first Thought, as if he affected Disorder on purpose; and intermixing in the middle of his Discourse several different things, some of which are so far fetch'd, that they have no Relation to the Subject; he makes the Reader believe all the Discourse is falling to pieces, and interests him, whether he will or not, in the Danger, in which he thinks he fees the Orator; then, all of a fudden, when it was given over, he fays that which had been fo long look'd for. By which Transpositions, equally Bold and Dangerous, he touches much more, than if he had observ'd an exact Order of Words. There are so many Instances of what I have faid, I do not think there's Occasion of repeating any.

## CHAP. XIX.

Of the Change of Number.

Here's as much to be faid of what we call Diversity of Cases, Collections, Antitheses, Gradation, and all other Figures which being, as you know, very Strong and Vehement, may consequently be of great use towards adorning a Discourse and contribute every way to the Great and Pathelick. What Sail I say of changing Cases, Tenses, Persons, Number and Gender? Who indeed do not perceive how much all these things are proper to vary and quicken the Expression? As for Instance, in what relates to the changing of the Number. There are Singulars that

that have a Singular Termination; but nevertheless, when rightly taken, have the Force and Vertue of Plurals.

The People quickly crouded to the Port,

And with their Shoutings made the Shoars refound.

These Singulars are the more worth Observation, because there is nothing sometimes so Magniscent as Plurals; for the Multitude they include, gives them both Sound and Emphasis. Such are these Plurals, which Oedipus speaks in Sophocles.

Curs'd Hymen, I from thee my Life receiv'd;
But in those Bowels where, e'er born, I lay,
Again the Blood that form'd me, thou throw'st back:
And thus bringst forth at once, both Sons and Sires;
Brothers and Husbands, Wives and Mothers; thus,

With every thing that most malignant Fate
E'er brought to Light, of Horror and of Shame.

All these different Names concenter in Oedipus only on the one Side, and his Mother Jocasta, on the other yest by diffusing and multiplying the Number thus into different Plurals; he in somewise multiplies the Missortunes of Oedipus. Tis by the same Pleon in, that a Poet said;

Stern Heltors and Sarpedons fally'd out.

We may fay as much of that Pallage of Plato upon the Athenians, which I have cited elfewhere.

They

They are not Pelops's, Cadmus's, Ægyptus's, Danaus's, nor Men born Barbarians, who dwell among us: We are Greeks all; far from having Commerce with, and frequenting Foreign Nations, we inhabit one and the fame City, &c. These Plurals thus heap'd together, make us conceive a much greater Idæa of things: But it must never be done, unless 'tis a propos, and in those Places where we shou'd amplifie, multiply, and aggravate, and in Passion; that is, when the Matter is susceptible of one or more of these things: For to be always tingling the Cymbals, and jingling the Bells, smells, too much of the Sophist.

#### CHAP. XX.

# Of Plurals reduc'd to Singulars.

Uite contrary to this is the reducing Plurals into Singulars, which is often done, and has fonething in it very Great. All Peloponesus, says Demmosthenes, was then divided into Factions. Such is this Pallage in Herodotus. When Phrynicus's Tragedy, call'd The taking of Miletum, was represented, the whole Theatre burst out into Tears. For by bringing several things into one, you add the more Body to Discourse. I conclude, that 'tis commonly the same Reason which gives Weight to these two different Figures. For, whether you make severa things of one thing, by changing Singulars into Plurals, or one thing of several things, by reducing Plurals to Singulars, which has an agreeable Saind; this sudden Change is a Sign of Passion.

#### CHAP. XXI.

# Of the Change of Tenjes.

Change of Tenses has the same Effect. As when we speak a thing past, as if twas then doing; because you are not then in Narration but Action. A Soldier, says Xenophon, falling under Cyrus's Horse, and being trampl'd under his Feet; he ran his Sword into his Belly: The Horse kicks and slings; his Master Cyrus falls. This Figure is very frequent in Thucydides.

#### CHAP. XXII.

# Of the Change of Persons.

THE Change of Persons is not less Pathetick; for it makes the Auditory often think them-felves in the middle of the Danger.

To fee 'em of fuch noble Ardour full;

You'd fay, they with new Vigour still were fir'd;

That nothing cou'd or conquer 'em or tire;

And their long Battle was but just begun.

And in Aratus;

Never in fuch a difmal Month embark.

This is further seen in Herodotus. When you leave the City of Elephantina, says the Historian, On that side fide, where there's an Ascent, you first come to a Hill, &c. Thence you descend into a Plain, which when you have cross'd, you may embark again, and in 12 Days arrive at the great City call'd Meroe. You see, Dear Terentianus, how he carries the Reader along with him, and leads him thro' all those different Countries making him rather see 'em than read of 'em. All these things being judiciously introduc'd, stops the Auditory and keeps their Minds engag'd to the present Action. Especially, if an Oration is not Addrest to several Persons in General, but to One in Particular.

You cou'd not in the Mingled War have known, What fide the Son of Valiant Tydens took.

By awaking the Audience with fuch Apostrophes, you move 'em the more; you make 'em more attentive and fuller of the thing you speak of.

#### CHAP. XXIII.

Of Sudden Transitions.

I T fometimes happens that when an Author speaks of a Person, he on a sudden puts himself in his Place and acts his Part. This Figure is a Sign that the Passion is extreamy Violent.

Hellor, who, faw 'em scatter'd on the Shore,

Commanded 'em aloud to quit the Spoil;

And in their Ships Attack the Flying Greeks:

# A Treatife of the SUBLIME. -

For know whome'er my Eyes behold to ftray, I'll Fly and with his Blood wash off his Shame.

The Poet referves the Narrative for himfelf, as what was proper for him, and all of a fudden, without giving any notice, puts this hafty Threat in the Mouth of the Fiery and Furious. Warriour. The Truth is, his Discourse wou'd have flagg'd, it he had faid, Hector then spoke such and such Words: Whereas, by this Transition, he prevents the Reader, and the Transition is made, before even the Poet thought of making it. The properest Place for fuch Figures to be made use of in, is when Time presses, and the Occasion that offers will not suffer it to be deferr'd; when we must pass immediately from one Person to another; as in Hecataus. The Herald, having sufficiently weigh'd the Consequence of all shofe things, commanded the Descendants of the Heraelidæ to retire. I can do no more for you, than if there was no fuch Man as I in the World: You are undone :. You will suddenly compell me, my self to go seek a Retreat among some other People. Demosthenes, in his Oration against Aristogeiten, has made use of this Figure, after a different manner; but extreamly Strong and Pathetical. Is there no body among you, fays that Orator, who has a Resentment and Indignation, to see an Impudent and Infamous Fellow, infolently violate the most Holy things? A Villain, I fay, who - - O thou most spicked of Men! Cou'd nothing restrain thy daring Impudence? No not say these Gates; I do not say these Bars, which exother might have broken as theu haft done. He there scave, his Thought imperfect; Choler keeping him, as it were in Sufpence, and divided about a Word, between two different Persons. Who -O thou most Wicked of Men! Afterwards, by turning on a fudden the same Discourse, which he seem'd to have left off against Aristogeiton; he touches more,

and makes a stronger Impression on the Auditory. Of the same Nature is that Transport of Penelope's in Homer; when she sees a Herald from her Lovers, enter her House.

Thou, the Vile Minister of those, who long
Have vex'd me with their Love: Whom dost thou seek?
What brings thee hither, Herald? Dost thou come,
Sent by that Gluttonous and Greedy Band,
To bid me presently the Feast prepare?
Grant, Grant, Just Heaven, this Feast may be their last;
Ye Cowards, who of Pride and Boasting full,
But weak in Courage, with outrageous Waste
My Helples Son's fair Heritage consume.
Ne'er did your Fathers tell you, what a Man
My Lord Ulyss, was, ? Coc.

### CHAP, XXIV.

Of Periphrases.

I Believe, none will doubt, but that the Periphrafis also, is of great Use in the Sulline: For, as in Musick, the principal Sound is most agreeable to the Ear; when it is accompany'd with different Parts, which answer to it: So the Periphrasis, by turning and winding about the proper Word, often forms by its Relation to it, a very fine Confonance and Harmony in a Discourse; especially, when there's nothing in it discording or puffy, but all things are of a just Temper. Plato furnishes us with a good Example, in the Beginning of his Funeral Oration. At last, fays he, we have rendred them the last Devoirs, and now they are performing their Fatal Voyage; and going, full of Glory, from the Magnificence, with which the whole City in General, and their Parents in particular, have conducted 'em out of the World. First, he calls " Death the Fatal Voyage, then talkes of the Funeral Honours, that had been paid the Deceas'd, as a Publick Pomp, that was prepar'd on purpose for them, 20 Conduct 'em out of this World. Can we fay, that all those things are but little Heips to the Dignity of the Thought? We must rather confess that by this Melodious Periphrasis, he makes a fort of Confort and Harmony of meer Diction only. The fame does Xenophon. You look up n Labour, as the only Guide, which can lead you to a happy and pleafant Life. Further, your Souls are adorn'd with the finest Quality Men born for War can peffels; which is, that nothing touches you more fensibly than Praise. Instead of faying, You addict your felf to Labour, he makes use of this Circumlocution; You look upon Labour, as the only Guide, which can lead you to a happy Life. And thus, by enlarging every thing, he renders Thoughts the Greater, and heightens very much the Panegyrick. This Periphrasis of Herodotses, seems to me, to be inimitable. The Goddess Venus, to chastife the Insolence of the Scythians, who had plunder'd her Temple, Sent a Disease among them, which turn'd them into Worner.

There's not Figure, the use of which may be carried further, than that of the Periphralis; provided,

<sup>\*</sup> Made them Impotent.

'tis not brought into Discourse too often, without Judgment and without Bounds; for it then becomes dull, and has something gross and trisling in it. Plato, who is so Figurative in his Expressions, and sometimes, when there's no Occasion of Figures, in the Opinion of many; has been rally'd for saying in his Common-wealth. The Riches of Gold and Silver, must not be suffer'd to take footing, nor dwell in a City. His Censurers say, if he was to have mention'd the introducing the Possession of Cattel, he certainly would, for the same Reason, have said; The Riches of Oxen and Sheep,

We have faid enough in general, to shew the Use of Figures, with Respect to the Great and Sublime; for without doubt, they make any Discourse more Lively and Pathetick. Now, the Pathetick partakes of the Sublime, as much as the Sublime partakes of

Beauty and Grace.

### CHAP. XXV.

## Of the Choice of Words.

Since Thoughts and Phrases are generally explain'd by one another; let us now see, if there's nothing for us to observe in that part of a Discourse,

which relates to the Expression.

The Choice of Lofty Words and proper Terms, has a wonderful Vertue to engage and move. Every body knows this; wherefore, 'twon'd be ufeless to enlarge upon it. Indeed, Orators, and all Writers in general, who study the Sublime, find nothing so ferviceable to 'em, towards the Grandeur, Elegance, Perspicuity, Weight and Force of their Writings, as the Choice of Words. 'Tis by Words, that all those

those Beauties shine in Discourse, as in a Rich Picture, and by Words, that give a fort of Soul and Life to things. In short, beautiful Words, are, properly speaking, the natural Light of our Thoughts. However, we must take care not to make a vain Noise with Swelling Words, thro' Oftentation; for, to express a Mean thing, in Great and Magnificent Words, is as if you put a Great Theatrical Vizard on the Face of a little Child: Unless it be in Poetry \*\*\*\* This may further be feen in a Passage, cited out of Theopompus by Cecilius, which he condemns, I know not for what Reason; it appearing worthy our Praise for its Justness, and because it speaks a great deal in a little. Philip, fays the Historian, fwallow'd up those Affronts without Pain, which the Necessity of his Affairs oblig'd him to suffer. A Simple Discourse will sometimes express a thing better, than all the Pomp and Ornament of Words, as we find every day in Bufiness and Conversation. Add to this, that a thing pronounc'd in the ordinary Way, most easily gains belief. Thus, in talking of a Man, who to aggrandize himfelf, fuffer'd without Pain, and even with Pleafure, all Indignities, the Term, to Swallow an Affront, feems to me to fignifie a great deal. Of the fame Nature is the following Expreffion, taken out of Herodotus. Cleomenes growing mad, took a Knife and cut his Flesh into pieces; and having thus Stalb'd and Mangled himself, he dy'd. And elfewhere, Pithes flay'd still in the Ship, and did not leave Fighting, till b. was cut in pieces. Such Expressions as these, show that a Man tells things fairly, and does not understand Gloffing upon 'em: Nevertheless, the Senfe of 'em, is neither Rude nor Trivial.

CHAP.

<sup>\*</sup> The Author, after having flew'd how impertinent Big Words are in a Simple Stile, proves; that fometimes Simple Terms may be us'd in a Noble Stile. See the Remarks.

### CHAP. XXVI.

## Of Metaphors.

A S to the Number of Metaphors, Cecilius feems to be of the Opinion with those, who do not allow of above two or three to express the fame thing: But Demosthenes ought to be our Guide in this alfo. That Orator has shewn us, that there may be occasion to use several at once: When the Passions, like a rapid Torrent, hurry them after em, necessarily and in a Crowd. These wretched Men, fays he in fome Place; these Base Flatterers, these Furies of the Common-wealth, have cruelly torn their Country to pieces. These are they, who formerly fold our Liberty to Philip, in their Debaucheries; and wou'd now fell it to Alexander: Who, I fay, measuring all their Happiness by the Filthy Pleasures of their Bellies, have in their Infamous Riots, transgres'd all the Bounds of Honour, and destroy'd that Noble Principle among us, wherein the Ancient Greeks made all their Felicity consist; which is, not to suffer a Master. By this Crowd of Metaphors, pronounc'd with Choler; the Orator stopp'd the Mouths of those Traytors entirely : Yet Aristotle and Theophrastus, to excuse the Boldness of these Figures, think it is convenient to foften 'em by faying; To say so, If I may fo fay, If I durft make use of those Terms, To speak a little more boldly. This Excuse, say they, is a Remedy against the Boldness of the Expression; and I am of the fame mind: But however, I w'll stand by what I have faid already; that the most ratural Remedy against the Abundance and Boldness, either of Metaphors, or other Figures is never to use 'em, unlos 'tis to the purpose; I mean, in the Great Pasflons, and in the Sublime. For, as the Sublime and Pathetick Voll. II.

Pathetick, by their Violence and Impetuolity, naturally carry away every thing with them; they necessarily require Strong Expressions; and don't give the Hearer time to amuse himself, with cavilling at the Number of Metaphors; but throw him into the

same Rapture with the Speaker.

Even for Common Places and Descriptions, there's nothing, which fometimes expredes things better than a Crowd of continu'd Metaphors. 'Tis by them, that Xenophon made fo Pompous a Description of the Structure of a Human Body: Yet, the Manner of Plato's Description is much more Divine. The Latter calls the Head, a Cittadel: He fays, the Neck is an Isthmus, plac'd between that and the Breaft; That the Joints are like the Hinges on which it turns; That Voluptuousness is the Bait of all the Misfortunes, which bappen to Men; That the Tongue is the Judge of Tastes; That the Heart is the Spring of the Veins, the Fountain of the Blood, which from thence is convey'd with Rapidity, thro' all the other Parts; and that 'tis situated like a Fortress, guarded on all Sides: He calls the Pores, Narrow Lanes. The Gods, continues he, being willing to provide for the Safety of the Heart, which might be Surpriz'd by Sudden Accidents, have contriv'd the Lungs, of a Soft Substance and without Blood, having Small Pores, running thro' them like a Spunge; fo that when the Heart is fir'd with Anger, they might fan and cool it, and keep it from being destroy'd by an Excess of Passion. He calls the Seat of Concupifcence, the Woman's Apartment; He says, the Spleen is the Kitchen of the Bowels; and being full of the Ordures of the Belly, frells and puffs up, like a Bladder. He afterwards proceeds thus; The Gods cover all thefe Parts with Flesh, which serves them for a Bulwark and Defence against the Injuries of Heat and Cold, and against all other Accidents: Tis, fays he, like a foft Wrapper of Wool, which kindly infolds the Body: He calls the Blood, the Pasture of the Flesh. And to the end, continues he, that all the Parts

Parts may receive Nourishment, there are several Channels dug, as in a Garden; by which, from the Heart, as the Fountain, Nourishment slows thro the Veins, and passes in those Narrow Pipes to all Parts of a Human Body. Further, when Death happens, he says, the Fibres and Strings are untwisted, like the Ropes of a Ship, and give Liberty to the Soul. There are afterwards an Infinite Number of the same Force; but what we have said, is sufficient to shew how Sublime all those Figures are of themselves; of what use Metaphors are, in adding Dignity to Thoughts, and in height-

ning the Pathetick and Descriptions.

Now all thefe Figures, as also, all other Elegancies of Discourse ever carry things to Excess. This has been fo often observ'd, that I needed not have taken Notice of it. Plato himfelf has not been a little Cenfur'd, for that trequently he fuffers himself to be transported even to a Fury of Metaphors; which are too Excessive, and shew a Vain Pomp of Allegory. One cannot eafily conceive, fays he, in fome Part of his Works, That it (hou'd be the same with a City as with a Cup, wherein Wine is pour'd, which is at first Raging and Furious; till on a sudden, entering into Fellowship with another Sober Divinity, who Chaftizes it, it becomes Soft and fit to Cherish. To call Water a Sober Divinity, and use the Word Chastize for temper. In short, to be fo fond of those little Artifices, smells too much, fay they, of a Poet who is not himfelf too Sober. It was for this Reafon, perhaps, that Cecilius Declares fo boldly for Lysias, in his Commentaries on that Author; pretending Lysias excell'd Plato in every Thing. True it is, he had Two other Sentiments, both Equally Unreasonable, which might put him upon that Declaration; for the' he Lov'd Lyfias, more than himfelf, he still hated Plato, more than he Lov'd Lyfies: So that by these Two Motives, and a Spirit of Contradiction, he Advances feveral. E 2

feveral things with Reference to those Two Authors, which are not as Infallible as he imagines. He accuses Plato of Flagging in several Places, and speaks of the other as a Compleat Writer without Faults: Which is so far from being true, that there is not the least Shadow of Truth in it. Indeed, where shall we find an Author who never Errs, and in whom there is nothing blame worthy?

#### CHAP. XXVII.

If an ordinary Stile which has no Faults Excells
a Sublime one which has some.

DErhaps, it will not be improper to examine here that Question in General; whether either in Profe or Poetry, A Mediocrity of Stile, Perfect in all its Parts, ought to be Prefer'd to Sublime, which has fome Faults, and then which in a right Judgement of things ought to carry away the Prize, of these two Writings, that which has a great Number of Beauties, or that which rifes higher in the Grand and Sublime; for these things relating naturally to our Subject must necessarily be discuss'd. First, then for my Part, I maintain, that a Grandeur above what is Common, has not naturally the Purity of Mediocrity. Indeed, in fo Polish'd and Smooth a Discourse, 'tis to be fear'd fome Piaces will be flat. And also in the Sublime, where the Riches of Discourse are Immenso, every thing cannot be fo Carefully look'd after, as it ought to be; and fomething, let the Orator or Poet be never fo Exact, will be Neglected. On the Contrary, 'tis almost impossible for a mean and midling

midling Genius to commit Faults; because, as he never ventures, never rises, he always, remains in a State of Sasety: Whereas, the Great is of it self, and by its Character of Greatness, slip-

pery and dangerous.

However, I am not agnorant of what may be objected; that 'tis the Nature of Men, to Judge of Writings by what is worst in 'em; and that the Remembrance of the Faults, which have been observ'd, always abides by 'em, and is never blotted out; whereas, what is fine passes swiftly by, and foon runs out of their Minds. But tho' I have observ'd several Faults in Homer, and all the Celebrated Authors; and that perhaps, there is not a Man in the World, who is lefs pleas'd with those Faults than my felf; yet after all, I believe they are fuch, as they did not trouble themselves about; which cannot properly be call'd Faults, but ought to be look'd upon as pure Mistakes, and little Negligences that escap'd 'em: Because their Genius's, which rais'd 'em to the Sublime, cou'd not Roop to little things. In fhort, I conclude that the Sublime, tho' itis not maintain'd Equally every where, were it only on account of its Dignity, bears away the Prize from all the other Parts of Oratory. To Instance in Apollonists, him who Writ the Poem of the Argonauts he never falls: And in Theocritus, excepting some Places, wherein he leaves a little the Character of the Eclogue, there nothing but what is the Effect of a happy Imagination. Nevertheless, which had you sather be ; Apollonius, or Theocritus, Or Homer ? The Erigone of Eratosthenes is a Poem, in which there is nothing that ought to be Cenfur'd. Will you therefore say, Eratosthenes is a greater Poet than Archilochus who is Confus'd, and wants Order and Occonomy in feveral Places of his Writing? But he never falls into this Fault, Except when he is Transported E 3

by that Divine Spirit which is not to be Subjected to Rules; and he cou'd not govern as he wou'd? Thus for the Lyrick: Wou'd you rather be Bacchilides than Pindar? And for Tragedy Ion the Chionian Poet than Sophocles? 'Tis True Bacchilides and Io never made any false Steps, and there's a great deal of Eloquence and Grace in their Writings. 'Tis not so with Pindar and Sophocles: For in the midst of their greatest Violence; when, as one may say, they Thunder and Lighten, their Fire goes often out unseasonably, and they Miserably Flag. Yet is there one Man of Good Sense who will Compare all the Works of Io put together, with the Oedipus only of Sophocles.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

A Comparison of Hyperides with Demosthenes.

F one was to judge of the Merit of a Work, rather by the Number of its Beauties, than by their Quality and Excellence, 'twou'd follow, that Hyperides ought entirely to be preferr'd to Demo-Sthenes: For, besides that he is more Harmonious, he has many more Qualifications of an Orator; and almost all of 'em in an Eminent Degree. Like those Prize-Fighters, who fucceed in five forts of Exercifes, and not being the best in any of those Exercifes, are in all of 'em beyond what's Ordinary and Common. Hyperides imitated Demosthenes in all that was fine in him; excepting however, the Composition and Disposition of Words. To which he added the Sweetness and Grace of Lylias. He foftned, where 'twas necessary, the Roughness and Simplicity of Discourse; and does not say every thing with the fame Air as Demofthenes did. His Stile is Natural;

Natural; and in that Nature, has fomething Agree able and Florid, There's an infinite Number of things pleafantly faid in his Works. His Way of Laughing and Rallying is Fine, and there's a Sort of Nobleness in it. He had an admirable Talent of managing an Irony. His Rallery is not dull nor affected, like that of the false Imitators of the Attick Stile, but lively and close. He's dexterous in evading Objections, and rendring 'em ridiculous by amplifying em. His Works are full of Pleafantry and Mirth, of Sport and certain Points of Wit, which firike whatever they are aim'd at. He feafons every thing with an inimitable Turn and Grace. Nature delign'd him to touch and move Pity. He's copious in his Fabulous Narrations. He has a wonderful Address in Digressions; turns and winds where he pleases, and takes Breath when he wants it; as may be seen in his Fable of Latona. - He has written a Funeral Oration with fo much Pomp and Ornament, that I don't know any Man, who equals him in it.

On the contrary, Demosthenes does not very well understand how to paint the Manners. His Stile is not copious; there's fomething rough in him: He has neither Pomy nor Oftentation. In a Word, he has hardly any one of the Parts of an Orator, which we have been speaking of. If he affects to be pleafant, he rather makes himfelf ridiculous than proyokes Laughter; and the nearer he endeavours to approach to Pleafantry, the farther off he's from it. Yet, because none of the Beauties, which crowd together in Hyperides, have any thing Great in them; because we in him meet with an Orator, who is always for Temperance; his Wit is Linguilling, and neither Warms nor Moves the Soul: Wherefore, no bidy was ever very much transported at the reading of his Works : Whereas, Demosthenes, having collected within himself, all the Qualifications of an O-E 4 ra or.

rator, form'd by Nature for the Sublime, and perfected entirely by Study: That Tone of Majefty and Grandeur, those Lively Emotions, that Abundance, that Address, that Readiness; and what ought to be most valu'd in him; that Force and that Vehemence are not to be found in any other Writings but his own. By all these Divine Qualities, which indeed, I confider as fo many Rare Gifts of the Gods, which ought not to be term'd Human, he has outdone the most Famous Orators in all Ages; leaving 'em as it were, confounded and dazl'd with his Thunders and Lightnings: For in those Parts of Oratory, wherein he excells, he is fo much above 'cm, that he fufficiently makes amends for those Parts, wherein he was wanting. And 'tis certainly more easy to look fleadily and with open Eyes on the Lightning that darts from Heaven, than not to be mov'd with the Violent Passions, which reign every where in his Works.

#### C H A P. XXIX.

Of Plato and Lysias; and the Excellence of Human Wit.

A S to Plato, there is, as I have said, much more Difference: For he surpasses Lysias, not only by the Excellence, but by the Number of his Beauties: I advance further, that Plato is not so much above Lysias by a greater Number of Beauties, as Lysias is below Prato for a greater Number of Facilis.

Why therefore, did those Divine Genius's despite a Nice and Scrupulous Delicacy, to aim at nothing but the Sublime in their Writings? Certainly, because Nature does not look upon Man, as an Animal of a

Bale

Base and Vile Condition; but has given him Life, and has brought him into the World, as into a Great Assembly, to be a Curious Observer of every thing that passes there; she has introduc'd him into this Lift, as a Valiant Champion, who ought to aspire only after Glory: For this Reason, she at first, infus'd into our Souls an Invincible Passon for whatever seems to us, to be most Great and most Divine. Thus we see, the whole World does not suffice the Vast Extent of Human Wit: Our Thoughts often Soar higher than the Heavens, and Penetrate beyond those Bounds, which Surround and Termi-

nate all things.

If any one wou'd reflect a little on a Man, in the whole Course of whose Life, there has been nothing but what's Great and Illustrious; he might by that know to what we are delign'd. We do not naturally admire little Rivers, tho' the Waters be Clear, Transparent, and Useful: But we are truly surprized, when we look on the Danube, the Nile, the Rhine; and above all, the Ocean. We do not wonder much, to fee a little Flame, which has been kindled by us, keep its pure Light a long time; but we are ftruck with Admiration, when we contemplate those Fires, which are fometimes kindled in the Sky; tho' they commonly vanish as soon as feen. Nothing in Nature feems more aftonishing to us, than the Fiery Furnaces of Mount \* Æina, which fometimes from the Bottom of its Abylles often cast forth

Stones, Rocks, and Floods of Flame.

From all which we may conclude, that what is Useful and even Necessary to Mankind, has often nothing of the Marvellous in it, as being easily acquir'd; but whatever

<sup>\*</sup> Pind. Pith.

## 14 A Treatise of the SUBLIME.

whatever is Extraordinary, is Wonderful and Surprizing.

#### CHAP. XXX.

That Faults in the Sublime may be excus'd.

7Ith Respect therefore to those Great Orators. in whom the Sublime and the Marvellous are join'd with the Useful and Necessary; it must be own'd, that tho' they are not exempted from Faults, yet there's fomething Supernatural and Divine in them. Indeed, to excell in all the other Parts of Oratory, does not exceed the Capacity of a Man; but the Sublime raises us almost as high as God. All that's to be got by not committing Faults, is not to be cenfur'd; but the Sublime attracts Admiration. What shall I say then? One of those Fine Strokes and Sublime Thoughts, which are in the Works of those Excellent Writers, over balances all their Faults. I still affirm further, that if any one wou'd collect all the Faults in Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and those other Famous Heroes, together; they wou'd not make the Least, nor the Thousandth Part of the Good things faid by them. For this Reafon, Envy has not been able to hinder them of the Prize that has been bestow'd on them in all Ages; and no body cou'd hitherto bear it away from them: They keep it still; and in all Probability, still will keep it

While Waters in the Plains are feen to flow,

Or Naked Woods reflourish in the Spring.

It may perhaps be objected to me, that a Coloffie with fome Faults, is not to be esteem'd more than a Little Finish'd Statue: As for Instance, Polycletus's Soldier \* To this I answer, that in the Works of Art, 'tis the Labour and Finishing that shou'd be confider'd'; whereas in the Works of Nature, 'tis the Sublime and Prodigious. Now, to Discourse is a Natural Operation of Man. Add to this, that in a Statue, we only mind its Agreement and Resem-blance; but in Discourse, we must have, as I have faid, fomething Supernatural and Divine. However, that we may not depart from what we at first afferted; as 'tis the Duty of Art to prevent ones Falling, and very difficult for a High Elevation, to fupport it felf long, and keep always the fame Tone; fo 'tis necessary that Art should succour Nature. This is what we thought our felves oblig'd to fay in answer to the Questions propos'd : Wo nevertheless, leave every one a free and entire Liberty to judge as he thinks best.

## CHAP. XXXI.

Of Parables, Comparisons, and Hyperboles.

<sup>\*</sup> The Doryphorus, a Little Statue made by Polycletus.
† This Place is very Defective, and what the Author fays of these Figures, entirely wanting.

Care must be taken not to carry these Figures too far; for when an Hyperbole is rais'd too High, it often destroys it felf: 'Tis like a Bow-string, which by being bent too much, flackens; and this has fometimes an Effect quite contrary to what we intended.

Thus Hocrates in his Panegyrick, out of a Foolish Ambition to fay nothing but with Emphasis, falls, I know not how, into the Fault of a School-Boy. His Defign in this Panegyrick, is to shew that the Athemians had been more ferviceable to Greece, than the Lacedemonians: And fee how he blunders in the ve-TV Beginning of his Speech. Since Discourse has natuvally the Vertue to render Great things Little, and Little. Great: Since it can give the Grace of Novelty to the Oldest things, and make the Newest things seem Old. Is it thus, Hocrates? May we cry out, that thou art about to change all things with Respect to the Lacodemonians and Athenians ? By beginning his Difcourse in this manner, he indeed makes an Exerdium, to exhort his Auditory not to believe one Word he shall fay to 'em.

Wherefore, you must suppose that Hyperboles, and all other Figures in General are best when they are intirely hidden, and we do not take 'em for Hyperboles. In order to this, we must be careful that they be produc'd always by Pattion, in the midft of fome Important Circumstance: As for Example; Thucydides's Hyperbole, with Relation to the Athenians who perish'd in Sicily. The Sicilians-descending into this Place, made a Great Slaughter, especially of those who had thrown themselves into the River. The Water was in a Moment corrupted with the Blood of these Wretches; and yet as Filthy and as Bloody as it was, they Fought for it, to Brick it. 'Tis not very credible that Men should drink Blood and Filth, and even Fight for it. However, the Greatness of the Passion, in the midst of such a Strange Circumstance, gives the thing an Appear-

ance of Reason. Of the same Nature, is what Herodotus fays of the Lacedamonians, who fought at the Pass of Thermopyla. They still defended themselves a while in this Place, with what Arms they had left, and with their Hands and Teeth; till the Barbarians, who continually kept Shooting at 'em, had as it were, bury'd 'em under their Darts. What fay you to this Hyperbole? What Likelyhood is there, that Men flou'd defend themselves with their Hands and Teeth against Arm'd Troops, and so many Persons be bury'd under the Darts of their Enemies: And yet there's fome Probability in it; because the Hyperbole does not feem to be fludy'd, but to be born of the thing it felf. To keep still to what I have faid: An infallible way to hinder any ones being shock'd at the Boldness of Hyperboles is never to make use of them but in Passion, and where they feem to be requisite. This is so True, that even in Comedy, things are faid which are abfurd in themfelves; however they pass for probable, because they move the Paffion; I wou'd fay, they excite Laughter: For Laughter is a Passion of the Soul, caus'd by Pleafure. Such is the Passage of a Comick Poet. He had a Farm in the Country, which was no bigger than a Lacedæmonian Epiftle.

Further; Hyperboles may be made use of as well to Lessen as to Aggrandize things: For Exaggeration is proper for both these Essects; and a Diafyrmus, which is a kind of Hyperbole, is nothing, rightly taken, but the Exaggeration of a Mean and

Ridiculous thing.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXII:

## Of Disposition of Words.

OF the Five Parts, which as we at first supposed, produce the Sublime; there still remains the Fifth to be examined; to wit, the Composition and Disposition of Words: But as we have already written two Volumes on this Subject, wherein we have sufficiently explained all, that a Long Speculation could teach us concerning it: We shall here content our selves with saying only as much, as we think is absolutely necessary to the Matter we are treating of: As for Instance;

That Harmony is not meerly a Grace, which Nature has put into the Voice of Man, to perfwade with and please; but that even in Inanimate Instruments, 'tis a wonderful Means to raise Courage, and

move the Passions.

Don't we fee, that the Sound of Fifes, moves the Soul of fuch as hear 'em; and fills 'em with Fury, as if they were out of their Senses; and by making an Impression of the Cadence on the Ear, compells them to follow it; and in fome wife, make the Motion of their Body conformable to it: And not the Sound of Fifes only, but almost all the Different Sounds in the World, have the fame Eftect; as the Lyres for Example: For tho' thefe Sounds of themselves, signific nothing; yet by the Variations of the Tones, mutually striking against each other; and by the Mixture of their Concords, they often, as we experience, cause a Wonderful Transport and Rapture of Soul: Yet, they are only Images and Simple Imitations of the Voice, which neither Speak nor Perswade; being as one may say,

only Bastard Sounds, and not as I have observ'd,

the Effects of the Nature of Men.

What then may we not fay of Composition, the Harmony of Discourse; the Use of which is natural to Man; and which does not only Strike the Ear, but the Understanding; which puts at once, fo many different Sorts of Words, Thoughts, Things; fo many Beauties and Elegancies, to which our Souls have a kind of Relation and Affinity in Motion; which, by the Mixture and Diversity of Sounds, infinuates it felf into the Mind, inspires those that hear with the same Passion as the Orator has; and builds on this Sublime Pile of Words, that Grand and Marvellous which we feek after? Can we deny. but that it contributes a great deal to the Grandeur, Majesty, and Magnificence of Discourse, and to all the other Beauties contain'd in it? Must we not own, that by having an Abfolute Command over the Mind, it can at any time, ravish and raise it? 'Twon'd be Madness to doubt the Truth of a thing, so univerfally known and confirm'd by Experience. \*

Further; 'Tis the fame with Discourses as with Bodies, which commonly owe their Chief Excellence to the Union and Just Proportion of their Members; insomuch, that tho' one Member divided from another, may have nothing remarkable in it; yet they may altogether make a perfect Body. Thus the several Parts of the Sublime being divided, the Sublime is entirely lost; whereas, when by the Union of 'em, and that Harmonious Agreement, that joins 'em one to another, they form but one Body; the Turn only of the Period, gives them Sound and Emphasis. For which Reason, we may compare the Sublime

<sup>\*</sup> The Author cites a Passes out of Demosibenes, for an Example of the Disposition of Words; but what he says, relating entirely to the Greek Tongue; I have been contented with translating it in the Remarks. See the Remarks.

Sublime in Periods, to a Feast by a Club; to which feveral contribute. By this means, we meet with many Poets and Writers, who not being born for the Sublime, have however never been without it; tho' commonly they made use of Mean and Vulgar Ways of Writing: Indeed, they Support themselves by this Placing of Words only, which in some measure, Swells and Heightens their Voices; installed, that we do not take Notice of their Meanness. Philistus is of this Number; so is Aristophanes also in some Places, and Euripides in several, as we have already sufficiently shewn. Such is that Place in this Author, where Hercules having kill'd his Children, says;

So many Miferies at once,

Into my Soul have enter'd:

I have no Room to Lodge new Grief.

This Thought is very Trivial; yet he makes it Noble by means of the Turn, which has something Musical and Harmonious in it: And certainly if the Order of the Period, was ever so little inverted, you wou'd foon see how much happier Euripides is in the Placing of his Words, than in the Sense of his Thoughts. Of the same Nature, is this Passage in his Tragedy call'd, Dirce dragg'd by a Bull.

He turns about in his Uncertain Way,

Wherever hurry'd by his Rage, he runs;

And drags along the Woman, Tree, and Rock.

This Thought is really Noble: Yet we must own, that the Harmony of the Verse, which is neither precipitated Anticipated nor Heavy, adds Force to it: The Words resting upon each other; and his Pauses are so many Solid Foundations, on which he supports and raises his Discourse.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the Measure of Periods.

N the contrary, there's nothing which debafes the Sublime more than those Broken Numbers that are pronounc'd fast; such as the Pyrrbicks. Trochees, and Dichorees, which are good for nothing but Dances. All fuch Feet and Measures have perpetually the fame Wanton Turn; they Tickle, but never Move. The worst on't is, we find those, to whom we Sing an Air, don't mind the Senfe, but are drawn aside by the Tune: And those Meafur'd Words do not infuse into the Soul the Pasfions, which ought to be produc'd by the Discourse; but only imprint the Movement of the Cadence on the Ear. By this means, when the Hearer knows before hand, as he generally does, what the Meafure is; he prevents him who speaks, and shews as in a Dance, what it will be, before it happens.

When Periods are wrought with too much Care, 'tis a Vice; for this exact Order weakens the Difcourse. When the Members of it are too Curt, and have too many Short Syllables join'd together, as if fastned with Pins and Nails in such Places as were discented, the Vice and the Effects of it, are the same. When Periods want their due Extent, the Sublime will never Shine: For there's nothing which Maims it more than its being confin'd within too narrow a Compass. However, when I speak Vol. II.

for the due Length of a Period; I do not imply that they shou'd be Dissufe, nor except against such as are kept within their Just Limits; but condemn those that are too Little, and as it were, Mutilated: For when the Stile is too Short, 'tis a Restraint upon the Mind; whereas, the Dividing of it into Periods, is a Guide to the Reader. The contrary happens, if Periods are too Long; because all Mords that are affected to Lengthen out a Discourse, that does not require to be Lengthen'd, are Dead and Languishing.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

# Of Mean Expressions.

A Nother thing, which very much contributes to the debasing a Discourse, is meanness of Expression: As for Instance; we read in Herodotas the Description of a Storm, the Sense of which is Divine; but he has mix'd some Words that are Extreamly Mean, as when he says; The Sea beginning to Roar and Bellow, The wretched found of the Word Bellow, takes away a great Part of the Sublime from the Thought. The Wind, says he in another Place, began to be pretty Mutinous, and those who were Disperst by the Storm, came to an Unpleasant End. The Word Mutinous is Mean, and the Epithet Unpleasant not proper to Express such an Accident as that.

Thus, the Historian Theopompus, in giving us an Image of the King of Persia's descent into Agypt, by the Meanness of the Words he makes use of spoils what was otherwise Marvellous in it. Was there one City, says this Historian, and one Nation,

in all Afia that did not fend Ambaffadors to the King ? Is there any thing Beautiful or Precious, that grows or is Manufactur'd in these Countries, of which Presents pere not made him? How much Tapiftry? How many Magnificent Vests, Some Red, Some White, Some of Various Colours, agreeable to the Stories that were wroughe on 'em? How many Gilded Tents, furnish'd with all things necessary for Life? How many Rich Robes and Beds? How many Veffels of Gold and Silver, Enrich'd with Diamonds, or Artfully wrought? Add to this an Infinite Number of Foreign and Grecian Arms an Incredible Multitude of Sumpters, Beasts for Sacrifice, of Bushels full of every thing that could Regale the Tast: Of Cabinets and Bags full of Papers, and feveral other Utenfils, and so great a Quantity of all forte of Salt Means, that those who saw the Heaps at distance, took 'em for Hills rifing out of the Ground.

From the most Lofty Flight he falls into the Lowest Phrase, just where he ought to have been most Elevated. For by Mingling his Bushels and Bags with the Pompous Description of this Equipage, he seems as if he was Drawing the Picture of a Kitchin; and as if, suppose a Person had all these things to place in Order, he shou'd put Bags and Bushels among his Gilded Tents, his Vessels of Gold, his Plate and Diamonds which wou'd have

a very Vile Effect.

Such Mean Phrases in Discourse, are many Blots and Stains which defile the Expression. He needed only have turn'd the thing a little and bave said in general, instead of his Mountains of Salt Meats and other the like Stuff; that several Camels and Sumpters were sent to the King, Loaden with all things Necessary for Use of Pleasure; or Heaps of the most Exquisite Meats, and every thing that cou'd be thought of, that was Grateful and Delicious to the Tasto Or if you will, he might

have faid, all things which the Greatest Masters of the Art of Cooking and Eating cou'd defire. For a Man must never fall in Discourse, from Lofty things to what is Mean and inconfiderable, unless he is, compell'd to it by Urgent Necessity. The Words must always answer the Majesty of the things treated off: In which 'tis fit, we flou'd Imitate Nature, who in forming Man, has not Bapos'd those Parts that are dishonest to Name, and where the Body Purges it felf, to View. But to make Use of Xenophon's Words has hidden those Sind. and plac'd 'em as far out of Sight as possible, for fear they might Sully the Beauty of so Noble a Creature. To conclude, 'tis not necessary to Examine more Narrowly every thing that debases a Discourse. Since we have shown what Elevates and Ennobles it, 'tis easy to imagine that the Contrary must generally render it Vulgar and Groveling.

## C H A P. XXXV.

Of the Causes of the Decay of Human Wit.

Here is but one thing more, my Dear Terentianus, to be inquir'd into, and that is a Question, put to me some days ago, by a certain Philosopher: 'Tis very fit, it shou'd be Examin'd, and for your particular Satisfaction, I will add, what I have to fay upon it, to this Treatife.

I can never enough Admire, faid this Philofopher to me, how it came to pass, that there are to many Orators in our times; who understand how to handle an Argument, and have even Rhetorical Stile: Nay, some of 'em have Vivacity, Perspicuity and Grace in their Discourse, yet few

rife very high in the Sublime; fo Steril are our Wits now a days! Is it not, continu'd he, because what is generally faid of Popular Government that it Nourishes and Forms great Genius's, is true; Especially since almost all the Famous Orators, that ever Flourish'd Liv'd and Dy'd with it? Indeed, can there be any thing, which raifes the Souls of great Men more than Liberty, any thing which can more powerfully excite and awaken in us that Sentiment of Nature which provokes us to Emulation, and the Glorious Defire of feeing our felves advanc'd above others? Add to this, that the Rewards propos'd in Republicks, Whet and perfectly Polish the Orators Wit, and make 'em Cultivate the Talents Nature has given 'em; infomuch, that we fee the Liberty of their Country Shine in their Orations. He went on; but as for us, who were early taught to endure the Yoke of a Lawful-Domination, and have been, as it were, wrapt up in the Gustoms and Ways of Monarchy; who, in a Word. never taited that Living and Flowing Spring of Eloquence and Liberty; we commonly, inftead of Orators, become Pompous Flatterers: For which Reafon, faid he; I believe, a Man born in Servitude, may be capable of other Sciences; but no Slave can ever be an Orator; fince when the Mind is deprest and broken by Slavery, it will never dare to think or fay any thing Bold: All its Vigour evaporates of it felf, and it remains always as in a Prison. fhort, to make use of Homer's Expression.

The Day that makes a Free-born Man a Slave, Bobs him of half his Virtue, &c.

As if what is faid is true: That the Boxes, in which Pigmies, commonly call'd Dwarfs, are thut up, hinder them, not only from growing greater, but

also make 'em less than they were, by means of the Bands, in which they are wrapt up. Thus Servitude, I may say Servitude; let it be never so justly establish'd, is a Sort of Prison, wherein the Soul Shrinks in some Measure, and Diminishes by Constraint. I know very well 'tis casy and natural for Mankind, always to find Fault with present things; but hold; not so fast\*\*\*\*\* And certainly, continu'd I, if the Pleasures of a too long Peace, corrupt the Greatest Souls; this Endless War, which has so long troubled all the World, is not a Less

Obstacle to our Desires.

To this we may add those Passions that con-tinually besiege us and bring Confusion and Diforder into our Minds. In truth, 'tis the Luft of Money with which we are all distemper'd; and the Love of Pleafure, that properly speaking enflave us, or rather hurl us into a Precipice, wherein our Talents are as it were fwallow'd up. There's no Paffion more Base than Avarice: No Vice more Infamous than Lewdness. I don't see therefore, how zhose that are so fond of Riches, that they make a fort of Divinity of 'em, can be infected with this Distemper, without being at the same time, troubled with all the Miferies that naturally accompany it. And certainly, Profusion and all other Ill Habits, follow very near after Excessive Riches; they tread upon their Heels, and by their Means, Open the Gates of Cities and Houses, Entertain and Settle there: They do not dwell there long before they Build their Nest, according to a certain Sage, and endeavour to multiply: They beget Luxury and Effeminacy, which are no Spurious Islues, but their True and Tagitimate Children. If we shou'd once fuffer these Worthy Offsprings of Riches to grow within us, they quickly hatch infolence, Riot, Impudence, and the rest of the Merciless Tyrants of the Soul

Wherefore, as foon as a Man, forgetting all Vertuous Thoughts, admires nothing but Frivolous and Perishing things; all that we have said, must necessarily happen to him: He can't raise his Eyes to look above himself, nor say a Word, nor think a Thought that's beyond what's Common. There's in a little time, a general Corruption in his Soul: Whatever there was Great and Noble in it, withers and dries up of it self; and Contempt is the cer-

Confequence of it.

For, as 'tis not possible that a Judge who is Brib'd, shou'd Judge rightly and without Passion, of what is Just and Honest; because, a Man that fuffers himself to be gain'd by Presents, thinks nothing Honest and Just, but what is Advantageous to him; so it is not to be expected, that now, when Corruption reigns over the Manners and Minds of Man; when one Man thinks of nothing, but how to trick himself into the Succession of another's Estate; to lay Snares for him, to oblige him to put him in his Will; to turn all things to his Infamous Gain, felling even Conscience it self: I say, 'tis not to be expected, that now, when all Men are Miferable Slaves to their Passions, and the Contagion is General, that there shou'd be one Man found of a Sound Judgment and free from Paffion; who being neither Blinded nor Seduc'd by Self Interest, can discern what is truly Great and Worthy of Posterity,

In a word, fince all Mankind are of this Make; is it not better that another shou'd command as, than that we shou'd remain in our own Power; least this Insatiable Lust of Gain, like a Mad-man that has broken his Chains, shou'd set Fire to the four Corners of the World. For in short, 's the Love of Luxury which is the Cause of that Sloth, which has seiz'd all the Wits of the Age, a few excepted. If we sometimes study, it may be said to be like Men, who rather encrease than

cure the Disease. We Study out of Wantonness and Ostentation only, and not out of a Noble Emulation, and to acquire some Laudable Advantage by it.

Let us now come to the Passions, which we have promis'd to treat of by themselves; and indeed, in my Opinion, they are not one of the Lease Ornaments of Discourse, especially in what relates to the Sublime.

## Critical Reflections

ON

## Some PASSAGES

OUT OF

## LONGINUS;

Wherein Answer is Occasionally made to some Obje-Etions of Monsieur Perrault against Homer and Pindar.

#### REFLECTION. I.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 1.

But 'sis on this Condition. Dear Terentianus, that we shill revise what I do, together; and that you tell me your Opinton, with the Sincerity which one Friend Raturally owes another.

Donginus here, by his own Example, lays down one of the most Important Rules in Rhetor, k; which is, to consult our

our Friends on our Writings, and to use them betimes not to flatter us. Horace and Quintilian give us the same Advice in several Places; and Vangelas, who, in my Judgment, is the most Discreet Writer in our Tongue, confesses he ow'd the best Part

of his Writings to this wholfome Practice.

"Tis in vain for us to think we can cure all Difficulties by our felves: Another Eye fees farther into our Defects, than our own; and a Midling Genius may sometimes shew the Greatest, what there a Missach, they might not else have seen. 'Tis said, Malberb read his Verses to his Servant Maid; and I remember, Moliere has often shewn me an Old Maid of his, to whom, he told me, he read his Comedies; assuring me, that when any last of the Pleasantry did not Strike her, he Corrected it; because he frequently found at his Theatre, that those very Places did not Succeed. These Examples are somewhat Singular, and I don't advise every body to imitate them: However, 'tis certain we can never consult our Friends too much.

Notwithstanding all this, Monsseur Perrault does not seem to be of this Opinion: If he believ'd his Friends, we shou'd not hear them tell us every Day, as they do; Monsseur Perrault is my Friend, and a Man of a great deal of Honour; I can't imagine how he came to blunder so in his Parallels, and fall foul on all the Ancient Authors, which are esteem'd, and worthy of Esteem-Wou'd he perswade Mankind, that for this two Thousand Years, they have not had common Sense? Poor Man! I pity him. Indeed, he takes care to shew us enough of his own Works: I wish some Man or other wou'd be so kind to him, as charita-

bly to open his Eyes on this Subject,

Come, I will my felf be that Charitable Person. Monfieur Perault has begg'd ome so earnestly to shew him his Errors, that I can't in Conscience deny giving him Satisfaction; and I hope to shew him more than one, in the Course of these Remarks: I can do no less, out of Gratitude for the Great Services I receiv'd from his Late Brother, the Doctor, in curing me of those Dangerous Diftempers; yet, true it is, his Brother was never my Physician: Indeed, when I was very young, being taken ill of a Fever, which was not very Dangerous, a Relation of mine, with whom I lodg'd, and whose Physician he was, carry'd me to him, and he was twice or thrice fent for in Consultation, by the Phylician who had me in hand: Three Years afterwards, the same Relation carry me to him a fecond time, and forc'd me to confult ben upon a Difficulty of Breathing, which I was then troubled with: He felt my Pulle; and found I had a Fever upon me; tho' 'tis most certain there was no fuch thing. He order'd me to be Blooded in the Foot: A Whimfical Remedy for an Afthma, which I was then in Danger of; and I was to fighlish as to do what he order'd, that very Night: The Confequence of which was, that my Difficulty of Breathing did not diminish; and walking a little unseasonably the next Day, my Foot swell'd so, that I kept my Bed three Weeks. This is all the Cures that ever I had from him, and

I pray God forgive him for't in the other World.

I never heard of him, fince this Noble Consultation, till my Satyrs appear'd in Publick, and I was told by every body, that, tho I had given him no manner of Provocation, he rail'd at me outragionsly. Not only Charging me, with Writing against Authors, but with scattering up and down in my Satyrs, things that were dangerous and concern'd the State. I was not afraid of any fuch Calumny: My Satyrs attack'd bad Books only, and being all full of Praises on the King, and those Praises the molt Beautiful Part of 'em, I was not at all apprehensive of 'ae Ill Consequence against me. However, I got a Person to Caution the Doctor, to fpeak of me with a little Refervation, which had no other Effect, but to make him fill more Bitter. I then complain'd to his Brother the Academician, who did not think me worthy of an Answer. I must confess, that provok'd me to Write the Metamorpholis of a Physician of Florence into an Architect, in my Art of Poetry which was but a Moderate Revenge, confidering what Scandalous Reflections the Doctor had cast upon me: Notwithstanding which, I don't deny, but he was a Man of a great deal of Merit, and Bipecially a very Able Physician; yet, the Gentleman of the Academy of Sciences, are not all agreed with respect to the Excellency of his Translation of Vitruviue, and the advantageous Character given him by his Brother. Nay, I can name \* one of the most Famous Members of the Academy of Architecture, who offer'd to shew him when he pleas'd some Papers, by which it appear'd, that the Frontispiece of the Louvre was slone after a Defign of Monfieur Le Vaus. And neither that Great Piece of Architecture, nor the Observatory, nor the Triumphal Arch, were the Works of a Doller of the Faculty. But as to this Dispute, let 'em make it up among themselves; I am not at all concern'd in it, and my Wishes, if they were on any Side, inclin'd to the Phylician. 'Tis true, the Doctor and his Brother were of one Opinion concerning the Ancients, and both of 'em had conceiv'd alike an hatre! to all the Ulastrious Perfons of Antiquity. I am afraid, 'twas he who wrote the Fine Defence of the Opera of Alcestes, wherein he committed chole frange Blunders, when he endeavour'd to turn Euripides into Ridicule, which Monsieur Racine has so well observed in his Preface to Iphigenia. 'Twas of him therefore, and of another -Brother of theirs who was also a great Enemy to Plato, Euripides, and

<sup>\*</sup> Monfieur & Orbay.

and all the other Good Authors, which I had spoken of, that I said there was a Whimsical Wit in their Family, which otherwise I kney to be a Family full of Men of Honour, among whom, there are even several who I believe can endure Homer

and Virgil.

The Reader will pardon me, if I here take occasion to Undeceive the Publick, with reference to another Fality of Monfieur Perault's, which he advances in the City Letter he wrote me and Printed, wherein he pretends, he did a Brother of mine a confiderable Service with Monfieur Colbert, towards his procuring the Place of Comptroller of the Mint: To prove this, he alledges that my Brother came every Year to pay him a Vilit. which he Stiles a Vifit of Duty and not of Friendship: A Piece of Vanity! The Forgery of it, eafily to be demonftrated; For my Brother Dy'd the same Year that he got the Place, and enjoy'd it, as every Body knows, not above Four Months, and in confideration that he held it no longer : my other Brother, for whom we procur'd it, did not pay the Fee of the Gold Mark, which amounts to a confiderable Sum, I am afham'd to tell fuch Trifles to the World, but my Friends told me these Reflections of Monsieur Perault relating to Honour, I was oblig'd to fhew the Falshood of 'em. .

#### REFLECTION. II.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 2:

Our Wit even in the Sublime, stands in need of a Method to teach it, to say nothing but what shou'd be said, and to say it in its proper Place.

This is fo True, that the Sublime out of its Place, is fo far from being Beautiful, that it becomes sometimes puerile: As it happen'd to Scudery, in beginning of his Poem of Alarie, when he says;

The Conqu'ror of the Conqu'rors of the World

I Sing\_\_\_\_

The Verse is Noble enough, and perhaps, the best turn'd all the Poem, but 'tis ridiculous to cry out so, and promise to much in the First Line. Virgit might very well have said in the beginning of his \*\*Eneis, I Sing the Famous Hero Founder of an Empire, which made it felf Mistress of all the World: We may imagine so great a Master as he wou'd easily have found Expressions

proper to put his Thought in a good Light. But that wou'd have smelt of the Declaimer, and he contented himself with saying, a sing the Man full of Piety, who after many Labours Landed in Italy; An Exordium shou'd be simple, and without Affectation. This is as True in Poetry as Oratory, it being a thing sounded on Nature, which is the same every where: And Monsieur Perault's Comparison of the Frontispiece of a Palace is not Just. The Frontispiece of a Palace ought to have Ornament, but the Exordium is not the Forntispiece of a Poem; tis either an Avenue or Court-yard leading to it, from whence it is discover'd. The Frontispiece is an essential Part of a Palace, and cannot be taken away without destroying all the Symmetry of it: But a Poem will subsist very well without an Exordium; and even our Romances which are a fort of Poems have none.

Tis therefore certain that an Exordinm ought not to promife too much, for which Reason I have attack'd the First Verse of Alaric, after the Example of Horace, who on the same account attacks the beginning of a Poem written by a Scudery of his

time: The First Verse of which was;

Fortunam Prigmi cantabo & Nobile Bellum.

The noble War and Priam's Fate I'll Sing.

The Poet by his beginning promifes more than the Ilius and Odyles together. 'Tis true, Horace upon occasion is very Merry with the terrible gaping of the Mouth, in Pronouncing Cantabo the Future Tenle, ; but in the main, he finds fault with his Verle, for its promifing too much. This we fee what becomes of Monsieur Perault's Criticism, who supposes, I accus'd the Verse of Alaric, because 'twas ill turn'd, and did not understand neither Horace's meaning nor mine. Further; before I finish this Remark, he must not take it ill, if I inform him, that what he fays of the a in Cano, being pronounc'd like the a in Cantabo, is not True, but an Error he Suck'd in at the College, where this ill Method of pronouncing the short Feet in Latin Diffyllable Words as if they were long, prevails: But 'tis an abuse which will not spoil Horace's Jeft, for he wrote to Latins who understood how to pronounce their Tongue, and Bot to Frenchise.

#### REFLECTION. III.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 3.

He naturally finclin'd to reprove other Mens Faults, the he was blind to his own.

Here's nothing more intolerable than an Indifferent Author, who not seeing his own Faults, wou'd find Defects in the most Able Writers: But 'tis worse still, when in accusing those Writers of Defects, which they have not, he commits Faults himself, and falls into gross Mistakes. This is what hapaen'd fometimes to Timaus, and always happens to Monfieur Perault. He begins the Censure, he passes on Homer with an Affertion. ahan which nothing in the World can be more Falle, and that is, that several excellent Criticks maintain there was never such a Man as Homer, who wrote the Bias and Odyffes : And that those Two Poems, are only a Collection of several little Poems of different Authors join'd together. Now tis not true, that ever any one, at least in Writing, advanc'd such a Piece of Extravagance; and Alian, whom Monsieur Perrault Quotes for his Authority, fays the quite contrary, as we shall hew in the Course of this Reflection.

Wherefore all those Excellent Criticks are reduc'd to the Late Abbot D'Aubignac, who, as Monsieur Perault pretends, has prepar'd Memoirs to prove this Fine Paradox. I knew the Abbot D'Aubignac: He was a Man of a great deal of Merit, and a very Good Judge of Poetry; but indifferently Learn'd in the Greek Tongue. I am very well fatisfy'd fuch a Strange Defign never entred into his Thoughts, unless 'twas in the Latter Part of his Life; when every body knows he doated fo, that he became a meer Child again. He knew too well, that there never were two Poems to regularly purfu'd, and to happily connected, as the Ilias and Odyffes, nor where the fame Genius Shines more every where; as all that have read 'em allow: Yet, Monfleur Perault tells us there are very Strong Conjectures to support the pretended Paradox of this Abbot; and these Strong Conjectures are reduc'd to two; one of which is, that the Place where Homer was born, is not known; the other, that his Works are call'd Rhapfodies; a Word, which figuifies a Parcel of Songs flitch'd together: From whence he concludes, that Homer's Works are Pieces, written by feveral Authors jumbled together: No Poet having ever, fays he, call'd his Works, Rhapfedies. What Strange Proofs are here!

For as to the First, how many very Famous Writings have we, which are not supposed to be written by different Authors; tho

the Ciries where the Authors were born, are not known, not even the time when they liv'd? Witness Quintus Curtius, Petronius, &c. As to the Word, Rhapfodies; perhaps we shall Surprize Monsieur Perrault, by shewing him that the Word does not come from handler which signifies to joil or sow together; but from handler which signifies to joil or sow together; but from handler as much as to say a Brinth; and that the Ilias and Odysles were so call'd, because they were heretofore Sung by Men holding Laurel Branches in their Hands, who were for that reason term'd passons singers of the Branch.

Notwithstanding which, the most common Opinion is, that the Word comes from panlers which and that Rhonfody fignifies a Heap of Homer's Verses; there being those who gain'd their Livelyhood by Singing 'em, and not by Writing, as our Censurer whimsteally imagines. He need only read Eustabius upon it. 'Tis not surprizing therefore, that no other Poet's effes are flil'd Rhapfodies; because there properly never were any, that were Sung after the same manner as Homer's: It appears nevertheless, that those who afterwards wrote the Parodyes; call'd, 'Oungoinessee Censo's of Homer, gave the Name of Rhapfodies to those Censo's also: And 'tis perhaps, on this Account, that the Word Rhapfody is become Odious in French, where it signifies a Heap of wretched Pieces jumbled together.

I come now to that Passage out of Ælian, quoted by Monfieur Perault; and that he may not, according to his Custom, accuse me of imposing on him, when I shew him his Missake and unfair Dealing in this Quotation: I will repeat his own

Words.

Alian, says he, \* whose Testimony is not Trivial, tells us formally, rwas the Opinion of the Ancient Criticks, that Homer did not write the Ilias and Odysses, but by Parcells, without any Unity of Design; and that he gave no other Names to those divers Parts, which he compos'd without Order and without Disposition, in the Heat of his Fancy but the Names of the Subjects he treated of: That he intituled the Canto, which has since made the First Book of the Ilias, Achilles's Choler, That which is become the Second, The List of the Ships; That which is now term'd the Third Book, The Fight between Paris and Menelaus, and so of the rest. He adds, Lycurgus was the First that brought, from Iossia into Greece, those divers Parts, separate from each other, and Pisstratus plac'd them in Order: By which means, is was he who made the Poems of the Ilias and Clyses, as we now see them to consist of Twenty Four Books, each in honour of the Twenty Four Letters of the Inpulate.

By the Lotty Air No Sent Perault assumes, in setting out this Norable Piece of Erudition, wou'd one suspect there's nothing of all this in Elian? And yet its most true, that there's never a

Word

<sup>\*</sup> Mre Perault'e Parallel Tom. 3.

Word of it : Elian faying nothing more, but that Homer's Works, which were all compleat in Ionia, having been first spread all over Greece, were Sung there, under different Titles: That Ly-curgus brought im entire from lonia, and Pilistratus who revised em, published im: But to prove that what I say is true, take Min's own Vords.

Homer's Poms, says that Author, were as first banded up and

down in Greece, in small separate Parcels; being Sung by the Aneient Greeks, under certain Titles which they gave them: One was call'de The Battel near the Ships; The other, Dolon Surpriz'd; Another, The Courage of Agamemnon; The other, The Lift of the Ships; The other, Patroclus; The other, Hector's Edy ranfom'd; The other, The Battel in Honour of Patroclus; The other. The Broken Oaths. 'Twas much after this manner, that the Ilian were distributed; and 'twas the same with the Odyties, which they alfo divided into feveral Parts : One was call'd, The Voyage to Pylus; The other, The Paffage to Lacedamon, The Bower of Calypso, The Ship, The Fable of Alcinous, The Cyclop, The Descent into Hell, Circe's Baths, The Murder of Penelope's Lovers, The Vifit made to Lacrtes in his Field, &c. Lycurgus the Lacedamonian, was the first, who coming from Ionia, brought with bim, the' 'twas late first. all Homer's Works compleat; and Pinftratus collecting 'em into one Volume, publish'd the Ilias and Odystes, in the Form the nom bane

Is there one Word here, in the same Sense which Monsieur Perault gives it? Where does Hlian fay formally, that the Ancient Criticks were of Opinion, Homer wrote his Ilias and Odyl-Jes by Parcels only, and did not give any other Names to thole divers Parts which he wrote without Order and without Disposition, in the Heat of his Fancy, than the Names of the Subjects he treated of? Does he fo much as talk here, of what Homer did or thought, in composing those Works; and does all that Elian faid, relate to any thing, but the Singing the Poems of that Divine Poet in Greece? Those who Sung them having got, feveral seperate Pieces by heart, gave them what Names they pleas'd; which Pieces were known, a long time before Lycurgus arriv'd in Jonia. Where does he mention Pififtrams's making the flias and Odyffes? 'Tis true, The Latin Translator has puc the Word Confecit; but besides that Confecit in that Place, does not fignifie Made but Collected together, 'tis very ill translated: The Greek Word is ansonre which is Shew'd them, or Publish a them, in our Tongue. In thort, this Passe out of .Alian, is fo far from Injuring Homer's Reputation, that nothing can be more Glorious to it. We fee by this, the Works of this Great Poet were spread over all Greece, were in all Mens Mouths,

<sup>\*</sup> The 13th Book of divers Histories, Chap. 14?

Mouths, and every Body delighted to hear them; that they learn'd 'em of one another, and that afterwards they were Publish'd complear, by one of the most Gallant Men of his Age ; I mean Pififtratus, who made himself Mafter of Athens. Eustathius belides Pifistratus, makes mention of three Famous Grammarians, who contributed to this Undertaking; infomuch, that perhaps there are none of the Works of the Antients, which we can be fure we have so compleat and in so good Order, as the Ilias and Odyses. Thus Monsieur Perault has been guilty. of twenty Blunders, about this Passage of Alian's; and is on this Passage he grounds all the Absurdities he savs of Homer; taking occasion from it, to fall foul upon one of the best Books, in the Opinion of all Men of Learning, that ever was written on the Art of Poetry in our Language, to wit; Pere Boffu's Tiratife of Epick Poefy; where that Learned Father fo well de nonfrates the Unity, Beauty, and admirable Conftruction of the Thias, Odyffes and Aneis. Monfieur Perault, without giving himself the Trouble to answer all the Solid Arguments this inft Critick has made use of on this Subject, satisfies himself with treating him like a Man, whose Brain is full of Chimera's and Visions.

May I be permitted here, to make a little Digression from my Reflection, to ask him by what Authority he tpeaks fo contemptibly of an Author, whom all the World approves; He, I fay, who takes it so heinously, that I shou'd laugh at Chapelain and Corin; two who are universally cry'd down. he not remember, that Pere Boffu is a Modern, and an Excellent Modern Author? Certainly he remembred it, and probably, twas the very thing which rendred him intolerable to him-For 'tis not the Ancients only that Monfieur Perault falls out with, but all Writers of Eminent Merit in all Ages; his only Defign being, if twas possible to place on the Throne of the Belles Lettres, his Dear Friends, the Midling Authors; in hopes he might himself find a Seat amongst them. 'Twas with this View, that in his Last Dialogue, he makes that Fine Apology for Chapelain, a Poet, whose Expressions are somewhat rude, and whom, he fays, he does not intend for his Hero; but however, he finds more Good Sense in him, than in Homer and Virgil; at least, he puts him in the same Rank with Taffo, affecting to speak of The Jerusalem deliver'd, and The Maii' of Orleans, as two Modern Works, which have the fame Caufe to maintain against the Poems of the ....ients.

If he fometimes p... Malherb, Racan, Moliere, and Corneillo, and places them above all the Ancients; who does not fee, that 'tis with a Defign to deftroy them the more eafily afterwards, and make Quinault's Triumph the more compleat; for the purs him much above them all, calling him, to use his own

Words .

Words: The Greatest Poet for Lyrick and Dramatick Poese, that

France ever bred?

I wou'd not here offend the Memory of Monsieur Quinault, who, notwithstadding all our Poetical Quarrels, was my Friend when he Dy'd I confess he had a great deal of Wit, and a particular Talent for making Verses, proper to be ser to Munick: But these Verses were of no great Strength nor Dignity, and 'twas even their Weakness, which made 'em so fit for the Musicians Purpose, to whom their chief Glory was always owing; since indeed 'twas his Opera's which were mostly admir'd, and 'twas very well for 'em, that the Musical Notes accompany'd 'em; because, as to his other Dramatical Poems, of which he wrote a great Number, they have not been play'd a long while, and People have almost forgotten that ever they were play'd.

'The certain Monfieur Quinault, was in all Respects a Man of Honour, and so Modest; I'm satisfy'd was he alive, he wou'd be as much shock'd with the Immoderate Praises given him by Monsieur Perrault, as by the Strokes against him in thy

Satyrs.

To return to Homer, the Reader will give me leave, fince I am upon this Scent, before I finish this Reflection, to shew him here five Enormous Blunders, which our Center has been guilty of in Seven or Eight Pages, by endeavouring to find fault

with this great Poet.

The First is Page 72 where he Rallies him, for that thro' a Ridiculous Anatomical Observation he in the 15th of the Ilias; Writes that Menelaus had Heels at the end of his Legs. 'Tis thus that with his usual Grace he Translates a very Sensible and Natural Place in Homer; where the Poet speaking of the Blood, which Issu'd from Menelaus's Wound, having made use of the Comparison of Ivory dy'd by a Carian Woman of a Purple Colour, he says, So Menelaus thy Thigh, and thy Leg, to the end of thy Heel, were then dy'd with thy Blood.

Teloi Tor Mere hae, pravons aipan unegi

Εὐφυέες χυῖι μαι τε 'δε σφυεά καλλ' ὑπένεςθε.

Talia Tibi, Menelae, fiedata sunt cruore femora

.Solida, tibie, telique pulchri infra.

Is this faying Anatomically that menetaus had Heels at the end of his Legs? And is the Cenfor Excuseable for not having seen at least, in the Latin Version that the Adverb Infra, is not Constru'd with Talus but with fadata Junt. If Monsieur Perrault is for seeing these Ridiculous Anatomical Observations, he need Voll. II.

not be at the Pains to turn over the Miss: The Maid of Orleans will furnish him with enough of 'em, and with many others there's this, where his Dear Monsheur Chap lain, among the rest of the Graces of the Fair Agnes, puts her having unequal Fingers for one, which he thus prettily Express s:

At the two Ends of her two Sleeves we ke

Two long white Hands come forth, and there below

In Plumpness like her round and fleshy Arm.

The Second Blunder is in the following Page, ..... our Cenfor accuses Homer, of not Understanding the Arts: Because in the Third Book of the Odysses, he says, the Founder whom Nefter brought to Guild the Horns of the Bull he was to Sacrifice, came with his Anvil, his Hammer and Pincers, is there any need fays Monfieur Perrault of Anvil and Hammer to guild with? 'Tis fit we shou'd tell him in the First Place, that Homer is not talking of a Founder here, but of a Smith; and that this Smith was at the same time both a Founder and Gold Beater of the little City of Pylus, and did not only Guild the Horns of the Bull, but bear the Gold with which they were to be Guilt, and 'twas for that purpose he brought his Tools with him, as the Poet tells us in express Terms, oloh Te xpuon negal (ero Instrumenta quibus aurum fabricabat, Instruments with which he wrought up Gold. Nay, it appears that Neftor Supply'd him with the Gold to be beaten. 'Tis true, there was no need of a very great Anvil, and that he brought with him was fo little, it shews Homer understood the Art he spoke of admirably well. But how shall we Justifie Monsieur Perrault, a Man of fo grand a Gout, so Skilful in all forts of Arts, as he brags himself in the Letter he wrote me? How, I say, shall we excuse him for being still to Learn, that the Leaf Gold, made use of in Guilding is nothing but Gold Extreamly beaten.

The Third Blunder is much more Ridiculous, than the two Former. 'Tis in the fame Page, where he blames the Poet, for want of Breeding, in making the Princes Nausicaa in the Odyses tell-alyses, She did not approve of a Tours Woman's Lying with a Number of the Marry'd him.' If the Greek Word which he Interprets thus, fignify'd in this Place to Lye with; the thing wou'd become more Ridiculous, than our Critick has made it, because the Word is stin'd here to 2 Plutas, and after that Rate, the Princess should be did not approve of a Tourg Woman's Lying with several Men before she was Marry'd:

However,

However, what the speaks to Uhsses, is full of Honour and Modesty. For having a defign to introduce him into the Court of the King her Father, the gives him to understand, the's going be ore to prepare all things in order to it. But that the must hot be seen to enter the City in his Company: Becaule the Pheacks, were a Backbiting fort of People, who wou'd be fure to raise some Scandal or other against her upon it, adding, the did not her felf approve of the Conduct of a Young Woman, who without Leave of her Father and Mother shou'd keep Men Company before she was Marry'd. This is the Interpretation, which all Interpreters have given to thele Words in this Place, and page miryedas Mifceri Hominibus, there being some who have put in the Margent of the Greek Text, to prevent the Perraults, have a Care that you don large moyedas in this Place to figuifie to Lye with, indeed this Word, as it is us'd almost every where in the Iliss and Odyss means keeping Company with, and not to Lye with any one ; unless the Natural Sequel of the Discourse, some other Word join'd to it, and the Quality of the Person speaking or spoke of, determins it infallibly to this fignification, which it can never have in the Mouth of to Discreet and Vertuous a Princels as Nauficaa is represented to be.

Add to this, the strange Absurdity of what she says, if it could be taken in this Sense, since she in somewise agrees by her way of Arguing that a Marry'd Woman may Lye with as many Men as she pleases. The Word wiry as in Greek has the same Signification with the Words, Cognosere & Commisseri, in the Language of the Scripture, which of themselves signifie to know or meddle with, and never men Figuratively to Lye with, but when the Place where they are us'd, so Explain'em. Thus all the pretended Indecency of this Word of Homer, belongs entirely to our Censor, who Soils every thing he touches, and attacks the Ancients only upon False Interpretations, devis'd by him, according to his own Fancy, without understanding their

Tongue, fuch as no Man ever thought of before him.

The Fourth Blunder is also about a Passage out of the Odysses. Eumeus, in the Ninth Book of that Poem, relates; that he was born in a Little Island call'd Syros, which is to the West of Ortygia: This he explains in these Words.

"Oppupals xanimo ber on reomai nexoto.

Ortygia desuper qua parte sunt Com es pones Solis.

A fine Used, fittiete above the Isle of Ortygia, on that Side where the Sun sets. No body was ever at any Districulty, about the Sense of this Passage: All the Interpreters explain is after

one and the same manner, and Eustarbius even brings Examples, to prove that the Verb Tremedan from whence Tennal is deriv'd, is in Homer made ule of, to express the Setting of the Sun. This is confirm'd by Helychius, with explains the Word Trong by that of Norts which undoustedly fignifies Setting. 'Tis true, there's an Old Commentator, who has made a Little Note, that Homer by these Words, would also shew there was a Bower in this Isle, where the Turns of the Sun were shewn. One cannot very well tell what this Commentator means; he being as Obscure as Homer is clear; But 'tis certain, neither be nor any one elle ever pretended Homer meant that the Isle of Syros was fituated under the Tropick; and that this Great Poet was never attack'd nor defended on account of such an Error; because it was never laid to his Charge. Monfieur Perrault, who as I have flewn afready by to many Proofs, does not understand Greek, and knows so little of Geography, that in one of his Works, he places the River Maander, and consequently Phrygia and Troy in Greece: Monfieur Perrault, I say, is the only Man, into whose Head such a Chimerical Idea ever came; perhaps conceiv'd upon reading the Miserable Note of some Wretched Pedant; on which he accuses a Poor allow'd by all the Ancient Geographers as the Father of Geography, of placing the Isle of Syros and the Mediterranean Sea under the Tropick: A Fault, a School-boy wou'd not have committed! And he not only accuses him of it, but Imposes 'tis a thing acknowledg'd by all the World; and the Interpreters have in vain, fays he, endeavour'd to expound it, by applying it to the Sun-dial, which Pherecydes, who Liv'd three Hundred Years after Homer made in the Ifle of Syros; yet, Euflathius the only Commentator who understood Homer perfectly well, fays nothing of this Interpretation, which cou'd not have been impos'd on Homer, but by some ridiculous Commentator upon Diogenes Laertius, whom I know nothing of. Such are the Notable Proofs, by which onr Cenfor pretends to demonstrate, that Homer did not understand the Arts; and which indeed demonstrate nothing, but that Monsieur Perrault does not understand Greek, nor Latin but very indifferently, and knows himself, nothing of the Arts.

He has made other Blunders, by his Ignorance of the Greek Tongue; and fell into the Fifth Error, by not understanding Latin. 'Tis this: Ulystes in the Odystes, lays he, is the one by his Dog, who had not fen him in twenty reals; yet Pliny assures us, that Dogs never live above fifteen rears. Nantieur Perrauls upon this, gives Judgment against Homer, for making a Pog live twenty Years, as if he was intallibly in the wrong, decaute Prany writes that Dogs can't live above fifteen: He must give me leave to tellehim, that he has condemn'd Homer on very Slight

Grounds

Grounds; fince not only Aristotle, as he himself owns, but all Modern Naturalists, as Johnston, Aldroand, &c. assure us, there are Dog that live twenty Years; and I can give him Examples of Dogs in our time, that have liv'd to twenty two Years: Befides, Pliny, tho' an Admirable Writer, was convinced, as every one knows, that he was more than once mikaken in his Opinion and Account of Natural things; whereas Homer, before Mondeur Perrault's Dialogues came out, was never accus'd of one Error on that Head. All this is to no purpose; Monfieur Perrault is at present resolv'd to give Credit to no body but Pliny; for whom, he fays, he's ready to enter the Lifts against all Oppofers. We must therefore give him Satisfaction, and produce the Authority of Pliny himfelf, whom he either never read, or did not understand; for he positively says the very fame thing, which Ariftotle and all other Naturalists have faid; to wit, that Dogs generally live but Fifteen Years; yet there have been some that have liv'd to Twenty, as you may see by ohis own Words.

That Species of Dogs, which are call'd Laconian Dogs, live but sen Tears, all other Species generally live fifteen Tears, and sometimes twenty. Canes Laconici vivunt annis denis, catera genera quindecin annos, aliquando viginti. Who cou'd have believ'd that ouc Cenfor, resolving to accuse so great a Man as Homer, of an Error on Pliny's Authority, had not given himself the Trouble to read the Paffage in Pliny which is so plain? Or that after so many Blunders, which are heap'd one upon another, within the Compass of so small a Number of Pages, he should have the Boldgess to conclude as he does, thus? 'Tis no great Matter, so find that Homer, who is a Bad Astronomer and a Bad Geographer. should not be a Good Naturalist. What Man of Sense can read to anany Abfurdities, spoken in so High a Tone in Monsieur Perrault's Dialogues, without being enrag'd against the Book; and Taying as Demipho does in Terence? Cuperem mibi dari in confpe-Aum bunc bominem.

I shou'd swell this Volume to a considerable Bulk, if I prerended to expose the other Blunders, that we meet with in the Seven or Eight Pages I have been examining; there being almost as many more, which I have past over; perhaps I may shew 'em him in the next Edition of my Book, if I find People condescend to cast their Eyes on this Greek Erudition, and read Remarks made on a Book, which no body reads.

G 5 Reflection

<sup>\*</sup> Pliny, Nat. Hift. Lib. 1. \* Parallels Tome 2.

# REFLECTION W.

The Words of Longinus. Chap 8.

As may be feen by the Description of the Goddes Discord, who,

Has in the Heavens her Head, On Earth her Feet.

Irgil has translated this Verse almost Word for Word, in the Fourth Book of the Aneis, applying what Homer says of Discord, to Fame.

Ingrediturque Solo, et Caput inter Nubila condi t.

So Fine a Verse as this, imitated by Virgil, and admir'd by Longinus, cou'd not escape Monsieur Perrault's Criticism, which conademns the Hyperbole as too Extravagant, and places it among the Tales of the Assessin: He did not remember, that even in Common Discourse, we are every Day us'd to Stronger Hyperboles than this, which in the main means nothing but what's very true: That Discord reigns every where on Earth, and even in Heaven among the Gods, that is, among Homer's Gods. 'Tis not the Description of a Giant, as our Censor pretends, which Homer makes, but a very just Allegory; and tho' he describes Discord as a Person, 'tis an Allegorical Person, which does not shock us, of whatever Size it is made; because 'tis look'd upon as an Idea and Fancy of the Mind, and not as a Material being existing in Nature.

Of this kind is that Expression of the Plalmist: I have seen the Wicked Man listed up like a Cedar of Libanon. 'Tis not to be understood, that the Wicked Man was a Giant as big as a Cedar of Libanon: It signifies only, that he was at the Top of Human Greatness; and Monsieur Racine enter'd into the same Thought, in this Verse of his Estber, which agrees with Homer's.

As a Tah Cedar in the Heav'ns hides his Audacious Head.

Wherefore, 'tis easie to vindicate what Longinus (1) in Praise of Homer's Verse upon Discord: New extheless the Truth is, 'twas not Longinus, but I who said it in some Measure, in Imitation of Gabriel Petra; the Greek in that Place being fery defective, and even Homer's Verse not whose. Measure retrained in not mind this; because, according to all Appearances, he never read Longinus but in my Translation. Thus by endea-vouring to contradict Longinus, he does better than he thinks

for

for; fince he contradicts me: However in attacking me, it cannot be deny'd but he attacks Homer, and especially Virgil, who ran so much in his Head, when he was condemning this Verse upon Disord, that he writes Fame in his Discourse instead

of Difcerd, without thinking of it.

'Tis upon der therefore he makes this rare Criticism. What's the Reason, that the Poet's Exaggeration in this Place, does not give a Clear Idea? He adds, 'tis, because if we cou'd see the Head of Fame, is world not be in the Heavens; and if her Head was in the Heavens, we could not have too much Knowledge of what we faw. What a Wonderful Argument is here! Where does Homer or Virgil fay, the Head of Discord or of Fame is seen; and what matter is it, if the Head be in the Heavens, whether we do or do not fee it? Is it not the Poet that speaks here, who is suppos'd to fee every thing that paffes, even in the Heavens, without its being discover'd by the Eyes of other Men? Indeed, I'm afraid the Reader will blush for me, when I answer such Strange Arguments! Our Cenfor afterwards falls upon another Hyperbole of Homer's, concerning the Horles of the Gods: But what he lays against it, being only a dull Piece of Pleasantry; the little I have faid to the preceding Objection, will I believe, be fufficient to answer both of 'em.

## REFLECTION V.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 7.

Such is what he tells us of Ulysses's Companions being chang'd into Swine, which Zoilus calls Little Crying Pigs.

IT appears by this Passage of Longinus, that Zoilus as well as Monsieur Perrault, pretended to rally Homer: For this Jest, Little Crying Pigs, is pretty like the Long Tail'd Comparisons, with which our Modern Critick reproaches this Great Poet: And since in our Time, the Liberty Zoilus took to speak disrespectfully of the Greatest Writers of Antiquity, is become the Mode amongst Abundance of Little Wits, as Ignorant as Haughty and full of the nielves. 'Twill not be improper to thew them here, how that Loerty succeeded with this Rhetorician, a very Learned Man, if we may believe Dionysius Halicus Leus; and one, whose Mans ers I do not find to be any ways reproachable; for he was always very poor, and notwithstanding he had rais'd the Animosity of almost all the Learned World against him by his Criticisms on Homer and Plato; no Crime was ever laid to his Charge but those very Criticisms and a little Misanthropy.

Let us in the first Place, fee what is faid of him by Virruvius, that Famous Architect; for he it is who talks of him most: And that Mr. Perrault may not accuse me of altering this Author's Text; I will make use of his Brother, the Doctor's own Worls in his Tranflation of Vitruvius. Some Years afterwards (fays the Translator) Zoilusa who had pot the Name of the Flail of Horser, came from Macedonia to Alexandria, and presented the Books be had written against the Hias and Odysses, to the King: Ptolemy refenting that the Father of all the Poets Shou'd be fo infolently attack'd; that be, anbom all the Learned acknowledge to be their Mafter, whose Writings all the World admir'd, and who was not prefent to defend himfelf, should be fo roughly handled, made no Return; However, Zoilus basing attended a long time, and being press'd by Necessity, perision'd the King for some Gratuity: To which, 'ti faid, he reply'd, that lince Homer, who had been dead a thouland Years, had mainfain'd Teveral Thousand People; Zoilus ought by his industry, not only to maintain himself, but several others also; because he pretended to be much more Learned than Homer. His Death is variously reporsed: Same write that. Ptolemy order'd him to be Crucify'd, others that he was Ston'd, and others that he was Burns alive at Smyrna: But whatever his Death was, 'tis certain he deferved the Punishment be's faid to knue met with; smce no Man can deserve it for a more Odious Crime than that of Centuring a Writer, who is not in a Condition to Vindicate his Writings.

I can't imagine how Mr. Perrault the Phylician, who as to Homer and Plato, was much of the same Opinion with his Brother, con'd get over the Last Sentence; especially when he was translating this Passage: 'Tistrue, he has Sofrned it every where, as much as possible, by endeavouring to infinuate, that 'twas the Learned only, or in the Language of Mefficurs Perrault, the Pedant's who admir'd Homer's Works: For in the Latin Text there is not one Word which answers to Learned; and in the Place where the Dr. fays in his Version : He whom all the Learned acknowledge to be their Mafter; it is, He, whom all that love the Belles Lettres, acknowledge to be their Chief. \* Indeed, tho' Homer knew a great deal, he never pas'd for the Matter of the Learned. Neither does Ptolemy in the Text, fay, Zoilus ought by bis Industry, not only to maintain bimfelf, but several others also; fince he pretended to be much more Learned than Homes : It is 4 fince be boafts be bas more Wit than Figmer. Belides, Vitruz ins does not fay rimply, that Zoils prefented his Books again. Homer to Ptolemy; but that he recited them, which is much Stronger, and shews the King had acquainted his felf with the Caule, when he condemn'd them.

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<sup>\*</sup> Philologia omnis Ducem. † Qui meliori Ingenio se profite etur.

The Doctor is not fatisfy'd with Softning this Paffage thus: He adds a Note, wherein he does his utmost to infinuate 'tis Foifted in here, or at least enlarg'd upon; grounding what he favs on the Improbability that Vitruvius shou'd make use of such an Argument, fo unworthy of himself, as his saying, That Writer ought not to be cenfur'd, when he is not in a Condition to defend himself. By which Reason, 'twou'd be a Crime that deferv'd the Fire, to find Fault with what Zoilus wrote against Homer, if his Writings had been preferv'd. I answer in the first Place, that in the Latin 'tis not to censure a Writer only, but to Cite, to Indict Writers, and bring 'em to their Tryal; to Attack them in Form upon all their Works. Belides, by Wifeers Vitravius does not here mean Ordinary Writers, but fuch as have been admir'd in all Ages, fuch as Plato and Homer, of whom we may well prefume, that if we found any thing Blameable in their Writings, were they present to defend themfelves, we shou'd all be Surpriz'd to find that 'twas we who were Mistaken. Neither is there any manner of Comparison between Zoilzs, a Man, who has in all Ages been Cry'd out against; whose Works had not the Honour, which, Thanks to my Remarks, Monsieur Perrault's are like to have; that is, to have any Reply to 'em.

But to Finish this Man's Picture, 'tis proper to repeat here, what is said, by an Author which Monsieur Perrault is always ready to Quote, I mean Elian. 'Tis in the Eleventh Book of his Divers Histories. Zoilus, be who wrote against Homer, Plato, and several other Illustrious Persons, was a Native of Amphipolis. and a Disciple of Polycrates, who writ a Discourse against Socrates after the manner of an Accusation. What follows is a Description of the Man, He had Along Beard that bung down upon his Breast but no Hair upon his Head, which he always hept close Shav'd: His Cloak came generally down to his Knees, he lov'd to rail at every body, and delighted in nothing but Contradicting; in a word, there never was so Froward a Creature as this Wretch. A very Learned Man asking him one day, why he fell Foul upon all the Famous Writers, and took pleasure in Speaking ill of 'em? He reply'd; Tis because I would do it and can't. There would be no Pnd of it, if I should here heap together all the Reslections that have been cast upon him by Antiquity. He was every where known the Name of the Vile Slave of Thrace. 'Tis faid he engag'd again fromer out of Envy; and from thence all that were En-Vious were call'd Zoilus's. Witness these two Verses of Ovid's.

> Ingenium megni Lipor detredet Homeri. Quisquis es ex ide, Zoile, nomen babes.

I repeat this Passage here on purpose to shew Mr. Persant that let him say what he will, it may so happen that a Living Author may be jealous of one who has been Dead many Ages. Indeed, I know more than one half Scholar, who blushes when Greso or Demosthenes are read before 'em, with a little Empha-

fis, as if it were an Injury done to them.

But not to digress too much from Zoilus : I have often thought in my felf, what shou'd be the Occasion of that Animosity and Deluge of Affronts, which he met with from the Ancients; for he was not the only man who Criticis'd on Homer and Plato. Longinus, in this very Treatife, has done it several times : Diowyfius Halicarnasaus did not spare Plato more than he did: Yet we don't find these Criticks provok'd Indignation. Theence comes all this? If I am not miffaken, the Reason of it is, that belides that their Criticisms are just; it appears plainly, they did not make 'em with an Intent to Leffen the Glory of those Great Men, but to Establish the Truth of some Important Pres cept; and in the main, were fo far from having a mean Opinion of the Merit of those Heroes, as they themselves term 'em, that they acknowledge them to be their Mafters in the Art of Speaking, and the only Patterns which every Man who writes, ought to imitate: If they discover some Blemishes, they, at the fame time thew us an infinite Number of Beauties; infomuch, that after having read their Criticisms, we are convinced of the fuftness of their Censures; and still more of the Greatness of the Genius of the Writers they censur'd. Add to this, that their Criticisms are always made with so much Cantion, Modesty, and Circumspection, that 'tis not possible to be angry with 'em for them.

"I was not so with Zoilus, who was a Splenetick Man, and exereamly puff'd up with a good Opinion of himself: For as far as we can judge by some Fragments of his Criticisms, and what Authors tell us of him, he endeavour'd directly to ruin Homer and Plato's Reputation, by placing their Works below those of the most Vulgar Writers: He talks of the Fables of the Hias and oblies, as if they were an Old Woman's Story; calling Homer a Teller of Tales: He turns the Finest Places in those two Poems into Ridicule; and does it all with such a Pedantick Haughtiness that all the World rose against him. This, in my Opinion, was what occasion'd that Horrible Defamationand the Tragical End he came to.

Now I am talking of Pedantick Haughtiness, perhaps it mily not be amiss to explain what I mean by it, and what redant properly is: For, methinks, Mr. Perrult has not a true Notion of the Word in its full Extent.

Indeed if one was to Judge, by what he Infinuates in his Dialogues. A Pedant is with him a Scholar bred up in a Col-

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lege full of Greek and Latin, and a blind Admiration of all the Ancients, who does not believe that any New Discoveries can be made in Nature, nor go further than Aristotle, Epicurus, Hippocrates and Pliny. Who thinks 'tis a Sin to find Fault with Virgil, who does not only suppose Terence to be an Agreeable Author, but mat all Perfection is Lodg'd in him, who cares not for Politeness; who never Condemns any Ancient Author whatsveves, and Values most those Authors whom sew Read, as

Falon, Bartholus, Lycophron, Macrobius, &c.

Such is the Idea Monfieur Perrault has conciev'd of a Pedant : at least it appears so by his Writing: And so, he will be Surpriz'd when we tell him, that a Pedant is almost the quite Condary to this Picture: That he's a Man full of himself, who with a small Stock of Learning boldly pretends to the Decision of all things: Who is perpetually boafting of the New Discoveries he has made, who has no manner of Respect for Aristotle, Epicurus, Hippocrates, and Pliny, who Condemns all the Ancients, who declares that fajon and Bartholus where two Blockheads, and Macrobius a School-boy, who indeed allows some Places in Virgil to be paffable, but then thinks there are a great many that ought to be his'd. Who will hardly give Terence the name of agreeable, who in the midst of all this pretends to Politeness, who maintains that the Ancients have neither Order nor Oeconomy in their Discourse. In a Word who thinks it is nothing, to oppose the Sentiments of all Mankind on this Subject.

It may be Monsieur Perrault will tell me this is not the true Character of a Pedant; however, I'll shew him 'twas the Picture the Famous Regnier made of one. Regnier a French Poet, who as all the World agrees, understood the Manners and Characters of Mankind the best of any Man before Molicre. 'Tis in his Tenth Satyr, where describing such an Abominable Per

dant, he fays;

For Learning he's the Master of the School And Alexander's Pedant but a Fool.

He afterwards bestows these Sentiments upon him.

None has so Nice a way as he to Teach, Nor can so high in Nature's Studies reach; For him Hippocrates's Works may Rot, And Epicarus is with him a Sot.

Ton a Blockhead, Bartholus an Ass, And Virgil will, but in some Places pass; In others he by Footmen shou'd be hist, If Pliny once has hit, he twice has mist.

Terence he owns not, but as half a Wit,
Nor any Language good but what's Politic.
He with no Author wholly can dispence,
One has not Order, nor another Sense.
This Writer is too Timid, that too Rash
And sometimes poor Macrobius has the Lash.

I leave it to Monsieur Perrault, to make the Application of this Picture, and to guess whether Regnier in these Verice describes an University Man, who has a hearty Respect for all the Good Writers of Antiquity, and as much as he can, inspires all the Youth he Instructs, with the same Esteem of em, as, he has himself; or a Presumptious Author, who treats all the Ancients, as a Company of Fools, as Dull, Chimerical and Mad, and who being pretty well advanced in Years spends the remainder of his Days, and wholly Employs himself, in contradicting the Sentiments of all Mankind.

## REFLECTION. VI.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 8.

Indeed it spoils all, so dwell long upon little things.

Othing can be truer, especially in Poetry; and this is one of the greatest Faults of St. Amand. That Poet had Genius enough for Lewd and Wanton Poetry; and railing Satyr: Nay, when he's serious he succeeds by Fits and Starts, but spoils all, by the mean Circumstances he mingles with 'em. This is to be seen in his Ode entitul'd Solitude which is his best Piece, where among a great many Agreeable Images, he very Unseasonably presents the most Frightful Objects to our View, as Toads, Snails, the Skeleton of a Man that had Hang'd himself, Sc.

Of a Poor Lover who had Hang'd himself.

He falls Whimfically into this Error in Moses escap'd, where he Describes the Passage of the Red Sea; and instead in energing on many great Circumstances, which so Mainting a Subject offer'd to him, he Trisses away his time in Painting a little Insant, who goes and comes, Leaps about, picks up Shells, thews'em to his Mother, and as I have said in my Art of Poetry,

in

in some manner places the Fish at the Window, in these two Veries.

There near the Walls thro' which the Eye may pierce, The Wondring Fish look'd out and faw 'em pass.

There's no body, but Monfieur Perrault, who does not perceive fomething Comical in these two Verses, by which, one wou'd think the Fish had hir'd Windows to fland at; and fee the Hebrews pals; This is the more ridiculous because Fish hardly fee any thing thro' the Water; their Eyes being to plac'd that if their heads had been out of the Walls, they wou'd have had a hard matter to have discover'd the March of the Israeliter: Notwithstanding which Monsieur Perrault pretends to Justifie these Verses, but by such silly Arguments that in truth I shou'd think it wou'd be an abuse of Paper, If I made use of it to answer 'em: I shall satisfy my self with referring him to the Comparison Longinus mentions here out of Homer: He may there fee with what Art this Divine Poet Closes the Great Circumftances, and gathers them together, yet I Question whether he'll content to this Truth: For he's particularly offendad with Homer's Comparisons, and makes 'em the chief Object of his Pleasantry in his Last Dialogue. Perhaps I shall be ask'd what that Pleasantry is? Monsieur Perrault having no Reputation of being very Pleafant: And fince 'tis probable the Reader will not go after it, as far as the Original, to fatisfie his Curiofity; Ill mention a Stroke or two of his Wit; in order to which 'tis necessary to give him to understand, what these Dialogues of Mr. Perrault's are. They represent the Conversation of three Persons; of whom the first who is a great Enemy to the Ancients, and especially to Plato, is Mr. Perrault himlelf, as he declares in his Preface. He beflows the Name of Abbot on him; tho' I can't very well conceive, why he took this Ecclefiaftical Title; fince he talks of nothing but what's very Profane in his Dialogue; Romances being prais'd there to excess, and Opera's extoll'd as the Height of Perfection, to which Poetry can arrive in our Language. The Second of the Persons he introduces, is a Knight, a great Admirer of the Abbot, who stands there like his Tabarin, to mainoin his Decifions, and even contradicts him fometimes, only to he waten the Value of his Merit Mr. Perrault will doubtless not defiended with this Name of Tabarin, which I here give his Knight; because the Gentleman declares himself in one Place, that se prefers Mendor's and Tabarin's Dialogues to Plato's. The Third to be Perfons, who is by much the greater Blockhead of the three, is a Prefident a Protestor of the Ancients; but understands 'em leis, even than the Abbot or Knight: He often

can make no Reply to the most Erivolous Objections in the World; and defends Reason sometimes so soolishly, that it becomes more ridiculous in his Mouth than Noasense. In a word, he's the Fool of the Play, and all the Jests that are made, are upon him. These are the Actors of this Piece: We must now

fee what the Action is.

As for Instance; The Abbot somewhere declares he does not approve of Homer's Comparisons, where the Poet not contenting himself with saying but just what serves towards the Comparison, enlarges on some Historical Circumstance of the thing he treats of: As when he compares Meneland's wounded Thigh to Ivory dy'd Purple, by a Maonian or Carian Woman, &c. The Abbot is very much offended with this Maonian or Carian Woman, and can't endure these Long Tail'd Comparisons. The Peretty Phrase! Which the Knight presently admites; and thence takes occasion to say Abundance of witty things upon Long Tail'd

Comparisons.

The Prefident is fomewhat furpriz'd at this Wit of theirs; and tho' he thinks there's fomething very tharp in the Word Long Tail'd: yet he at last resolves to answer the Abbot: 'Twas no difficult thing to do it; for he needed only to fay, what every Man who understands the Elements of Rhetorick, wou'd have faid, as foon as he had heard the Objection made to the Comparifon; that Comparisons in Odes and Epick Poems are not brought in only to enlighten and adorn the Discourse; but to amuse and unbend the Mind of the Reader, by difengaging him from time to time from the principal Subject, and carrying him to other agreeable Images: That 'twas in this Homer particularly excell'd; and that not only his Comparisons but his whole Difcourse is full of Images of Nature, so true and so diversify'd, that tho' he's always the same, yet he's always different; Ho continually instructs the Reader; and makes him observe, even in Objects which are every Day before our Eyes, things he never would have thought of observing. That it is a Truth univerfally acknowledg'd, that 'tis not necessary in Poetry, for the Points of the Comparison to answer exactly one to another; but that a General Agreement is sufficient, and too much Nicety smells of a Rhetorician.

This is what a Man of Sense might easily have said to the Abbot and Knight; but the President does not argue at the rate: He begins with owning our Poets would be Laugh'd it; if they should put such Extensive Comparisons into their Poens and excuses Homer only on Account of his Oriental Taste, which says he was the Taste of his Nation. Then he explains what the raise of the Orientals was. That the Five of their Fancy, and vivacity of their Wit, made 'em always require to have two things said at once, and cou'd not endure a Single Sense in a Discourse:

Discourse; whereas, we Europeans are fatisfy'd with it, and very well contented with faying one thing at a time. What Fine Obfervations this worthy Gentleman, the Prefident makes upon Nature; and makes 'em by himfelf! For 'tis not true that the Orientals have more Vivacity of Wit than the Europeans; and especially the French, who are famous every where, for their Quick and Ready Conception. The Figurative Style, that now reigns in Afia Minor and the Neighbouring Countries, and did not reign heretofore, came only from the Irruption of the drabians and other Barbarous Nations, who a little while after Heraclius, over-ran those Countries, and brought in that Bombaft Way of Speaking with their Religion: For we don't find the Greek Pathers in the East, as St. Fustin, St. Basil, St. Chrysoftome, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and a great many more even us'd that fort of Stile in their Writings, or that Herodotus, Dionyfus Halicarnaffaus, Lucian, Fosephus, Philo the Jew, or any other Greek

Author ever fpoke that Language.

But to return to our Long Tail'd Comparisons. The Prefident collects all his Strength to deftroy this Notable Phrale, without which, the Abbot's Argument wou'd have neither Force nor Grace. He answers it thus: That as in Ceremonies, we should find fault with Princesses Tails, if they did not trail upon the Ground; fo Comparisons in Epick Poetry wou'd be Faulty, if they had not Tails with Long Trains; which perhaps is one of the most Extravagant Answers that ever was made; For what Relation is there between Comparisons and Princesles? Nevertheless the Knight, who till then had not approv'd of one Word the Prefident had faid, is taken with the Solidity of this Reply, and begins to fear what will become of the Abbot, who being also firicken with the Great Sense of the Discourse, has some Difficulty to get clear of it, by confesting contrary to his first Sentiments, that indeed Comparisons may have Long Tails; but then he maintains, those Tails shou'd like Princesses, be of the fame Stuff with the Gown, which is wanting, fays he, in Homer's Comparisons where the Tails are of different Stuff. So that if it happens in France, as it very well may, that it should he the Falhion to have Princeffes Gowns of one Sort of Souff. and the Tails of another; the Prefident entirely gains his Caule, in the Dispute about Comparisons. Thus do these three Gentlemen manage Human Reason: One always makes an elication he ought not to make, the other approves what he ought not to approve, and the other answers what he ought not to answer.

If the President has here some Advantage of the Abbot, the latter is soon reveng'd of him upon another Place in Homer; which is in the Twelsth Book of the Odysses, where Homer, according to Monsieur Perrauli's Translation, relates;

That

That Ulyfies being carry'd on his Broken Maft rowards Charybdis, at the very time, when the Water roje; and fearing to fink to the bottom, when it should fall again, took hold of a Wild Fig-tree, that grew out at the Top of a Rock; to which be clung like a Bat, and hanging thus there, waited till his Mast, which was sunk to the Bottom, came again upon the Water; adding, that when he fam it be was as glad as a Judge, when he rifes from his Seat to go to Dinner, after baving try'd several Causes. The Abbot infults the Prefident very much, on this Whimfical Comparison of a Judge going to Dinner, and seeing him a little embarras'd, adds; Is it because I have not faithfully translated Homer's Text? Which this Great Defender of the Ancients dares not deny: Upon this, the Knight presently falls on him also, especially, when in Answer to it, he said the Poet gave it so agreeable a Turn, that 'tis impossible not to be charm'd with it. Ton are very much mistaken, says the Knight; When Ho mer, as much a Homer as be is would make a Man's Rejoycing to fee his Maft come again upon the Water, like a Judges rifing to Dinner, after he has try'd a great many Causes, he can say nothing but what will be Impertinent. This puts the Poor President quite out of Countenance, and that for want of knowing, that the Abbot makes here one of the most Erroneous Blunders that ever Man made; taking a Date for a Comparison: For in truth, there's no Comparison in this Place. Ulyfes relates, that when he faw the Mast and Keel of his Ship, on which he fav'd himfelf, fwallow'd up in Charybdis, he clung like a Bird of Night to a great Fig-tree, which hung down there from a Rock, and flay'd there hanging by the Tree in hopes that when the Flood came Charybdis, would Vomit up again the Wrecks of his Ship, which happen'd fo accordingly: For about the hour, when a Judge having done Justice, leaves his Seat to go take some Refreshment, that is, towards Three a Clock in the Afternoon, the Wrecks appear'd out of Charybdis and he plac'd himself again upon them. And this Date is the more Just, because as Eustathius assures us 'tis the time of Flood at Charybais which has Three in the space of Twenty Four Hours; and that formerly, the Hours of the Day were dated by the Time, when the Magistrates enter'd into Council, by that of their flaying there and that of their coming out. This Place has never been understood otherwife by any Interpreter, and the Latin Translator has rendered it very well. Thus we may fee, to whom the Imperindace of the Comparison belongs; whether to Homer who did not make it, or the Abbot who made it for him.

But before we leave the Convertation of these Three Genelemen, I must beg the Abbots Pardon, if I care with him in the Decilive Answer he returns to the Knight, who said to him; But now we are upon Comparisons, we are told

Homer

Homer Compares Ulysies turning in his Bed, to a Black Pudding Broiling upon a Gridien. To which the Abbot replys is True, and to which I reply, 'tis fo False, that even the Greek Word that's us'd for a Black Pudding was not invented in Homer's Time, when there were neither Black Pudding nor Raggarit. The Truth is, in the Twentieth Book of the Odyfies, he compares Uliffes's turning and winding in his Bed Burning with Impatience to glut himfelt, as Eufterbius fays, with the Blood of Penelope's Lovers, to a Hungry Man, who beffirs himfelf over a great Fire to make the Belly of an Animal full of Blood and Fat Boil, and in his Impatience to Satisfy his Hunger with it. he turns it from one fide to t'other without ceafing.

Now every one knows, that the Belly of some Animals was one of the most Delicious Dishes the Ancients had. That the Sumen, that is, the Sows Belly, was Boafted of for its Excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by an old Cenforian Law, because 'twas too Voluptuous. Those Words full of Blood and Fat which Homer uses, speaking of the Belly of Animals, and which are fo Natural to that Part of the Body, gave occasion to a Wretched Translator, who formerly Translated the Odyffes into French, to imagin Homer- was talking of a Black Pudding, because Hogs Puddings are generally made of Blood and Fat: And fo he has Foolishly render'd it in his Translation. 'Tis on the Credit of this Translator, that some Ignorant People and the Abbot in the Dialogue, believe Homer Compar'd Ulyffes to a Black Pudding, tho' neither the Greek Text nor Latin fay a Word of it, and no Commentator ever made fo Ridiculous a Blunder; which shews the strange Inconveniencies that happen to chose, who speak of a Language they know nothing of.

#### REFLECTION VII.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 12.

We must think what Judgment Posterity will pass mon our Writings.

Nideed there's nothing but the Approbation of Posterity that can Effablish the true Merit of Writings: Whatever Noise a Writer makes in his Life Time, whatever Applause is given him, we cannot, for all that, infallibly Conclude that his Writings are Excellent. A Faire Brillam, a Newnels of Stile, a Falhionable turn of Wir, may fet a Value upon them; and pet-Vol. II.

haps in the next Age, Peoples tyes will be open, and they will Despise what the Present Admires. We have a good Example of this in Ronfard, and his Imitators, as Du-Ballai, Du-Bartes, Des Portes, who in the Preceding Age, were the Admiration of all the World, and now no body will Read em.

The same thing befell tome of the Roman Authors, as Navim, Livius and Ennius, who in Horace's Time, as we Learn from that Poet, had still abundance of Admirers. We must not Imagine that the fall of these Authors, as well French as Latin, was occasion'd by the Alteration of the Larguage of their Country: The true Cause of it, was their not Rising in those Tongues to that Point of Solidity and Perfection, without which no Works will be lasting and always Valuable: As for Instance, the Latin Tongue in which Cicero, and Virgil wrote, was very much alter'd in Quintilian's Time, and as much more in Aulus Gellius's; however Civero and Virgil, were then more Esteem'd than even in their own Time, because they had as it were fix'd the Language by their Writings, having attain'd the Point

of Perfection I have been speaking of.

Wherefore 'tis not the Antiquity of Ronfard's Words and Expressions, that has cry'd down Ronfard; 'Tis because 'twas preceiv'd all at once, that what was taken for Beauties in him were not Beauties. Bertaut, Malherbe, Diftingendes, and Racan, who came after him Contributed very much towards this Difcovery, and hit on the true Genius of the French Language in the ferious kind: For the Tongue was fo far from being in its Maturity in Ronfard's Time, as Pafquier Erroneously Imagin'd that 'twas not then even out of its Infancy: On the Contrary the true turn of the Epigram, Rondeau, and Natural Epiffles, was found out before Ronfard by Marot, St. Gelais, and others, whose Works in this kind, are not only not faln into Contempt; but are now generally Effeem'd, infomuch that to hit upon the Natural Air of the French Tongue, recourse is often had to their Stile; and 'tis that which made the Famous Monfieur de la Fontaine, succeed as he has done.

But when Writers have been Admir'd a great many Ages, and Contemn'd only by Persons of a Whimfical Taste, for there will always be depray'd Tastes, there's not only Rashness bur Madness, in doubting the Merit of such Authors. If you don't fee the Beauties of their Works, it must not be concluded there are none, but that you are Blind and have no Taste. The Bulk of Mankind will not always be mistaken in their Judgment of Writers and Writings. 'Tis not now a matter of Dispute, whether Homer, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, are wonderful Men or not, 'ris Incontestable, since Twenty Ages have agreed in it: All that we are to inquire into now, is in what they are Wonderful, and why so many Ages Admir'd hem: And you must

find

find out a way to know it, or renounce the Belles Lettres; for which you ought to believe you have neither Tafte nor Genius; fince you are not Senfible of what so many Men have been

Senfible of before you.

When I fay this 'tis with a Suppolition, that you understand the Language these Authors wrote in: For if you den't understand it, and have not made it Familiar to you; I don't sind Fault with you for not perceiving the Beauties, I only blame you for speaking of 'em. And in this Monsieur Persult can never be too much Condemn'd, who not understanding Homer's Language, Charges him so boldly with the Errors of his Translators; and tells all Mankind, that have for so many Ages Admir'd the Works of this great Poet; You have Admir'd Trifles. 'Tis as if a Man born Blind, shou'd run about the Streets crying, Gentlemen I know the Sun that you see stems very Beautiful, but I, who never saw it, declare to you that 'tis very

ligly.

To return to what I am about: Since 'tis Pofferity only, that fets a true Value upon all Writings, you must not, as Admirable as you may take a Modern Writer to be, prefently put him on a Level with those Writers, who have been Admir'd a great many Ages; because one cannot be fure his Works will pals with Glory to the next. Indeed without going far for Examples, how many Authors have we feen admir'd in our Age, whose Glory is Vanish'd in a very few Years. How were Balzac's Works efteem'd Thirty Years ago? He was not talk'd of, only as the most Eloquent Man of his Time, but as the only Eloquent. He had, 'ris true, wonderful Qualities; it may be faid of him, no Man ever understood his own Tongue better than he, nor the Propriety of Words, nor the inft-Measure of Periods. This is a Commendation no body ftill denies him ; yer, all on a Sudden, 'twas perceiv'd the Art about which he Employ'd himself all his Life Time, was the Are he knew leaft of, I mean that of Writing a Letter. For the' his are full of Wit, and things are admirably well faid every where, yet we observe in 'em the two Vices the most Opposite to the Epistolary kind, Affecharion and Puffiness; and he will no more be forgiven the Vicious care he has taken to fay things quite otherwise than other Men faid them, fo that the Verse which Maynard made formerly in his Praise, is now every day retorted upon him.

#### There's not a Mortal that can talk like him.

However he's fill read by some Persons; but no body dares Imitate his Stile: Those who have done it, having been Laught at by all-the World.

We might instance another Example, more Illustrious than Balzac. Corneille of allour Poets, was he who in our Age made most Noise; and 'twas thought there wou'd never be a Poet again in France, worthy of being Compar'd to him. Indeed there has not been one of a more Lofty Genius, nor who has written more; yet all his prefent Merit, having been put by time into a fort of Crucible, is brought down to Eight or Nine Theatrical Pieces, which are admir'd, and are as it were the Noon of his Poetry, of which the Morning and Evening were worth nothing. Belides in this small Number of Plays, there are not only a pretty many Faults in the Language, but we begin to find out abundance of Places, that are Declamations only, and were not formerly found out by any one. By which means 'tis not taken ill, if we Compare Monfieur Racine with him, and there are a great many who prefer him to Carneille. Pofferity will Judge which of the Two is most Valuable, for I am fatisfy'd the writings, of both the one and the other, will be transmitted to Future Ages. But till then neither the one nor the other ought to be put into a Parallel with Euripides and Sophocles. Because their Works have not yet the Seal to em, which the Works of Sophocles and Euripides have; I mean the Approbation of leveral Ages.

Notwithstanding what I have said, it must not be imagin'd, that in the Number of Writers approv'd by all Ages, I wou'd include those Authors who are indeed Ancients; but never acquir'd above an Ordinary Reputation: As Igcophron, Nomitus, Silins Italicus, the Author of the Tragedies attributed to Seneca, and feveral others, to whom many Modern Writers may not only be compar'd, but, in my Opinion, are justly preferable. In this High Rank, I place only the few Admirable Authors, whose Names alone are a Panegyrick; As Homer, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, &c. And I don't measure my Esteem of them, by the time their Works have Lasted, but by the time they have been Admir'd. Abundance of People ought to be causion'd of this, left they thou'd give into what our Cenfor wou'd infinuate; that we only Praise the Ancients and Condemn the Moderns; because the one are Ancienes and the other Moderns; which is not at all true, there being a great many Ancients whom we do not Admire, and a great many Moderns whom all the World Extoll. The Antiquity of a Writer is a certain Sign of his Merit; but the Antique and Conftant Admiration, which his Works have always been in, is a fure and

infallible Proof that they ought to be admir'd.

### REFLECTION VIII.

The Words of Longinus. Chap. 27:

'I'm not fo with Pindar and Sophocles; for in the midst of their greatest Violence, when they Ibunder and Lighten; their Fire goes often out, and they miserably flag.

Loginus informs us here, there are some things to be found hault with in Pindar; And in what Author are there some things, that Fault may not be found with? But at the same time, he d clares that those Faults cannot properly be so call'd; being only little Negligences into which Pindar fell, hurry'd on by that Divine Genius, which 'twas not in his Power to regulate as he wou'd. Thus the Greatest and Severest Critick of all

Greece (peaks of Pindar, even when he centures him.

Monsieur Perrault, A Man who certainly does not understand Greek, speaks in quite another Sort of Language: Pindar, according to him, is not only full of Faults, but an Author who has no Beauty at all; A Fustian, Unintelligible Writer, whom no body cou'd ever comprehend, and of whom Horace made a Jest, when he said he was an mimitable Poet. In a word, a Writer without Merit, esteem'd only by a certain Number of Scholars, who read without understanding him, and only pick'd out some wretched Sentences, which he had scatter'd up and down in his Writings.

This is what he thought fit to advance in the Last of his Dialogues, without any manner of Proof: 'Tis true, in another Dialogue, he pretends to prove before Madam President, that the Beginning of the First Ode in Pindar is unintelligible; and the Proof of it is his own Translation. An admirable one indeed! For it must be own'd, that if Pindar had said what he says; neither La Serre por Riche Source cou'd have outdone Pin-

dar in Fustian and Meanness.

The Reader will be furprized to see here, that this Meanness and Fustian belong entirely to Monsieur Perrault, who, in Translating Pindar has shewn, that he understands neither the Greek, the Latin, nor the French, which is very easie to be proved; and in order to it, you must know Pindar Lived a little time after Pythagoras, Thales, and Anaxagoras, Famous Natural Philosophers, who had taught Physicks with Great Success. Ibales's Opinion, who made Water the Principal of all things, was especially celebrated. Empedocles, a Siellian, who was cotemporary with Pindar, and had been Anaxagoras's Disciple, had driven the Matter fartner than they; and not only H 3

<sup>\*</sup> Paralleles Tome 1. and Tome 3.

penetrated more deeply into the Knowledge of Nature, but did what Lucreties did ofterwards in Initiation of him, put his Phylicks into Verfe. His Poem is Loft; however, 'tis known it began with a Panegyrick on the Four Elem nrs, and probably he did not forget the Formation of Gold and other Metals: The Piece made him to Famous in Greece, that the Au-

ther of it was respected as a Divinity.

Wherefore, when Pindar came to write his First Olympick Ode, in the Praise of Hiero, King of Sicily, who had won the Prize of the Horse Course; he begins with the most Simple and Natural thing in the World, which is, that if he was to Sing the Wonders of Nature, he wou'd, in Imitation of Empedocles, Sing Water and Gold, as the two most Excellent things in the World; but being devoted to Celebrate the Astions of Mankind, the Olympick combat should be the Subject of his Song; that being the Greatest of all Human Astions, and to say that any other Combat was as Excellent as the Olympick, wou'd be to pretend there's some other Star in the Heavens, as Luminous as the Sun. This is Pindar's Thought, put in its Natural Order, and as a Rhetorician might have said it in Plain Profe: But Pindar as a Poet, expresses it thus;

There's nothing so excellent as Waters nothing more Shining than Gold; and among other Riches it distinguishes it self, like a Fire that Sparkles in the Night: But thou, my Genius, \* since 'tis of Combats thou art to Sing; do not figure to thy self, that in the wast Defarts of the Skies, when 'tis Day, + there's any other Star to be seen so Luminous as the Sun, nor that upon Earth, there's

any other Combat so Excellent as the Olympick.

Here Pindar is Translated almost Word for Word; and I have only lent him the Phrase, upon Easth, which the Sense drew in so naturally, that indeed there's no Man, but one who does not know what Translating is; who will Cavil with me on that Account. I don't therefore pretend, in so Literal a Translation, to have preserv'd all the Strength of the Original; the Principal Beauty of which is in the Numbers, the Disposition, and Magnificence of the Words: And yet what Majesty, what Nobleness may not a Man of Good Sense observe in the Dryness of my Version? How many Great Images offer themselves at first Sight; Water, Gold, Fire, the Sun! What Sublime Figures

\* The Particle e's means in this Place as well. Since and as, as, If; as Benedich has shown very well in the 3d Ode, where these Words described are repeated.

The Latin Translator has not very well rendred this Place. Mnxing orbines dels questor decen Ne contemplaris aliud visibile Aftrum, which should be thus explain'd. Ne puta guod videatur aliud Aftrum. Don't figure to thy felf, that any other Star is to be feen.

gues are there put together; the Metaphor, the Apolitophe, the Metaphory! What a Turn! What an Agreeable \* Circumdudion of Words! That Expression, The Vast Defarts of the Shies, when its Day, is perhaps one of the Greatest things, that ever was said in Poetry. Who has not observed, with what an Infinite Number of Stars the Sky seems to be Peopled in the Night; and on the contrary, what a Vast Solitude is there, when the Sun begins to shew himself? Thus, by the Beginning only of this Ode, we conceive in some Measure all that Horace has given us to understand, when he says; Pindar is like a great River, that stows with Bailing Waves; and that from his Mouth, as from a Deep Spring, comes an Immense Ireasure of Beautiful things.

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore.

Let us now examine Monsieur Perrauli's Translation, which is as follows; Water indeed is very Good, and Gold which Sparkles like Fire in the Night, Shines wonderfully among the Riches which render Men Proud: But thou my Genius, if thou desir'st to Sing Combats, don't Contemplate any Star more Luminous than the Sun, when 'tis Day, in the Void of Air: For we can Sing no Combats, that are more Illustrious than the Olympick.

Where can we meet with such a dull Piece of Fustian? Water is indeed very Good, is a Familiar and Comical Way of Speaking; not at all answerable to the Majesty of Pindar; The Word dees ov does not in Greek fignific Good fimply, but Marvellous, Divine, and Excellent among Excellent things. In Greek one may very well fay; Alexander and Cefar were aerea: But hou'd we therefore Translate it, that they were Good Men: Belides, Good Water in French is Mean; because that Way of Speaking is us'd in Mean and Vulgar Cases: At the Sign of the Good Water; At the Good Water of Life. The Word indeed, in this Place, is fill more Familiar and more Ridiculous; and not in the Greek, where the usy and the A are a Sort of Encliticks, which serve only to Support the Vertification. And Gold which Sparkles. If there was Gold which Sparkles in the Greek, 'twou'd make a Solecism; allousvor must be the Adjective to yourge. There's no And in the Greek, nor any Which. Shines wonderfully among the Riches. Wonderfully is here Burlefque: "Tis not in the Greek, and smells of the Irony in Monfieur Perrault's Mind, which he endeavours to impole on Pindar's Words, in Tranflating them. Which renders them Proud. This is not in Pindar, who joins the Epithet Proud to Riches, and that makes a Beautiful Figure; whereas in the Translation there's no Figure, and confequently no Poetry, But then my Conius. Here Monnear Perrault loses himself and his Author entirely, and fince he

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<sup>\*</sup> The word Bolleau pefes.