

did not understand a Word of this Place, which I have shewn contains so Noble, so Majestick and Clear a Sense; 'twill not be expected that I shou'd make the Analysis.

I shall only ask him, in what Dictionary, Ancient or Modern, he ever found that *unxén* in Greek, or *ne* in Latin signify'd *For*: Yet 'tis this *For*, which makes all the Confusion of the Argument he wou'd attribute to *Pindar*. Does he not know, that if *For* is put in any Language where it shou'd not be, there's no Argument but must become absurd? Suppose I shou'd say, for Example, *There's nothing so Clear as the Beginning of the First Ode of Pindar*; and Monsieur Perrault did not understand it. That's a right Way of Speaking: But if I say; *There's nothing so Clear as the Beginning of the First Ode of Pindar*; *For* Monsieur Perrault did not understand it. That wou'd be a very ill way of Arguing; because of true Fact I make a very false Argument, and it is indifferent as to making the thing Clear or Obscure, whether Monsieur Perrault did or did not understand it.

I shall not give my self any more Trouble to shew him a Fault, which 'tis impossible but he shou'd be sensible of himself; only I must caution him, that when a Man wou'd Criticise on such Great Men as *Homer* and *Pindar*, he shou'd at least have the first Tincture of Grammar: Since it may happen, that the most Learned Author may speak Nonsense, in an Ignorant Translator, who does not understand him; and sometimes does not know, that *Nor* is not as much as to say *For*.

After having convinc'd Monsieur Perrault of his Errors, with Respect to the Greek and Latin; will he give me leave to shew him also a Gross Fault in the French of his Translation? But *thou my Genius don't contemplate. Mais mon Esprit ne contemple point*, &c. I must let him know, that *Contemple* in the Imperative Mood has no *s* in it, and advise him to take it away from this Word, and give it to that of *Casuite*, which he always writes so; tho' it always shou'd be written and pronounc'd *Casuisse*. I grant this *s* is much more necessary, than in the Plural of the Word *Opera*: For tho' I have always heard it pronounc'd *Operas*, as we say *Fallums* and *Totums*, yet I am not sure that it shou'd be written so, and may be mistaken if I do it.

REFLECTION IX.

The Words of Longinus.

*Such are Mean Phrases in Discourse, so many Blots and Stains
which defile the Expression.*

THIS Remark is true in all Languages: There's nothing that debases a Discourse more than Mean Words. A Mean Thought express'd in Noble Terms, is generally better lik'd, than the most Noble Thought express'd in Mean Terms: The Reason is; Every Body cannot judge of the Justness and Strength of a Thought; but there's hardly any one, especially in the Living Languages, who is not Shock'd at Mean Words: Yet there are few Authors but what will fall sometimes into this Vice. *Longinus*, as we see here, accuses *Herodotus*, the most Polite of all the Greek Historians, for suffering some Mean Words to escape him in his History. *Titus Livius*, *Salust*, and *Virgil*, have been condemn'd for the same thing.

Is it not therefore very surprizing, that no such thing was ever laid to *Homer's* Charge; tho' he wrote two Poems, each of which was bigger than the *Aeneis*? And never Writer descends sometimes into Particulars so much as he, nor talks of Little things so often; yet his Phrase is always Noble; and when he makes use of Lower Terms, 'tis with such Art and Industry, as *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* observes, that he makes 'em Noble and Harmonious: And certainly, had there been any thing blameable in him, for the Meanness of his Words; *Longinus* wou'd have spar'd him no more than he did *Herodotus*. By all which, we may see the Ignorance of those Modern Critics, who pretending to judge of Greek without understanding it, and reading *Homer* only in Mean Latin Translations, or in French Versions still Meaner, impute the Meanness of the Translators to *Homer*; and when he speaks Greek, accuse him for not speaking Latin and French Nobly enough to please them.

These Gentlemen ought to know, that Words in Languages do not answer one another exactly, and that a Term which is very Noble in Greek, cannot be often express'd in French, but by a very Mean Term: This may be seen by the Words *Asinus* in Latin, and *Ane* in French, which in both of those Languages, are Mean in the Last Degree, tho' the Word that signifies the Animal in Greek and Hebrew, in which 'tis often us'd

in

in the most Magnificent Places, has nothing at all Mean in it: 'Tis the same with *Mule* ^b and several other Words.

For there's something Odd in every Language; and the *French* is particularly Capricious in its Words: Tho' on certain Subjects 'tis Rich in Beautiful Terms; yet there are a great many, wherein 'tis very Poor: Thus, for example; tho' in the most Sublime Places, it names without debasing it self; *Un Mouzon* ^c, *Un Chevre* ^d, *Un Brebis* ^e. It cannot, without dishonouring it self if the Stile shou'd have the Least Dignity, name, *Un Veau* ^f, *Une Truie* ^g, *Un Cochon* ^h. The Word *Genisse* ⁱ in *French*, is very Beautiful; especially in the Eclogue. *Vache* is not to be endur'd. *Pasteur* and *Berger* ^k are also very Elegant in Pastorals; but *Gardeur de Porceaux* ^{*} or *Gardeur de Bœufs* [†] wou'd be horrible: Yet there are not two Finer Words in the *Greek*, than *συνωτης* and *βέκολος*, which answer to those two *French* Terms: And for this Reason, *Virgil* calls his Eclogues, *Bucolicks*, which is as much as to say in our Language, according to the Letter, *The Neat-herds Dialogues*, or the Dialogues of Keepers of Oxen.

I might here instance an Infinite Number of the like Examples: But instead of complaining of the Misfortune of our Tongue in this, let us rather accuse *Homer* and *Virgil* of Meanness, for not foreseeing that those Terms, tho' so Noble and Musical in their Language, wou'd be Mean and Rude, when they shou'd one Day be translated into *French*. This is indeed the Principle on which *Monſieur Perrault* condemns *Homer*: He is not satisfy'd with condemning him, upon the Credit of the Mean *Latin* Translations, that have been made of him; to make sure Work, he translates that *Latin* into *French* himself; and with the Noble Talent he has of saying every thing Meanly, he so manages Matters, that in relating his Subject of the *Odyſſes*; of one of the most Noble Subjects that ever was handled, he makes a Work, as much Burlesque as, ** Ovide en belle Humeur*. *Ovid* in a good Humour.

He changes that Wise Old Man, who had the Charge of *Ulyſſes's* Flocks into a Rascally Swineherd. In that Place where *Homer* says, *Night Cover'd the Earth with her Shadow*, and bid the Way from Travellers, he Translates; *They began not to See a Fox in the Streets*. Instead of those Stately Buskins, which *Telemachus* puts on his Delicate Feet, he Translates it, he put on his best Beau Shooes. Where *Homer* to shew how clean *Nestor's* House was, says, *That this Famous Old Man, Sat before his Gate* upon

^b A Mule. ^c A Sheep. ^d A Goat. ^e An Ewe. ^f A Calf.
^g A Sow. ^h A Pig. ⁱ A Heifer. ^k Shepherd. ^{*} A Keeper
of Swine. [†] A Keeper of Oxen.

^{*} A Book so call'd.

upon very smooth Stones which shone as if they had been Rub'd with Precious Oil. He puts, That Nestor, Sat upon Stones which shone like Ointment: He every where renders the Word *Sas*, which in Greek is very Noble, by the Word *Pig* or *Swine*, *Porceau* or *Co kon*, than which nothing is more mean in French. Where Agamemnon says, *Egistheus* caus'd him to be Assassinated in his Palace like a Bull, whose Throat is Cut in a Stable: He makes Agamemnon talk after this Vulgar way. *Egistheus* knock'd me on the head like an Ox; Instead of saying as 'tis said in Greek, That Ulysses seeing his Ship was broken, and his Mast thrown down by a Clap of Thunder, he ty'd together as well as he cou'd this Mast, and the remainders of his Ship upon which he seated himself, he makes Ulysses say, he got a Horseback on his Mast: 'Tis in this Place, he's guilty of that Horrid Blunder we have mention'd elsewhere in our Observations.

He says a hundred other mean things of the like Force, Expressing in an Abject and Vulgar Stile the manners of that Ancient Age, which *Hesiod* Calls the Age of Heroes. When neither Luxury nor Effeminacy were known, when every Man Serv'd and Dress'd himself, and as we may preceive the Golden Age was not entirely past. Monsieur *Perrault* Triumphs upon shewing us, how different that Simplicity was from our Effeminacy and Luxury, which he looks upon as one of the Greatest Gifts that God has bestow'd on Mankind, tho' they are the Origin of all Vices as *Longinus* proves in his last Chapter, where he treats of the Decay of Human Wit, which he Attributes Chiefly to his Luxury and Effeminacy.

Monsieur *Perrault* did not Consider that the Gods and Goddesses of the Fable, are not the less agreeable because they are not surrounded with Staffe Officers, Valets de Chambre, Ladies of Honour, but are often Quite Naked. That Luxury came out of Asia into Europe, and descended from Barbarous to Polite Nations, where it Destroy'd every thing, and being a more Dangerous Plague, than Pestilence or War, it Reveng'd the Conquer'd World by Seducing the Conquerors.

Sævior armis

Luxuria incubuit, vultumque ulciscitur Orbem.

I have abundance of things to say on this Subject, but I must reserve them for another Place: Monsieur *Perrault* Quarrels very much with *Homer's* Epithetes, which he condemns as Superfluous. He without doubt does not know what every one do's who is never so little Vers'd in Greek, that as in Greece the Son did not heretofore go by the Father's Name, so 'twas rare, even in Prose, to Name a Man without giving him some Epithet to distinguish him; either the Name of his Father, or his Country, his Talent

or his Vice, as Alexander Son of Philip; Alcibiades, Son of Clinias; Herodotus, of Halicarnassus; Cleonens Alexandrinus; Polycletes the Sculpter; Diogenes the Cynick; Dionysius the Tyrant: Wherefore Homer Writing according to the Genius of his Language, is not satisfy'd with giving his Heroes and Gods the same Names of Distinction as was given 'em in Prose: But Compos'd others more soft and Musical, which denoted their Principal Character, as the Epithet *Swift at the Race*, which he gives *Achilles* to shew the Impetuosity of a Young Man. He calls *Minerva*, to express her Prudence, *The Goddess with the Sharp Eyes*: On the Contrary to Paint *Juno's* Majesty, he Names her the *Goddess with the Great and Open Eyes*, and so of others.

We must not therefore look on the Epithets he gives them, as Simple Epithets; but as a Sort of Surnames: *Virgil* had this Greek Taste, and shews it, when he so often repeats, *Pius Aeneas*, *Pater Aeneas*, which serve for Surnames to *Aeneas*. For this Reason, those are in the wrong, who object against this Poet, that he makes *Aeneas* commend himself: *Sum Pius Aeneas. I am the Pious Aeneas*; because, he only tells his Name. We must not then think indeed it Strange, if *Homer* bestows these sort of Epithets on his Heroes, upon such Occasions as have no Relation to those Epithets: For 'tis often done in *French*, where we give the Name of *Saint* to our Saints, when the Matters treated of do not at all relate to their Sanctity: As when we say, *Saint Paul* look'd after the Cloaks of those who Stood *St. Stephen*.

All Judicious Criticks allow these Epithets to be admirable in *Homer*, and one of the Principal Riches of his Poetry. However, our Censor thinks 'em Mean; and to prove it, not only Translates 'em Meanly, but according to their Root and Etymology; and instead of the Example; *Juno's Great and Open Eyes*, which is the Meaning of the Word *Boōns*, he Translates it according to its Root; *Juno with the Ox's Eyes*. He does not know, that even in *French*, there are Derivative and Compound Nouns that are very Fine; tho' the Primitive Noun be Mean, as is seen in the Words *a Petiller* and *a Reculer*.

I cannot help mentioning here an Example of a Master of Rhetorick, under whom I Study'd, who most certainly did not inspire me with an Admiration of *Homer*; for he was almost as great an Enemy to him as *Monfieur Perrault*. He made us Translate the Oration for *Milo*; and in that Place, where the Orator says, *Obduruerat, percallueratque Respublica. The Republick was harden'd, and became as it were insensible*. The Scholars being a little puzzl'd about the Word, *Percalluerat*, which signifies almost the same thing as *Obduruerat*; our Regent made us wait some time for the Explanation of the Matter; and defying the Gentlemen

Members of the Academy, especially Monsieur D'Ablancourt, who was not at all in his Favour; he at last said gravely; *Percallegre* comes from *cale* and *durillon*, and from thence he concluded that it should be Translated thus; *Obduruerat et percalluerat*; The Common-wealth was hardened, and had contracted Knobbs in her Feet. Monsieur Perrault's way of Translating is much the same; and 'tis by such Sort of Translations, that he would have Judgment pass'd on all the Poets and Orators of Antiquity; for he tells us, he will one time or other, publish a new Volume of *Parallels*; wherein all the Finest Places in the Greek and Latin Poets, are to be turn'd into French Prose, that they may be compar'd with other Fine Places of the Modern Poets, which are also to be put into Prose. An admirable Secret to render both the one and the other ridiculous; despecially the Ancients, when he has dress'd 'em up with the Improprieties and Meanness of his Version.

The CONCLUSION.

THUS have I given the Reader a Slight Sample of an infinite Number of Faults, which Monsieur Perrault has been guilty of, in pretending to run down the Ancients. I have mention'd only those that relate to *Homer* and *Pindar*; and but a Small Part of them, as *Longinus's* Words gave Occasion for it; for if I was to gather all that he has said against *Homer* only, together, 'twou'd make a very big Volume: And what would it be, if I shou'd go about to shew him his Puerile Remarks on the Greek and Latin Tongues; his Ignorance of *Plato*, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, *Terence*, *Virgil*, &c. His false Interpretations of 'em; the Solecisms, Meanness and Nonsense he makes them guilty of, I shou'd want more Leisure for such a Task than I have to spare.

I have pass'd 'em by, and left many of his Errors undiscover'd to him: What I may do in those Editions of my Book, that may follow this, I do not yet know: But perhaps I may make him repent of his not profiting more than he has done, by a Passage out of *Quintilian*, which was heretofore Quoted to a propos, against one of his Brothers, on a like Occasion. *Modestus tamen et Circumspecto Judicio, de tantis Viris pronunciandum est, ne quod plerisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.* People shou'd talk with a great deal of Modesty and Circumspection of those Great Men, for it may happen, as it very often does, that they condemn what they don't understand. Perhaps, Monsieur Perrault will reply, as he has already doae; That he has observ'd that Modesty

sty; and 'tis not true, that he has talk'd of those Great Men, so contemptibly as I say he has: But he wou'd not have advanc'd such a Falshy so boldly, had he not suppos'd, and with Reason, that no body reads his Dialogues; nor with what Front cou'd he maintain such a thing to thole, who had read only what he says of *Homer*?

Nevertheless 'tis true, that not mattering his Contradicting himself, he begins his Invektives against this Great Poet, with confessing he is the Vastest and Finest Genius that ever was: But we may say of those forc'd Praises he bestows on him, that they are like Flowers, with which he Crowns the Victim he's going to Sacrifice to his Wretched Judgment; there being no manner of Reflections, which he does not throw upon him afterwards; accusing him of making his Poems without Design, and without Conduct; nay, he carries his Absurdity so far, as to maintain there never was such a Man as *Homer*; that 'twas not one Man, who wrote the *Ilias* and *Odyssees*, but several Blind Fellows, who went from House to House, to rehearse the Little Poems they had made at a venture, for Money; and that of these Poems, the Works which are call'd *Homer's* were compos'd. Thus, by his sole Authority, he at once Metamorphoses this Vast and Fine Genius into a Parcel of Miserable Beggars: After this, he spends half of his Book to prove, Heaven knows how, that there's neither Order, nor Reason, nor Oeconomy, nor Connection, nor Decorum, nor Nobleness of Manners, in the Works of this Great Man: That the whole is full of Mean Thoughts and Expressions, of Botches and the Like: That he's a Bad Geographer, a Bad Astronomer, a Bad Naturalist; closing all his Criticisms with this Notable Speech, which he puts in the Mouth of his Knight,

Sure Heaven does not make any Great Account of the Reputation of a Fine Genius; since it suffers those Titles to be given preferably to all Mankind, to two such Men as Plato and Homer: A Philosopher who has so many whimsical Visions, and a Poet who says so many silly things.

The Abbot joins with him in not contradicting him, and contenting himself with proceeding to his Criticisms on *Virgil*. This is what Monsieur Perrault calls talking of *Homer* with Reservation; and thinking, as *Horace* did, that this Great Poet sometimes Sleeps. Yet how cou'd he complain of my accusing him falsely of saying, that *Homer* was not a Man of Sense. What does he mean by these Words: *A Poet who says so many silly things*? Does he think he's sufficiently justify'd in all those Absurdities, by boldly maintaining, as he does, that *Erasmus* and *Chancellor Bacon*, have spoken of the Ancients with Little Respect; which is entirely false of both the one and the other; especially of *Erasmus*, one of the Greatest Admirers of Antiqui-

ty: For, tho' this Excellent Man, with Reason, Laught at those over Nice Grammarians, who wou'd admit of no Latinity but *Cicero's*; and did not believe any Word was *Latin*, if 'twas not in that Orator: Yet never Man, in the main, did more Justice to the Good Writers of Antiquity, and even to *Cicero*, than *Erasmus*.

Wherefore Monsieur *Perrault* has no Example to help him out, but the single one of *Julius Scaliger*: And it must be own'd, he has a little more ground for what he says with Respect to him. That Proud Scholar, intending, as he declar'd himself, to Erect Altars to *Virgil*, speaks of *Homer* a little too Prophanely. But besides that 'tis only with Relation to *Virgil*, and in a Book which he calls *Hypercritical*, to shew that he had Transgress'd all the Bounds of Ordinary Criticism, 'Tis certain the Piece never did its Author any Honour, Heav'n having suffer'd this Learned Man to become then a Monsieur *Perrault*, and he fell into such gross Errors, that he drew upon himself the Laughter of all Men of Letters, and even of his own Son——

To Conclude, that our Censor may not think I am the only Man, who thought his Dialogues such strange things, and was seriously shock'd at the Ignorant Boldness, with which he passes Sentence on whatever has been most rever'd by the Learned World, methinks I can't do better than Close my Remarks, with Repeating a saying of a very Great Prince, no less to be Admir'd, for the Strength of his Reason, and the Extent of his Knowledge in Letters, than for his Extream Valour and Prodigious Capacity in War, where both Officers and Soldiers are Charm'd by him, and where as Young as he is, he has already Signaliz'd himself by abundance of Actions Worthy the most Experienc'd Commanders. This Prince who following the Example of his Uncle the Prince of *Conde*, reads every thing, even Monsieur *Perrault's* Works, having read his last Dialogue thro, and seeming to be very much Offended with it, somebody took the Liberty to ask him what he found in the Piece, that he express'd so much contempt of it, 'Tis a Book, says he, Where Every thing you ever heard Prais'd is Condemn'd, and every thing you Ever heard Condemn'd is Prais'd.

REMARKS

ON

LONGINUS.

CHAP. I.

M*y Dear Terentianus.* 'Tis in the *Greek*, *My Dear Posthumius Terentianus*: But I have left out *Posthumius*. The Name *Terentianus*, being it self too long. As to the Person; we do not very well know who he was: 'Tis certain, *Terentianus* must be a *Roman*, as his Name proves; and as *Longinus* observes in the Tenth Chapter. *Cecilius* was a *Rhetorician* of *Sicily*; he Liv'd in the Reign of *Augustus*, and contemporary with *Dionysius Halicarnassens*, with whom he even entred into a strict Friendship.

The Meanness of his Stile. Thus *τυπινότερον* must be understood. I don't remember I Ever saw the Word us'd in the Sense Monsieur *Dacier* would give it; and tho' he shou'd quote some Examples, 'tis my Opinion, we ought still to keep to the Natural Sense, which is as I have rendred it: For as to the Words that follow, *τῆς ὅλης ὑποθέσεως*, they express that *his Style is every where inferior to his Subject*; there being abundance of Instances in the *Greek* of Adj-tives being put for Adverbs.

His Design to do well. The Word *ἐπινοῖα* shou'd be taken here, as 'tis in several Places, for a Simple Thought. *Cecilius is not so much to be blam'd for his Faults, as to be commended for his Thoughts and Design to do well.* 'Tis sometimes also taken for *Invention*: But what has a Man to do with *Invention* in a Treatise of *Rhetorick*: He has occasion for nothing but Reason and Good Sense.

Of which the Orators. In the *Greek* it is *ἀνδρασι πολιτικοῖς* *Viris Politicis*, that is Orators, as they are opposite to *Declamators*, and those who Speak or Write out of meer Ostentation. Such as have read *Hermogenes*, know what *πολιτικὸς λόγος* is, and

and that it properly signifies a Stile for Use and Business, differing from the Declamatory Style, which is only for Shew; where the Declaimer very often goes out of Nature, to dazzle the Eyes. The Author therefore, by *Viros Politicos* means those who practise the *Sermonem Politicum*: Vers'd in all Sorts of *Polite Learning*. I have not express'd φιλότιμος because it seem'd to me, to be very uselefs, in this Place.

And fill'd Posterity with the Fame of their Glory. Gerard Langbain, who has made some small Notes, but very Learned Ones, on Longinus, pretends there's a Fault here, and instead of περὶ ἑαυτὸν εὐκλείαις τὸν αἰῶνα it shou'd be ὑπερέβαλον εὐκλείαις; in which Sense, it must be thus translated; *Have carry'd their Glory beyond their Ages*: But he's mistaken: περὶ ἑαυτὸν have embrac'd, have fill'd Posterity with the Extent of their Glory: And supposing this Passage was to be understood after his Way; there's no need of a Correction for it; since περὶ ἑαυτὸν signifies sometimes ὑπερέβαλον, as appears by this Verse of Homer, II.

Ἦ Ἰσχυρὰ ὅσον ἐμοὶ ἀρετῇ περὶβάλλετον ἴπποι.

It gives Discourse a certain Noble Vigour, &c. I can't imagine, why Monsieur Le Fevre wou'd alter this Place, which, in my Opinion, is very plain and intelligible, without putting πάντως instead of πάντος. *Surmounts all those that bear him, Puts himself above all those that bear him.*

CHAP. II.

FOR as Ships, &c. The Greek must be supply'd here, or πλοῖα understood, which is as much as to say, Ships of Burden: καὶ ὡς ἐπικινδυνότερα αὐτὰ πλοῖα, &c. And ἀνεμύπτα, expound'd in Monsieur Le Fevre's and Suidas's Sense: Ships floating, for want of Sand and Gravel at the Bottom, to keep 'em steady under Water, and give 'em the Weight they ought to have; that is, to ballast 'em; otherwise, there is no Sense in the Words.

We may say as much, with respect to Discourse. I have supply'd the Comparison here, which is wanting in the Original ***** Such are these Thoughts. Here's a Considerable Chasm in the Latin. The Author, after having shewn, that Rules may be given for the Sublime, begins to treat of the Vices, that are opposite to it, and among the rest, of the Puffy Style, which is only the Sublime carry'd too far: He shews the Extravagance of it, by a Passage, out of I know not what Poet, of which Four Verses still remain here: But as those Verses were, according to Longinus's Opinion, full of Fustian and Nonsense of themselves, they are become much more so, by the Loss of the preceding

Verses:

Verſes. I thought, therefore, the ſhorteſt Way wou'd be to paſs 'em by; there being in thoſe four Verſes but one of three Words, which the Author afterwards rallies: However, the Senſe of 'em, as Confus'd as 'tis, is as follows. The Perſon ſpeaking is ſome Capeneus in a Tragedy. *And that they ſtop the Fire, which iſſues in Waves from the Furnace: For if I find the Maſter of the Houſe alone; then will I, with one ſingle Torrent of Curling Flame, ſet his Houſe on fire, and burn it to Aſhes.* But this Noble Muſick is not yet heard. I have here follow'd Gelart Langbain's Interpretation. This Tragedy being loſt, we may make the Paſſage mean what we pleaſe; but I queſtion whether we hit the true Senſe. See Monſieur Dacier's Notes.

Living Sepulchers. *Hemogenes* goes farther, and thinks he who ſaid this Thought, deſerv'd the *Sepulchers* he ſpeaks of: Yet, I'm afraid it will not diſpleaſe the Poets of our Age; and the Truth is, 'twou'd not be ſo condemnable in Poetry.

Opens a wide Mouth, to blow into a little Flute. I have thus render'd *Φορκαῖς ἄττε* to make the thing intelligible. To explain what *Φορκαῖς* means here, the Reader muſt know, the Flute, in Ancient times, was very different from what it is now; the Sound being louder, and like that of a Trumpet; *Tubaq; amula*, ſays *Horat.* To make uſe of it therefore, a great deal of Breath was requiſite, and conſequently it puff'd out the Cheeks extremely, which was a diſagreeable thing to the Sight; In effect, 'twas what diſguſted *Minerva* and *Alcibiades*. To obviate this Deformity, the Ancients invented a ſort of Leather Strap, which was put on the Mouth, and ty'd behind the Head, having in the middle a little Hole, for the Flute to come out at. *Plutarch* pretends *Maſſias* was the Inventor of it. This Strap they call'd *Φορκαῖς* and it had two different Effects; for beſides that by keeping the Cheeks cloſe, it prevented their puffing out; it gave a great deal more Strength to the Breath, which being repell'd, came out with the more Force and Grace. Wherefore, the Author, to expreſs a Puffy Poet, who blows and ſtirs, without making a Noiſe, compares him to a Man, who plays on the Flute, without this Leather Strap; but ſince that has no Relation to the Cheek; I thought it wou'd be better, to put an Equivalent Thought in the Place of it; provided it was not too diſtant from the Matter; that the Reader, who does not trouble himſelf much about *Antiques*, might have an Idea of it, without being oblig'd to have recourſe to the Remarks, to underſtand it.

CHAP. III.

HE underſtands things very well. *ἐμποντικός*, that is, A Man, who has a good Imagination, and thinks upon every Sub-
ject

ject, what is to be thought upon it, which is properly what we call, A Man of good Sense.

To compose his Panegyrick. In the Greek it is, to compose his Panegyrick, for the War against the Persians: But if I had so rendered it, 'twou'd have been thought I had spoken of something else, and not of *Isocrates's* Panegyrick, which is a Consecrated Phrase, in our Language.

Here's a Rare Comparison of Alexander the Great with a Rhetorician. 'Tis in the Greek, of a Macedonian with a Sophist. The Word Macedonian must have some Extraordinary Grace, in Greek, and Alexander be so call'd, by Way of Excellence; as we call Cicero, the Roman Orator: But the Macedonian in French, for Alexander, wou'd be Ridiculous. As to the Word Sophist, it implies in Greek, rather a Rhetorician than a Sophist, which in French, can never be taken in a good Sense, and always signifies a Man, who deceives with false Reasons, who makes Sophisms, Cavillatorem; whereas, in Greek 'tis often an Honorable Name.

Deriv'd the Name of Hermes. 'Tis said in Greek, Who deriv'd his Name from the God that had been offended: But I have put Hermes there, the better to shew how the Words are play'd upon. Whatever Monsieur Dacier says, I am of Longbain's Opinion, and don't think $\delta\varsigma \alpha\pi\omicron \tau\omicron \varsigma \pi\alpha\rho\alpha\gamma\alpha\upsilon\mu\epsilon\tau\epsilon\rho\iota\varsigma$ in means any thing else, but, Who deriv'd the Name of the God, that had been offended, from Father to Son.

Than those Parts of the Eye, &c. This Passage is corrupted, in all the Copies we have of Xenophon; wherein $\sigma\alpha\lambda\alpha\upsilon\omicron\iota\varsigma$ is put for $\sigma\omicron\beta\alpha\lambda\mu\omicron\iota\varsigma$ for want of understanding the Equivocation in $\chi\omicron\omicron\epsilon\iota\tau$ which shews, that the Text of an Author shou'd not easily be chang'd.

Without challenging it as a Theft? Thus $\omega\varsigma \epsilon\omega\lambda\epsilon \pi\upsilon\delta\epsilon\varsigma \epsilon\phi\alpha\pi\lambda\omicron\mu\epsilon\upsilon\omicron\varsigma$, and not, Without making a Sort of Robbery from him. Tanquam Furtum quoddam attingens. For the Satyr is in a great measure lost, in this Interpretation.

Monuments of Cypress. The Fault of this Phrase consists in the Word Monument, being put with Cypress: We may as well say of the Registers in Parliament, They deposited these Monuments of Parchment in the Registry. Monsieur Dacier, is very much out in his Remarks on this Place.

When he calls Handsome Women Eye Sores. 'Tis the Persian Ambassadors, who say it in Herodotus, at Amyntas's King of Macedon: Yet Plutarch attributes it to Alexander the Great, and places it among that Princes Apophthegms. However, I'm of Longinus's Mind, and shou'd think it a Dull Jest even in the Mouth of Alexander.

C H A P. V.

That gives us a great deal of Room for Thought. ἡ πολλὴ μὲν ἀναδεύσις. The Contemplation of which is very Extensive, which fills us with a great Ideal. As to κατασκευαστικὸν 'tis true that Word is no where met with in Greek Authors, but the Sense I have given it, is in my Opinion what agrees with it best: And when I can find Sense in an Authors Words, I don't Love to Correct the Text.

With any Part of a Discourse λόγον ἔν τι. Thus all the Interpreters of Longinus, have join'd these Word; Monsieur *Dacier* places 'em otherwise: But I question if he is in the Right.

C H A P. VI.

Speaking of the Aloides. *Alous*, was the Son of *Titan* and the Earth: His Wife's Name was *Iphimedia*, she was ravish'd by *Neptune*, by whom she had two Sons, *Orbus* and *Ephialtus*, who were call'd *Aloides*, because they were Bred up and Educated by *Alous*, as his own Children: *Virgil* speaks of 'em in the Sixth Book of his *Æneis*.

*Hic & Aloides Geminos immania vidi
Corpora.*

C H A P. VII.

As for Instance, &c. All that Follows to this Grandeur given by the Poet to *Discord*, is added to the Greek Text, which is Defective in this Place.

The Waters Dance beneath their Sovereign God. In the Greek, 'tis the Water seeing *Neptune*, In Furrows rose and seem'd to Smile with Joy: But that wou'd be too bold in our Language. As to the Waters confess their King, I thought 'twou'd be more Sublime than to say as 'tis in the Greek, The Whales confess their King, I have endeavour'd in the Passages Quoted out of *Homer*, rather to refine upon him, than to tread exactly in his Steps.

And Fight against us, &c. 'Tis in *Homer*, and then Destroy us if thou wilt with the Brightness of the Skyes. But that wou'd be weak in our Language: And not put *Longinus's* Remark in so good a Light, as, And Fight against us. Add to this, that speaking of *Jove*, to Fight against us, is almost the same thing as to Destroy us since in a Battle with *Jupiter* one cannot avoid Destruction.

Add to this the Incidents. Monsieur Dacier's Remarks in this Place, is very Learned and Subtle: But I still keep to my own Sense of it.

He every now and then, flies out into Incredible Fancies. This, in my Opinion, is the true Sense of *παλγος*; for to say there's no likelihood that Longinus should accuse Homer, of so many Absurdities is not True, because a few Lines afterwards he enters into the Detail of these Absurdities. As to *Incredible Fables*, it does not mean Fables that are not related with verisimilitude, as Ulysses's Fasting when he was ten Days without Eating.

CHAP. VIII.

Pale; The Greek adds, as *Grass*, but that is not to be said in French. I Freeze. In the Greek 'tis a Cold Sweat, but the Word *Siveas* in French is never agreeable, and leaves always a Filthy Idea in the Mind.

She's Either Entirely out of her Wits. Thus have I render'd *ποσέως*, and thus it ought to be render'd; as I shall easily prove if 'tis necessary. Horace who is fond of Hellenisms, makes use of the Word *metus* in the same Sense, in the Ode *Bacchum in remotis*, here he says, *Evoe recenti Mens trepidat Metu*, which is as much as to say, I am still full of the Divine Fury of the God that Transported me.

And even on his Words and Syllables makes an Impression. In the Greek it is, and by force Joining such prepositions together, as do not naturally enter into the same Composition, *ὑπὲρ ἐν Σαυότιο*, by the Violence he puts upon them, he gives his Verse the Motion even of the Tempest and expresses the Passion admirably, for by the Roughness of the Syllables which strike against one another, he even on both Words and Syllables makes an Impression of the Danger *ὑπὲρ ἐν Σαυότιο φέρονται* but I pass over all that, because it relates entirely to the Greek Tongue. 'Twas very Late. The Author did not repeat all the Passage; because 'twas a little too long: 'Tis taken from the Oration for Ctesiphon, and is as follows;

'Twas very late, when an Express brought to the Prytaneum, the News of the City of Elateas being taken: The Magistrates who were then at Supper, rose from Table immediately; some went to the Market Place, and drove the Tradesmen thence; burning their Shops and Stalls, so oblige them to be gone; others sent to inform the Officers of the Army, of what had happen'd: The Publick Herald was summon'd, and the whole City full of Tumult. The next Day, as soon as 'twas light, the Magistrates order'd a Meeting of the Senate. In the mean while, Gentlemen, you run from all Posts into the Senate-house; and the Senate had not come to any Resolution, before all the People had taken their Seats there: As soon as the Senators came in

the Magistrates made their Report: The Express was heard; he confirms the News. Then the Herald begins to proclaim; will any one make a Speech to the People? But no body answers him: He repeats the same thing several times; but all to no purpose: No body rises up. All the Officers, all the Orators being present, in the sight of their common Country, whose Voice they hear, crying out; Is there no body that has any Counsel to give me for my Safety?

CHAP. X.

Serves only to exaggerate. This Place is very Defective; the Author after having made some further Remarks upon Amplification, compares it to two Orators together, whose Names we cannot so much as guess at. There remains even three or four Lines of this Comparison, which I have suppress'd in the Translation; because it wou'd have embarrass'd the Reader, and been useless; since we don't know who they are, of whom the Author speaks. Nevertheless, the Words that remain, are these: *This is more abounding and Richer. One may compare his Eloquence to a Great Sea, which occupies a Vast Space, and spreads it self in several Places. The One, in my Judgment, is more Pathetick, and has much more Fire and Lustre: The other, always maintaining a certain Pompous Gravity, is not Dull, 'tis true, but then he has not so much Activity and Motion. The Latin Translator believ'd this Passage, related to Cicero and Demosthenes, but, in my Opinion, he's mistaken.*

An Agreeable Dew. Monsieur Le Fevre and Monsieur Dacier's Interpretation of this Passage, is very Subtil; but I cannot agree with 'em: And I render the Word *καταπλήσαι* in this Place in its most Natural Sense, *To Water, To Refresh*, which is proper to the Abounding Style, in Opposition to the Dry Style.

CHAP. XI.

IF Ammonius had not done it already. 'Tis in the Greek *ἡ δὲ ἐν Ἰνδοῖς καὶ οἱ μετ' Αμμόνιον*. But the Text here, is probably corrupted: For what Relation is there between the *Indians*, and the Subject he's treating of?

CHAP. XII.

FOR if a Man diffident of his own Capacity. This is the true Meaning of this Passage. The Sense Monsieur Dacier gives it, agrees very well with the Greek; but makes *Longinus* talk Nonsense: For 'tis not true, that a Man who is diffident of his Works being transmitted to Posterity, will never produce any thing worthy of it since, on the contrary it is that very Diffidence, which

which puts him upon making all the Efforts he can to render his Works, fit to be transmitted to it with Applause.

CHAP. XIII.

HIS Eye-balls spark'd Fire. I have added this Verse, which I took out of the Text of *Homer*.

From highest Heaven. In the Greek it is *above the Dog-star.* *ὑπὲρ τοῦ Σειφὸς βέβαιος ἵππευς*, *The Sun on Horseback mounts above the Dog-star.* I can't see why *Rutgersius* and *Monfieur Le Fevre* would alter this Place, which is very clear, and means only that the Sun mounted above the *Dog-star*; that is, the Centre of the Heaven, where *Astrologers* hold this Star is plac'd, and as I have rendred it; *From highest Heaven*, to see how *Phaeton* went on, and from thence he cries out; *Go there, come back, turn, &c.*

CHAP. XVI.

And in a Heat. The Greek adds, *There's still another Way*: For we may see it in this Passage out of *Herodorus*, which is extremely subtil. But I did not think it necessary to insert these Words in this Place, which is very defective; since there's no Sense in them, and they only puzzle the Reader.

There's nothing that gives still more Life to a Discourse, than to take away the Connection. I have added this to the Text here; because the Sense naturally leads to it.

And at the End. All the Copies of *Longinus* put *Asterisms* there, as if the Place was defective; but they are mistaken. *Longinus's* Remark is very just, and relates only to these two Periods, without a Conjunction. *We past, at thy Command, &c. We reach'd a Gloomy Vale, &c.*

And forces him to speak. What *Monfieur Le Fevre* has restor'd to the Text here, is very good; *συνηκνους* and not *συνηκνους*. I had made the same Remark, before I saw his.

CHAP. XIX.

As soon as the People crowded. Let *Monfieur Le Fevre* say what he will, there are two Verses here; and *Langbain's* Observation seems to me to be very just; for I don't see why, because *δύο* is there, 'tis absolutely necessary to put *καὶ*.

CHAP. XX.

THE whole Theatre burst out into Tears. 'Tis in the Greek *οἱ θεαταί*, which is a Fault: It must be here, as 'tis in *Herodorus*; *θεαταί*, otherwise, *Longinus* did not know what he said.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE Herald having sufficiently weigh'd it. Monsieur Le Fevre and Monsieur Dacier give this Passage of *Hecateus* another Sense, and restore something to the Text; for instead of *ὡς μὴ ὅν*, they change the Accent thus, *ὡς μὴ ὄν*, pretending 'tis an Ionism for *ὡς μὴ ὅν*. Perhaps they may be in the right on't; but perhaps too, they may be mistaken; because we know nothing of the Matter in Dispute, *Hecateus's* Works being Lost. Till they are recover'd, I thought the surest Way wou'd be to follow the Sense of *Gabriel de Petra* and other Interpreters, without changing either the Accents or the Marks of them.

CHAP. XXIV.

WHich different Parts which answer to it. 'Tis thus *περὶ τῶν μερῶν* is to be understood; these Words *ὁμοιοῦσι περὶ τῶν μερῶν* signifying nothing else, but Parts depending upon the Principal Subject; and nothing can agree better with the Periphrasis, which is only a Collection of Words, that answer differently to the Proper Word; and by this means as the Author says afterwards, of meer Diction only, it makes a Sort of Consort and Harmony, which is the most Natural Sense that can be given to this Passage: For I am not of the Opinion of those Moderns, who do not think there were different Parts in the Musick of the Ancients; the prodigious Effects of which we so often read of; because without those Parts, there cou'd be no Harmony in it. However, I refer my self to those, that are Masters of the Art of Musick, not knowing enough of it my self, to Capacitate me to Determine sovereignly, any Matter relating to it.

A Disease among them, which turn'd 'em into Women. The Critics have been hitherto very much exercis'd about this Passage; and among the rest, Monsieur Costar and Monsieur de Girac; the one pretending, that *ἀλγεια γυναικεία* signifies a Distemper which rendred the *Scythians* Effeminate; the other, that it imports that *Venus* sent the *Hemorrhoids* among them: But it appears, without dispute, by a Passage in *Hippocrates*, the True Sense is, she rendred them Impotent; because, by explaining it after any other Manner, the Periphrasis of *Herodotus*, wou'd rather be an *Enigma*, than an agreeable Circumlocution.

CHAP. XXV.

THis may further be seen in a Passage. There is in the Greek before this, *ὡς μὴ ὄν καὶ ὡς μὴ ὄν* Ἀνακρίωντος ἐκ τῆς Σπίνης ἐκ τῆς Σπίνης. But I did not render those Words; because there's

there's certainly some Error in them; the Word *ὑπνωτάτων* not being Greek, and besides, whats the Meaning of *That Fruitfulness of Anacreon? As to the Thracian Woman, I don't trouble my self any more about her.*

CHAP. XXVI.

TThese are they who formerly sold our Liberty to Phillip. In the Greek it is *πεντηκόντης* as if we shou'd say; *Who drank our Liberty to Philip's Health.* Every body knows what *πεντηκόντης* signifies in Greek; but 'tis not to be express'd by a French Word.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHereas Demosthenes. I have not express'd *ἐν δέῳ* and *ἐν δέῳ* for fear of rendring the Period more Intricate.

CHAP. XXXI.

They still defended themselves while, &c. This Passage is very clear: And yet what is very surprizing; neither *Laurence Valla* who translated *Herodotus*, nor the Translators of *Longinus*, nor those who have written Notes upon this Author, understood it; All which was for want of minding that the Verb *καταχέω* sometimes signifies to interr. See what Pains Monsieur *Le Fevre* has been at to restore the Text in this Passage; the Sense of which, after a great many Alterations, he cou'd not tell how to accommodate to *Longinus's*, pretending the Text of *Herodotus* was corrupted, in our Rhetorician's time; and that the Beauty, which so Learned a Critick observes in it, is the Work of some wretched Copyer, who mix'd Words with *Herodotus*, that are none of his own. I shall not undertake to confute an Assertion, which has so little Probability in it. The Sense I have found out is so clear and so intelligible, that it leaves nothing to be said against it; And we can't excuse the Learned Monsieur *Dacier* for what he says against *Longinus* and me, in his Note on this Passage; but on account of his Zeal more Pious than Reasonable, to defend the Father of his Illustrious Spouse.

Which was no bigger than a Lacædemonian Epistle. I have follow'd *Causabon*, who has restor'd the Text in this Place.

CHAP. XXXII.

Is not merely a Grace, which Nature has put into the Voice of Man. In my Judgment, the Translators have not had a right Conception of this Passage, which certainly, is to be understood, in the Sense I have given it: As what follows in the same Chapter

ter, sufficiently proves. *Ἐνεργεῖα* signifies an Effect, and not a Means. It is not merely an Effect of the Nature of Man.

To raise Courage, and move the Passions. In the Greek 'tis *ματ' ἐλευθερίας καὶ πάθος*: For thus it must be read, and not *ἐν ἐλευθερίας* &c. These Words are as much as to say; 'Tis Wonderful, to see Inanimate Instruments have so strong a Charm over us, as to move the Passions, and to inspire Greatness of Courage. Thus *ἐλευθερία* is to be understood. Indeed 'tis certain, that the Trumpet, which is an Instrument, is very serviceable in arousing the Soldiers Courage in War. I have added the Word *Inanimate*, to render the Authors Thought the more clear; it being a little Obscure in this Place. *Ὀργανον* literally taken, signifying all Sorts of Musical and Inanimate Instruments, as Henry Stephens very well proves.

And confirm'd by Experience. The Author justifies his Thought here, by a Period of Demosthenes's; shewing us the Harmony and Beauty of it: But, because what he says relates entirely to the Greek Language, I thought it best to omit it in the Translation, and refer the Reader to the Remarks, that those, who do not understand Greek may not be frighten'd. This therefore is the Interpretation of it. Thus this Thought, which Demosthenes added, after the reading of his Decree, seems very Sublime, and is indeed Marvellous. This Decree, says he, has made the Danger, which surrounded this City vanish, as a Cloud disperses of it self, *τὸ τοῦ Ψήφισμα τὸν τότε τῇ πόλει περὶ τὰ κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν ἐποίησεν ὥσπερ νέφος*. But it must be own'd, the Harmony of the Period, does not yield to the Beauty of the Thought; for it goes on still, from Triple Time to Triple Time, as if they were all *Dactyles*, which are the most Noble Feet, and most proper for the *Song*: For this Reason, the Heroick Verse, which is the finest of all Verses, is compos'd of 'em. if you take one Word here out of its Place; as if you shou'd say *τὸ τοῦ Ψήφισμα ὥσπερ νέφος ἐποίησεν τὸ τότε κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν*, or if you shou'd cut off one Syllable, as *ἐποίησεν παρελθεῖν ὥς νέφος*, you will easily perceive, how much the Harmony contributes to the Sublime: For those Words *ὥσπερ νέφος* resting on the first Syllable, which is long, are pronounc'd with four Stops; insomuch, that if you take away one Syllable, the whole Period will be maim'd by it: On the contrary, if you add a Syllable, as; *παρελθεῖν ἐποίησεν ὥσπερ π νέφος*, the Sense is the same; but the Cadence is not the same; because the Period stopping too long on the two Syllables, the Sublime, which before was close, loosens it self and becomes weaker.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE Sea beginning to^o Bellow. In the Greek it is beginning to boil, but the Word Boil is not taken in an ill Sense, in our Language, and on the contrary, is agreeable to the Ear; wherefore

I made use of the Word *bellow*, which is Mean, and expresses the Noise the Sea makes, when it begins to boil.

CHAP. XXXV.

BUT have a care how you. There are abundance of things wanting in this Place. After the several Causes of the Decay of Human Wit, which the Philosopher introduc'd here, by *Longinus*'s Report, our Author probably takes him up, and lays down new Causes; as the War, which then rag'd over the whole World, and the Love of Luxury: As the Consequence sufficiently prov'd.

Some P I E C E S,

Occasion'd by the AUTHOR's,

Monfieur DACIER's Remarks

ON

L O N G I N U S.

P R E F A C E.

OF all the Greek Authors, the Rhetoricians are hardest to translate; especially for those that attempt first to explain them. This has not hindred Monsieur *Despreaux* from giving us in his Version of *Longinus*, one of the best Translations we have in our Language. His Style has not only the Nature and Simplicity of the Didactick Style of that Author; but he has also hit the Sublime so well, that he shews, as happily as his Original, the Grandeur of the Figures he treats of, and uses 'em in explaining them. As I have study'd this Rhetorician with Care; I made some Discoveries, by reading him with the Translation, and

and found out some new Sense in several Places, which the Interpreters had not thought of: I cou'd do no less, than communicate 'em to Monsieur Despreaux; wherefore I waited upon him, tho' I had not the Honour of knowing him: He did not receive my Criticisms like an Author but as a Man of Wit, and a Gallant Man: He agreed with me in some Places, we disputed a long time upon others; but even on those which we did not agree about, he however shew'd a Value for my Remarks, and told me, if I pleas'd he would print them with his own, in a second Edition; which is what he now does. But that his Book might not be swoln too much, I abridg'd 'em as much as I cou'd, and endeavour'd to explain my self in a few Words. All I had to do, was to find out the Truth; and as Monsieur Despreaux is willing my Remarks shou'd be allow'd of, when I have Reason on my Side; so when he has hit Longinus's Sense better, I shall be very willing that my Remarks be neglected, and his Translation follow'd; for I shou'd my self make it my Pattern, if I undertook to translate an Ancient Rhetorician.

R E M A R K S.

CHAP. I.

When we read the little Treatise, which Cecilius wrote on the Sublime together, we found, that the Meanness of this Style was not answerable to the Dignity of his Subject.

This is the Sense, which all the Interpreters have given this Passage; but the Sublime not being necessary to a Rhetorician, in giving us the Rules of this Art; methinks Longinus could not talk here of this pretended Meanness of Style in Cecilius. He only lays two things to his Charge: The first, That his Book is a great deal less than his Subject; that it does not contain all the Matter; and the second, That he has not handled the Chief Points *οὐ συγκατατίθει τὰ μὲν ὅτι ἐστὶν τῆς ὕλης ὑποδείκναι* cannot, in my Opinion, signifie The Style of this Book too mean; but this Book is less than his Subject, or too little for all his Subject. The Word *ὀλίγη* only determines it entirely; besides we meet with Examples of *τὰ μὲν ὅτι* taken in the same Sense. Longinus, by saying, that Cecilius had gone thro' but a Part

Part of this Great Design, shews what it was that oblig'd him to write after him on the same Subject.

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. There are two Words in the Text ἐπινοια and σπουδή. Monsieur Despreaux has only express'd the last with all its Force; but that does not seem to explain Longinus's Thought well enough: He says, Cecilius is not perhaps so much to be blam'd for his Faults, as to be commended for his Invention, and the Design he had to do well, ἐπινοια signifies Design, Invention, and by this single Word Longinus informs us, Cecilius was the first, who undertook to write upon the Sublime.

It gives Discourse a certain Noble Vigour, an Invincible Force which ravishes the Souls of all that hear us. All the Interpreters have translated it thus; but I believe they are a great Way off Longinus's Thought, and have not at all follow'd the Figure, which he so happily makes use of. τὰ ὑπερβὰ προσείποντα βίαν is what Horace would have term'd *adhibere vim*, instead of *παντός*, it shou'd be *παντὺς*, with an Omega, as Monsieur Le Fevre observes. Παντὺς ἐπιδρωτὶ ἀκρωμένους καὶ δισσασα is a Metaphor taken from Marriage, and like that, which Anacreon uses. οὐκ ἔχεις ἔχιδνας ὅτι τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἡτοχέυεις. But thou hast no Ears, and dost not know that thou art Master of my Heart. Wherefore Longinus says, 'Tis not thus with the Sublime, it entirely becomes Master of the Hearer, by an Effort, which we cannot resist. But when the Sublime breaks forth. We have no other Word but shine out in our Language, to express the Word ἐξερχεθὲν, which is borrow'd from a Tempest, and gives a Wonderful Idea, much like that Word of Virgil, *abrupti Nubibus Ignes*. Longinus here, wou'd give an Image of Thunder, whose Bolts are seen to fall, before the Noise of the Thunder is gone.

CHAP. II.

Such are these Thoughts. In the following Chafin, Longinus quoted a Passage out of a Tragick Poet, of which only five Verses remain. Monsieur Despreaux has omitted 'em here, and in his Remarks, explain'd them as all other Interpreters have done; but I believe the last Verse shou'd be translated thus. Have not I given you now pretty Piece of Musick? 'Tis not a Capeneus, but Boroas who speaks and brags of the Big Verses he has rehears'd.

All Phrases embarrass'd thus, with vain Imaginations, disturb and spoil a Discourse much more. Monsieur Despreaux has follow'd here all the Copies of Longinus, where it is, *παρανοίας γὰρ τὸ φερόμενον* from the Verb *φάλλω*, which signifies to Spoil, to Confound, to render Obscure; but that does not seem to me, to be strong enough for Longinus's Thought; the Word he made use of, was with-

out

out doubt, πύλωται, as I have seen it elsewhere. In this Sense, the Word *Spoil* is too General, and does not sufficiently determine the Vice, which Phrases thus embarrass'd, cause in a Discourse; whereas *Longinus*, by using this Word, shews the Fault exactly: For he says; *These Phrases and vain Imaginations are so far from beightning a Discourse, that they disturb and make it hard and grating.* And this is what I shou'd have given the Reader to understand; because one cannot be too Nice and Exact, when a Clear and Distinct Idea of the Vices or Vertues of Discourse is to be given.

I know none of all this sort of Writers so Bombast as *Clitarchus*. This Judgment of *Longinus* is very Just, and to confirm it, we need only mention a Passage out of this *Clitarchus*, who says of a Wasp; *It feeds on the Mountains, and flies into the Cavities of Oaks.* παρὰ πνέματα τὴν ὄρεσιν εἰσπτάται δὲ εἰς τὰς κοίλας δρυῶν. For by speaking of this little Animal, as if he spoke of a *Nemean Lion*, or an *Erymanthian Boar*, he gives an Image, which is at the same time, both Disagreeable and Dull, and falls plainly into the Error *Longinus* reproaches him with.

It consists of nothing but a False Outside. All the Interpreters of this Author have here follow'd the Corrupt Reading of the Text, ἀνάλῃσεις for ἀναλθεῖς, as *Monfieur Le Fevre* has corrected it; and is said properly of those, who cannot grow: In which last Sense, this Passage is very difficult to translate into our Language. However 'tis certain, Swelling in a Discourse, as well as in the Body, is nothing but a Vain Empty Tumour, and a Want of Strength to grow, which it sometimes causes. We meet with several Passages in the Ancients, where ἀνάλῃσεις has been mistaken for ἀναλθεῖς.

By confining themselves too much to the Figurative Style, they at last, sink into a Wretched Affectation. *Longinus* says it with more Force, and by a Figure. They are shipwrack'd in the Figurative Style, and lost in a ridiculous Affectation.

CHAP. III.

He understands things well, and does not express himself ill. *Longinus* says of *Timæus* πολυῖσως καὶ ἐπινοητός. But this last Word, methinks, cannot signify a Man, who does not express himself ill; but rather a Man, who has a good Fancy, &c. And that is *Timæus's* Character. In these two Words, *Longinus* has only translated what *Cicero* says of this Author, in the second Book of his *Orator rerum copia & sententiarum varietate abundantissimus*. πολυῖσως answers to *rerum copia*, and ἐπινοητός to *sententiarum varietate*.

Than *Hococrates* took to compose his Panegyrick. I shou'd rather have rendred it, *Them* *Hococrates* took to compose the Panegyrick: For the

the Word *his* seems to me to be Equivocal here, as if it had been *Alexander's* Panegyrick. This Panegyrick was written, to advise *Philip* to undertake a War with the *Persians*; yet the *Latin* Translators are mistaken here, and have translated this Passage, as if it had been a Panegyrick on *Philip*, after he had conquer'd the *Persians*.

Because they were thirty Years in taking the City of *Messena*. *Longinus* speaks here of that Expedition of the *Lacedæmonians*, which was the Cause of the Birth of the *Parthenians*, the History of which I have related in *Horace*. This War lasted but five Years, as, *Monsieur Le Fevre* very well observes; and consequently, *Longinus's* Text shou'd be corrected; the Copiers having put a which signifies *Thirty* for a which is the Figure for *Twenty*. *Monsieur Le Fevre* did not give himself the Trouble to prove it; but see a Passage out of *Tyræus*, which confirms the thing entirely.

Ἀμφοὶ πόλιν ἐμύχοντ' ἐννεακαίδεκάδ' ἔτη
 Νωλεμέως αἰεὶ ταλασίφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες
 Αἰχμηταὶ πατέρων ἡμντέρων πατέρες
 Εἰκοσῶδ' οἱ μὲν κατὰ ποναῖα ἔργα λιπόντες
 Φεύγον ἰδωκυῖων ἐκ μεγάλων ὄρεων.

Our Brave Ancestors besieg'd the City of *Messene* Nineteen Years, without any Interval, and in the twentieth Year, the *Messenians* quit- ted their City of *Ithome*. The *Lacedæmonians* had other Wars with the *Messenians*; but they did not last so long.

Because one of the Generals of the Enemies Army, deriv'd his Name of *Hermes* from Father to Son, as *Hermocrates* Son of *Hermion*. In my opinion, this does not explain *Timæus's* Thought. Because one of the Generals of the Enemies Army, as *Hermocrates* Son of *Hermion*, descended in the Right Line, from him, whom they had thus affronted. *Timæus* took the Genealogy of the *Syracusan* General, out of the Tables that were kept in the Temple of *Jupiter Olympus*, near *Syracuse*, which the *Athenians* had surpriz'd in the beginning of the War, as *Plutarch* has explain'd at large, in the Life of *Nicias*. *Thucydides* mentions this Mutilation of the Statues of *Mercury*; and says they were all mutilated, as well those that were in the Temples, as those that were at the Entrance of Private Houses.

If he had not had *Virgins* in his Eyes, and not *Impudent Apples*. The Opposition in the Text, between *whores* and *maiden* is not in the Translation, between *Virgins* and *Impudent Apples*: And since 'tis this Opposition, which renders the Passage out of *Timæus* quoted by *Longinus*, ridiculous; I shou'd have preserv'd it, and translated it thus; If he had *Virgins* and not *Whores* in his Eyes.

Having written all these things, they deposited those Monuments of *Cypress* in the Temples. As Monsieur Despreaux has translated this Passage, the *Ridiculum*, which *Longinus* observes here, is lost; for why may not *Cypress* Tables be call'd *Cypress* Monuments. *Plato* says, they deposited their *Cypress* Memoirs in the Temples: Memoirs may be us'd very well; but the *Ridiculum* consists in joining the Matter to it, and saying, *Cypress* Memoirs.

There's something every whit as *Ridiculous* in *Herodotus*, when he calls Handsome Women, *Eye-Sores*. 'Tis in the Fifth Book of *Herodotus*; and if any one will be at the Pains, to read this Passage there, I'm satisfy'd he'll think *Longinus's* Judgment too Severe: For the *Persians*, of whom *Herodotus* speaks, did not call Women in general, *Eye-Sores*; they spoke of those Women, whom *Amyntas* had order'd to be brought in to the Room, where they were Feasting, and plac'd over right against them, so that they cou'd not help looking on them. These Barbarians, who were not a sort of Men, that cou'd be contented with looking only, complain'd of it to *Amyntas*, telling him, he shou'd either not have let those Women come there, or when they were come, shou'd have made them sit down by their Sides, and not have plac'd 'em over against 'em, to make their Eyes Sore, or to be *Eye-Sores* to them. This, methinks, changes the Sense a little, and comes nearer the Text: As for the Figure it self, *Longinus* had certainly Reason to censure it: However, there are a great many *Criticks*, who will except against his Authority; considering, that very good Authors have said abundance of things, of the same Nature: *Ovid* is full of 'em: There's a Man in *Plutarch*, who calls a Beautiful Boy, his Son's Fever: *Terence* says, *Tuos Mores Morbum illi esse scire*. But to instance something more conformable to the Matter in hand; a *Grecian* calls Flowers, *ἐσπὴν ἄλγους*, The Feast of the Sight, and Ver dure, *παύχου ὀφθαλμῶν*.

Because 'tis said by Barbarians, in Wine and Debauchery. *Longinus* mentions two things, which may in some wise, excuse *Herodotus*, for calling Handsome Women, *Eye-Sores*. The First, inasmuch as 'twas spoken by Barbarians, and the second; for that it was spoken in Wine and Debauchery. By joining them, of Two Reasons we make but One, and that seems to me, to weaken *Longinus's* Thought a little: For he writes; *Because they are Barbarians who say it; and who say it, even in Wine and Debauchery.*

CHAP. V.

THE infallible Sign of the Sublime, is when we meet with something in a Discourse, that gives us a great deal of Room for Thought. As *Longinus* had defin'd the Sublime; his Definition wou'd

would, in my Opinion, be Faulty; because it may agree with other things, which are very far from the Sublime. Monsieur Despreaux has translated this Passage, as all other Interpreters have done; but I believe they have confounded the Word *κατεὰναισις* with *κατεὰναισις* tho' there's a great deal of Difference between 'em: 'Tis true, the *κατεὰναισις* of Longinus is is no where else to be found. *Helyebius* marks only *ανεισναι* *ὑπολα*. Now *ανεισναι* is the same thing with *ανεισναι* of which *ανεισναι* and *κατεὰναισις*, are form'd: *κατεὰναισις* therefore is nothing here but *ανεισναι*, augmentum. This Passage is very important, and as it appears to me, Longinus says the true Sublime is that to which, let us think what we will, we can add nothing, at least, without great Difficulty; the Memory of which lasts in our Minds, and cannot be easily effac'd.

For when a great Number of Persons of different Professions and Ages, having no manner of Relation. Thus have all the Interpreters explain'd this Passage; but, methinks, they have taken away a great deal of Longinus's Force and Argument, by joining *ἀγῶν* *ἐν τῇ* which should be separated: *ἀγῶν* is not Discourse here, but Language: Longinus says; For when a great Number of Persons, whose Inclinations; Ages, Humour, Profession, and Language are different, are all equally struck with the same Peace; this Judgment, &c. I don't doubt but this is the true Sense of the Text; for in effect, as each Nation have a particular way of expressing themselves, and ev'n of imagining things, proper to themselves only; 'Tis certain, that whatever in this kind pleases, at the same time, Persons of different Language, must have something Marvellous and Sublime in it.

CHAP. VI.

BUT the Five Causes presuppose, as a common Foundation to all, a Faculty of speaking well. In Longinus 'tis; But these Five Causes presuppose, as a Common Ground or Common Bed, a Faculty of speaking well. Monsieur Despreaux would not follow the Figure for fear doubtless of falling into Affectation.

CHAP. VII.

AND keep 'em always full and puff'd up, as we may say with a certain Noble and Generous Boldness. Methinks, the Words Full and Puff'd up, do not require to be Moderated with, as we may say; we every Day say, His Mind is full of Boldness. That Man is Puff'd up with Pride. But the Figure Longinus makes use of, necessarily requires it, and keep 'em Always, as we may say, big with a Noble and Generous Boldness.

When speaking of the Goddess of Darkness, I can't imagine why the Interpreters of *Hesiod* and *Longinus*, will have ἄχλὺς here, to be the Goddess of Darkness: 'Tis, without Doubt, Grief; as Monsieur *Le Fevre* observes: And this is the Image *Hesiod* draws of her, in his Shield, at the 264th Verse. Grief was near at hand, all bath'd in Tears, Pale, Wither'd, Meagre, Languishing, her Knees big, and her Nails long; her Nostrils were a Fountain of Humours, Blood ran down from her Cheeks, she grinded her Teeth, and cover'd her Shoulders with Dust. 'Twill be hard to make this Description agree with the Goddess of Darkness; when *Hesychius* mark'd ἀχλὺς, λυπηρὴ; he shews plainly enough, that ἀχλὺς may very well be taken for Grief. *Longinus*, in the same Chapter, makes use of ἀχλὺς to express Darkness, a thick Gloom; and 'tis that, perhaps, which led the Interpreters into this Error.

Add to this, the Incidents in the *Iliads*, are often lamented by the Heroes of the *Odysses*. I don't believe, *Longinus* wou'd say here, that the Incidents in the *Iliads*, are Lamented by the Heroes of the *Odysses*; but that he says; Add to this, that *Homer*, in the *Odysses*, relates Complaints and Lamentations, as things, that had been a long time known to his Heroes. *Longinus* here, has Reference to those Songs, which *Homer*, in the *Odysses*, tells us, were Sung on the Misfortunes of the Greeks, and all the Troubles, which beset 'em in that Long Siege. We need only read the viiith Book.

We may term it the Ebb of his Wit. The Interpreters have not rendred all *Longinus's* Thought, who, in my Judgment, did not think of saying, *Homer* flies out into Incredible Fables and Fables. Monsieur *Le Fevre* was the first, who discovered the Beauty of this Passage, that the Greek was Defective, and that after ἀμύνητες there should be added ὅτι ὁ πῶρ ὀρεῖται: In which Sense, it may be thus translated; But, as the Ocean is always great, tho' it retires from its Shores, and is confin'd within Narrow Bounds; so *Homer*, when he leaves the *Ilias*, is still Great, &c. The Narration of things Incredible and Fabulous in the *Odysses*.

And yet I do not forget the Descriptions he makes of Tempests. As Monsieur *Despreaux* has translated this Passage *Longinus*, speaking of the Incredible and Fabulous things in the *Odysses*, does not include those Tempests and the Adventures that happen'd to *Ulysses*, at the *Cyclops*: Whereas, 'tis quite the contrary, if I am not mistaken. When I talk of the Narration of things Incredible and Fabulous, you may well imagine, I have not forgotten those Tempests in the *Odysses*, nor all that we read of the *Cyclops*, nor some other Place, &c. These very Places are those, which *Horace* calls Spectosa Miracula.

Such also are the Doves, which nurs'd Jupiter. This Passage is in the 12 Book of the *Odysses*;

ὡ δὲ πέλονται
Τηέρονες, πάλ' τ' ἀμβροσίην Διὶ πατρὶ φέρουσιν.

Nor the Timorous Doves, who brought Amirofia to Jupiter. The Ancients have talk'd very much of this Fiction of Homer's; upon which Alexander consulted Aristotle and Chiron. See *Athenæus*, Book 11. p. 496. Longinus speaks of it, as of a Dream: But, perhaps, Longinus did not know so much of Antiquity, as he did of Criticism. Homer had taken this from the Phœnicians, who call'd a Dove and a Priestess, by much the same Name: Thus, when they say, Doves nurs'd Jupiter; they mean the Priests and Priestesses, who offer'd him Sacrifices, which were always term'd, the *Rituals of the Gods*. After the same manner, thou'd Dodona's and Jupiter Ammon's Doves be interpreted.

But that her Soul is the Rendezvous of all the Passions. This cannot well be express'd otherwise, in our Language; yet, 'tis certain, the Word *Rendezvous*, is not quite so strong as the Greek Word, *συνεδος*, which does not signify a Meeting only, but a Shocking; and Longinus makes it as Extensive here; for he says; Sappho has collected and united together all these Circumstances; not to shew one Passion only, but a Meeting of all the Passions, which strike against each other, &c.

Archilochus uses no other Artifice, in the Description of his Shipwrack. I know very well, that by Shipwrack, Monsieur Despreaux means the Shipwrack, which Archilochus describes, &c. Nevertheless, as the Word *His* is Equivocal, and might make one imagine, Archilochus was himself Shipwrack'd; I shou'd have rendred it; In the Description of the Shipwrack. Archilochus describes the Shipwrack of his Mother-in-Law.

CHAP. X.

As Cicero, &c. Longinus, preserving the Idea of Fires, which sometimes, seem to slacken, only to break out with the more Violence, defines very well the Character of Cicero, who always maintains a certain Fire, which blazes out afresh in some Places, when it appear'd to be almost extinguish'd.

On the contrary, Abundance is best; when, if I may express myself, the Orator would shed an Agreeable Dew on the Mind of his Auditory. Besides that the Expression, to shed an Agreeable Dew, does not Answer to the Abundance, spoken of here; methinks, it renders the Thoughts of Longinus a little Obscure; for he opposes *καταπλησσαι* to *εμπλησαι*; and after he has said, that the Concise Sublime of Demosthenes, must be made use of, when the Auditory shou'd be astonish'd, adds; The Rich Abundance of Cicero shou'd be employ'd, when it is to be Soften'd. This *καταπλησσαι* is borrow'd from Phyllick, and signifies properly Foment, to Foment, to Soften, which Idea Longinus took from the Word, *εμπλησαι*. The Concise Sublime is proper for Striking; but the Happy Abundance, to heal the Blows that this Sublime has given. Longinus explains by this, very well, the two

Kinds of Discourse, which the Ancient Rhetoricians establish'd : one, which is to Touch and Strike, and is properly call'd, *Oratio Vehemens*; and the other, which is to Soften, *Oratio Lenis*.

Of which I might give many Examples, if Ammonius had not done it already, τὰ ἐν ἑξῆς, as Monsieur Le Laure corrected it.

CHAP. XI.

I Indeed, I cannot think, &c. In my Opinion, this Period does not take in all the Beauties of the Original, and is somewhat Foreign from Longinus's Idea : He says; Indeed, Plato seems not to have heap'd so many Great things together, in his Philosophical Treatises, and not to have join'd so often on Poetical Expressions and things, but to dispute with all his Might, the Prize with Homer, as a New Champion against him, who had already been universally applauded, and the Admiration of all the World. Which preserves the Image Longinus would give us of the Prize-Fighters; and this Image is the greatest Beauty of this Passage.

CHAP. XII.

I Indeed, we shou'd not think we had an Ordinary Prize to dispute. The Word, ἀγωνισμα, does not, in my Judgment, signifie a Prize here, but a Spectacle : Longinus says; Indeed, to figure to our selves, that we are about to give an Account of all our Writings, before so High a Tribunal, and upon a Stage, where we have such Herods for Judges or for Witnesses, will be a Sight very proper to animate us. Lucydes has more than once made use of this Word, in the same Sense : I shall mention only this Passage, in the viith Book ; Ὁ γὰρ Γύλιππος κατὰ τὸ ἀγωνισμὰ ἐνόνειεν ὅτι εἶναι ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀδούτοις καὶ τοῖς ἀνιστοχότοις κομισαὶ λαμπροτάτους. Gylippus thought 'twou'd be a Glorious Spectacle for him, to Lead, as it were in Triumph, the most valiant Generals of the Enemies, whom he had taken in Battel. He speaks of Nicias and Demosthenes, Generals of the Athenians.

For if a Man, diffident of his own Capacity, is, as I may say, afraid of saying a thing, that wou'd Live longer than himself. I don't think that any Interpreter has hit Longinus's Sense here; for he cou'd never imagine, that a Man, out of Diffidence of his own Capacity, cou'd be afraid of saying a thing, that wou'd Live longer than himself, nor that he wou'd not give himself the Trouble to finish his Works. On the contrary, he tells us, that this Fear or Discouragement, disables him from doing any thing Fine, or that will survive him; tho' he shou'd Labour incessantly, and do his utmost to Succeed. For if a Man, says he, after having consider'd of this Judgment, properly grows jealous, that he shall not produce any thing to survive him; 'tis impossible but his Conceptions must be Blind, Imperfect, and Abortive, without ever reaching to Latest Posterity. A Man who writes, ought to have

Have a Noble Boldness, not content himself with Writing for his own Age; but aim at the Applause of Posterity: This Idea will raise his Soul, and animate his Conceptions; whereas, if as soon as Posterity offers it self to his Thoughts, he's seiz'd with Fear that he shall not do any thing worthy of it: Discouragement and Despair will take away all his Strength; and whatever Pains he's at, his Writings will always be Abortive. This is plain Longinus's Doctrine, who nevertheless does not, by what he says, Authorize a Blind and Rash Confidence, as we might easily prove.

C H A P. XIII.

SEE that thou art not born by too much Heat. There's something very Noble and Fine in the Turn of these Four Verses; yet, methinks, when the Sun says, *Above Libya; the Field being never water'd, my Chariot is never refresh'd;* he talks more like a Man driving a Cart over the Fields, than a God, who gave Light to the World. Monsieur Despreaux has here follow'd all the other Interpreters, who have explain'd this Passage, after the same Manner; but I believe they are all wide of Euripides's Thought, who says; *Go, and don't suffer thyself to be carry'd in the Air over Libya, which having no mixture of Moisture, thy Chariot will fall there.* 'Twas the Opinion of the Ancients, that the Strength and Solidity of the Air, consisted in a Humid Moisture; but this is not a Place to talk of their Principles of Physick in.

Enrag'd the Palace Bellow'd at his Sight. The Word, *Bellow*, does not seem to me, to be Strong enough by it self, to express the *Enrag'd*, and the *Excess* of *Aeschylus*; for they don't signify, *no Bellow*, only, but to shake with Violence; tho' 'tis Madness to pretend to make a Verse after Monsieur Despreaux: I can't help saying, that that of *Aeschylus*, might perhaps be better, as to the Sense, if 'twere thus render'd.

The Palace in a Rage, its Shaken Roofs
Bellow and Tremble—

And that of Euripides;

The Mountain Shakes and Answers to their Cries.

The Images in Poetry, are commonly full of Fabulous Incidents, &c. This is the Sense, which all the Interpreters have given this Passage; but I don't believe 'twas Longinus's Thought: For 'tis not true, that the Images in Poetry, are commonly full of Incidents: There's nothing of that in them; but what is also in Rhetorical Images: Longinus says Simply; *The Images in Poetry, are driven to a Fabulous Excess, and exceed all manner of Belief.* 'Tis not, says he, an Orator, who was the Cause of passing this Law, but the

Battel, the Rout at Cheronea. To preserve the Image, which Longinus observes in this Passage out of *Hyperides*; I believe it ought to be rendred thus: 'Tis not, says he, an Orator, who has written this; 'tis the Battel, 'tis the Rout at Cheronea: For 'tis in that the Image consists; *The Battel has written this Law*; whereas, if we say, *The Battel has caus'd this Law to be pass'd*; the Image is not preserv'd, at least, 'tis not very perceptible: Besides, 'twas a proper Term among the Greeks, to say; *Write a Law, an Ordinance, an Edict, &c.* Monsieur Despreaux avoided that Expression, to *Write a Law*; because 'tis not good French, in that Sense; but he might have rendred it; 'Tis not an Orator, who made this Law. *Hyperides* had order'd, that the Freedom of the City, shou'd be given indifferently to all the Inhabitants of *Athens*, and that the Women and Children shou'd be sent to *Pyrens*. *Plutarch* makes mention of this Law, in the Life of *Hyperides*, and ev'n quotes a Passage concerning it, which is not what we are now treating of: 'Tis true that quoted by Longinus, differs very much from the same Passage in *Demetrius Phalereus*. 'Tis not I, says he, who wrote this Law; 'tis the War, which wrote it with Alexander's Sword. For my Part, I'm satisfy'd, that these last Words, which wrote it with Alexander's Javelin, *Ἀλεξάνδρου ὄσσην γράψας* are not *Hyperides's*. They are plainly an Addition made by some one, who thought to Mend the Author's Thought, and to Adorn in explaining, by a Sort of Point, the Word *πολέμου ἔργον*, the War which has Written; which, I'm sure, will appear to all those, that are not dazzl'd by a false Lustre.

CHAP. XIV.

BUT there's no great Art in Swearing Simply; it must be observ'd, how, on what Occasion, and why the Oath is made. This Observation is Admirable; and Longinus says more himself, than all the rest of the Rhetoricians, who ever examin'd this Passage of *Demosthenes*: 'Tis true, *Quintilian* saw that Oaths are Ridiculous, if those that make use of them, do it not with the address of this Orator; but he does not make us sensible of all the Faults which Longinus explains so clearly, in his Examen of this Oath of *Eupolis* only. See two Places in *Quintilian*, Chap. II. Book the IX.

CHAP. XV.

AND can't bear to hear a Vile Rhetorician pretend to deceive us, like a Child, with Gross Devices. Methinks, these two Expressions, *Vile Rhetorician* and *Gross Devices*, do not agree very well with the Charms of Discourse, which are spoken of, Six Lines lower. Longinus says; And can't bear that a meer Rhetorician,

the Virtue of his should endeavour to deceive him, as if he was a Child, by his Little Tricks, &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

IF therefore you wou'd escape the Misfortunes which threaten you. All the Interpreters of *Herodotus* and *Longinus*, have rendred this Passage; as *Monfieur Despreaux* has done; but they did not consider that the Verb. ἐνδύεσθαι cannot signifie to Avoid, but to Take; and that ταρασσεια is not oftner us'd for, Calamity, Misery, than for, Labour, Pain. *Herodotus* plainly opposes ταρασσειας ἐνδύεσθαι, to take Pains, not to be afraid of Fatigue, to μάχεσθαι δαχέσθαι, to be a Coward, Lazy, and says; If therefore you will not be afraid of Pains and Fatigue, begin this very minute to Labour; and after the Defeat of your Enemies, you shall be Free. What I have said will more clearly appear, if you'll be at the Trouble to look over the Passage in the VI. Book of *Herodotus* the xi. Section.

CHAP. XIX.

FOR to be always tinkling the Cymbals, and jingling the Bells, smells too much of the Sophist. The Ancients us'd to tie Bells to their Horses Harness, upon Extraordinary Occasions; that is, when Reviews were made, or Turnaments held. It even appears, by a Passage of *Cicero*, that their Shields were deck'd all round with 'em. On this Custom, depends the right Understanding of this Passage of *Longinus*, who means, that as a Man who puts his Bells on every Day, wou'd be look'd upon as a Coxcomb; so an Orator, who every where makes use of Plurals, wou'd be taken for a Sophist.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE Herald, having sufficiently weigh'd the Consequence of all these things, commanded the Descendants of the *Heraclidae* to retire. This Passage of *Hecateus*, has been thus rendred by all Interpreters; but 'tis not usual for a Herald to weigh the Consequence of the Orders he receives, neither is it the Historians thought. *Monfieur Le Fevre* saw very well, that τὰτα σεβὰ πύκνους do's not at all signifie the weighing the Consequence of these things, but being very sorry for these things, as may be prov'd by a thousand Instances. *τὸν* is not a Participle here, but *ὡς* for *ὅτι*, in the *Ionick Style*, which was the Author's; that is, *ὡς μὴ ὅτι* does not signifie, As if I was not in the World; but to the End therefore; and that depends on what follows. The whole Passage may be thus rendred; The Herald being sorry he had receiv'd such an Order, commanded

manded the Descendants of the Heraclidae to retire. I cannot help you; to the End therefore that you may not Perish entirely, and involve me in your Ruin, by causing me to be Banish'd; Begon; make your Request to some other People.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE Goddess Venus, to Chastize the Insolence of the Scythians, who had plunder'd her Temple, sent the Womens Disease among them. By this Womens Disease, all Interpreters have understood the Hemorrhoids; but Herodotus would have been in the wrong to have attributed that to Women only, which Men have in common with them; and the Periphrasis he makes use of, would not be very Just. This Passage has puzzled abundance of People; and Voiture is not the only Man, who has been at Trouble about it: For my part, I'm satisfy'd most of 'em, by assenting to be over Nice in it, have not entred into Herodotus's Thought, who means no other Disease, but that which is particular to Women. 'Twas for this also, that Longinus admir'd the Periphrasis in this Passage; because Herodotus had several other Ways of Circumlocution; but they were all either Rude or Indecent; whereas this is very Clear, and does not Shock. Indeed, the Word, *ῥέως* Disease, has nothing Gross in it, nor that gives a filthy Idea. We may add, as a further Proof of Herodotus's Delicacy in this Place, that he does not say *ῥέως*, *ῥέως*, the Disease of Women; but uses the Adjective, *ῥέως* *ῥέως*, the Female Disease, which is much Softer in the Greek, and has its Grace in our Language, where it is not to be suffer'd.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE most Natural Remedy against the Abundance and Boldness either of Metaphors or other Figures, is never to use them, unless 'tis to the Purpose. I shou'd rather have translated it thus; But I maintain still, that the Abundance and Boldness of Metaphors, as I have already said, Figures us'd a propos, Vehement and Great Passions, are the most Natural Way of Softning the Sublime. Longinus means, that to excuse the Boldness of Discourse in the Sublime there's no need of using these Modifications, To say so, If I may so say, &c. but that 'tis Sufficient to have Frequent and Bold Metaphors, Figures us'd a propos, Strong Passions, and that every thing be Noble and Great.

He says; The Spleen is the Kitchen of the Bowels. This Passage in Longinus is Corrupted; and those who will read it attentively, will doubtless agree with me in my Conjecture; for the Spleen can never reasonably be call'd, the Kitchen of the Bowels; and what follows evidently destroys this Metaphor. Longinus wrote it

it as Plato did, *ἐκκαθάρσιον*, and not *μαγιστήριον*. The Passage at length, may be seen in *Timæus*, Tome III. Page 72. Serranus's Edition. *Ἐκκαθάρσιον* signifies properly *χεῖρματες*, a Napkin to wipe ones Hands. Plato says; God has plac'd the Spleen in the Neighbourhood of the Liver, that it may serve for a Wiper to it, if I may use that Term, and that it always keeps it Neat and Clean: For which Reason, when, in a Disease, the Liver is encompass'd with Filth; the Spleen, which is a soft hollow Substance, without Blood, cleans it, and takes of all that Filth to it self, whence it swells and puffs up: As on the contrary, after the Body is purg'd, it shrinks and returns to its former Size. I wonder this Fault in Longinus, was not seen before, and corrected by Plato's Text, and the Authority of Pollux, who Quotes this very Passage, Book, XI. Chap. iv.

He accuses Plato of Flaggings in several Places, and speaks of the *οἰκέναι* as a Compleat Writer. That does not seem to me, to be a sufficient Explication of Longinus's Thought: He says; Indeed, he prefers to Plato, who Flags in many Places; I say, he prefers *Isaïas* to him, as a Finish'd Orator, and one who has no Faults.

CHAP. XXVII.

AND in Theocritus, excepting some few Places, wherein he leaves a little the Character of the Eclogue, there's nothing, but what's the Effect of a happy Imagination. The Ancients observ'd, that Theocritus was very Happy, in the Simplicity of his *Bucolicks*; yet, 'tis certain, by what Longinus takes notice of very justly, was an Exception to the Perfection of his Poësie; for in some Places, he does not follow the same Idea, and transgresses very much the Bounds of that Simplicity. I shall hereafter shew, in my Commentaries on that Poet, in what Places I believe, Longinus thinks he offended in this kind.

But he never falls into this Fault, except, when he is transported by that Divine Spirit, which is not to be Subjected to Rules, and he cou'd not Govern as he wou'd. Longinus says in general; But he falls into that Fault, only because of that Divine Spirit, which carries him along, and is very difficult to be Govern'd.

CHAP. XXVIII.

FOR besides that he is more Harmonious, he has many more Qualifications of an Orator, and almost all of 'em in an Eminent Degree. I believe, Longinus does not mean here, in speaking of *ὑπερίκται*, that he Enjoy'd almost all the Qualifications of an Orator, in an Eminent Degree: He says only, that he has more of 'em than Demosthenes, and that in all these Qualifications, he is almost Eminent; that he enjoys 'em in a Degree that's almost Eminent, *ἡ ὑπερίκται ὑμῶν ἐν πάσῃ*.

Like

Like those Prize-Fighters, who Succeed in Five Sorts of Exercises; and not being the best in any one of these Exercises, are in all of them, beyond what's Ordinary and Common. As this Passage is translated, Longinus places Hyperides, only above the Ordinary and Common Sort of Men, which is very far from his Thought. In my Opinion, Neither Monsieur Despreaux, nor the other Interpreters, did rightly take either the Sense or the Words of this Rhetorician: *ἰδιώτης* does not here signify, *Vulgar and Common People*, as they imagin'd; but such as pretend to Excell in the same Exercises: From whence it proceeds, that Hesiychius very justly marks, *ἰδιώτης ὁμιλίτας*. I shou'd have translated it; *Like a Prize-Fighter that's call'd * Pentathle, who is indeed Beaten by all the Prize-Fighters, in all the Battels he undertakes; but Excells all, who Practice as well as he, Five Sorts of Exercises.* This Way, Longinus's Thought is very Fine, in saying; If we shou'd judge of Merit, rather by the Number than Excellence of Vertues; and compare Hyperides with Demosthenes, like two Prize-Fighters, who Fight at Five Sorts of Weapons; the former wou'd very much Surpass the latter; whereas, if we make a Judgment of both of 'em, by one Exercise only; the latter wou'd Surpass the former much more; as a Prize-Fighter, that keeps only to Wrestling or Back-Sword, will easily be too hard for one, who Fights indifferently at Five Sorts of Weapons. This is all I can say to this Passage, which is very difficult; and perhaps, the Meaning of it is not yet perfectly explain'd. Monsieur Le Fevre observ'd very well, 'twas an Imitation of a Passage in Plato, in the Dialogue entitul'd *ἑξαράς*; but he did not give himself the Trouble to explain it.

To which he added the Sweetness and Graces of Lysias. That the Reader might not be mistaken as to this Passage, he must know there are two Sorts of Graces; the one Majestick and Grave, proper for Poets; the other Simple, and like the Raileries in Comedy. The latter make a Part of the Composition of the Polite Style, which the Rhetoricians call *γλαυρόν ἐν λόγῳ*; and these were the Graces that distinguish'd Lysias's Writings. Dionysius Halicarnassensis tells us, he Excell'd in the Polite Style: For which Reason, Cicero calls him, *Venustissimum Oratorem*. The following Instance of the Graces of this Charming Orator, may help to give an Idea of his Manner. Speaking once against Alcibiades, who was in Love with an Old Woman, he says, *he Lov'd a Woman, whose Teeth were easier to be Counted than her Fingers.* On this Account, Demetrius places Lysias's Graces in the same Rank with Sophron's who wrote Farces.

Because, we in him meet with an Author, who is always so agreeable. I don't know whether this Phrase expresses Longinus's Thought

* A Fighter at Five Weapons.

Thought exactly. In the Greek 'tis *ῥητορὶς ῥητορὶς*, and by this our Rhetorician means *always Equal and Moderate*; for *ῥητορὶς* is oppos'd to *μαίνεσθαι* to be Furious. Monsieur Despreaux thought he had preserv'd the same Idea; because an Orator, who is truly Sublime, in somewise resembles a Man, who is heated by Wine.

CHAP. XXIX.

AS *Lyfias* is below *Plato* by a greater Number of Faults. The Judgment which *Longinus* passes here on *Lyfias*, agrees exactly with what he says of him, at the End of the xxvi. Chapter, when he shew'd *Cecilius* was in the wrong, to think *Lyfias* had no Faults, and it also agrees very well with what all the Ancients have written concerning this Orator: We need only look over a remarkable Passage, in the Book, *De optimo Genere Oratorum*, wherein *Cicero* speaks, and at the same time, gives his Judgment of the Orators, which those who wou'd Excel in Oratory, shou'd propose to themselves for Patterns.

CHAP. XXX.

WITH Respect therefore to those great Orators, in whom the Sublime and the Marvellous are join'd with the Useful and Necessary. The Text is, in this Place, entirely Corrupted, as Monsieur Le Fevre has very well observ'd: However, it does not appear to me, that the Senio Monsieur Despreaux has drawn from it, agrees very well with *Longinus's* Meaning: For this Rhetorician, having told us in the End of the preceding Chapter, that 'tis easie to acquire the Useful and Necessary, which have nothing Grand and Marvellous, I cannot think it possible he shou'd here join this Marvellous with that Useful and Necessary; which being granted, I believe, the Text is not so difficult to be restor'd in this Passage, as Monsieur Le Fevre imagin'd; and tho' that Learned Man despair'd of coming to it, without the Help of some Manuscript, I shall nevertheless tell the Reader my Thoughts. 'Tis in the Text, *ἐφ' ὃν ἔστιν ἡ τοῦ ῥητορὸς ῥητορὶς, &c.* I doubt not *Longinus* wrote it, *ἐφ' ὃν ἔστιν ἡ τοῦ ῥητορὸς ῥητορὶς καὶ ὁ μαρτυρὸς τῆς μέγας, &c.* That is; With Respect therefore to those Great Orators, in whom, this Sublime, and this Marvellous are found, not confin'd to the Limits of the Useful and Necessary: It must be own'd, &c.

CHAP. XXXI.

Parables and Comparisons come very near Metaphors, and differ from 'em, in one Point only ***** What *Longinus* said here of the Difference between Parables, and Comparisons, and Metaphors, is wholly lost; but the Sense of it may very well be supply'd, out

out of *Aristotle*, who, as well as *Longinus*, says that they differ in one thing only, which is merely the Pronunciation: As for Instance; when *Plato* says, *The Head is a Citadel*. 'Tis a Metaphor, of which a Comparison may easily be made, by saying, *The Head is like a Citadel*. Something after this is wanting, concerning what *Longinus* said, of the just Bounds of *Hyperboles*, and how far they may be carry'd. The Sequel, and the Passage he Quotes out of *Demosthenes*, or rather *Hegesippus* his Collegue, shaws plainly enough, what was his Opinion. 'Tis certain *Hyperboles* are Dangerous, and as *Aristotle* very Justly observes, sufferable only in *Choler* and *Passion*.

Suppose your Wit was in your Head, and you did not trample it under your heels. 'Tis in the Oration for *Halonesus*, which is commonly attributed to *Demosthenes*; tho' *Hegesippus*, his Collegue was the Author of it. *Longinus*, without doubt, Quotes this Passage, to condemn the *Hyperbole*, which indeed is very Vicious; it being a Strange thing, for a Man to Trample his Wit under his Heels; yet, *Hermogenes* has commended it. But 'tis not by this Passage only, that we may perceive *Longinus's* Judgment is frequently surer than *Hermogenes's*, and all the rest of the Rhetoricians.

The Sicilians descending into this Place. This Passage is taken out of the Seventh Book of *Thucydides*, where he speaks of the *Athenians*, who retiring, under the Command of *Nicias*, were attack'd by *Gylippus's* Army, and the *Sicilians*, near the River *Asinarus*, in the Neighbourhood of the City of *Nectum*. But whereas 'tis in the Text, *The Sicilians descending*, it shoud be, the *Lacedemonians descending*. *Thucydides* writes, *ἀπὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ ἐμπαύσαντες*, and not *οὐτὴ γὰρ Συγκυβότοι*. He means the *Lacedemonian* Troops, commanded by *Gylippus*; and 'tis certain, that on this Occasion, the *Sicilians* shot at *Nicias*, from the Banks of the River, which were high and steep; and that *Gylippus's* Troops took the River, and made a great Slaughter of the *Athenians*.

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 them, had, as it were, Bury'd 'em under their Darts. Monsieur *Despreaux* has translated this Passage Literally, from the Text of *Longinus*, and assures us in his Remarks, that neither the Translators of *Herodotus*, nor those of *Longinus*, ever understood it; and that Monsieur *Le Fevre*, after a great deal of Alteration, did not know how to find out its Meaning. We shall see presently, if his Explanation of it, is as certain and infallible as he imagines. *Herodotus* speaks of those, who being Entrench'd on a Little Ascent, at the Pass of *Thermopylae*, bore all the Efforts of the *Persians*, till they were overwhelm'd, and were Bury'd under their Arrows. How then can one conceive, that Men Post'd and Entrench'd on a Rising Ground, could defend themselves with their Teeth against Enemies, who kept continually

continually Shooting at them, and attack'd them only at a Distance: Monsieur *Le Fevre*, to whom this appear'd impossible, rather chose to follow all the Editions of the Historian, where this Passage is Pointed after another Manner, and as I put it here: ἐν τούτῳ φέρεται τῷ χώρῳ ἀλεξομένου μακάριον ἦσαν αὐτῶν, καὶ ἐπὶ χειρὶ ἐπὶ πτερυγοῖς, καὶ χειρὶ καὶ σώματι κατέχευον οἱ βαρβαροὶ βολόντες; and instead of χειρὶ καὶ σώματι, he believ'd it shou'd be corrected thus; χερμασίῃσι καὶ θύρασι, by making it agree with ἐπὶ πτερυγοῖς. As they still defended themselves, in the same Place, with their Swords which were left; the Barbarians overwhelm'd 'em with Stones and Darts. However I think, 'tis more likely *Herodotus* wrote, λάεσι καὶ θύρασι; For he had doubtless in view that Verse, in the Third Book of *Homer's Iliad*.

Ἰοῖσιν τε πτυκόμενοι λάεσι τ' ἐβαλλον.

They fell upon them with Stones and Darts. λάεσι being easily corrupted to χειρὶ: Be it as it will, one cannot doubt but this is the true Sense of the Original, and what *Herodotus* adds, is a plain Proof of it. The Place is to be seen, in the 225 Section of the Seventh Book. Besides, *Diodorus* who describes this Battle, says the Persians surrounded the Lacedaemonians, and attacking 'em at a Distance, kill'd them with their Arrows and Darts. To all these Reasons Monsieur *Despreaux* has nothing to oppose, but the Authority of *Longinus*, who wrote and understood this Passage, after the same manner as he has translated it: But I answer as Monsieur *Le Fevre* did; That perhaps this Passage might be corrupted, even in *Longinus's* time; and consequently he might be mistaken as well as *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, and all those Great Heroes of Antiquity, whom we cou'd not have known to have been Men, but by their Faults and their Death. If we shou'd give our selves the Trouble to examine this Passage, we need only seek for *Longinus*, if I durst use the Expression, in *Longinus* himself: Indeed, he Quotes it only to shew the Beauty of this Hyperbole; Men defended themselves with their Teeth, against Arm'd Soldiers; and notwithstanding this, the Hyperbole is Puerile; because, when a Man comes up with his Enemy, and has seiz'd on his Body, which he must of Necessity do, when he gets in so closely with him, as to make use of his Teeth, he renders his Arms useless, or rather troublesome. Besides, the saying that Men defended themselves with their Teeth, against Arm'd Soldiers, does not presuppose, but that the one might be Arm'd as well as the other; and thus *Longinus's* Thought is Cold; because there's no Opposition between Men that defend themselves with their Teeth, and Men that fight Arm'd. I will add but one Reason more, and that is; If we follow *Longinus's* Thought, there will be a Falshy in *Herodotus*; since the Historians observe, that

the Barbarians wore Light Armour, with small Shields, and consequently they were expos'd to the Blows of the Lacedaemonians, when they came up to their Entrenchments; whereas the latter were well Arm'd, in Close Order, and cover'd with Large Shields.

And so many Persons be Bury'd under the Darts of their Enemies. The Greeks, of whom Herodotus speaks, were but very few in Number: Longinus therefore cou'd not say, *And that so many Persons, &c.* Besides, as it is written, one wou'd think Longinus thought the Metaphor to be Excessive, rather on account of the Number of the Persons, that were Bury'd under the Darts, than because of the thing it self, which is not so: For Longinus on the contrary, says very plainly; *What an Hyperbole is that, To Fight with them, against Arm'd Men; and what a One is this still, To be Overwhelm'd with their Darts? Nevertheless, &c.*

C H A P. XXXII.

THAT Harmony is not merely a Grace, which Nature has put in to the Voice of Man, to Perswade with and Please; but that even in Inanimate Instruments. Monsieur Despreaux assures us in his Remarks, that this Passage ought to be understood, according to his Explication of it: But I am not of his Opinion; and believe he goes far from Longinus's Meaning, when he takes the Greek Word, *Organum*, for an Instrument, as a Flute or Lyre; whereas it shou'd be taken for an Organ, as we call a Cause, a Means. Longinus says very plainly; *Harmony is not only a Natural Means, for Men to Perswade with and Please, but also an Organ, a Wonderful Instrument, to raise the Courage, and move the Passions.* This, in my Judgment, is the true Sense of the Passage. Longinus afterwards gives Instances of the Harmony of the Fife and Lyce; tho' those Organs to Move and Perswade with, do not come near the Means that are Proper and Natural to Man.

Yet they are only Images, and Simple Imitations of the Voice, which neither Speak nor Perswade. I cannot think Longinus meant such Instruments as the Trumpet and Fife, neither Speak nor Perswade: He says; *Nevertheless, these Images and Imitations, are only Bastard Organs, and do not at all come near those Means, which, as I have already said, are Proper and Natural to Man.* Longinus wou'd tell us, that the Harmony deriv'd from the different Sounds of an Instrument, as the Lyre or Fife, are but a Feeble Image of that, form'd by the different Tones of the Voice; and that this latter Harmony, which is Natural to Man, has much more Power than the other, to Move and Perswade. It wou'd be easie to prove this by Examples.

And confirm'd by Experience. Longinus after this Quotes a Passage out of Demosthenes, which Monsieur Despreaux has omitted in his Remarks; because it entirely belongs to the Greek Language

Quage. 'Tis thus: ἴστω τὸ ἡρῶισμα τὸν τότε τῇ πόλει πειράσαντα
 κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν, ἐποίησεν ὥσπερ νέφος. Since this Rhetorician as-
 sures us, that the Harmony of the Period, does not yield to the
 Beauty of the Thought; because 'tis all compos'd of Dactyle Num-
 bers, I think it will not be useless, to explain here this Harmo-
 ny, and those Numbers; seeing the Passage of *Longinus* is
 one of those that may very well admit of a Literal Translation,
 without understanding *Longinus's* Thought, or the Beauty of the
 Passage, Quoted out of *Longinus*: Wherefore, I'll endeavour to give
 the Reader, a Clear and Distinct Insight of the Matter; and in
 order to it, will first distribute *Demosthenes's* Period into Dactyle
 Numbers, as *Longinus* understood them.

[ἴστω τὸ] ἡρῶισμα] τὸν τότε] τῇ πόλει] πειράσαν] τα] Κίν-
 δυνον] παρελθεῖν] ἐποίησεν] ὥσπερ νέφος.]

Here are Nine Dactyle Numbers in all. Before I go farther, I
 must take Notice, that Abundance of People have had a wrong
 Conception of these Dactyle Numbers, confounding them with the
 Meeter or Feet, which are call'd Dactyls; yet there's a great
 deal of Difference between them: As for the Dactyl Number,
 Time and Pronunciation are only observ'd; but for the Dactyl,
 Order and Position of Letters must be made; so that the same
 Word may be of the Dactyl Number, and yet not be a Dactyl;
 as appears by [ἡρῶισμα] τῇ πόλει] παρελθεῖν.] But to return
 to our Passage. There are but three Difficulties, which offer to
 us.

The first is, these Numbers ought to be of Quadruple Time;
 One Long, which is of the Value of Two, and Two Short; the
 Second Number of this Period, the Fourth and the Fifth, and
 some others, seem to have Five Times; because in ἡρῶισμα, the
 first Syllable being Long, is of the Value of Two; the Sec-
 ond being also Long, makes two more, and the Third Short, One,
 &c. To this I answer, that in Rhymes or Numbers, as I have said
 already we mind only the Time and the Vowel; and thus οἷς is
 as Short as μα. This will appear clear, by a Single Instance in
Quintilian, who says, the Second of *Agrestis* is Short.

The Second Difficulty arises from this Rule of *Quintilian*, who
 says, Chapter IV. Book IX. *That when a Period begins with one
 Sort of Rhythm or Number, it ought to continue in the same Rhythm to
 the End.* Now, in this Period of *Demosthenes*, the Number seems
 to change; because sometimes the Long Syllables, and sometimes
 the Short are First. But the same *Quintilian* does not leave us in
 Doubt, on this Difficulty, if we mind what he said before;
*That 'tis no matter in the Dactyl Number, whether the two First Syl-
 lables be Short, or the two Last; because we mind the Time only;*

and that the Number shou'd be the same, both in the Rise and in the Fall.

In a Word, the Third Difficulty proceeds from the Last Rhyme, *ἄσπερ νέφος*, which Longinus makes of four Syllables, and consequently Five Times; tho' Longinus assures us 'tis measur'd by Four. I answer, this Number is as much Dactyl as the rest; because the Time of the Last Syllable is Superfluous, and goes for Nothing, like the Syllables which are over and above, in the Verse call'd *Hypermeter*. We need only see what Quintilian says on this Head: *Rhythms admit more easily of Superfluous Time; tho' the same thing happens also sometimes to Meeter*; which is sufficient to clear this Period of Demosthenes and Longinus's Thought: I will however add, that Demetrius Phalereus Quotes this very Passage of Demosthenes, and instead of *πεισάρτα*, he reads *ἐπάρτα*; which as to the Number, has the same Effect.

Philistus is of this Number. The Name of this Poet is corrupted in Longinus: It shou'd be *Philiscus*, and not *Philistus*. He was a Comick Poet; but 'tis not certainly known in what Time he Liv'd.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AND those Measur'd Words do not infuse into the Soul, the Passions which ought to be produc'd by the Discourse. Longinus says, When the Periods are measur'd thus, the Auditory are not mov'd with the Discourse, being only attentive to the Harmony and Number; in-somuch, that foreseeing what the Cadences will be, and beating Time, as in a Dance, they prevent the Orator himself, and mark the Measure before it is finish'd. What Longinus tells us here, is taken entirely from Aristotle's Rhetorick, and may be of great use to us, in correcting the very Place, from whence he took it: *τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἀπ' ὁμιλίας, πεπλάσται γὰρ δοκεῖ καὶ ἄμα *** ἐξίστησι; περὶ ὧν γὰρ ποιοῖ τῷ ὁμοίῳ ποτε πάλιν ἦξει ***** ἄσπερ ἑν' τῶν κηρύκων περιλαμβάνει τὰ παῖδια τὸ, ἥτις αἰρετέστερον ὁ ἀπλευδερύμενος κλέωνται.* The first Chasim must certainly be fill'd up thus; *καὶ ἄμα τὸς ἀκούοντας ἐξίστησι*; and the second thus; after ἦξει add *ὁ καὶ φθάνοντες περὶ ὧν ποιεῖ ἄσπερ ἑν'*, and after *ἀπλευδερύμενος* must be a Period of Interrogation: But this will appear much better by the following Translation. These Measur'd Periods don't perswade; for besides that they look affected, they draw aside the Hearer, and make him only attentive to the Harmony and Cadences, which he marks beforehand: As we see Children are in haste to answer, Cleon, before the Cryers have done crying; Who's the Patron that will take the Freed Man? The Learned Victorius is the only Man, that thought this Passage in Aristotle was corrupted; but he did not endeavour to correct it.

• C H A P. XXXIV.

OF Cabinets and Bags full of Paper. Theopompus did not say Bags full of Paper; for this Paper was not in the Bags; but he says Cabinets, Bags and Reams of Paper, &c. And by this Paper, he means large Packets to wrap up the Sweetmeats and Spices he speaks of in.

But has hidden those Sinks and plac'd 'em as far out of Sight as possible, for fear they might sully the Beauty of so noble a Creature. Nature knew very well that if she expos'd those Parts to View which are dishonest to name, the Beauty of Man wou'd be sully'd; but as Mr. Despreaux has translated this Passage, methinks Nature is in some sort of Doubt whether it wou'd or wou'd not sully that Beauty; for in my Opinion, the Words for fear, &c. give such an Idea, and in some Measure disguise Xenophon's Thoughts. For he says, *Nature has hidden those Sinks, and plac'd 'em as far out of Sight as possible, that the Beauty of so noble a Creature might not be sully'd.*

C H A P. XXXV.

IN so much that we see the Liberty of their Country shine in their Orations. Longinus says, *In so much that we see the same Liberty shine in their Orations as shines in their Actions.* He means that as those Men are their own Masters, their Mind us'd to this Empire and Independance, produces nothing but what has the Marks of that Liberty which is the principal Aim of all their Actions, and keeps them always in Motion. This ought to be made very clear, because 'tis what Longinus grounds his Answer upon, as we shall see in the next Remark but one. *And have been as it were wrapt up in the Customs and Ways of Monarchy.* To be wrapt up in the Customs, &c. seems obscure, nay this Expression has quite another Sense than what Longinus pretended. 'Tis in the Greek *who have been as it were swaddled up*, &c. but as that wou'd not do in our Language, to come nearer to Longinus's Idea, I shou'd have translated them, *Who as it were suckt in with our Mother's Milk the Customs*, &c.

But also make them, ev'n less by Means of the Band in which they are wrapt up: By this Band Longinus means Swaths with which Drapts were swaddled up from Head to Foot. These Swaths were much like those young Women made use of to prevent their Chests from growing too big; for which Reason Terence calls these young Women *Vincto Pectore*, which very well answers the Greek Word *δεσμὸς* us'd here by

Longinus, signifying *Bandage*. In several Parts of *Europe* the Women at this time use such sorts of Bands to keep in their Feet and make 'em little.

I know very well 'tis easy and natural for Mankind, &c. *Monsieur Despreaux* here follows all the Interpreters of *Longinus* who make the Philosopher that talks to *Longinus* say this also; But I am very well perswaded 'tis the Words of *Longinus*, and that there he interrupts the Philosopher, and begins to answer him. I believe too that in the following Chasm there are not so many Things wanting as some have imagin'd, and perhaps 'tis not so difficult to supply the Sense of it. I doubt not *Longinus* wrote thus. Then I reply'd, I knew very well 'tis easie and even natural for Mankind to find Fault with present Things; but bold; not so fast. 'Tis not Monarchy that is the Cause of the Decay of Humane Wit, and the Pleasure of a long Peace don't contribute so much to corrupt great Minds as this endless War which has so long troubled all the World, and lays such Obstacles in the Way of our most generous Inclinations as we cannot surmount. This certainly is the true Sense of *Longinus*, and 'twou'd be easie to prove it even by the History of the Times, in which this Rhetorician liv'd. He then returns a very good Answer to two of the Philosophers Objections; one of which is, That Monarchical Government caus'd the great Barrenness of Wit at that Time, and the other, That Emulation and the Love of Liberty in Republicks kept the Republicans in a continual Motion, which rais'd their Courage, sharpen'd their Wit, and inspir'd 'em with that Grandeur and noble Boldness of which Men that are truly free are only capable.

When one Man thinks of nothing but how to trick himself into the Possession of anothers Estate. The Expression of the Greek is much stronger when One Man thinks of nothing but how to hasten anothers Death, &c. ἀλλότρου σῆμα θανάτου. It has respect to the Means made use of to hasten the Death of him whose Heir he is to be. There are Examples enough of this horrid Custom in the Satyr of the Ancients.

ADVERTISEMENT.

While these Notes were printing *Mr. Boivin* one of the under Library Keepers of the Royal Library, a Gentleman of great Worth, and especially very learn'd in the Greek Tongue, brought *Mr. Despreaux* some very judicious Observations which he had also made on *Longinus* from an ancient Manuscript in that famous Library, and *Mr. Despreaux* thought the Publick wou'd be pleas'd to see 'em join'd with *Mr. Dacier's*. They are as follow. Mr.

Mr. BOIVIN'S
OBSERVATIONS
ON
LONGINUS.

THE King has a Manuscript in his Library 7 or 800 Years old, wherein this Treatise of *Longinus* on the *Sublime* follows *Aristotle's Problems*: 'Twou'd be easie to prove that this Copy is Original by its Agreement with all those that are now remaining, but I shall not here enter into the Detail of such an Inquiry, reserving it for a particular Remark on the VII Chapter, I must only advise those that will give themselves the Trouble to read the following Observations, that they are most of 'em founded on that ancient Manuscript, which alone furnishes us with a great Number of Readings formerly collected by *Vossius*, and publish'd by *Tollius*. There remain'd but a very few Things to be observ'd by me, such as methinks no Body has yet minded.

CHAP. I.

THE Division^s into Chapters is not *Longinus's*. The Cyphers by which they are distinguish'd were added by a late Hand in the old Manuscript. As to the Arguments or Summaries there are but a very few of 'em, and even these don't agree with what have been printed, wherefore 'tis no Wonder if the printed Copies do not agree better with the Reference to the Division and Arguments of the Chapters.*

That the Meanness of his Style. *Longinus* every where makes use of the Word *ταπεινός* in the Sense Mr. *Despreaux* gives it: What he says in the VII Chapter speaking of *Ajax*, ὃς ἐνεδέχεται. ἢ ὃ τὸ αἶτημα τὸ ἥρωϊο ταπεινότερον, * is in the Construction very much like what he says here, τὸ συγγραμμάτων ταπεινότερον ἐφάνη τῆς ὅλης πομπῆς. See also the II, IV, XXVII, XXIX, XXXII, XXXIV, &c. Chapters.

L 2

CHAP.

* That is, He did not ask his Life, a Hero was not capable of being guilty of such a mean Action.

CHAP. II.

FOR as Ships are in Danger. The Conjunction *ὡς* and *ἔτω* us'd in Comparisons, the Word *ἀνεμάτισα*, and some other Metaphorical Terms have made the Interpreters believe there was a Comparison in this Place. Mr. Despreaux perceiv'd very well 'twas defective. The Greek, says he, must be *ὑποπῶ* or we must understand the Word *πλοῖα*, which signifies Ships of Burthen, otherwise there is no Sense in the Words. For my part, I'm of Opinion we are not to seek after a Comparison here. The Conjunction *ἔτω*, which made it look like one, is neither in the ancient Manuscript nor Robertellus's Edition. This being granted, Longinus's Argument is very clear, if we will be at the Pains to pursue it. 'Tis thus therefore in its full Extent.

Some imagine 'tis an Error, to think the Sublime may be reduc'd to an Art, but I maintain we shall be convinc'd of the contrary, if we consider that Nature whatever Liberty she takes in the Passions, and Great Emotions of the Soul is not always guided by Chance; that she must in all our Productions be suppos'd to be the Basis, the Principle and chief Foundation, but that our Wit stands in need of a Method to reach it to say nothing but what it shou'd say, and to fix it in its proper Place, and that in short. ('Tis here in the Greek *χ*, for *ὡς* *χ* *ὅτι*, which Longinus us'd a little higher and wou'd not repeat) The Great of its self, and thro' its own Greatness is slippery and dangerous when 'tis not supported and confirm'd by the Rules of Art, and when a bandon'd to the Violence of ignorant and rash Nature.

Thus we see it does very well without the Comparison which only embarrasles the Phrase; all that's to be understood is, *εἰ ἐπὶ σκέλει αὐτοῦ τις*, which is six or seven Lines higher, and construct'd it thus *καὶ [εἰ ἐπὶ σκέλει αὐτοῦ τις] ὡς ἐπικινδυνότερα*, and if we consider that the Great, &c. *ἐπικινδυνότερα αὐτὰ ἐξ αὐτῶν τὰ μεγάλα*, is exactly the same Thing with *τὰ μεγάλα ἐπικινδυνότερα αὐτὰ τὸ μέγεθος*, which we read in the XXVII Chapter, where Mr. Despreaux translated it thus. The Great of its self, and thro' its own Greatness is slippery and dangerous.

ἀνεμάτισα, and *ἀσχευτα*, are metaphorical Terms which in their proper Sense are applicable to great Buildings, but taken figuratively may be very well apply'd to every thing that's Great, ev'n in polite Learning. We may say as much with respect to Discourse, Nature, &c. In this Place the entire Leaves are wanting in the ancient Manuscript, and 'tis this which occasion'd the following Chasm. I don't know by what Luck the five or six which Tollins had out of a Manuscript

manuscript in the Vatican, and which are also in a Manuscript of the King's transpos'd and confounded with a Fragment of Aristotle's Problems came to be preserv'd. 'Tis likely some Body finding a Scrap of the two Leaves that are missing in the ancient Manuscript, or all the two Leaves, but being spoil'd, cou'd only copy those five or six Lines out of 'em.

At the End of this little Supplement, for which the Publick is indebted to Tollius, I believe we shou'd read *ἡγήσαστο*, and not *ἀμίσσαστο*, which does not seem to me to contain any reasonable Sense. In the King's Manuscript where is the same Supplement, in the first Hand 'tis only *σαστο*, *κομί* being in a later.

This makes me imagine that the Word was half blotted out in the ancient Manuscript, and that some Body, tho' they were out of it, thought *κομίσαστο* shou'd be there.

We nobly perish in a noble Cause. In the ancient Manuscript, *μεγάλῳ σπολιθάνειν ὅμως εὐγενὲς ἀμάρτημα*. The Copiers would needs make a Verse of it, but the Verse has neither Case nor Quantity. We meet with no Example in the Greek of an Iambick beginning with two Anapeests, wherefore 'tis probable that what has been taken for a Verse is rather a Proverb or Sentence which was in the Writings of some noted Philosopher, *μεγάλῳ σπολιθάνειν, ὅμως εὐγενὲς ἀμάρτημα*, is the same thing as if it was, *μεγάλῳ σπολιθάνειν ἀμάρτημα μὲν, ὅμως ὃ εὐγενὲς ἀμάρτημα*; *to fall in a Leap, but in a noble Leap has some thing Great in it; that is, to shew ones self Great in a Fall, or not to fall only because one is Great.* 'Tis much the same Sense with what Mr. Corneille says,

Lord of the Universe 'tis brave to die.

CHAP. III.

IN a Word, you wou'd say they have more Modesty. Isidorus of Pelusium says in one of his Letters, *αἱ κόραι, αἰ εἰσω τῶν οὐθαλμῶν, καθάπερ παρθένοι ἐν θαλάμοις, ἰδρυρῆσαι, καὶ τῆς βλεφάρος καθάπερ παρπεδιάσμασι νεκαλυμμέναι*, The Apples plac'd within the Eyes as Virgins in the Nuptial Chamber, and bidden under the Eye-Lids as under the Veil. These Words put Xenophon's Thought in its true Light.

CHAP. VII.

AS for Instance, Alexander's Answer when Darius. Several Leaves are wanting in this Place, and yet Gabriel de Petri thought there were 3 or 4 Lines missing. He supply'd them. Mr. Le Fevre Saumur highly approv'd of the Text as restor'd by him.

him. Indeed 'tis very Ingenious, but *style*, in as much as it supposes *Alexander's Answer to Parmenio* ought immediately to precede the Passage of *Homer*, from which 'twas twelve pretty large Pages off.

Wherefore 'tis necessary to know exactly what's missing to prevent the restoring Texts after the same manner hereafter.

* There are six great Chasms in the Treatise of the Sublime, and those Chasms in these Chapters, the II, the VII, the IX, the XVI, the XXV, and the XXXI. They are not only in all the printed Copies, but also in all the Manuscripts. The Copiers in most Places took care to give the Reader Notice of how much may be wanting in each Place; but the Commentators have not yet minded that Notice any farther than they thought fit. The Authority of the Copiers having no Weight with those who oppos'd it with their happy Conjectures.

The ancient Manuscript in the King's Library has this in particular, that informs us exactly what is wanting. The Sheets are mark'd to the Number of thirty. The Mark & Signatures are as old as the Text. The 23 first Sheets have all eight Leaves each, and contain the Problems of *Aristotle*. As to the seven last Sheets, the First, the Third, the Fourth, and the Sixth are mark'd † 24, 26, 27, and 29; these have each six Leaves, having each lost the two middle Leaves. This occasion'd the first, third, fourth, and sixth Chasm. In the printed Copies and the other Manuscripts, the second Sheet is wanting entirely; but there remain still two Leaves when the first Copies were written in the other Manuscripts and printed Copies there is here but the Value of six Leaves wanting. This made the second Chasm, which *Gabriel de Petra* pretended to fill up with three or four Lines. The fifth Sheet mark'd 28, || has but four Leaves, the four middle Leaves being lost. This makes the fifth Chasm. The seventh has but three Leaves, continu'd and fill'd up to the last Line of the last Page, we shall elsewhere examine if there's any thing lost in that Place. From all which it follows, that among the six before mention'd Chasms, the last wants four Pages, and the Vacancy can never be supply'd by Conjectures. It further follows, that the King's Manuscript is Original with respect to all those that are now remaining, since we find out by it the Origin and true Cause of their Imperfection.

This

* According to Mr. Despreaux Edition. † 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. || 24.

This Ode, of which *Catullus* translated the 3 first Strophas, and which *Longinus* has preserv'd, was doubtless one of *Sappho's* finest Pieces; but having pass'd thro' the Hands of Copiers and Criticks, it has suffer'd very much from both the one and the other. 'Tis true 'tis very different in the King's Manuscript; there's neither Distinction of Verse, nor Pointing, nor Orthography. However perhaps it had been better if the Criticks had left it as they found it, than to alter the Copy entirely as they have done. Almost all the Eolisms are taken away; 'tis cut, chang'd, transpos'd, Additions made; in short all sort of Liberty has been taken with it. *Isaac Vossius* who had seen Manuscript was the first that perceiv'd how little exact those who correct'd this Piece before him had been. See what he says in his Notes on *Catullus*. *Sed ipsam nunc Lesbiam Musam loquentem audimus; cujus Odam relictam nobis Longini beneficio, emendatam adscribemus. Nam certe in hac corrigenda viri docti operam lusuere.* After which he gives us the Ode as he had restor'd it. *Vossius* may himself be as much out of the Way as he makes the ancient Manuscripts. Let us examine his Corrections Verse by Verse.

Verse 1. 'Tis in the ancient Manuscript *μοι*. *Vossius* prefers *For*, because 'twas so in *Apollonius's* * Grammar.

Αδὺ φωνέσας. *Voss.*) *ἀδύφων σαις* Manusc. Perhaps it shou'd be read *Αδὺ φωνόσας*. In the Eolian Dialect, or rather *Αδὺ φωνήσαι σ'*, dulce loqui te, and with the more Reason because *γελᾶς*, which follows, is also in the Infinitive Mood.

Verse 5. *ιμερβεν* *Voss.*) *ιμερβεν*, with a flat Aspiration in the Eolian Dialect. Manusc.

τοιμοι τάν. *Voss.* *τὸ μὴ ἐμάν* Manusc. I believe it must be read *τὸ μοι ἐμάν*, by making one Syllable of *μοι ἐ*, as may be done, † unless we choose to read it, *τὸ μοι μάν*, which is the same thing.

Verse 7. *βερχέας* *Voss.*) *βερχέως* Manusc. If *βερχέας* may be us'd in the Eolian Dialect for *βερχέας*. We may also use *βερχέως* for *βερχέας*, the Sense will be still as fine.

Verse 8. *ἐδὲν ἐτ' ἦκει* *Voss.*) *ἐδὲν ἐτ' ἔκει* Manusc. The Eolians change the sharp Aspiration into the flat. *ἔκει*, is for *ἔκει*, heretofore in use.

Verse 9. *ἀλλὰ καμυδὶ γλώσσα σέστιγε*. *Voss.*) *ἀλλὰ καὶ μὴ γλώσσα ἔαγε*. Manusc. There shou'd be nothing chang'd but *καὶ μὴ*: For *γλώσσα ἔαγε*, is very well exprest to signify *Lingua fracta est*, and agrees with the Measures of the Verse. As to *ἀλλὰ καὶ μὴ*, perhaps it shou'd be *ἀλλὰ καὶ μὴ*, sed tacite quidem, or *ἀλλὰ καμυδὶ* for *ἀλλὰ κατ' μὴ*.

L 4

Verse

He gives the Ode.

† By the Figure call'd *συνίλησις*.

Verse 11 and 12. ἡδ' ἐν ὄρημι, βομβεῖν—~~ἡδ' ἐν~~ δ' ἀκοαὶ Fof. Voff.)
 ἡδ' ἐν ὄρημι ἐπερροβῆσαι δ' ἀκοαί, Manusc. I believe it must be read
 ἡδ' ἐν * ὄρημι ἐπέρρομ— ἐδ' ἐστι δ' ἀκοαί. They call'd ρόμβος
 a brass Instrument us'd by Magicians and the Priests of
 Cybele

Ῥόμβω κ' τυπᾶν Ῥέω φρύγες ἰλάσκονται

The Phrygians render the Goddess Rhea propitious by beating a Drum
 and a Rhombus.

Says Apollonius the Rhodian. Theocritus speaks of it also in the
 Pharmaceutria. Of † the Word ρόμβος the Verb ἐρρόμειν
 which signifies to resound, to make a Noise like that of a Rhom-
 bus. This Verb as well as a great many others is not to be
 found in the Dictionaries.

Ἀκοαί is the same as ἀκοαί. ἀκοή is to be met with more than
 once in Homer.

Verse 14. χλωροτέρη δὲ πᾶς. Voff.) χλωροτέρη δὲ ποίας Manusc.

Verse 15 and 16. τεθνάνκω δ' ὀλίγω πιδέσσω φαίνομαι ἄλλα.
 Voff.) τεθνάνκω δ' ὀλίγω πιδεύσσω φαίνομαι. ἄλλα Manusc.

'Tis thus that we must read it in my Opinion, by adding
 an Apostrophe ~~πιδέσσω~~ after ὀλίγω, and a sharp Accent after
 the Penultima of πιδέσσω. The Sense is, *A moriendo parum ab-*
fore videor. ὀλίγω πιδέσσω for ὀλίγω ἐπιδέσσειν or ἐπιδέσσειν.

Vossius makes the Ode end with φαίνομαι ἄλλα. The ancient
 Manuscript after φαίνομαι adds ἄλλα παντοματόν ἐπεὶ καὶ πάντα
 & ἡ θαυμάζοις. By which it appears the Ode as we have it is not
 entire. Tollius who has inserted almost all Vossius's Corrections
 in his Addition has not as he has done, omitted the Beginning
 of the fifth Strophæ; but to make a correct Verse of it reads it
 ἄλλα πᾶν τέκμαρτον, ἐπεὶ πάντα; and thus he uses the Word
 Ἄλλα twice together, and takes away καὶ after ἐπεὶ. As for
 ἡ θαυμάζοις he also takes it away from Sappho, but gives it to
 Longinus, reading it θαυμάζεις instead of θαυμάζοις. He pro-
 poses several other Readings in his Notes; for my part I think
 'tis best to keep as near as we can to the old Manuscript, which
 is Original with respect to all the other as has been shewn
 in the preceding Notes. Further it must be own'd, that
 all these various Lectiōns do not much alter the Sense which
 Mr. Despreaux has admirably well express'd.

A

* Ὁ ὄρημι.

† ὁ παλκίον ὡς τὰ χροῖ ἀχειρὶ καὶ ὡς διγείθ' ὅδε ρόμβος ὁ χαλκός
 ἢ Perhaps ἐπεὶ θαυμάζοις.

A
LETTER

FROM

Mr. BOILEAU

TO

Mr. PERRAULT,

On their being reconcil'd, after a long Dispute
about the ANCIENTS and MODERNS.

To Mr. Perrault, of the French Academy.

SIR,

SINCE our Difference has been publicly known, it were but reasonable our Reconciliation should be so too, and that every Body should know it has far'd with our Quarrel on Parnassus, as with that of Duels formerly here in France, which the King has so effectually suppress; and where, after having fought to Extremity, and wounded each other desperately, the contending Parties embrac'd, and became good Friends. Our Grammatical Duel has ended yet more honourably:

For,

For, if I durst quote *Homer* to you, I might affirm we have done like *Ajax* and *Hector* in the *Iliads*, who so soon as their obstinate Combat, in the presence of so many brave *Greeks* and *Trojans*, was over, not only embrac'd, but sent each other Presents. In a word, Sir, our Dispute was no sooner at an end, but you did me the honour to send me your works, as I in like manner, took care to present you with mine. We have yet better imitated these two Heroes of the Poem that pleases you so little, in that after such reciprocal Civilities, as we have paid each other, we remain of the same Sentiment and opinion we were of before, that is you always continue resolv'd not to admire *Homer* nor *Virgil* too much, and I think I can never admire them enough. This is what I thought fit to inform the Publick of, and which I began to do in an *Epigram* I compos'd soon after our Reconciliation, which having been much handed about, I suppose you may have seen: it is as follows.

*The Poets Wars at Paris cease,
And Phœbus to his sons gives Peace,
Perrault Immortal Pindar's Foe,
And Homer's fastest Friend Boileau;
Their Critick- Quarrel now give o're,
As angry as they were before.
Each others Merit they confess,
Nor think it for their differing less;
Nor argue who was wrong or right,
But both in search of Truth unite;
We fear it will much longer be,
E'er * Pradon and the Pit agree.*

You

* Pradon was a very wretched Stage-Poet, such a one as our D— may be; for he took once as much; tho' Mr. Boileau is pleas'd to hint otherwise.

You may see, Sir, by these Verses of mine wherein nevertheless I have express'd my sincere Thoughts, what difference I have always put between you and that Stage-Poet, whose Name I have only made use of to point the end of my Epigram; for as to Likeness, there's no Man who so little resembles you.

But now that we are Friends, and there remains no more Animosity nor Misunderstanding between us, may I have leave to ask what could induce you, for so long a while, to write against the most celebrated Authors of Antiquity. Was it that you thought we did not pay the best Modern Authors Respect enough? But where have you learnt we slighted them? What Age has more willingly applauded the best Modern Writers than ours? What Praises has it not bestow'd on the Works of Monsieur Descartes, Monsieur Arnaud, Monsieur Nicole, and so many other admirable both Philosophers and Divines, as France has produc'd within these sixty Years, that a small Volum would hardly contain a List of their Writings. But to confine our selves only to such Authors as have nearest relation to us, I mean Poets, what Glory have not the Malherbes, Racans, and Maynards acquir'd from the present Age? With what Applauses were the Works of Voiture, Sarazin, and la Fontaine receiv'd by it? And what Honours, if I may so speak, have not been paid by it to Monsieur Corneille, and Monsieur Racine? Who is there that does not admire the comedies of Moliere? And you your self, Sir, have you any reason to complain the World has not done Justice to your Dialogue between Love and Friendship, to your Poem upon Painting, to your Epistle upon Monsieur de la Quintinie, and to so many other excellent Pieces as have been the Products of your Pen? Our Heroick Poems, 'tis true have not been greatly esteem'd, and do you think there was not reason for it? Nay, do not you
your

your self, in some place or other of your *Parallels*, confess that the best of these sort of Modern Poems was so harsh and forc'd you could not read it.

What then could be your Motive for exclaiming so much against the Ancients? Was it that you fear'd we might receive Prejudice by imitating them? And yet can you deny that 'tis to this Imitation alone all our greatest Poets have ow'd their Success? Can you deny, I say, that *Livy*, *Dion Cassius*, *Plutarch*, *Lucan*, and even *Seneca*, furnish'd Mounſieur *Corneille* with his best Thoughts; and that having deriv'd his greatest Ideas from them, he invented a new kind of Tragedy altogether unknown to *Aristotle*? Thus, in my Opinion, the greatest part of his finest Pieces are to be consider'd, for rising above the Rules of that Philosopher; he did not, like the ancient Poets, confine himself to moving Pity and Fear, but through a more exalted Genius, endeavour'd to raise Admiration in the Souls of the Spectators, by Sublimity of Thought, and Beauty of Expression, a Method that most People, especially the younger sort, are more mov'd by than by the true Tragick Passion. In a word, Sir, to conclude my Period, which has been somewhat long, cannot you agree with me that *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, club'd to form Mounſieur *Racine*? Cannot you confess that Mounſieur *Moliere* learnt the greatest * *Finesses* in his Art from *Terence* and *Plautus*?

Whence then could proceed all this heat and Animosity of yours against the Ancients? If I am not mistaken, I begin to find it out. You have, 'tis likely, one time or other met with some of those *Sophists*, such as the *President* in your *Dialogues*, who study more to enrich their memories than their minds, and who having neither Wit, Judgment, nor Relish, esteem the Ancients only because they are Ancients, who think

* The happiest Strokes.

think not that Reason can speak any other Language than *Greek* or *Latin* and condemn, at first Sight, all that is writ in any Modern Tongue, merely because it is Modern. These ridiculous Admirers of Antiquity have disgusted you against admiring what is wonderful in the *Ancients*. You cou'd not prevail on your self to join in with such irrational Creatures, even where they had Reason, and according to all probability this was the Occasion of your writing your *Parallels*. You thought, I suppose, with the Wit you had, which they wanted, and a few specious Arguments, easily to overthrow such weak Antagonists; and you succeeded so far in it, that doubtless you had been Master of the Field, had not I join'd them against you, these *Sophists* not being able, and the truly Learned disdaining to answer you thro' a too much affected Superciliousness. Permit me however to assure you that the great Writers among the *Ancients* ow'd their Glory neither to the Approbation of one or other of these, but to a constant and unanimous Admiration express'd by the Men of Sense and Taste in all Ages, and among whom was more than one *Alexander* or one *Cesar*. Permit me, I say, to represent to you, that 'tis not now a-days as you imagine, that your *Schrevelius's*, your *Perardus's*, your *Menagius's*; and, to make use of *Moliere's* Expression, your Wise Men in *Us*, that relish *Homer*, *Horace*, *Cicero* or *Virgil* best; but those I have always found the most mov'd at reading them, have been Wits of the first Rank, Men of the highest Stations, and, if I were oblig'd to name any of them I should surprize you, perhaps, with the illustrious Names not only of the *Lamoignons*, the *Daguesseaux* and the *Troisvilles*, but also of the *Condes*, *Contis* and *Turennes*.

Is it not possible then, Sir, as learned a Man as you are, to join you in Opinion with all these learned

learned Men? Yes, without doubt 'tis possible, and you and I are not so distant in Sentiment neither as you imagine. In short, what is it that you have pretended to by all those Poems, Dialogues and Dissertations of yours upon the *Ancients* and *Moderns*? Was not your Design to show, that as to the Knowledge, especially of the *Fine Arts*, and the *Belles Lettres*, our Age, or to speak better, that of *Lewis the Great*, is not only comparable, but Superior to all the most famous Ages of Antiquity, and even to that of *Augustus*. You'll be surpriz'd, perhaps to hear, that as to that Particular I'm entirely of your Opinion, and in Case my Business or Infirmities would give me leave, I would join with you in the Proofs of it, but then I should make use of quite different Arguments, for every one has his Way of reasoning, and take such Precautions and Measures as you have not done.

I should not, like you, oppose our Nation and Age alone to all the Ages together; such an Undertaking, in my Opinion, would not be maintainable. I would rather examine each Nation, and each Age, one after anothee; and after having duly consider'd wherein they excell'd us, and wherein we surpass them; I am very much mistaken if I could not prove that the Advantage is altogether on our Side. Thus when I came to the Age of *Augustus*, I would begin by owning sincerely that we have no Heroick Poets or Orators comparable with *Virgil* or *Cicero*. I would allow that our most able Historians are nothing in respect of *Livy* or *Salust*. I would in like manner pass a Censure on our Satyr and our Elegy, tho' the Satyrs of *Regnier* are admirable, and the Elegies of *Voiture*, *Sarazin*, and the Countess of *Susa*, wonderfully charming. But then as to Tragedy, I would show that we are by far superiour to any of the *Romans*, who wrote on those Subjects, who I should not

not be able to put in Competition with many excellent Pieces we have in that kind. What have they but some few Declamations, rather pompous than reasonable, of a pretended *Seneca*, and a little Noise there was made at that time about the *Thyestes* of *Varius*, and the *Medea* of *Ovid*. I would likewise prove, that very far from having better Comick Poets than we, that Age had not one who deserves to be remember'd, for *Plautus*, *Cacilius* and *Terence*, dy'd in the Age before. I would further show, that if for *Odes* we have no Poets so perfect as *Horace*, who was their sole *Lyrick* Poet, we have nevertheless divers who are not inferiour to him in Purity of *Language*, or Justness of Expression, and whose Works being put all together, might 'tis probable, be able to balance the five Books of *Odes* which remain to us of that great Poet. I would show also there are several kinds of Poesy, which the *Romans* did not only not excell us in, but which they never knew; and which are those Poems in Prose that we call *Romances*, a Sort of Poetry, of which we have inestimable Models; and which, bating their Immorality, which makes them a little dangerous for young People especially, to read, can hardly be enough valu'd. I would maintain boldly that to take the Age of *Augustus* in its greatest Extent, that is to say from the Time of *Cicero* to that of *Cornelius Tacitus*, there is scarce to be found among the *Romans* one single natural Philosopher, fit to enter the Lists with *Descartes*, or even with *Gassendus*. I would prove that for great Learning and Variety of Knowledge, their *Varro's* and their *Pliny's*, who are nevertheless their most learned Writers, are not fit to be nam'd with our *Bignon's*, our *Scaliger's*, our *Saumaïse's*, our Father *Sirmond's*, and our Father *Petau's*. I would with you, triumph over their small Knowledge in *Astronomy*, *Geography* and *Navigation*. I would defy them

to show me, excepting *Vitruvius*, only, who nevertheless was rather a good Doctor in Architecture, than an excellent Architect, I would defy them, I say, to name me one skilful Architect of theirs, one skilful Sculptor, or one skilful Roman Painter; that practis'd those Arts at *Rome*, which, by the bye, the *Romans* knew little of, the Painters being *Greeks* either of *Asia* or *Europe*: Whereas the whole World now a-days rings with the Reputation of our *Poussin's*, our *Le Brun's*, our *Girardon's* and our *Mansard's*. I could add much more to what I have said, but believing this sufficient to shield me against the Age of *Augustus*, as to this Particular I shall say no more. If from the Comparison of Learned Men and famous Artists, we should proceed to that of Heroes and great Princes, it may be I might be able to make my Party good as I have hitherto done: I'm certain at least I should not be at any great Loss to prove, that the *Augustus* of the *Romans* was no Ways superior to the *Augustus* of *France*. By all has been said, Sir, you see, properly speaking, we have not disagreed about the Value we ought to have for our own Nation and our own Age; but yet 'tis plain we have been differently of the same Opinion. Besides it was not your Sentiments in your *Parallels* that I attack'd, but that scornful and haughty manner wherewith your *Abbe* and your *Chevalier* treated Authors, for whom, in my Opinion, we cannot have too much Esteem, Respect, and Admiration, even whilst we blame them. Nothing more, Sir, I think remains to assure our Reconciliation, and prevent all further Disputes between us, but that we reciprocally endeavour to cure each other of our Failings. I must strive to cure you of your somewhat too violent Inclination to lessen the Works of the best Writers of Antiquity; and you may, if you please reproach me with my too frequent Practise of satyrizing the bad

bad and even the middling Authors of this Age. This is what, in my Judgment, we ought seriously to apply our selves to; but tho' we should not succeed, I assure you, on my Part, that shou'd never disturb our Reconciliation; and providing you did not oblige me to read *Clovis*, and the *Précelle d'Orleans*, I wou'd leave you at full Liberty to criticize the *Iliads* and the *Aeneids* as you please, contenting my self with admiring them, and not requiring you to pay them that Respect, tending to Adoration, which you complain in one of your Poems was exacted of you, and which *Statius* in effect, seems, to have for the *Aeneids*, where he says to himself;

————— *Nec tu divinam Aeneida tenta:
Sed longe sequare, & Vestigia semper adora.*

This, Sir, is what I was very desirous the Publick should know, and to inform them thoroughly of it, did my self the Honour to write you this Letter, which I intend to publish in a new Edition, both in great and little, of my Works. In this Edition I would willingly suppress some few Railleries, a little too sharp, which escap'd me in my *Reflections* upon *Longinus*, but have judg'd such a Design altogether fruitless, in regard that two former Editions were abroad, to which and some foreign Editions, that might be publish'd, People wou'd undoubtedly have Recourse. I thought then the best Way for me to satisfy you here, as I've already done, of the real Sentiments I have for you. I hope you'll be pleas'd with my Proceeding, and that you will not be offended at the Liberty I have taken to print, in thss last Edition of mine, the Letter which the famous Monsieur *Arnauld* wrote to you concerning my Tenth Satyr.

For over and above, that that Letter has been made publick in two Collections of the Works of that great Man; I desire you to consider, that in the Preface to your *Apology for Women*, against which this Letter defends me, you were pleas'd to reproach me not only with faults in Reasoning and Grammar; but also with uttering divers obscene Words and Falsities. I beseech you therefore, to reflect, that these reproaches regarding my Honour, it would be in some measure owning them, to let them go unanswered; and since this has been done for me so honourably by another hand, you must pardon me if I could not dispense with inserting that Letter in this New Edition. However, there is in the Letter such a Deference to the Person against whom 'tis written, that, in my Opinion, no good Man can be offended at it, you'll read it without Concern, and that, as I confess freely, the Displeasure to find myself attack'd in your *Dialogues*, made me to say things that had better never been said; so you ought to own that the Prejudice you receiv'd by being criticiz'd in my Tenth *Satyr*, made you see obscene Words and Falsities that were in no wise there. As to what remains, Sir, I desire you to believe I value you as I ought, and that I do not look upon you only as a Man of great Wit, but likewise as a Person of the greatest Probity and Honour. I am,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

A
L E T T E R

F R O M

Mr. A R N A U L D

Doctor of the Sorbonne,

T O .

Mr. P E R R A U L T,

Occasion'd by Monsieur DESPREAUX's Tenth Satyr.

Y O u may well be surpris'd, Sir, at my delaying so long to return you an Answer, and to thank you for your Present, and the generous Way you take to put me in mind of the Affection which you and the Gentlemen your Brothers have profess'd for me, ever since I had the Honour to know you. I cou'd not read your Letter over without finding my self under new Obligations to you, but to speak plainly to you, when I afterwards read the Preface to your Vindication of the Ladies, I was very much embarrass'd, and found that my Answer wou'd be more difficult than I imagin'd. The Reason of it is this.

Every Body knows Mr. Despreaux is my very good Friend, and that at all times he has given me

Proofs of his Esteem and Friendship. A Friend of mine sent me his last Satyr, I let that Friend know how much I was pleas'd with it and shew'd him particularly that what I valu'd most as to the Morality of it was, the ingenious and lively Manner with which he represented the ill Effects that Opera's and Romances might produce in young People. But as I can't help speaking my Mind to my Friends, I cou'd not conceal from him that I wish'd the Author of *St. Paulin* had not been mention'd. This was written before I knew any thing of the Vindication of the Ladies, which I did not receive till a Month before. I like extreamly well what you say in favour of those Fathers and Mothers who were for their Children's embracing a marry'd Life out of Honorable and Christian Principles, and the Softness and Graces of the Verse were what I took particular Notice of. But meeting with several things in the Preface which I cou'd not approve of without offending my Conscience, I resolv'd to shew you your self four or five Points which I was the most troubled at, hoping you will not take it ill that I behave my self towards you with the unaffected and hearty Sincerity which Christians ought to practice towards their Friends.

The first thing I cou'd not approve of is your laying this general Proposition to the Charge of your Adversary, *That we cannot err in following the Ancients*, and your concluding, *That because Horace and Juvenal rail'd against Women so scandalously as, they did he thought he had a Right to do the same thing.* Wherefore you accuse him of railing against Women scandalously and using Expressions that shock Modesty, and that he thought himself authoriz'd to do it, by the Example of *Horace* and *Juvenal*. But he's so far from it, that he declares positively the Contrary, for after having said in his Preface, *He was not afraid that the Ladies wou'd be offended with his Satyr*, he adds,

He

He was sure of one thing at least, for which they wou'd commend him, that is his having found out a Way in treating of so delicate a Matter, to do it so that not one Word has escap'd him that can give the least Offence in the World to Modesty. This is what you your self, Sir, have reported of him, in your Preface, and what you pretend to have confuted by these Words. What an Error is this? Can Heroes with Luxurious Voices, Lustful Morals, making Assignations at the Stews and the Joys of Hell tasted in Paradise, be presented to the Mind without forming Images that are offensive to Modesty?

I confess, Sir, I'm extreamly surpris'd to see you maintain an Accusation of this Nature against the Author of the Satyr, and that upon so slight Grounds. For 'tis not true that the Expressions mention'd by you are indecent and shocking to Modesty, neither do the Reasons you give why they are so, prove what you alledge, for if 'twas true that Modesty wou'd be offended with all the Terms which might present to our Imagination some certain things in the Matter of Purity, you wou'd your self have offended when you said, *the ancient Poets taught several Ways to excuse themselves of Marriage, which Ways are Crimes among Christians, and abominable Crimes too.* For can any thing be more horrible and infamous than the Images which those Words *Abominable Crimes* present to the Mind, for which Reason we must never judge by that whether a Word is dishonest or not.

We shou'd read a Letter written by Cicero to Papyrius Pætus on this Subject, it begins with these Words, *Amo verecundiam, tu potius Libertatem loquendi,* for thus the Passage ought to be read, and not *Amo verecundiam, vel potius Libertatem loquendi* (which is a visible Fault in almost all the Editions of Cicero) in this Letter he treated of that Question, about which the Philosophers were divided, whether there

were any Words that ought to be look'd upon as indecent, and that Modesty did not allow the Use of, He says the Stoicks deny'd there were any such and quotes their Reasons. They alledge that Obscenity cou'd not be but in the Words or the Things that it was not in the Words, because several Words being equivocal and having several Significations, they did not pass for indecent in one of their Significations of which he gives several Examples, that 'twas not also in the Things, because the same being to be signify'd by several Ways of Speech, there were some of 'em which the most modest Persons made no Difficulty to use. If, says he, no Body is Shock't to hear this said *Virginem me quondam invitam, is per vim violat*: Whereas if another Word had been us'd, which *Cicero* leaves to be understood, and was cautious of writing *Nemo*, says he; *tulisset* no body could have suffer'd it.

'Tis certain therefore, according to all the Philosophers and the Stoicks themselves that Men are agreed that the same thing being Express'd by some Terms wou'd not offend Modesty, and being express'd by others it wou'd. For ev'n the Stoicks allow'd there was this Consent of Mankind but believing it to be wrong they maintain'd that none was oblig'd to follow it. This is what made 'em say *Nil esse obscenum nec in verbo nec in re*; and the Sage, calls every thing by its Name.

But as this Opinion of the Stoicks is not to be vindicated and being Contrary to St. Paul who places *Turpiloquium*, Leud Words among the Sins it must necessarily be Confess'd that the same thing may be Express'd by some Words which wou'd be very Indecent, but that it may also be Express'd by some Words which are not at all so in the Opinion of all Reasonable Persons. If any one wou'd know the Reason of it which *Cicero* has not given us he may have recourse to the *Art of Thinking* Part I. Chap. 13.

But

But without confining our selves to that Reason. 'Tis certain that in all Polish'd Languages I don't know whether 'tis 'the same in the Barbarous Tongues, there are some Terms which Custom will have to be look'd on as indecent, and they cannot be made use of without giving Offence to Modesty, and there are others which signifying the same thing, but not in so gross a Way, and if I may so say, more with a Veil over 'em, are not censur'd as indecent, and it cannot be otherwise. For if some things which make one blush when express'd too grossly, are not to be express'd by other Words not offensive to Modesty, there are certain Vices of which we shou'd not be able to speak let there be ever so much Necessity for it to raise Horror against them, and exhort People to avoid 'em.

This being granted, how cou'd you help seeing that the Words you censur'd wou'd never pass for indecent? The first are *Luxurious Voices* and *Lustful Morals*; all that can be said against these Words *Luxurious and Lustful is, that they are somewhat old, however that does not hinder but they may very well be brought into a Satyr, and 'tis a thing unheard of that they shou'd be taken for indecent and offensive to Modesty. If that was true, wou'd the Word *Luxurious* have been left in God's Commandements which are taught Children; *Making Assignations at the Stews* is certainly a very wicked thing, for those that do it, 'tis also with this View that the Author of the Satyr speaks of it to expose and render it detestable, but what Reason is there why this Expression shou'd be indecent; wou'd you have had the Trade of the Stews mention'd by its proper Name? That cou'd never have been done without offending Modesty,

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deity,

* *Luxurious and Lubrique are a little old in the French, but in the English are modern Enough.*

deſty, 'Tis the ſame thing with the *Joy of Hell taſted in Paradise*: I don't find that what you urge has any Foundation. 'Tis ſay you, a *very obſcure Expreſſion*. A little Obſcurity is not amiſs in ſuch ſort of things; but there's none here which Men of Senſe do not eaſily remove. They need only read that which goes before in the Satyr, which is the Picture of an Hypocrite.

To this come all the Doctor's pious Cares,
His holy Councils, and his Heav'nly Pray'rs,
And if with this he's ſatisfy'd 'tis well,
For to worſe Uſes he may put his Zeal.
So much he preaches of the Light within,
Whate'er ſhe do's with him ſhe thinks no Sin:
When his new Doctrine by new Proofs he proves,
She'll eaſily believe the Spirit moves;
By Satan's Help the Bounds of Virtue paſt,
In Paradise the Joy of Hell they taſt.

Was it not commendable in the Poet to make uſe of the blackeſt Colours to raiſe Horror at ſo infamous an Abufe, of which of late we have ſeen ſuch terrible Examples? 'Tis eaſie to be perceiv'd that he means by the Verſes we have cited out of this Satyr the Crime of an Hypocritical Director, who with the Devil's Help makes a wretched Woman taſt the criminal Pleaſures of Hell, when he pretended to lead her to Paradise. But, ſay you, *one cannot dig this Thought without dirting the Imagination frightfully*. If to dig a Thought of this Nature be to form a filthy Image in the Imagination when there's no manner of Occaſion for't ſo much the worſe for thoſe who as you ſay dig this. For theſe ſorts of Thoughts dreſt up as they are in the Satyr, in decent Terms do not properly preſent any thing to the Imagination, but only to the Underſtanding, that it may infuſe an Aversion to the thing ſpoken.

spoken of, which is so far from tending to Vice, that 'tis a powerful Means to make one avoid it, wherefore it is not true that this Part of the Satyr is not to be read without dirting the Imagination, unless 'twas before very much spoil'd by a vicious Habit of imagining what ought to be known only in order to be avoided according to that fine Saying of Tertullian, if my Memory do's not decieve me : *Spiritualia nequitia non amica conscientia, sed inimica scientia novimus.*

Which brings to my Remembrance the over nice Modesty of Pere Bouhours, who thought the Translators of the *New Testament* deserv'd to be condemn'd for translating *Abraham genuit Isaac*, *Abraham begat Isaac*; because, says he, the Word *begat* defiles the Imagination; as if the Latin Word *genuit* gave another Idea than the French *engendrer* to *beget*. Wise and modest People don't make such sorts of Reflexions which wou'd banish an infinite Number of Words from our Language as to conceive to consummate Marriage to enjoy, and the like; and in vain also wou'd it be for the Hebrews to praise the Chastity of the *Holy Language* in these Ways of speaking, *Adam knew his Wife, and she conceiv'd and bare Cain*. For may it not be said that we cannot dig this Expression to know his Wife without defiling the Imagination. Was St. Paul afraid of this when he spoke of Fornication, in the first Epistle to the *Corinthians*, Chap. 6. *Know you that your Bodies are Members of Jesus Christ? Shall I then take the Members of Christ and make 'em the Members of an Harlot? God forbid! What know ye not that he who is join'd to an Harlot is one Body? For two says he shall be one Flesh; but he that is join'd to the Lord is one Spirit. Flee Fornication.*

Who doubts but these Words present Things to the Mind that wou'd make one blush if they were exprest in Phrases, which Decency wou'd not admit

admit of. But besides that, the Terms which the Apostle makes use of, are of such a Nature that they cannot offend Modesty, the Idea they beget is accompany'd with an Idea of Abhorrence, which not only prevents their giving Offence to Modesty, but is also the Cause that Christians conceive an Horror for the Vice the Apostle exhorts the Faithful not to be guilty of. But wou'd you know what is Matter of Scandal to the Weak? 'Tis when a Man out of a false Delicacy makes them apprehensive of a Filthiness of Imagination, where no Body before him ever thought of any such Thing; for he is by that Means the Cause of their Thinking what had never come into their Thoughts; if they had been let alone to their own Simplicity; wherefore you see, Sir, you had no Reason to reproach your Adversary that he was in the Wrong to boast of *not letting one Word escape him which could in the least offend Modesty.*

The second Thing, Sir, that I was troubled at, is your blaming some Places in the Satyr which I reckon'd the most Beautiful, the most Edifying, and most likely to contribute to good Manners, and the publick Honour. I will instance two or three Examples. I confess I was charm'd with these Verses

You choose so well, you say your future Wife,
Lives above Malice, an unblemish'd Life.
In Virtues Ways instructed in the Schools,
She governs her Desires by Duties Rules.
But how can you be sure she'll still remain
A Foe to Pleasure, and be free from Stain?
That ne'er by Licence she'll from Duty swerve,
And her first Innocence to Death preserve.
When thou thy self shall to the Opera lead
Thy Saint; think how 'twill fill her Heart and Head.
How will she there the pompous Scenes behold,
And hear the Tale of Love in Musick told?

How

How will her Eyes the wanton Dance pursue,
Those Heroes with luxurious Voices view?
How will the Magick Sounds her Passion move,
When every Thought, and every Word is Love?
How will she like to see a Lover die,
To hear Orlando rove, Rinaldo sigh?
By them that Love's a Sovereign God she'll know,
And all to this Divinity must bow.
That Virtue's self must yield. By them she'll prove
That Hearts had ne'er been giv'n us but to Love.
These lustful Morals, these lew'd Topicks shine
In Lully's Airs, and Vice looks there Divine.
May not the Thoughts those melting Sounds inspire,
Inflame her Breast and kindle new Desire?

There was something like this in a Book printed ten Years ago, for it was shown there by the Authority of the Pagans themselves, what a pernicious Thing 'tis to make Love a God, and to infuse these Thoughts into young People, that nothing is so sweet as to Love. Give me Leave, Sir, to repeat here what is said in that Book, which is now pretty scarce. *Can one have the least Zeal for the Salvation of Souls without grieving for the Mischief, which Romances, Comedies and Opera's have done to the Minds of an infinite Number of Persons, not but that Care is taken to avoid any thing in 'em that is grossly indecent, yet they study to represent Love as the most charming and sweetest thing in the World: There's no need of any thing more to give one a great Inclination for that fatal Passion, which often make such Wounds that an extraordinary Grace is necessary to cure them. The Pagans themselves have acknowledge'd the Mischief it might occasion in Manners, for Cicero having cited a Verse out of a Comedy wherein the Poet says Love is the greatest of the Gods (which is said but too often in our modern Comedies) crys out with Reason, Oh what a fine Reformer of Manners is Poesy which makes*

a Divinity of Love the Cause of many Follies and shameful Disorders! But 'tis no Wonder to meet with such things in a Comedy, for we should have none if we did not approve of these Disorders, *De Comordia loquor, quæ, si hac flagitia non approbaremus, nulla esset omnino.*

But what is more particular and more commendable in the Author of the Satyr is his representing with so much Wit and Force the Destruction the Verses of the Opera might make in good Manners, for they turn all on Love, the Airs that are sung may with very good Reason be call'd *Luxurious* because nothing can be thought of so likely to enflame the Passions and infect the Mind with the *Lustful Morals* of the Poem. And what's still worse, is that the Poison of these Lewd Songs are not limited to the Places where these Pieces are perform'd, but spread all over *France*, where an infinite Number of People apply themselves to learn 'em by heart, and delight in singing them where ever they come.

(However, Sir, you are so far from acknowledging the Service the Author of the Satyr has render'd the Publick in it, that you wou'd have it thought he did it only to fall foul upon Mr. *Quinault*, Author of the Verses in the Opera of which he speaks so ill; and you imagin'd you had even in that Place, found out some indecent Words which gave Offence to Modesty. Another thing I was very well pleas'd with in the Satyr is what he says against the ill Effects of reading Romances. Suffer me, Sir, to repeat it here.

Suppose her Vertue may this Shock endure,
That faithful from the Scene she comes, and pure,
Much Company and Visits will create
A Thousand Rocks to wreck the Marriage State.
In slippery Places will she walk secure,
And on the Precipice her Steps be sure?

Will no vain Youth his free Access abuse,
 Nor with soft Arts her tender Heart seduce ?
 Will she not soon the Ways of *Clelia* get,
 And Gallants by the Name of Friends admit ?
 Will they be satisfy'd with Nom de Guerre's
 With Counterfeited Sighs and Mimick Tears ?
 Nor she'll at last improve the prosperous Gale,
 And down the River *Tender* sweetly sail.
 Censure She'll Scorn of which She's now afraid,
 And any thing will say and hear it said.
 Us'd to Intrigue She'll farther still Advance,
 Nor end upon the Terms of a Romance.
 Vice asks no more of us but to begin,
 One Sin's the Parent of another Sin.
 Honour's a *Shelly* Isle without a Shoar
 When once we've lost it we return no more.

Can the Mischief which those Romances that are in most Esteem are capable of doing be better represented, or by what insensible Degrees they carry away young People, who suffer themselves to be poyson'd by them, much farther than the Terms of a Romance, and e'en to the worst Disorders ? But because *Clelia* is nam'd there, you make a most unpardonable Crime of it, and speak of it as what gives most Offence in the Satyr. *How much*, say you, *is the World offended to see him continue his Railing against Clelia. The Esteem which that Piece has always been in, and the extream Respect which every one has always had for the illustrious Person who wrote it has given general Offence against an Attack so open and so uselessly repeated. It appears plainly, that true Merit is rather a Reason to procure a Man a Place in his Satyr, than exempt him from it. We have nothing to do here, Sir, with the Merit of the Person who wrote Clelia, nor the Esteem that Piece has been in. The Wit, Politeness and Fineness of Invention in it may deserve as much, the Characters are well maintain'd,*
 and

and the other Parts of it which render the reading of Romances pleasant to so many Persons, shine there as much as in any of them, I'll allow if you will 'tis the finest Romance that ever was written, yet in short, 'tis a Romance still, that is all we can say and enough too; for 'tis the Character of those Writings to turn all upon Love, and read Lectures of it after the most ingenious Manner, which is by so much the more likely to succeed, by how much in Appearance it avoids every thing that seems grossly contrary to Chastity. By this Means the Readers are insensibly led to the Brink of the Precipice, imagining they shall not fall into it, tho' they are already half fall'n thro' the Pleasure they take in filling their Minds and Hearts with the sweet Ethicks taught in the Country of Tender. You may say as much as you please of the general Veneration that Piece is in, but pray mind two Things of Which I am very well inform'd.

The first is, that the late Princess of Conti and Madam Longueville understanding Monsieur Despreaux had written a Treatise in Prose against Romances, in which Treatise *Clelia* was not spar'd, as those Princesses knew better than any body how dangerous the reading of Romances was, they let him know they should be very glad to see it: He read it to them, and they were so well pleas'd with it, that they seem'd very desirous to have it printed, but he excus'd it that he might not make himself more Enemies.

The other thing is that an Abbot of great Worth as eminent for his Piety as his Understanding, resolv'd to read *Clelia* to qualify himself to make a right Judgment of the Merits of the Cause, and that Judgment was the very same with those two Princesses. The more the illustrious Person who is said to have written that Piece is esteem'd, the more we incline to believe that at present her Sentiments are the same.

same with those Princesses, and that she heartily repents of what she said formerly, when she was not as well enlighten'd as she has been since. All the Friends of Mr. Gomberville, who was a Man of a great deal of Merit, and one of the first Academicians, knew what his Disposition was with Respect to his *Polexandre*; and that if it had been possible he wou'd have wip'd it all out with his Tears, supposing God has bestow'd the same Grace on the Person said to be the Author of *Cellia* 'tis very little to her Honour to represent her to be so much concern'd for what she formerly wrote, that she cannot suffer to have that censur'd, deserves it which according to all the Rules of Christian Piety.

In short, Sir, I own I was extremely pleas'd with what is said in the Satyr against a wretched Director, who wou'd carry his Penitent from Quietism to down right Molinism, or instead of the Light within, use her too much to the Senses without. • We have seen already that 'tis one of the Places which you think most unjustifiable, I beg you, Sir, to reflect seriously upon the Matter.

You say in the Beginning of your Preface, *That in the Dispute between Mr. Despreaux and you, The Defence of the Truth is not only the Concern but also good Manners and the publick Honour*, suffer me Sir, to ask you if you have no Reason to fear that those who shall compare the three Passages you cite out of the Satyr, with those you oppose to them, may not incline to be of Opinion that the Defence of good Manners and the publick Honour is rather on his Side than yours. For on the Satyr's Side they'll observe, 1. A very just and Christian Condemnation of the Verses of the Opera supported by the effeminate Airs of *Lully*. 2. The pernicious Effects of Romances represented with so much Force, that 'tis enough to hinder those Fathers

thers and Mothers who fear God, to suffer 'em to fall into the Hands of their Children. 3. Paradise, the Devil, and Hell introduc'd to create the greater Horror of the Profanation of holy things. See they'll say, how Mr. *Despreaux's* Satyr is against good Manners and the Publick Honour.

On the other side, they will find in your Preface, 1. The same Verses of the Opera, judg'd so good or at least so innocent that as you make it, Sir, they have Grounds to believe Mr. *Despreaux* condemn'd 'em only to fall foul upon Mr. *Quinault* the Author of 'em. 2. So much Zeal in the Defence of *Clelia*, that there's nothing which you blame with more Sharpness in the Author of the Satyr than his not respecting and venerating that Piece enough. 3. An unjust Reproach of his having given Offence to Modesty, for his taking Care to expose the Enormity of the Crime in an hypocritical Director. Indeed, Sir, I can't tell whether you have any Cause to believe that the Judgment past upon these things can be in your Favour.

The greatest Strength of your Argument against Mr. *Despreaux* seems to have a very weak Foundation, you pretend the Satyr is contrary to good Manners, and give only two Proofs of it. The first is what he says by Way of Banter to his Friend.

Oh with what Joy, &c?
To see a little Fry about you grown
And please your self to think they're all your own.

The other Proof is in the following Passage where he is still in jest.

Some faithful Wives are to be met with now
Doubtless; in *Paris*, Sir, if I can count
The Number will to three at least amount.

As to the First you say. He gives us to understand by this that a Man must not be very Cunning nor know much of the World, when he believes his Children are his own. And as to the second. He also lets us know that according to his Calculation and the Argument which is the Result of it, we are almost all of us Bastards.

By how much the more an Accusation is Extravagant by so much the more we shou'd avoid engaging in it unless we have good Proofs for what we say. Now 'tis certainly very Extravagant to charge the Author of the Satyr with giving us to understand, that a Man can't be very Cunning if he believes his Wives Children are his own, and that there are not above three honest Wives in a City where there are above two Hundred Thousand. However, Sir, you alledge no Proof of this Accusation but the two Passages I have mention'd. And it was easy for you to observe, that the Author of the Satyr shows you very plainly he spoke 'em both in Banter, especially the last. For he does not take the Serious Air upon him, till where he makes Alcippe speak in favour of Marriage, which begins with these Verses.

I young into the World by you was brought
And have Enough of this at Times been taught.

And ends with these, which contain a Truth the Pagans knew nothing of, and Saint Paul has Taught us. *Qui se non continet, nubat; melius est nubere quam uri.*

But Marriage is a Yoke; the better still,
What Man so certain as to trust his Will?
Our Passions will the Mast'ry quickly gain
And are not to be rul'd without the Rein
Man's Fatal Power's the Rise of all his Pains,
And ne'er is he so free but when in Chains.

What does the Poet answer to this? Does he contradict it? Does he confute it? On the contrary he approves of it in the following Verses.

Heaven knows the Weakness of his roving Mind
And he's in Kindness to himself confin'd.

'Tis thus he helps him oft or he'd persist

In Error still. A perfect *Jansenist*!

So learnedly you've laid the Matter out,

Who of your Judgment and its Truth will doubt?

And should you publicly this Doctrine broach,

The Priest cou'd not out preach you at *St. Roach*.

And afterwards he declares he's going to speak seriously and without Railery.

Enough of Rail'ry, we'll insult no more,

And give Hyperbole and Jestings o're.

Con'd he have more expressly shown that what he said before of these three faithful Wives in *Paris* was only in jest? Such Extravagant Hyberboles are never us'd but in Bantering, and you yourself, Sir, wou'd not be willing to be believ'd when you say, *That we ought not to Condemn all for two or three Wives whose Crimes are notorious.*

Do you think there are but two or three Women Infamous for their wicked Crimes in that City? But 'tis a plain Proof, the Author of the Satyr did not believe there were so few honest Women, because in a Scene of Pictures which he draws, there are only the two first, whose Character is Infidelity, except the Hypocritical Lady of whom he says only, that her Director may put his Zeal to worse uses. As for these Words, *To think they are your own.* 'Tis no Rule that he gives us to understand by them. *A Husband cannot be very Cunning or know much of the World, if he believes his Children his own.* Besides that the Author speaks here by way of Banter, he says nothing in the Main, but what is justify'd by the

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Reply in the Civil Law, *Pater est quem Nuptia demonstrant*. That is, the Husband ought to be look'd upon as the Father of the Children born in Wedlock, tho' it may not always be true that he is their Father. However does it follow then that if a Man wou'd pass for Cunning and to know the World, he must believe he is not the Father of his Wife's Children? The contrary is very plain, for unless he has certain Proofs he cannot believe he is not, without passing a rash and very criminal Judgment on his Wife.

Notwithstanding which, since 'tis, on Occasion of these two Places, that you Condemn Mr. Despreaux's Satyr, as a Declamation against Marriage, offensive to Honesty and good Manners. Pray see a little if you cou'd do it without giving Offence to Justice and Charity. I find two things in your Preface, which are a great Justification of that Satyr, tho' they were intended to Condemn it. One of 'em is what you say in the fifth Page, *That every one who writes a Satyr, ought to aim at something Moral and Instructive to Mankind, and that one cannot without wronging Mr. Despreaux say he had any such Intention.* The other is the Answer to what he says at the End of his Preface to the Satyr. *The Women shou'd not be more shock'd at his Preaching against the Faults in this Satyr, than at the Satyr, the Preachers make every Day on the same Faults in the Pulpit.*

You own that Satyrs may be compar'd to Sermons, and that 'tis the Nature of both of 'em to War with Vice. But that it ought to be in General, and without naming Persons. Now Mr. Despreaux has not nam'd the Persons who are guilty of the Vices he exposes, which cannot be deny'd but to be real Vices. Wherefore he may with very good Reason be commended for aiming at something Moral and Instructive to Mankind, since he does it by raising Horror at Vice, pr reading

it ridiculous. For People are often sooner Laught out of it than convinc'd of the Heinousness of it by a serious Discourse according to that ancient Saying

Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque facit res.

'Twould be in vain to object that in his fourth Character he is not satisfy'd with exposing Avarice in general having apply'd it to two Persons very well known, for having not nam'd 'em, he has told the World nothing but what they knew before. Now as 'twould be to carry this pretended Rule of not naming Persons too far, to forbid Preachers sometimes to make use of Stories known to every Body, in order to Exhort their Auditories to fly certain Vices, so it wou'd be abus'd if it were extended to the Authors of Satyrs, and they were absolutely forbidden to break in upon it on any Occasion.

The Matter also is not as you take it, you pretend that Mr. Despreaux has nam'd Persons in this Satyr, and in such a Manner, that those who are not displeas'd with Scandal are disgusted at his. All the Proof you bring for it, is his introducing Chapelain, Cotin, Pradon, Corras and several others, which, say you, is the most tiresome and distasteful thing in the World. Pardon me if I tell you you have not at all prov'd by that, what it lay upon you to prove. For the Business was to know whether Mr. Despreaux had not aim'd at Morality and contributed to it, by blaming those Faults in his Satyrs, which the Preachers blame in their Sermons. Your Answer is that to promote Morality, either in Satyrs or Sermons, Vices in General ought to be expos'd without naming Persons. You shou'd therefore have shewn that the Author of the Satyr had nam'd the Women whose Faults he expos'd. For as to Chapelain, Cotin, Pradon, Corras, they are

not the Names of Women but of Poets. Wherefore they are not proper to shew that Mr. *Despreaux* in exposing the different Vices of Women which you own was lawful for him to do, has been guilty of Scandal in naming particular Women to whom he attributed these Vices.

Therefore Mr. *Despreaux* is justifiable according to your self with Respect to the Women, who are the chief Subject of the Satyr. I wou'd now enquire with you, whether he is guilty of Scandal with Respect to the Poets.

I must confess 'tis what I cannot comprehend, for every Body has hitherto thought one Author might write against another, provided he only touch'd on the Defects he believ'd he had found out in his Writings, without bringing in Scandal; if he did it honestly without imposing on him or cavilling at him, especially when he fell upon nothing but real Faults.

As when, for Instance, Father *Goulu* General of the *Feuillants** above sixty Years ago publish'd two Volumes against M. de *Balzac's* Letters which made a great Noise in the World, and the Publick was diverted by it; some were for *Balzac*, others for the *Feuillant*, but no Body pretended to accuse him of being guilty of Scandal, neither was that Charge brought against *Javersac*, who fell upon both the *Feuillant* and *Balzac*. The Wars between Authors pass always for innocent, when they engage only in Criticisms concerning Literature, Grammar, Poetry, Eloquence, and there are no Calumnies nor personal Reflections in them. Now what has Mr. *Despreaux* done more with Respect to all the Poets he has nam'd in his Satyrs, *Chapelain*, *Cotin*, *Pradon*, *Corras* and others, than speaking his Mind and telling the Publick that they are not Patterns

to be imitated? Which may be of some Use in making Writers avoid their Faults, and contribute even to the Glory of the Nation, to which the Works of learned and polite Authors do honour when they are well done as on the contrary, 'tis a Dishonour to *France* to have had so much Esteem for the pitiful Poems of *Ronsard*.

M. Chapelain is one of whom *Mr. Despreaux* has spoken most but what has he said of him? He himself gives the Publick an Account of it in his ninth Satyr.

But some may say I'm in the Wrong to blame
A Man of *Chapelain's* Merit and his Fame.
Balzac his Panegyrick oft has made,
And none was fonder of the Rhyming Trade.
'Tis true--- And he the Wrong like other chose ;
If he must write why was it not in Prose ?
This often has been said, I say no more,
And all the World did ne'er his Works adore.
With Scandal once did I my Verse defile,
Or e'er make use of an injurious Stile ?
My Muse when she attack'd him was discreet
Distinguishing the Courtier from the Wit.
Say of his Worth and Honour what you please,
I'll yield to e'ery thing of that with Ease :
Say he was Mild, Officious, Complaisant,
I'll hold my Tongue, and what you'd have me grant.
But if you take his Poem for the Test
Of Epick Song, your Judgment is a Jest :
For as the Prince of Poets I disown
His Empire, and deny his Title to the Throne.
When his pretended Right some Fools proclaim,
My Choler with Disdain is in a Flame.
And if I dar'd not, &c.

You

You cannot doubt Sir, but to tax a Man of Scandal who is not guilty of it, is to scandalize him. Now if it should be pretended that Mr. Despreaux has rendred himself guilty of that Crime, by saying that Mr. Chapelain, tho' he was otherwise a Man of Worth and Honour, Mild, Officious or Complaisant, was not a very good Poet; there is no need of any more than to refer the Reader to these Verses of this great Poet.

At the two Ends of her two Sleeves we see
Two long white Hands come forth and there behold
Unequal Fingers little all and round
In Plumpness like her round and fleshy Arm.

In short, I wonder how you came not to be afraid that what you say of Mr. Despreaux in his Verses should be apply'd to you. *He thinks he has a Right to abuse whom he pleases in his Satyrs, and 'tis in vain for Reason to cry out to him as she does incessantly, that natural Justice forbids us to do to another what we are not willing he should do to us. This Voice does not move him.* For if you think *he's* to blame for treating the *Maid of Orleans* and *Jonas* as miserable Poems, why should you speak with so much Contempt of his Pindarick Ode which is so highly esteem'd, that three of the best Latin Poets of this Age have each of them been at the Pains to translate it into a Latin Ode. I say no more to you, without doubt, you would not contrary to the Laws of God have two Weights and two Measures.

I beg you, Sir, not to take it ill that a Man of my Age shou'd give you his last Advice as becomes a true Friend.

We ought to have a Respect for the Judgment of the Publick, and when it declares it self aloud for an Author or a Writing, we should not openly oppose and contradict it for fear of exposing our
N 4 selves

selves to be ill us'd. The vain Effects of Cardinal Richlieu against the *Cid* are a great Example of this, and we cannot meet with any thing better express'd than what your Adversary says upon it.

Richlieu in vain the famous *Cid* decry'd,
All *Paris* for the fair *Chimene* sigh'd
E'en the whole Academy wrote in vain
The Publick did the Poets Cause maintain.

Judge by that, Sir, what you can expect from the Contempt which in your Preface you endeavour to infuse into the Publick. For Mr. *Despreaux's* Works you are not ignorant, how well what he has now publish'd has been receiv'd in the World, that the Court, City and Country, and even Foreigners have approv'd of it. 'Tis not less certain, that all good Judges agree there's the same Wit, the same Art and the same Beauties in his other Works: Therefore I cannot imagine, Sir, how you cou'd promise your self that they would not be disgusted at your speaking, after a Manner so opposite to the Judgment of the Publick.—Cou'd you believe, supposing without any Reason, that whatever is said freely of the Faults of the Poets ought to be taken for Scandal, that you wou'd be applauded for your saying, 'Tis only the Scandal which has brought his Writings into Vogue, that he goes always from Land to Land as a Crow from Carrion to Carrion, that while he continues to write such Satyr as these he has publish'd, Horace and Juvenal will always claim above half of what's good in 'em, That Chapelain, Quinault, Cassagne and others. he has nam'd may also pretend that part of the Pleasure taken in them comes from the Famosness of their Names, which People are pleas'd to see turn'd into Ridicule, That the Malice of Man's Heart which delights so much in Slander and Calumny because they secretly raise those that read above those they debase, will
away

always say 'tis she that is the Occasion of Mr. Despreaux's Work pleasing so. You acknowledge, Sir, that as many as read Mr. Despreaux's Works, read 'em with Pleasure; how came you then not to perceive that to say as you do, their pleasing is only thro' the Malice of Man's Heart which delights in Slander and Calumny, is to attribute that bad Disposition to all the Men of Wit at Court and in Paris.

To conclude, you ought to expect they will not be less disgusted at the little Value you seem to set on their Judgments in pretending that Mr. Despreaux has succeeded so ill when he treats of Subjects of any other Kind than those of Satyr, and then advising him to other sorts of Writings which consequently must be out of Malice.

There are some other things in your Preface which I wish you had not written. But these are sufficient to acquit my self of the Promise I made you at first to speak to you with the Sincerity of a Christian Friend who is sensibly touch'd with seeing this Division between two Persons who both profess to love him. What would I not give to be in a Condition to labour more successfully for their Reconciliation than those Men of Honour who you tell me cou'd not succeed in it. But my Distance deprives me of the Means of effecting it. All that I can do, Sir, is to pray to God that he would give both of you a Spirit of Charity, and Peace, which is the most certain Characteristick of true Christians.

'Tis very difficult in these Disputes to avoid being guilty of Faults both on the one side and the other, for which one ought not to pray for Forgiveness, and the most effectual Way to obtain it is to put in Practice what the Apostle recommends to us, *To bear with one another, every one forgiving his Brother whatever Occasion of Complaint he has against him, as our Lord has forgiven us.* When we are at such a

Dis-

Disposition 'twill be no hard Matter for us to encrease in Sentiments of Union and Peace, for Self-love never reigns where Charity reigns, and 'tis only Self-love which makes us loath to be told of our Faults, when we are convinc'd of them by Reason. May each of us apply this to himself, and then you will soon be good Friends. I pray to God heartily for it, and am very sincerely

S I R,

Your most Humble and

most Oblig'd Servant

ARNAULD.

A
D E C R E E
O F

The High Court of *Parnassus*,

In Favour of the Masters of Arts, Physicians, and Professors of the University of Stagira, in the Country of Chimæras; for the Maintenance of the Doctrine of ARISTOTLE.

THE Court having seen and consider'd the Petition of the Regents, Masters of Arts, Doctors and Professors of the University, not only in their own Names, but as they are Tutors, and Defenders of the Doctrine of Master *Aristotle*, ancient Regius Professor in *Greek*, in the College of *Lyceum*, and Preceptor to the late King of Quarrellsom Memory, *Alexander*, call'd *The Great*, Acquirer of *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and other Places; importing, That for several Years last, an unknown Something call'd *REASON*, had endeavour'd to enter the Schools of the said University by Force, and to that End, by the Help of certain Factionous Fellows, assuming the Surnames of *Gassendists*, *Cartesians*, *Malebranchists* and *Pourchotists*, a Parcel of Vagabonds, had put her self in a Posture to expell the said *Aristotle*, the ancient and quiet Possessor of the said Schools, against whom, she and her Associates, had already publish'd several

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defama-

defamatory Books, Treatises and Arguments, with an Intention to compell the said *Aristotle* to submit his Doctrine to her Examination ; which wou'd be quite opposite to the Laws, Usages and Customs of the said University, where the said *Aristotle* has always been acknowledg'd to be Judge without any Appeal, or being accountable for his Opinions. That even without his, the said *Aristotle's* Consent or Knowledge, she wou'd have chang'd and innovated several Things in and within Nature ; having taken away from the Heart, the Prerogative of being the Principle of the Nerves, which this Philosopher had freely and out of his special Grace bestow'd on it, and which She wou'd have granted and transferr'd to the Brain. And further, by a Procedure, null and of none effect, wou'd have attributed to the said Heart the Office of receiving the Chyle belonging heretofore to the Liver ; as also of conveying the Blood to all Parts of the Body ; with full Power and Authority to the said Blood, to rove, stray, and circulate ; with Impunity, thro' the Veins and Arteries, having no other Right and Title to Cause the said Disturbances than Experience only, whose Testimony has never been admitted in the said Schools. The said *Reason* has also, by an unheard of Boldness, attempted to dislodge Fire from the highest Region of Heaven, and pretended that it has no Dwelling there, notwithstanding the Certificates of the said Philosopher, and the Visits and Descents made by him on the Places. Moreover, by an heinous Attempt against the Faculty of Physic, she wou'd set up to Cure, and actually and really has cur'd abundance of *Intermitting Fevers*, as *Tertian*, *Double-Tertian*, *Quartan*, *Triple-Quartan*, and even *Continu'd*, with meer Wine, Powders, the Bark of *Quinquina*, and other Drugs unknown to the said *Aristotle* and *Hippocrates* his Predecessor, and that without any precedent Bleeding, Purgings or Evacuation whatsoever ;
which

which is not only irregular, but wrongful and unjust. The said *Reason* having never been admitted nor aggregated into the Body of the said Faculty, and consequently cou'd not consult with the Doctors of it, nor be consulted by them, as in Effect she never has been; notwithstanding all which, and the repeated Complaints and Oppositions of the Sieurs *Blondel, Courtois, Denyau*, and other Defenders of good Doctrine, she has not spar'd to make use of the said Drugs, having the Boldness even to prescribe them to the very Doctors of the said Faculty; of whom several to the great Scandal of Rules have been cur'd by the said Prescriptions; which is a very dangerous Precedent, and cou'd not be effected but by wicked Ways, by Sorcery, and by dealing with the Devil. And not satisfy'd with this, she has undertaken to Defame and Banish from the Schools, *Formalities, Materialities, Entities, Identities, Virtualities, Ecceties, Potreties, Polycarpeities*, and other *Imaginary Beings*; the Children of the deceas'd Master *Scottus*; which will cause notable Damage, and the total Subversion of Scholastic Philosophy, of which they make all the Mystery, and which derives all its Subsistence from them, unless the Court takes the Case into Consideration: The Court having seen the following Libels, Intituled, *Rohault's Physick's, The Port Royal's Logic, A Treatise of Quinquina or Gallendus Adversus Aristotelicos*, and other Pieces annex'd to the said Petition, sign'd *Chicanneau*, Proctor for the said University; and having heard the Report of the Clerk in Court, and all Things being consider'd, took the following Resolution.

The Court having had due Regard to the said Petition, has maintain'd and preserv'd, and by these Presents, maintains and preserves, the said *Aristotle*, in the full and quiet Possession of the said Schools; ordering, That he shall be always follow'd and taught

by the Regents, Doctors, Masters of Art and Professors of the said University. Nor shall they be oblig'd to read or to understand his Tongue or his Sentiments. And from the Fund of his Doctrine to enrich all their Common Places, enjoining the Heart to continue to be still the Principle of the Nerves, and to all Persons of what Condition and Profession forever to believe it to be so, notwithstanding any Experience to the contrary. In like manner, ordering the Chyle to go directly to the Liver, without passing any more through the Heart, and the Liver to receive it, forbidding the Blood to rove, stray, or circulate in the Body, on Pain of being entirely deliver'd over and abandon'd to the Faculty of Physic; forbidding also *Reason* and her Adherents to set up for the future to Cure *Tertian*, *Double Tertian*, *Quartan*, *Triple Quartan*, or *Continu'd Fevers*, by the wicked Ways and Means of Sorcery, as by Pure Wine, Powders, the Bark of *Quinquina*, and other Drugs, not approv'd of or known by the Ancients; and in case of any irregular Cure by the said Drugs, permitting the Doctors of the said Faculty to restore according to their usual Method, to their Patients their Fevers again, with *Cassia*, *Sena*, *Syrups*, *Juleps*, and other suitable Prescriptions, and to put back the said Sick into such or such like Condition as they were in before, in order to be manag'd afterwards according to the Rules; and if they don't escape 'em again, to be conducted into the other World, sufficiently purg'd and evacuated: restoring *Entities*, *Identities*, *Virtualities*, *Ecceities*, and other like *Formula's* of the *Scotists*, to their good Fame and Renown; and authorizing the *Sieurs Blondel*, *Courtois*, and *Denyau*, in their Opposition to good Sense, reinstating Fire in the Highest Region of the Heavens, in Pursuance and Conformity to the Descents made upon the Places; enjoining further, all Regents, Masters of Art and Professors, to teach as they have been accusom'd

to do, and to that Purpose to make use of what Arguments they think fit, and commanding all *Irish* Repeaters, and others their Agents, to be aiding and assisting to them, to seize upon all Opponents, on Pain of being depriv'd of the Right of Disputing on the Prolegomena of Logic. And to prevent the like Opposition and Disturbance for the future, the said High Court has banish'd the said *Reason* from the Schools of the said University for ever, forbidding *Her* to enter there to trouble or molest the said *Aristotle* in the Enjoyment and Profession of the same, on Pain of being declar'd a *Jansenist*, and a Lover of Novelties. To this Effect, the present Decree shall be read and made public, at the *Mathurins* of *Stagira*, at the first Assembly that shall be holden for the Rector's Procession, and affix'd to the Gates of all the Colleges of *Parnassus*, and all Places where need shall be. Decreed this Thirty eighth Day of *August*, Eleven thousand Six hundred Seventy Five.

(*Vera Copia.*)

A
DISCOURSE
UPON
SATIRE.

WHEN I first Printed my *Satires*, I foresaw the Tumult the Publishing of 'em wou'd raise in *Parnassus*. I knew the Nation of Poets, and especially of poultry Ones, to be touchy, and apt to take Fire, and that those who are always greedy of Praise, wou'd not easily digest Raillery, let it be never so soft. I shall also say thus much to my own Advantage, that I have look'd upon the defamatory Libels which have been publish'd against me with the Eyes of a Stoic; whatever Calumnies my Adversaries wou'd blacken me with, whatever false Reports have been spread about concerning me, I easily forgave the little Revenges of an exasperated Author, who found himself attack'd in a Poet's most sensible Part, I mean his Writings.

But I confess I was a little surpriz'd to find some certain Readers so whimsically out of Humour, that instead of diverting themselves with a Quarrel in *Parnassus*, of which they might have been indifferent Spectators, they rather Chose to engage on one side, and fret with Fools, than laugh with Men of Sense. 'Twas to comfort them, that I wrote my *Ninth Satire*, where I think I have plainly prov'd, That
without

without offending the State or a Man's Conscience, one may call bad Verses bad Verses, and have full right to be tir'd at the reading of a silly Book. But since these Gentlemen have talk'd of the Liberty I took to name Names, as an unheard of, and, unprecedented Attempt; and that such Examples should not be put into Rhyme, 'tis convenient to say a Word or Two here to inform them of a Thing which they alone are not willing to know, and show them, that in Comparison of my Brethren, the Satyrists, I have been a very soft-mouth'd Poet.

To begin with *Lucilius* the Inventor of *Satire*; What Liberty, or rather what Licence, did he not take in his Works? He not only attack'd Poets and Authors, but Men of the first Quality in *Rome*, Persons of Consular Dignity. However, *Scipio* and *Laelius* did not think this Poet as bold a Satyrist as he was, unworthy of their Friendship; and 'tis probable, did not refuse to give him their Advice upon his Writings any more than they did *Terence*. They never thought of taking the Part of *Lupus* and *Metellus*, whom he had play'd upon in his Satires; and did not imagine they were at all in the wrong, when they deliver'd up to him all the Fools in the Common-Wealth,

*num Laelius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi aut laeso doluere Metello,
Famosive Lupo cooperto versibus?*

In effect, *Lucilius* spared neither Small nor Great, and often descended from the Nobility and Patricians to the Dregs of the People.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributiv.

You'll say, *Lycilius* liv'd under a Commonwealth, where such sorts of Liberties were allowable. Let's therefore look into *Horace*, who liv'd under an Emperor in the Infancy of a Monarch, when 'tis much more dangerous to play the Satyrift than at any other Time: Whom does he not Name in his Satires? Do we not find there *Fabius* the Great Talker, *Tigellius* the Fop, *Nasidienus* the Coxcomb, *Nomentanus* the Rake, and every One that came at his Pen's End: Will any Body answer to this that they were feign'd Names? A fine Answer indeed, as if those he attack'd were not Persons who were otherwise very well known; as if it was not known that *Fabius* was a Roman Knight, who wrote a Book of Law: That *Tigellius* was *Augustus's* Favourite Musician, that *Nasidienus Rufus* was a Notorious Coxcomb in Rome, and *Cassius Nomentanus* was one most debauch'd Fellows in Italy. Certainly, those who talk after this Rate, must not have read the Ancients very much, nor be acquainted with the Affairs of *Augustus's* Court. *Horace* does not Content himself with calling Men by their Names, he's so afraid they should not be known, that he takes Care to mention ev'n their Surnames, their Professions and Offices; As for Instance, when he speaks of *Aufidius Luscius Prætor of Fundi*:

*Fundos Aufidio Lusco Pratore libenter
Linguius Insani ridentes premia scriba,
Prætextam & latum clavum, &c.*

We gladly left, says he, the Town of Fundi, of which one *Aufidius Luscius* was Prætor, but 'twas not till we were weary of Laughing at this Prætor's Folly, who formerly was but a Clerk, and now he took the Senator and Man of Quality upon him. Can any Man be mark'd more exactly? And did not the Circumstances alone sufficiently show who the Person was? I will be said perhaps, *Aufidius Luscius* was Dead then

then, but *Horace* speaks of a Journey made lately, and how will my Censors answer this other Passage?

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput : hæc ego ludo.*

While, says *Horace*, the Bombastic *Alpinus* murders *Memnon* in his Poem, and bemires himself in the Description of the Rhine, I divert my self in these Satires. Wherefore 'tis plain, *Alpinus* was alive when *Horace* diverted himself in these Satires; and if *Alpinus* in this Place be a feign'd Name, cou'd the Author of the Poem on *Memnon* be mistaken? *Horace*, it may be reply'd, liv'd in the Reign of the most Polite of all the Emperors, but do we live in a Reign less Polite? And wou'd they have a Prince who has so many Qualities in Common with *Augustus*, less disgusted than he was at bad Books, and more rigorous towards those that find fault with them?

Let us in the next Place examine *Persius*, who wrote in the Reign of *Nero*. He does not only rally the Works of the Poets of his Age, but attacks the Verses of *Nero* himself; for in short, all the World knows, and the whole Court of *Nero* knew, that those four Verses, *Torva Mimalloneis*, &c. which *Persius* falls upon so severely in his first Satire, were *Nero's*; and yet we don't find that *Nero*, as much a *Nero* as he was, punish'd *Persius*. That Tyrant, an Enemy to Reason, and fond of his own Works, as is very well known, had so much of the Gentleman in him, that he could bear his Verses rallied, and did not think the Emperor on this Occasion ought to concern himself in the Poet's Quarrel.

As for *Juvenal*, who flourish'd under *Trajan*, he has a little more Respect for the great Lords of his Time. He was contented to spend all the Gall of

his Satires on those of the preceeding Reign. But as to Authors, he did not seek for them out of his own Age. He scarce enters upon the Subject but we find him in an ill Humour with all the Writers of his Time. Ask *Juvenal*, Why he took his Pen in Hand? his Answer is, He was weary of hearing *Codrus's Theseid*, this Poet's *Orestes*, that Poet's *Telephus*, and in fine, all the Poets, as he says elsewhere, who recited their Verses in the Month of August, & *Augusto recitantes mense Poetas*. So true it is, that the right of finding Faults with Authors is an ancient Right, grown into a Custom among all Satyrists, and allow'd of in all Ages. Now, if we proceed from the Ancients to the Moderns. *Regnier*, who is almost the only Satyric Poet we have, has indeed been a little more Discreet than the others. Yet that does not hinder his speaking boldly of *Gallet*, that famous Gamester, who paid his Creditors with Sept and Quatorze; and the *Sieur de Provins*, who turn'd his Coat into a Waistcoat; and du Cousin, who left his House for fear of repairing it; and of *Pierre du Puis*, and several others.

What will my Censors reply to that? If they are ever so little anger'd they will drive all Satyric Poets out of the Commonwealth of Letters, as so many Disturbers of the public Peace. But what will they say of *Virgil*? The Wise, the Discreet *Virgil*, who, in an *Eclogue* wherein *Satire* has nothing to do, turns in one Verse, two Poets of his Age into Ridicule,

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi,

Says a Satyirical Shepherd in that *Eclogue*. I hope they will not say, That *Bavius* and *Mævius* here are Two feign'd Names: because they wou'd notoriously give the Lye to the learned *Servius*, who assures us positively of the contrary. In a Word, what wou'd my Censors do with *Catullus*, *Martial*, and all the Poets of Antiquity, who behav'd themselves

selves with no more Reserve than *Virgil*? What do they think of *Voiture*, who made no Conscience to Divert himself at the Expence of the famous *Nenf Germain*, tho' equally valuable for the Antiquity of his Beard, and the Novelty of his Poetry; Wou'd they banish him and all the Poets of Antiquity from *Parnassus*, to establish the Security of Fools and Coxcombs? If it be so, I shall be very well satisfy'd with my Exile. There will be some Pleasure in being banish'd in such good Company. Raillery apart, wou'd these Gentlemen be wiser than *Scipio* and *Laelius*, more delicate than *Augustus*, and more cruel than *Nero*. But why do those who are so rigorous against the Criticks affect so much Clemency for bad Authors? I find what it is that afflicts them, they are not willing to be undeceiv'd. They are vext at their having seriously admir'd those Writings which my *Satires* expose to the Laughter of all the World, and to find themselves condemn'd to forget in their old Age, those very Verses which heretofore they learnt by Heart, as Master-Pieces of Art. Faith I pity 'em, but what Remedy is there for 'em? Must we renounce common Sense to accommodate our selves to their Taste? Must we admire indifferently all the Impertinencies that a Coxcomb can put down upon Paper? And whereas in some Countries, bad Poets are condemn'd to wipe out their Writings with their Tongues, Shall Books become hereafter an inviolable Asylum, where every Thing that's foolish is Priviledg'd, and not to be touch'd without Profanation?

I might say a great many other Things on this Subject, but having already handled it in my Ninth Satire, to that I refer the Reader.

Monfieur *BOILEAU*'s
LETTERS

IN IMITATION of
BALZAC and *VOITURE*

And on other Occasions.

TO THE
 Duke *DE VIVONE*,
 Upon his Entry into the Phare of
MESSINA.

My Lord,

K Now you not, that one of the surest Ways to hinder a Man from being pleasant, is, to bid him be so: Since you forbid me being serious, I never found my self so grave, and I speak nothing now but Sentences. And besides, your last Action has something in it so great, that truly it would go against my Conscience to write to you otherwise, than in the Heroic Style: However, I cannot resolve

solve, not to obey you, in all that you command me; so that in the Humour, I find my self, I am equally afraid to tire you with a serious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill Piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has assisted me this Morning, and when I thought the least of it, I found upon my Pillow, two Letters, which for want of mine, may perhaps be an agreeable amusemeⁿt to you. They are dated from the *Elysian Fields*. The one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your last Fight, write to you from the other World, to congratulate you upon it. This is that from *Balzac*; you will easily know it to be his, by his Style; which cannot express Things simply, nor descend from its Height.

From the *Elysian Fields*,
June the 22d.

My Lord,

THE Report of your Actions revives the Dead; it wakens those who have slept these thirty Years, and were condemn'd to an eternal Sleep; it makes Silence it self speak. What a brave! what a shining! what a glorious Conquest have you made over the Enemies of France? You have restor'd Bread to a City, which has been accus^tom'd to furnish it to all others: You have nourish'd the nursing Mother of Italy; the Thunder of that Fleet, which shut up the Avenues of its Port to you has done no more than barely saluted your Entrance; its Resistance has detain'd you no longer than an over civil Reception: So far from hindring the Rapidity of your Course, it has not interrapted the Order of your March; you have

in its Sight compell'd the South and North to obey you. Without chastizing the Sea, as Zerxes did, you have taught it Discipline, you have done yet more, you have made the Spaniard humble. After that, what may not one say of you? No, Nature, I say Nature, when she was young, and in the Time that she produc'd Alexanders and Cæsars, has produc'd nothing so great as under the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth. She has given to the Egence, in her Declension, that which Rome could not obtain from her in her greatest Maturity. She has made appear to the World, in your Age, both in Body and Soul, that perfect Valour, which we have scarce seen the Idea of in Romances, and Heroick Poems. Begging the Pardon of one of your Poets——he had no Reason to say, That beyond Cocytus Merit is no more known: Yours, My Lord, is extoll'd here, by the common Voice, on both Sides of Stryx. It makes a continual Remembrance of you, even in the Abodes of Forgetfulness: It finds zealous Partizans in the Country of Indifference. It engages Acheron in the Interests of the Seine. Nay more, There is no Shade amongst us, so prepossess'd with the Principles of the Porticus, so harden'd in the School of Zeno, so fortify'd against Joy and Grief, that does not hear your Praises with Pleasure, that does not clap his Hands, and cry, A Miracle! at the Moment you are nam'd, and is not ready to say with your Malherb.

A la fin, c'est trop de silence,
En si beau sujet, de parler.

As for me; My Lord, who know you a great deal better, I do nothing, but meditate on you, in my Repose; I fill my Thoughts intirely with your Idea in the long Hours of our Leisure; I cry continually, How great a Man is this! And if I wish to live again, 'tis not so much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy

to the Duke de VIVONE. 217

joy the sovereign Felicity of your Conversation, and
to tell you Face to Face, with how much Respect, I am from
the whole Extent of my Soul,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

I Know not, My Lord, whether these violent Exag-
gerations will please you; and whether you will not
find, that the Style of Balzac is a little corrupted in
the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he ne-
ver lavish'd his Hyperboles more to the Purpose; 'tis
for you to judge of it; but first read, (if you please)
the Letter from Voiture.

From

From the *Elysian Fields*,
June the 22d.

My Lord,

THo' we poor Devils, who are dead, do not concern our selves much in the Affairs of the Living, and are not exceedingly inclin'd to Mirth: Yet I can't forbear rejoicing at the Great things you do over our Heads. Seriously your last Fight makes the Devil and all of Noise here below; in a Place where the very Thunder of Heaven is not heard; and has made your Glory known in a Country where even the Sun is not known. There are a great many Spaniards come hither, who were in the Action, and have inform'd us of the Particulars. I see no Reason why the People of that Nation shou'd pass for Bullies; for I can assure you they are very civil Persons, and the King sent 'em hither y^e other Day very mild and quiet. To tell you the Truth, My Lord, you have manag'd your Affairs very well of late. To see with what an Air you scour the Mediterranean Sea, wou'd make one think you absolutely Master of it: There is not at present, in any Part of it one single Privateer in safety, and if you go on at this rate, I can't see how you'd have Tunis and Algiers subsist. We have here the Cæsars, the Pompeys, and the Alexanders; they all agree, that you exactly follow their Conduct in your Way of fighting: Cæsar especially thinks you have very much of the Cæsar in you. There are none here ev'n to the Alarics, the Genseric, the Theodorics, and all the other Conquerors in ics, who don't speak very well of this Action; and in Hell it self (I know not whether you are acquainted with that Place) there is no Devil, My Lord, who does not confess ingenuously,

genuously, That at the Head of an Army you are a greater Devil, than himself: This is a Truth your very Enemies agree in. But to see the Good that you have done at Messina, for my Part I believe you have more the Angel than the Devil in you, only Angels have a more airy Shape, and do not carry their Arm in a Scarf. Rallery apart, Hell is extremely byass'd in your Favour. There is ~~no~~ ^{but one} thing to be objected to your Conduct, and that is the little Care, that you sometimes take of your Life. You are so well belov'd in this Country, that they don't desire your Company. Believe me, My Lord, I have already said it in the other World, a Demi-God, is but a very little thing, when he is dead; he's nothing like what he was when he was alive. And as for me who know already, by Experience what it is to be no more, I set the best Face on the Matter I can; but to hide nothing from you, I die with Impatience to return to the World; were it only to have the Pleasure to see you there; in pursuance of this intended Voyage I have already sent several times to find out the scatter'd Parts of my Body to set 'em together, but I cou'd never recover my Heart, which I left at parting with those seven Mistresses, whom I serv'd, as you know, so faithfully, the whole seven at once. As for my Wit, unless you have it, I'm told 'tis not to be found in the World. To tell you the Truth, I shrewdly suspect, that you have at least the Gayety of it: For I have been told her four or five Sayings of your Turn of Expression, which I wish, with all my Heart, I had said, and for which I wou'd willingly give the Panegyrick of Pliny, and two of my best Letters. Supposing then that you have it, I beg you to send it me back as soon as possible you can, for indeed you can't imagine how inconvenient it is, not to have all one's Wit about one; especially when one writes to such a Man as you are; this is the Cause that my Style at present is quite alter'd. Were it not for that you shou'd see me merry again, as formerly with

my Comrade le Brochet. And I shou'd not be reduc'd to the Necessity of ending my Letter trivially, as I do in telling you that I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

These are the two Letters just as I receiv'd 'em. I send 'em you writ in my own Hand, because you wou'd have had too much Trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had sent 'em you in the Original. Do not fantasie, *My Lord*, that this is only a Tryal of Wit, and an Imitation of the Style of these two Writers, you know very well *Balzac* and *Voiture* are inimitable. However were it true, that I had Recourse to this Invention to divert you, shou'd I be so much in the Wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be esteem'd, for having found out this Way to make you read the Praises, which you wou'd never have suffer'd otherways? In a Word, cou'd I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Respect I am,

MY LORD,

Tours, &c.

MON

Monfieur *BOILEAU*'s
S P E E C H,

Upon his Admission into the
French Academy.

Gentlemen,

THE Honour I this Day have receiv'd from you is for me something so great, so extraordinary, so little expected, and so many several sorts of Reasons seem'd to have forever excluded me from it, that at this very Moment, in which I return my Acknowledgments, I know not what I ought to believe. Is it then possible, can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illustrious Society, whose famous Establishment does no less Honour to the Memory of Cardinal *Richlieu* than the many wonderful Things that were perform'd under his Ministry? And what must be the Thoughts of that great Man? What must be the Thoughts of that wise Chancellour, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your Protectorship; and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your King had Right to be your Protector? What must be their Thoughts, Gentlemen, if they should behold me this Day becoming a Part of this glorious Body, the Object of

of their eternal Cares and Esteem; and into which by the Laws which they have establish'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed in the Place which you have given me here? * Is it not a Man, who was equally considerable for his great Employments and his profound Capacity in the Managment of 'em? Is it not a Magistrate who fill'd one of the foremost Seats in the Council; and who, in so many important Occasions, has been honour'd by his Prince, with his strictest Confidence: A Magistrate, no less wise than experienc'd, watchful, laborious; with whom the more I compare my self, the less Proportion I find?

I know very well, Gentlemen, (and no body can be ignorant of it) that in the Choice which you make of Men who are proper to supply the Vacancies of your learned Assembly, you have no regard either to Rank or Dignity: That Politeness, Learning, and a Knowledge of the *Belles Lettres* have with you always open'd the Way to Men of Honour, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to substitute in the Room of the most exalted Minister, or highest Magistrate some famous Poet, or some Writer, whom his Works have rendred illustrious; and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Merit has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if you barely consider me as a Man of Letters, what can I offer you that may be worthy of the Favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Shou'd it be a mean Collection of Poetry, successful rather by a happy Temerity and a dexterous Imitation of the Ancients, than

* Monsieur Le Belon, Counsellor of State.

than by the Beauty of its Thoughts, or the Richness of its Expressions? Shou'd it be a Translation that falls so far short of the great Master-pieces with which you every day supply us; and in which you so gloriously revive *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd Heroes of the most learned Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the just Value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon so slight a Foundation, an Honour which the Knowledge of my want of Merit, had discourag'd me still from demanding.

What can be the reason then, which in my Behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this Occasion? I begin to make some Discovery of it, and I dare engage that I shall not make you blush in exposing it. The Goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shewn in employing me, together with one of your most illustrious Writers, to collect the infinite Number of his Immortal Actions, into one Body, the Permission which he has given me to do this, has supply'd all my Defects with you.

Yes, Gentlemen, whatever just Reasons ought to have excluded me for ever from your Academy, you believ'd you could not with Justice let a Man who is destin'd to speak of such mighty things, be depriv'd of the Benefit of your Lessons, or be instructed in any other School than yours. And by this, you have clearly shewn, that when it is to serve your august Protector, whatever Consideration might otherwise restrain you, your Zeal will not suffer you to cast your Eyes upon any thing but the Interest of his Glory.

Yet permit me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that Favour to me, believ'd he should in me meet a Writer, who was able to sustain

sustain in the least, by the Beauty of Style, or by the Magnificence of Expression, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No Gentlemen, it belongs to you and to Pens like yours, to shew the World such Master-pieces; and he never conceiv'd so advantageous a Thought of me. But as every thing he has done in his Reign is wonderful, is prodigious, he did not think it would be amiss, that in the Midst of so many renown'd Writers who with Emulation are ready to paint his Actions in all their Splendor, and with all the Ornaments of the sublimest Eloquence, a Man without Artifice, and accus'd rather of too much Sincerity than of Flattery, should contribute by his Labour and by his Advice, to set in a proper Light, and in all the Simplicity of the most natural Style, the Truth of those Actions, which being of themselves so little probable, want rather to be faithfully related, than to be strongly express'd.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Orators and Poets, and Historians who are sometimes as daring as Poets and Orators, shall come to display upon so happy a Subject, all the bold Strokes of their Art, all their Force of Expression; when they shall say of *Lewis* the Great, more justly than was said of a famous Captain of old, that he alone has achiev'd more Exploits than other Princes have read; that he alone has taken more Towns, than other Monarchs have wish'd to take: When they shall assure us, that there is no Potentate upon the Face of the Earth, who in the secret Prayers he puts up to Heaven, dares presume to petition so much Prosperity for so much Glory as Heaven has freely granted this Prince, when they shall write that his Conduct is Mistress of Events, that Fortune dares not contradict his Designs: When they shall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with Gigantick Strides, over great Rivers, and the highest Moun-

Mountains; thund'ring down Ramparts; rending hard Rocks, and overthrowing every thing that resists his impetuous Shock: These Expressions will doubtless appear great, rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Subject; but at the same time that the World shall wonder at them, it will not think it self oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be easily disown'd or mistaken under the Disguise of these pompous Ornaments.

But, when Writers without Design are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the Simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has pass'd in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Law, Discipline: When they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Spain, Holland, Germany*, all *Europe* too feeble against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in Prosperity, and a Peace as glorious: When Pens that are sincere, I say, and still more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly distinguish these Actions, dispos'd in their Order of Time, and attended with their real Circumstances; who is it that can then dissent from them, I do not say of our Neighbours, I do not say of our Allies; I say of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they shou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the Truth of them, will not their diminish'd Forces, their States confin'd within narrower Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealousies, their Furies, their very Invectives in spite of themselves convince them? Can they deny that in the very Year of which I am speaking, this Prince being resolv'd to constrain them all to accept of a Peace which he had offer'd them for the good of *Christendome*, did all at once and that at a

time when they had publish'd, he was intirely exhausted of Men and Money: that he did then, I say, all at once in the Low Countries, cause to start up as 'twere out of the Ground two Armies, each of them consistin^g of forty thousand Men; and that he provided for them abundant Subsistence there, notwithstanding the Scarcity of Forage, and the excessive Droughth of the Season? Can they deny, that whilst with one of these Armies, he caus'd to be besieg'd *Luxemburgh*, himself with the other, keeping as it were, block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault* did by this most admirable Conduct, or rather by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head so renown'd in the ancient Fables, whose Aspect transform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the Spaniards unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important Place in which they had repos'd their last Refuge. That by a no less admirable Effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against him, found himself if I may use the Expression in a state of Impotence, ty'd up on every Side, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of dispersing Libels; of sending forth Cries and Reproaches. Our very Enemies I say again, can they deny all this? Must not they confess, that at the time when these Wonders were executing in the Low Countries, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the just Chastisement of her Insolence and Perfidiousness; burying under the Ruins of her Palaces and her Houses that proud City, more easie to be destroy'd than to be humbled? No, without doubt; our Enemies dare not give the Eye to such known Truths, especially when they shall see them writ with that simple
and

and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which, whatever my Defects otherwise are, I do not absolutely despair to be able at least in Part, to supply the History.

But as this very Simplicity, an Enemy as it is to Ostentation and Pageantry, has yet its Arts, its Method, its Beauties; so from whence can I better derive that Art, and those Beauties, than from the Source of all Delicacies, from this Academy, which has kept possession, for so many Years, of all the Treasures, of all the Riches, of our Tongue: This therefore, Gentlemen, is what I now hope to find among you; this is what I come to study with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my Assiduity in frequenting you, by my Address in bringing you to speak of these Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of your Knowledge and your Secrets from me. Thrice happy! if by my Respects and by my sincere Submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Gratitude which I shall all my Lifetime have for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

A N
A N S W E R
T O A
L E T T E R

*Sent by his Excellency Monsr. the Count d' Ericeyra,
to Monsr. Boileau from Lisbon, with a Trans-
lation of the Art of Poetry, done by him into -
Portuguese Verse.*

S I R,

THIS my Writings have made some Noise in the World I never cou'd have so high an Opinion of my self, and if I have been well-enough pleas'd with the Praises that have been given me I was never blinded with them. But I confess the Translation which your Excellency has condescended to make of my Art of Poetry, and the commending it so much when you sent me your Version, has given me a real Pride. 'Twas not possible for me to believe my self any longer an ordinary Man after having been so extraordinarily honour'd and to have a Translation from a Man of your Capacity and your Dignity, appear'd to me sufficient to give me a Title of Merit, that distinguishes me from all the Writers of our Age. I have but a very imperfect Knowledge of your Language and never study'd it in particular. However I understood your Translation well enough for me to admire my self

self, and to find I am a much better Writer in *Portuguese* than, in *French*. You have indeed enrich'd all my Thoughts by your Expressions. Every thing you touch is chang'd into Gold, and Pebbles if I may say so, become precious Stones in your Hands. Judge you after that, if you ought to require of me to mark those Places wherein you may have gone a little aside from my Sense. For when in the Room of my Thoughts you without thinking of it, might have lent me some of your own, I shou'd be so far from taking 'em away, that I wou'd make my Advantage of 'em, and adopt 'em immediately to my own Honour. But you have no where put me to that Trial; every thing is equally just, exact and faithful in your Translation, and tho' you have very much embellish'd, yet for all that I know my self throughout. Don't you say therefore, Sir, any more, you are afraid you did not understand me well enough; rather tell me how you come to understand me so well, and to perceive some Strokes in my Works which I could not believe any one cou'd have found out that was not born in *France*, and bred in the Court of *Lewis* the Great. I find you are a Foreigner in no Country, and that by the Extent of your Knowledge, you are of all Courts, and of all Nations. The Letter and the French Verses you writ me are good Proof of it. There's nothing of the Foreigner in 'em but your Name, and no Man of a good Taste in *France* but wou'd have been the Author of 'em. I have shewn 'em to several of our best Writers, and there was not one of them but was extreamly taken with 'em, and gave me to understand if he had receiv'd the like Praises from you he wou'd e'er now have written back whole Volumes of Prose and Verse. What then will you think of me who content my self to answer 'em only by a simple Letter of Compliment? Don't accuse me of being either ungrateful or rude, no, Sir, I am neither the one

230 *Monsieur Boileau to the Count d'Ericeyra.*

or the other. But to be plain with you, I can't write Verse, nor even Prose when I please. *Apollo* is a very whimsical God to me and does not give me Audience at all Hours as he does you. I must wait for the favourable Minutes, I'll be careful to take hold of 'em when I meet with 'em, and shall be very unfortunate if I cannot discharge my self before I die, of Part of your Praises. I can promise you thus much beforehand, that in the next Edition of my Works I will not fail to incert your Translation, and will lose no Opportunity of letting all the World know that the Applause of which I am most proud, and the Work that I think my self most honour'd in, came from the Extremities of our Continent and as far as *Hercules's* Pillars.

I am with very great Respect,

Your most Humble and

most Obedient Servant,

Despreaux.

A
LETTER

OF THANKS from
Monsieur *DESPREAU*X

TO . . .

Monsieur *ARNAULD*

Doctor of the *Sorbonne*.

I Cannot sufficiently thank you, Sir, for your having been so kind as to permit the Letter you wrote Mr. *Perrault* on my last Satire to be shewn me. I never read any thing in which I took so much Pleasure, and what ever he has said injurious of me, I cannot think of making him the same Returns since I have thereby obtain'd so noble an Apology. Never was Cause so well defended as mine, every thing in your Letter charm'd, ravish'd and edify'd me. But what touch'd me most was that well-grounded Confidence with which you there declare you believe me sincerely
your

your Friend. Don't doubt it, Sir, your sincere Friend I am, and 'tis a Quality of which I shall always boast in Presence of your greatest Enemies. There are Jesuits who do me the Honour to esteem me, and for whom I have also a great Esteem. They visit me in my Solitude at *Anteuil*, and sometimes stay there, where I entertain them as well as I can. But the first Bargain I make with them is, that they permit me in our Conversation to praise you without Bounds, I often abuse this Permission, and the Eccho of my Garden Walls has more than once founded with our Contests concerning you. 'Tis true however they readily agree with me as to the Greatness of your Genius and the Extent of your Knowledge. But I maintain those are the least of your Qualities and that the most valuable things in you, are the Uprightness of your Soul, the Candour of your Judgment, and the Purity of your Intentions. 'Tis then that they cry out, for I don't diminish in the least that Article any more than that of the Letters to the *Provincial* which I am always bragging of to them, as the most perfect Piece in our Language. We sometimes come to hard Words, yet at last turn off all pleasantly; *ridendo dicere verum, Quid vetat?* Or when I find them too much provok'd I fall upon the Encomium of *Pere de la Moine*, who has indeed lately laid a very great Obligation upon me since 'tis partly to his good Offices I owe the Dean of *Sens* my Brother's being made a Canon of the holy Chappel of *Paris*, which I got of his Majesty for him. But to return to your Letter, Sir, I can't imagine why Mr. *Perault's* Friends refuse to shew it him. Never was any thing so proper to open his Eyes, and inspire him with a Spirit of Peace and Humility of which he has occasion; a Proof of what I say is that for my part I had scarce read your Letter but struck with the wholesome Councils you gave us both, I
sent

sent him Word 'twas his Fault if we were not good Friends, that if he wou'd consent to be in Peace with Respect to me, I wou'd engage to write nothing that might shock him, nay, I gave him to understand I wou'd freely let him turn *Parnassus* up-side down, by placing the *Chappelains* and *Cotins* there, above the *Homers* and *Virgils*; the very Words Mr. *Racine* and Mr. *Tallemant* carried him from me. He wou'd hearken to no Agreement, and required of me, in the first Place to have an Esteem and Admiration for his Works, which plainly I can never Promise him without betraying Reason and my Conscience. Thus we are more at Variance than ever, to the great Satisfaction of the Laughers, who were already very much troubled at the Report of our Reconciliation. I doubt not you will be extremely concern'd at it; but to show you I am not the Occasion of the Rupture, I declare to you, Sir, wherever you are, you need only to let me know what you desire of me towards an Accommodation, and I will punctually perform it, being very well assur'd, you will exact nothing of me, but what is just and reasonable, and I shall desire only one Condition in the Treaty to be made, but 'tis *Conditio sine qua non*; and that is, That your Letter be publish'd, and that by suppressing it I be not depriv'd of the greatest Honour I ever receiv'd in my Life. Prevail with your self and him for me in that Matter, and as to every thing else I will send him a *Carte Blanche*; for as to the Deference he wou'd have me pay his Writings, my Guests at *Auteuil* will perhaps direct me to some grave Author, who will give me the Means to tell him without injuring the Truth, that I Esteem what I do not Esteem, and that you your self, Sir, may Examine, what I may do therein, I send you a List of the principal Pieces that I am to admire, I'm very much mistaken if you have read any of 'em.

The Tale of the Ass's Skin, and the Story of the Woman with a Pudding-Nose, translated into Verse, by Monsieur Perrault, of the French Academy.

The Metamorphosis of Orante into a Looking-Glass.

The Amours of Godenot.

The Labyrinth of Versailles, or Maxims of Love and Gallantry, taken from Æsop's Fables.

Elegies to Iris.

The Procession of St. Genevieve.

Paralells between the Ancients and Moderns, wherein 'tis shown that Poesie is in its highest Perfection in Monsieur Quinault's Operas.

St. Paulin, an Heroic Poem.

Reflexions upon Pindar, wherein is Taught the Art of not Understanding that great Poet.

I can't help Laughing, Sir, in Writing you this Catalogue, and believe you'll hardly be able to forbear in reading it. However, I desire you to think the Offer I make is very serious, and that I will be punctual to my Word. But whether the Agreement be made or not, I promise you since you are so much concern'd for the Memory of the late Mr. Perrault the Physician, there shall be an Article in the Preface of the next Edition of my Book, in favour of that Physician, who certainly did not make the Frontispiece of the *Louvre*, nor the *Observatory*, nor the *Triumphal Arch*, as will suddenly be demonstratively prov'd: But in the main, was a Man of a great deal of Merit, a good Physician, and what I value still more than all that, who had the Honour to be your Friend. Nay, I question, however I may seem dispos'd to the contrary, whether I shall ever again draw my Pen against Mr. Perrault the Academic, since I shall no more have any Occasion for't; In effect, for what relates to his Writings against the Ancients, abundance of my Friends

Friends are satisfy'd I have already wasted but too much Paper in my Reflexions on *Longinus*, by endeavouring to confute Things so full of Ignorance, and so unworthy to be confuted; and as to what relates to his reflecting on my Manners or Works, they add, the reproach of Your having taken my Part against him, is enough to defend me against his Invectives. I own they are in the right, nevertheless to render my Glory complete, 'tis necessary your Letter be publish'd; and what wou'd I not do to obtain your Consent? Must I unsay all I have said against Monsieur *Perrault*? Must I come upon my Knees to him? Must I read all his *St. Paulin*? You need only tell me so, nothing will be too difficult. I am, with a great deal of Respect,

S I R,

Your most Humble,

And most obedient Servant,

Despreaux.

S O M E.

Genuine Pieces

Written by

Monfr. *BOILEAU*

Never yet Printed in any Edition of his

W O R K S.

A

DIALOGUE

OF THE

DEAD.*

Made English by Mr. LITTLEBURY.

MINOS. CURSE on this wretched Lawyer and his everlasting Lungs, for plaguing us with his damn'd Rhetoric above these Two Hours. All the Business was about a Piece of Cloth, scarce worth the owning, taken from a Cobbler in passing the River *Stryx*; but there was such a Pother kept I warrant ye with *Quintilian*, ~~Cicero~~ and *Aristotle*, that one wou'd have thought it had rain'd Greek and Latin. For my part I am so weary, that I don't know what to do with my self.

PLUTO. Why what's the Matter, *Minos*? You look down in the Mouth methinks.

Vol. II.

Q

M.

* In this Dialogue Monsr. Boileau ridicures a foolish Humour then predominant in France, of turning every thing into Love and Gallantry, which Humour had begun to spread in England, 'till the Duke of Buckingham cur'd us of it by his Rehearsal.

M. The Matter! Why I just now come from a Tryal, where I had like to have been talk'd to death by a confounded Counsellor yonder, who thought himself a Man of Eloquence with a Pox to him.

P. How! What are * *Mazier* or *Huot* dead then?

M. No, but one of their Disciples. He tir'd us with Citations out of History from the Creation of the World, down to the present Time, and all to prove the Illegality of Stealing. Well, certainly there was never such a Profusion of Authors, and so much fine Learning thrown away upon a sorry Remnant of Cloth not worth Three Half Pence.

P. Why did you not make him hold his Tongue?

M. That's a good Jest, I vow. Why, how was it possible to do it? I cry'd out to him a hundred Times and oftner; you Friend at the Bar there, make an End; The Court will hear no more of this Stuff. I might as well have cry'd out to a Wind-Mill to stop its Sails, when a brisk Gale of Wind whisks them about. Whatever we could do or say to him he still went on; and tho' the Rascal deliver'd himself with the vilest Grace in the World, yet he was every Moment at his *Aristotle* the famous Tutor of *Alexander the Great*, and *Tully* of Eloquent Memory, says so and so. In short, the Clack kept going, and our Spark cou'd not be brought to give over, till he had thrown up all the Scraps he had gather'd ever since he left School.

P. Nay, 'tis a sad Truth that Hell was never so over-run with Sots and Fools as at present. For these Ten Years last past, I believe in my Conscience we had not one single Soul come to us from t'other World, that was Master of Common Sense.

M. Right,

M. Right, and the Infection has spread so wide, that the *Elysian-Fields* are not clear of it. They all of them speak a Gibberish that the Devil himself can make nothing of, and this forsooth they call Gallantry. And if *Rhadamanthus* or I offer to reprove them for't, they have the Impudence to tell us, we are a Couple of old *Basket-hilted, out-of-fashion'd Gentlemen*, that don't know the World and good Breeding. But to come to the Point, Sir, will not you take some Care to stop the growing Disturbances of your Kingdom? The Criminals are Every Man of them ready to revolt: All the Prisons are broke open, and Hell was never so much Hell as it is at this present.

P. 'Tis a pretty while since I foresaw this Storm gathering, and to prevent further Mischiefs, I order'd all the Heroes in the *Elysian-Fields* to meet me to Day. But where is *Rhadamanthus*?

M. He's gone to Gammar *Atropos* yonder, to have his Cassock mended. You know 'tis the very same individual Cassock that he brought with him from t'other World hither.

P. There's a good Husband for you!

M. Oh, he learnt this and a thousand other fine things from a Judge *, who came to Hell last Week in a pair of Sattin Drawers.

P. The Devil he did! Why there was a prodigal Dog for you!

M. No, no, you're mistaken, he was as errant a Miser as ever piss'd. It was only two or three *Theses* that had been dedicated to him, and he fow'd them

Q 2

* M. Tardieu, a Judge in Paris, who was assassinated in his House together with his Wife in 1685. See his History in the 10th Satire of M. Boileau.

them together to humour his Wife*. Now I have mention'd her, it was she that stole the Piece of Cloth, that we have had such a Bussle about this Morning.

P. How! What is she with him here?

M. Yes I'faith she's with him, for how cou'd he well have been damn'd unless his Wife had help'd him? We have had the Lord knows what Trouble to make her restore this Piece of Cloth, and had never brought it about, had not the Court forc'd her to deliver it upon the Spot.

RHADAMANTHUS. *Pluto! Minos!* All's lost, All's gone. There's such——

P. Why prithee, what News *Rhadamanthus*? Thou'rt in a terrible Fright I see.

R. Oh Sir, there's the Devil and all to pay yonder. The Prisoners are all broke loose, and there's such a Noise and Hubbub among them, that——

P. Come, be more particular, old Friend, what News hast thou to tell me?

R. I can only tell you, Sir, that the Criminals have broke Jail, that they have fil'd off their Irons, and that unless you take Care immediately to reduce them, you'll be no better than a King of Cloats. There's that Rascal *Prometheus* has got his Vultur like a Falcon upon his Fist. *Tantalus* is as drunk as a Drum. *Sisyphus* is playing at Bowls with his Stone. The *Belides* are at the noble Sport of Clap Arse. *Ixion* is shewing Feats of Activity through a Hoop.
In

* 'Twas formerly the Custom at Paris for those who receiv'd their Degrees in the University to have their Theses printed upon a large Sheet of Paper; and some Copies were likewise printed upon Satin to present the Magistrates with, to whom they were dedicated, and other Persons of Distinction. M. Tardieu out of a sordid Covetousness, caus'd his own Drawers and Wife's Under-Petticoats to be made of them, and 'twas averr'd that (he happening one Day to fall down in the Street, and her Coats flying up, there was seen written on her Backside in Capitals ARGUMENTABOR.

In short, there's a greater Disorder than you can imagine.

P. 'Tis what I've expected this long while, and I am glad with all my Heart, that our Heroes are to meet me to Day. Come, let us e'en go find them out, since the Mutineers have pitch'd upon no Body as yet to head them; and *Mercury*, prithee fly Post, and borrow me some Cannon of my Brother *Jupiter*; but who in the Name of Wonder is it that marches this way with a Crab-Tree Cudgel in his Hand, and a Wallet by his Side?

DIOGENES. You should have been a Wit by the Shortness of your Memory. Why don't you remember *Diogenes*? I heard of the Revolt of your Subjects, and am come to tell you my Cudgel is at your Service.

P. A very doughty Weapon indeed in so considerable a War as this is like to prove.

D. Nay, don't jeer me, I beseech you. Perhaps I may be more useful to you than you are aware of.

P. But have you not seen my trusty Heroes, whom I sent a Summons to, to meet me?

D. For my part I don't know what you call Heroes. But I saw a Parcel of Logger-Heads yonder, who if they ever do you a Farthing's worth of good, I dare be crucified.

P. Leave off your impertinent Raillery, and be silent. Who is it that comes this way leaning upon his Companion's Arm?

* D. 'Tis *Cyrus*.

|| P. Ha! the Great *Cyrus*, that Illustrious Master of *Asia*, who conquer'd so many Kingdoms, and

Q 3

translated

* This is a Satire upon Monsr. Scudery's *CYRUS the GREAT*, a Famous Romance in Ten Volumes. See Boileau's Sat. 2, Sat. 9. And Canto 5. of the Lutrin.

|| Boileau has another *Eling* at Scudery in his Art of Poetry. Cant. 3.

translated the Monarchy from the *Medes* to the *Persians*.

D. You must not call him *Cyrus*, 'tis no longer his Name.

P. Why, how must I call him then?

D. * *Artamenes*.

P. I never heard him call'd by this Name before. However, I am exceeding glad to behold this celebrated Conquerour of *Asia*.

D. But can you tell me why he conquer'd so many Kingdoms?

P. Because he was a young ambitious Prince, that could not content himself with the Limits of his own Kingdom.

D. Alas! You're mistaken. 'Twas because he was in Love.

P. In Love! With whom I pray?

D. The Princess *Mandana*. But can you guess how often she was run away with?

P. A very proper Question to ask at such a Juncture as this.

D. Well, I won't let you go till you have told me.

P. What an importunate Fellow you are! Why then, four times.

D. No, you have miss'd. Guess again.

P. Why then, six times.

D. In short, but a Dozen. But don't trouble yourself about her Honour. She fell into the Hands of the most respectful Villains in the World, who restor'd her as good a Maid, as when they took her.

P. I have scarce Faith enough to believe that. But hark he opens. Let us listen to what he says.

CYRUS.

* The Name that Scudery gives Cyrus in his Romance. See Boileau's Art of Poetry. Cant. 3.

Cyrus. "How long, my adorable Princess will you exercise so much Rigour upon the Heart that adores you? But why should I maintain a Flame that Devours me? Shall I adore an Insensible? Shall I die for an Ingrate? In short, Shall I love the Daughter of my Enemy? Yes *Artamenes*, you must adore the Princess of *Persia*. Yes, *Cyrus*, you must love the Daughter of *Xerxes*. But don't flatter me, Oh thou too complaisant *Scævola*. Tell me, What is it thou hast remark'd in her Eyes, Is it properly an Inclination, or rather some slight Disposition not to hate me.

P. Leave, leave this Language, *Cyrus*. Remember who you are. Think what a Reputation you have acquired in the World by your immortal Actions.

C. For Heaven's sake, generous *Pluto*, let us go hear the History of *Aglatidas* and *Anaëstis*. You may very well pay such a Complaisance as that to the Merit of two such Illustrious Persons. Or if you won't give your self that Trouble, there's my Squire *Scævola* will in the mean time acquaint you with the History of my Life; for in fine——

P. Why don't you know we are now upon the point of giving Battle, and can you fail to assist me in so pressing an Occasion?

C. Oh, for Heav'n's sake listen, for in fine——

P. The Devil take you and your in fine together, if you have nothing else to say to me..

C. As for my own particular——

P. Turn him out there.

C. Once more I request you to——

P. Once more turn him out. A Plague on't, I thought I should never have got rid of him, but who is this that comes forward, I hope he won't be so troublesome as the other.

D. 'Tis * *Antiochus*.

He

P. He seems to be looking about for something and examines every Corner of the Room. What is it you have lost *Antiochus*?

Antiochus. If you have found it, Sir, Pray put me to no more Trouble to look after it.

P. First tell what 'tis.

A. In short, 'tis the Depositary of the Beauties of my Mistress, which gave me Consolation in her Absence, and which has broke through the obscure *Asylum*, where I vainly flatter'd my self to have lodg'd it in Security.

P. What the Plague dost thou mean by all this Fustian?

D. I find I must explain his meaning to you. Know then that the Depositary wherein the Beauties of his Mistress are lodg'd, is in plain English her Picture, which has broke through the obscure *Asylum*, where he fancied it was very secure. That is as much as to say, that his Pocket has got a Hole in it an't please you.

P. A pretty Expression this for a Hole in ones Pocket. Ah *Antiochus*, think of the great Victories you have obtain'd, think next on the Occasion that now presents it self, to get new ones.

A. I will not speak one Syllable till you satisfy me whether you have found it.

P. A Eighty Matter I profess. Pray Friend go and find out your Picture your self, and let me advise you to put it next time into a substantial Coffer; since I find it is not safe in your Pocket.

A. Alas! Whither will my Despair hurry me?

P. Here comes another this Way, who I hope is not touch'd with this Folly. But who is she I wonder.

D. 'Tis * *Thomyris*.

P. How

* This reflects upon a Tragedy of Quinault, call'd, The Death of Cyrus. See what Boileau says of Quinault. Sat. 2. Sat. 3. Sat. 9.

P. How glad am I to see the invincible Queen of the *Scythians*, who alone put a stop to the Conquests of *Cyrus*, who caus'd his Head to be cut off, and thrown into a Vessel full of Blood, with these remarkable Words. *Satisfie thy self with Blood, of which thou wast always so greedy.*

D. * Oh Sir, this is nothing but an idle Story, that the World has been abused with for about Two Thousand Years; but some Ten Years ago we rectified this Error. 'Twas only a mistake of *Cyrus's* Gazetteer, who it seems was imposed upon by a false Report of his Death.

P. I was in good Hopes that this Lady came not upon the same Errand with the former Spark, but I find she looks about her too, as if she had lost something.

T. Oh! my dear *Tablettes*. Can any generous Stranger help me to my *Tablettes*?

P. Before *Jove*, the Infection is Universal. I think the Devil's in 'em all.

T. Has any of you found my *Tablettes*? Speak, and deliver them to me without opening.

P. Your *Tablettes*! Pray what was in 'em to make you value them so?

T. A Madrigal upon the Amiable Enemy that Persecutes me.

D. I'm sorry with all my Heart she has lost her *Tablettes*. How glad should I have been to have seen a *Scythian* Madrigal?

P. Come, Madam, let your *Tablettes* alone, you have a fine Opportunity now to shew your Valour. Be the same *Virago* you were when you so effectually humbled the Great Emperor of *Persia*.

T. No, I'll die a Thousand Deaths before I'll Fight against so Amiable a Prince.

P. A

* Quinault in his Play feigns that *Cyrus* was not kill'd in Battle, but that *Thomyris* took him Prisoner, and fell in Love with him.

P. A Plague on't. Why she's in Love too like the rest. The Duce take me if ever I saw such a Pack of Fools in my Life. Turn her out there. But whose Voice is this I hear?

D. That huge One-Ey'd Coxcomb's there that Sings to the Eccho.

P. What One-Ey'd Coxcomb do you Mean?

D. * *Horatius.*

P. Let us hear what it is he says.

Horatius. Even *Phœnicia* does Declare,
Nothing with *Clelia* can Compare.

P. What is he an Amorous Milk-sop too! Are you the same Max that sav'd by his Valour the City of Rome, who alone upon the Bridge sustain'd the Effort of a whole Army, till such time as the Arch behind him was broken down, and who swam through the River in his Armour, amidst a Thousand Arrows that were shot at him.

Horatius. Even *Phœnicia* does Declare,
Nothing with *Clelia* can Compare.

P. Why Prithee Honest Friend that's not the Question. Leave off this cursed Song. I sent for you on Purpose to Assist me in this general Defection of my Subjects. You that by your self Perform'd so many Miracles, what will you not be Capable of doing at the Head of so many gallant Princes?

Horatius. Even *Phœnicia* does Declare,
Nothing with *Clelia* can Compare.

P. Turn this Sonneteer out of Doors, since we can get nothing out of him but these Villainous Rhimes. Don't stay a Minute, but turn him of Doors immediately.

Horatius. Even *Phœnicia* does Declare,
Nothing with *Clelia* can Compare.

P. 'Tis strange Methinks that we can Light upon none but Amorous Sots. For my part I believe that *Lucretia* her self has not escap'd the Contagion.

P. The

* A Satire of *Clelia*, a Romance of M. Scudery; and goes on till the Maid of Orleans speaks.

D. The Truth on't is, I would not willingly Swear for her Honour. She Talks of nothing all the Day long but Gallantry. Ha ! I see she moves this Way. How like a Coquette she throws her Eyes already.

Lucretia.

2 3 1 4 6 5 11 12 7 8 10
Happy won'd. how it to be always stay Love if would
9. 13 15 14 17 16 18 22 21 23 20
Love but ~~can~~ to we Misery Prove soon does decay. Flame
19
the

P. What Gibberish does she Talk ? This can never be the Famous *Lucretia*. Had you seen her when she came Thundering down to the Infernal Mansions, with her Hair all flowing about her Shoulders, the Bloody Ponjard in her Hand, her Eyes sparkling, and her Face, for all the horrors of Death, still Blushing for the late Infamy she had suffer'd, you'd Swear this is none of her, and that 'tis impossible she shou'd be so much alter'd.

D. 'Tis she however. But perhaps she may Discourse better than those that came before her. Listen then.

L. For Pity sake most Sage *Pluto*, cease for a Moment your Important Occasions ; and vouchsafe to inform me whereabouts 'tis you live in the Land of *Tenderness*. Whether you live at *Tenderness* upon the River *Esteem* ; * *Tenderness* upon *Acknowledgment*, or *Tenderness* upon *Inclination* ; and whether you are already arrived at the Village of *Billets Doux*, or *Love Letters*.

P. What Country is it she Talks of ?

D. A Country that no Man ever yet saw, and yet was Discover'd some Years ago in *France*. These Villages of *Billets Doux* and *Love Letters* that she Talked of, are certain Places through which you must of necessity pass, before you can arrive at the Land of *Tenderness*.

* The Map of *Tenderness*, a small Piece in the Romance of *Clelia*.

P. For my part I never heard it mention'd before. I would advise her to build a *Mad House* near the Villages of *Billets Doux* and *Love Letters*, for I dare engage she'll sooner come thither than to the Land of *Tenderness*, provided she continues in this Humour.

D. Why not, I beseech you. * *Cotin* is still well. But see, here's *Brutus*.

P. I am glad on't, for now I am pretty sure of meeting a Man of Sense. This is the brave *Roman* who set his Country at Liberty, who turn'd out the *Tarquins*, and put his Children to death for conspiring against the Republic.

BRUTUS.

4	6	9	12	2	1	10	14	3	11
Love	wonder	Days	shall	let	O	and	that	me	you
15	18	5	8	13	7	17	16		
Love	flays	the	our	see	of	ever	for.		

P. He speaks the same canting Stuff with *Lucretia*. But I don't wonder at it, he's in one of his old Frolicks, and pretends to be a Fool.

D. Far from that, he never was wiser in his Life. 'Tis by talking after this manner that he discovers to his Mistress that he is no Natural. For give me leave to tell you, Sir, these Words are the finest Verses in the World, if you place them but in their right Order.

P. A very pretty Reason i'faith. By the same Argument one might prove a Dictionary to be the finest Book in the World, for you need only range the Words aright, to make a most admirable Discourse out of them. Come *Brutus* leave off this extravagant Stuff, and return to your right Senses again. Set before your Eyes the Glory of your former Life, and of those immortal Actions that have made the
World

* A lamentable Wretch whom Boileau frequently pells, See Sat. 3.
89.

World propose you as a Model to all succeeding Heroes. Think on the Liberty you bestow'd upon your Native Country, and what a Name you have left behind you — A Plague on't, he does not understand me. I believe he's as deaf as a Mill-Stone — Why *Brutus, Brutus*.

D. Don't be surpriz'd at him, *Pluto*, 'tis nothing but a mental Assignment. You must know he has oblig'd himself every Day to think of his Mistress at a certain Hour. The Clock struck just now, and this is the Hour, no doubt on't, that he has pitch'd upon to contemplate upon her Divine Perfections. I wou'd advise you to let him go, for you'll not get one Word out of him, till 'tis over.

P. Take him away, we have seen all sorts of Fools I think to Day. But who is this Lady that moves forward?

D. 'Tis *Clelia*.

P. Why surely she can never be so besotted as the rest. That valiant Heroine who swam cross the *Tiber*, with a Resolution hardly to be found in the greatest Men.

CLELIA. Leave off this grave serious Air, Majestic *Pluto*, and freely impart to us the Name of that beautiful Person, who triumphs over your Heart, and whose Chains you wear: For in fine, 'tis impossible that a Merit and Discernment so conspicuous as yours, should continue long without loving, and causing it self to be belov'd.

P. Why, what's the Matter *Clelia*? And are you too possess'd with this Devil of Love?

C. 'Tis true, that the eminent Qualities of the Heroic Prince of *Clusium* have gain'd an Empire over my Heart, against which there is no rebelling. In Effect —

P. Away with her. If she once begins to let her Tongue run, there will be no stopping of her. But who

who is this diminutive Spark that is set down in a * Machine? Oh! Is it you? *Scarron*? Why, what makes you here in this embroider'd Habit?

Scarron. I am no longer call'd *Scarron*, but *Scaurus*, and am habited after the *Roman* Fashion, altho' my Shape fits it † none of the best. My Business at present is, to consult the *Sibylls* with *Horatius* and *Scævola*.

P. Take my Advice, honest *Scarron*, you'll pass your time much better with || *Ragotin* than with *Horatius* and *Scævola*. Sit down in your Chair near me.

S. With all my Heart. It shall be my Business to give you the Name and Characters of the rest of the Heroes and Heroines you are to see. Oh! Yonder's an old Acquaintance of mine coming along.

P. Who is that lean meagre Creature?

S. 'Tis * *Sappho*.

Sappho. Afford some little Relaxation, *Pluto*, to those Cares that incessantly employ you. Let us bestow a few Minutes in Conversation, and tell me what sort of Love it is you think to be the most constant, That which proceeds from Esteem, or That which comes from Inclination. To adjust this great Point, we ought to consult our most illustrious Friends. *Diogenes* shall personate the Gay *Amilcar*, and *Minos* the learned *Hermippus*.

P. You must enter into a Conversation, forsooth. A very proper time indeed, when we are just going into the Field. D. If

* *Scarron* † *Mr. Scarron* so well known for his Burlesque Poetry and his Comical Romance, and Husband to *Mademoiselle d'Aubignie*, since *Marchioness of Maintenon*, was afflicted with a Distemper that had made him Wry neck'd and crippled in his Legs (uncapable so that he was carried about in a Machine contriv'd on purpose, and made use of a Pulley fasten'd to his Hair, to salute those who visited him.

|| The Hero of *Scarron's* Comical Romance.

* 'Tis one of the Persons of the Grand *Cyrus*, as well as the preceding ones: But the Author maliciously applies it to *Mademoiselle Scudery*, the Author of that Romance, whom the French Poets, when they commend her, call *Sappho*.

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D. If there's nothing else to hinder you, you have Authority enough to do it: For all those worthy Heroes whom you have seen, at the very Moment when they thought to dispose of their Troops in the best Order, and to encourage their Men, very wisely stop'd to listen to the History of *Thimanta* and *Sesostris*, whose most important Adventure is that of the lost Bracelet, and Love-Letter gone astray.

Sup. In Effect ———

P. Nay, since you are so desirous to hear your self talk, I'll e'en go and send for one with whom you may prattle as long as you will. Call *Tesiphone* hither.

S. You imagine I know her not, whereas she is one of my best Friends, and perhaps you will not be displeased if I give you her Portraiture. The illustrious Nymph, of whom I speak, has something so furiously charming, she is so terribly agreeable, that I find my self possess'd with the greatest Consternation, when I go to make her Description. Her Eyes are lively and piercing, little, and encompass'd with a certain Redness that wonderfully improves the Lustre of them. As she is naturally handsome, so she is naturally Negligent, and this Negligence is the Cause that she frequently discovers her Breasts, which in all Respects resemble those of an *Amazon*, with this Difference only, that whereas the *Amazons* had only one Pap burnt off, the amiable *Tesiphone* has both. Her Hair is long and curling, and seems to be so many Serpents that wind about her Head, and negligently play around her Face.

P. I find you exactly resemble the Description you have given us of her — Come take her away here. She's the most impertinent Devil of them all.

D. You have strangely affronted her: For her Eyes are not like those of *Tesiphone*, and she her self tells us in her Portraiture, that the Contrarieties of White and Black in her Eyes have a most agreeable Effect.

P. By

P. By the same Reason *Cerberus* may be called a Beau. His Eyes I am sure are as Black and White as hers can be for the Heart of her——But let the rest come altogether for I am resolv'd not to be plagu'd with them One by One. Good God what a rout is here! Send them packing about their Business. But who is this strapping Female Arm'd Cap-a-pe, that moves so slowly?

Scarron. 'Tis the || Maid of Orleans.

P. She is strangely disfigur'd then.

D. You must know she has been a long time at Board with a certain Author, who treated her with short Commons, 'tho' she got him a good * Pension.

P. It was very ill bestow'd upon him then.

D. Now she's come, pray listen to her. Without Question she has something to say to you.

The Maid.

Great Prince! for from this Hour I'll call you Great,
Behold a Virgin prostrate at your Feet,
'Tis true, my Zeal is check'd by my Respect;
But at your Sight I Courage do collect,
'Tho' that collecting does me soon deject.
In fine, my Heart at your illustrious Sight
Is both possess'd with Pleasure and with Fright.
Oh that my Lungs wou'd prove so stout and strong,
As you to praise, and yet not do you Wrong!
For you alone I have a mortal Point,
Where the Right Shoulders & the Left conjoint.
Let this Blow break my Bone, and my Blood spread
From Belly, Back, from Haunches and from Head.

P. A Pox on her. What Language is this she talks?

D.

|| A Satire on the Heroic Poem of Chapelain, call'd the Maid of Orleans or Joan of Arc.

* Chapelain had a considerable Pension from the Duke of Longueville as a Reward for this Poem.

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D. She speaks French, and if 'tis none of the best, yet she has gone to School, let me tell you, above Forty Years, to one of our Famous Writers to Learn it.

P. She does not show it. But you, Virgin of Orleans, wou'd any body that sees you, imagine you were that same Damsel, who defeated the English who deliver'd France from their Power, and courted nothing but Glory?

The Maid

* One Road leads to't, and on this only Road
Both Right and Left, the Way it is not Broad.

P. The Devil take this screaming Screech-Owl Tone, it has filled both my Ears. If you have a mind to Talk more, I bar Verse.

The Maid.

None of the Arrows do her Body reach,
Or if they Tap her Blood, they make no breach.

P. What, again at your Poetry! Why, this is worse and worse still, carry her off there, But who are these, I wonder?

D. Why, these are imaginary Heroes.

P. Who art thou that com'st first?

Astratus. I am † Astratus.

P. Who the Plague is this Astratus? I never read of him before.

D. Pardon me Sir, a certain Author, who is scarce better known himself, makes mention of him.

P. Well! And what says he of him?

D. He says, Sir, That at this time liv'd Astratus. That is all.

P. So Friend! And what Business brings you here?

R

Astratus.

* As for the Poetry of the Maid of Orleans, see Boileau, Sat. 3. Sat. 7. Sat. 9. And for Chapelain, Sat. 4. and Sat. 5.

(†) A Satire upon a Tragedy of Quinault call'd Astratus. See Boileau. Sat. 3.

A. I come to see the Queen.

P. What Queen do ye mean? The Devil of a Queen is here.

A. I wou'd fain see the Queen.

P. Prithee look under my Cloak, and see, if she is, not there.—Come, Turn him out since he has no more to say.—And what art thou?

Sesostrius. The Grand * Sesostrius.

P. Who is thy Father!

S. The Abbe de † Pure.

P. Where hast thou led thy Life?

S. At the "Hotel de Bourgoigne."

P. How old art thou?

S. Two Days.

P. Well then, return to the Place from whence you came.

S. But they won't take me again.

P. Nor will we let thee stay here, Old Boy: Is it possible that I can't find one Man of Sense among so many of you? Who is he that Talks to himself?

D. 'Tis || Pharamond.

P. ! What the Heroic King, that founded the Empire of the Franks. Let us here what he says.

Pharamond. Whoever you are, Dear Princess, Treat with less Cruelty that Heart, which has already surrendered self to you.

P. Yet I am told he never saw his Mistress.

D. 'Tis very True, he never saw her in his Life.

P. Why then I suppose he fell in Love with her Picture.

D. No, there was nothing of that. It was only with hearing her talk'd of.

P. What a monstrous piece of Folly was that? But, Mercury, what News have you brought me?

Mercury.

(*) A Tragedy of the Abbe de Puree

(†) See Boileau, Sat. 2, Sat. 9..

" A Play House in Paris.

(||) A Satire upon Pharamond, a Romance, written by Calprenede. See what Boileau says of him in his Art. of Poetry Cant. 3.

Mercury. I come to tell you, Sir, That no sooner did your Brother's Artillery appear in the Field, but the Rebels immediately turn'd Tail, and went peacably to their respective Prisons, that every thing is quiet in your Dominions, and that you were never a King move at Peace, than at this present Minute.

P. I am obliged to you for your good News. But you that are the God of Eloquence, pray tell me, why do you suffer Men to Talk at that mad rate as they do. I profess I don't understand a Syllable they say in the *Elysian Fields*.

M. 'Tis none of my fault: It's above Ten Years ago since they have left off invoking, either *Apollo* or my Self. They wholly Address themselves to a certain *Phæbus*, who speaks nothing but Gibberish, that you can neither make Head nor Tail of. But now I must inform you of a malicious Trick that has been play'd you this Morning. You believ'd you saw True Heroes, whereas they were only a pack of idle Scoundrels that borrow'd their Names and Habits. The True Gentlemen are now at the Gate to demand Justice of you.

P. The Truth on't is, I cou'd hardly imagine how they came to be alter'd so for the worse. There was not one of them but was a rank errant stinking Sot.

M. If you'd be satisfy'd of the Truth of what I tell you, it is but ordering them to unrig, and they richly deserve to be served so for endeavouring to put such a Sham upon you.

P. That's not enough, I shall take care to have 'em effectually Lash'd with a good wholesome Dog-whip—So-ho, Here! Order those Accomplish'd Sparks to come in again, and begin with that Fellow there.

Antiochus. Oh Barbarous! What will you strip the Conqueror of *Asia*!

P. Hark ye Friend, now go and find your Portraiture——Undress me this Villain too.

Astratus. Alas ! Will you thus Treat so great a Conqueror ?

P. Come Master, I'll shew you the Queen, Well now make this Rascal Unbutton.

Horatius. And will you thus Reward the Illustrious Roman that Saved his Country ? Oh *'Tempora, & Mores !*

P. No, No, I'll only teach you to Sing 't' an Echo.——Now let 'em all be Jirk'd as they deserve.

Chorus of the Heroes.

Oh *Soudery !* Oh *Abbe de Pure !* Oh *Chapelain !* Oh *Quinault !*

Scarron Rising.

I must implore your Clemency for these People ; I know them every one, they are all my good Neighbours, and live in the same part of the Town ; Good Morrow Mr. *Morace.* Morrow Madam *Sappho.* The same to you my pretty *Lucretia.*

Mercury. Come, make your Compliments, Gentlemen in some fitter Place. In the mean time *Pluto,* Will you suffer the true Heroes to come in. They are so desirous to speak with you——

P. Pray go and excuse me to thesn. I can't admit them this Hour yet, for I am so weary with hearing these Gounterfeits, that I must take a short Nap first——Come turn me out these Vermin.

April 29. 1695.

A
L E T T E R

FROM

Monfr. B O I L É A U

TO

M. de M A U C R O I X.

Made English by Mr. O R E L L.

THE improbable things I have heard concerning *M. de la Fontaine*, are much the same you guess'd 'em to be: I mean the Sack-cloth and Ashes, and those Mortifications with which (I'm told) he frequently afflicted his Body, and which seem'd to me so much the more incredible of our departed Friend, as that nothing, in my Opinion, was ever more remote from his Character than such Austerities. But what shall we say? God's Grace does not confine itself to ordinary Changes; It sometimes effects real Metamorphoses. It did not appear in the same Measure upon poor *M. C.* who died as he had liv'd; that is to say, a very *Man-hater*, and not only so, but with great Difficulty was wrought upon to reconcile himself to God, *to whom* (as he was dying if I'm not mis-

inform'd) he said, *He had no Obligation.* Who wou'd have believ'd of these Two, *M. de la Fontaine* to be the *chosen Vessel*? This, Sir, afforded just Matter for the sage and Christian-like Reflexions which you make me in your Letter, and which I believe proceed from a Heart sincerely persuaded of what it utters.

To come to your Works; I have already begun to compare the *Dialogue of the Orators* with the Latin. So far as I have gone, I like Extrémely well. The Language is perfectly good. There is nothing strain'd; Every thing seems free and natural. There are however, some Passages, wherein I do not agree with you, as to the *Sense* you have follow'd. I have mark'd some of them with a Pencil, which you will find, when you look'over 'em agen. If I have time I will explain to you my Objections, for otherwise I doubt you will not be able to understand them well. I shall tell you one beforehand, because I reckon it of greater-Consequence than the rest. It is pag. 6. of your Manuscript, where you translate *Minimum inter tot ac tanta locum obtinent imagines ac tituli & Statua: Compar'd to such Excellent Talents (meaning Eloquence and Knowledge of the Laws) What is Nobility, What is Birth?* &c. Now, I conceive, the Author is not there speaking of Nobility, or Birth, but of the Images, Inscriptions and Statues which were in those Days often made in Honour of the Orators, and sent Home to their Houses. *Juvenal* mentions a Lawyer of his time, who took a great deal more Money than his Brethren, because he had a Statue of the Equestral Sort. Without bringing all the Proofs I could to back my Opinion, *Maternus* himself in your Dialogue shews clearly the same thing, when he says, *That these Statues and Images have intruded into his House in Despite of him: Æra & Imagines, quæ etiam me nolente in Domum meam irruerunt.* Excuse, Sir, the Liberty I take of telling you so Sincerely my Opinion. But 'twere a Pity so beautiful a Work as yours, shou'd
Have

have these Blemishes which shock Men of Learning, and which might give Occasion afterwards to recant. Besides, you have already allow'd me to deal freely with you, and to speak my Mind without Reserve.

I am very glad my Taste happens so conformable to yours, touching our Author and I am persuaded as well as you, that M. Godeau is a very valuable Poet; yet methinks we may say of him what *Longinus* said of *Hyperides*, that he's always *Fasting*, and has nothing that moves or warms us; in a Word, he wants that Force of Style, and that Vivacity of Expression, which is requir'd in an Author, and which makes his Works durable. I know not whether he will go down to Posterity, since to do that, he must return to Life; for we may say he's already Dead, his Works being no longer thought of by any Body. It is not so with *Malherbe*, who grows in Reputation the further he moves from the Age he liv'd in. And yet it is certain and was the Opinion of our dear Friend *Patru*, that he was by Nature no great Poet, but he corrects that Fault by his Wit and Labour; for no Body took more Pains than he, as appears pretty plainly by the small Number of Pieces he compos'd. Our Tongue requires to be extremely labour'd. *Racan* had more of Genius than he, but is more negligent, and too industrious in copying him. His chief Excellence, in my Mind, lies in speaking of minute things, and therein comes nearest the Ancients, whom I particularly admire upon that Score. The dryer things are, and the harder to be dealt with in Verse; the more they strike, when nobly deliver'd, and with that Elegance which is peculiar to Poetry. I remember *M. de la Fontaine* us'd to tell me, that the two Verses which he most esteem'd, of my Works, were those wherein I praise the King for having set up the Manufacture of French Needlework in the Room of the Venetian. They are in the first Epistle.

*Et nos Voisins frustrez de ces tributs serviles
Que paieit a leur Art le luxe de nos Villes.*

*France is no more with Foreign Tributes griev'd,
Which from our Luxury their Art receiv'd.*

Virgil and *Horace* are divine in this particular, as well as *Homer*. It is just the contrary with our Poets, who speak nothing but loose rambling things, which others have said before, and in the same Words too. When they depart from that, they can no longer express themselves, and fall into a Barrenness, which is worse than their Plagiarism. For my own Part, I know not if I have succeeded in it; but when I make Verses, I always endeavour to say what has not been said in our Tongue.

This is what I have principally Aim'd at in a late Epistle which I made upon Occasion of the many Criticisms that have been printed against my last Satire. I therein give an Account of every thing I have done since I came into the World; I relate my Errors, my Age, my Inclinations, my Manners; I tell who were my Parents, I set down the Degrees of my Fortune, how I was at Court, how I left it, the Inconveniencies I met with, the Works I compos'd. A great many little things deliver'd in a few Words, for it does not contain above 130 Verses. I have not as yet publish'd it, nor indeed so much as writ it out; but all those who have heard me recite it, seem full as much taken with it as with any other of my Performances. Wou'd you think it, Sir, that one of the Places which they applaud the most, is where I only say, that being now seven and fifty Years old I ought no longer to pretend to the public Approbation. 'Tis said in four Verses, which I willingly transmit here, that you may send me Word whether you like them.

Mais

*Mais aujourd'hui qu' enfin la Vieillesse Venue,
Sous mes faux cheveux blonds déjà toute chenue,
A jette sur ma tête, avec ses doigts pesans,
Onze lustres complets surchargez de deux ans.*

*Now when grey Time, in his impartial Course,
Beneath my false fair Hair, has Show'n his Force;
When heavy-finger'd Age, upon my Head
Eleven Lustre and two Years has shed.*

The Perruke, methinks, is happily enough *Hair*, in these four Verses. But, Sir, now I'm speaking of trivial things the subjects of Verse, I fancy by this time I have given you enough of 'em in Prose, and that the Pleasure I take in talking to you *of my self*, makes me unreasonably forget to speak to you *of your self*. I hope, you will excuse a Poet newly deliver'd of a Production. 'Tis impossible to forbear speaking of it, Right or Wrong.

I now return to those you put into my Hands. There's not any one of them but deserves highly to be printed. I have not Seen the Translations of the Treatises concerning *Old Age and Friendship*, done by the Zealot you complain of, as well as by your self. All I know is that he had the Boldness, not to say Impudence, to re-translate St. *Augustin's* Confessions after Messieurs de Port Royal, and that being heretofore their humble creeping Scholar he took upon him of a sudden to set up for a Master. He has made a Preface introductory to his Translations of St. *Augustin's* Sermons, which tho' the Language is well enough, is a Master-piece of Impertinence and Inconsistency. Monfr. *Arnauld* a little before he died, writ against that Preface a Dissertation which is Printed. I do not know whether it has been sent to you; but sure I am, if you have seen it, you agree with me there never was any thing done in our Language more beau-

beautiful, or more solid upon the Point of Rhetoric. This is the Judgment of the whole Court and Town, and never was any thing more effectually confuted than the Zealot's Preface. Every Body wishes he were alive, to see what he wou'd say upon his being so well handled. This Dissertation is the last Piece but one of Monfr. *Arnauld* and I may boast that that great Man finish'd his Works by praising me; for the Letter he wrote upon my Account to Monfr. *Perrault* is the last thing he ever did. I question not but you know what that Letter was which does me so much Honour. Monfr. *le Verrier* has a Coppy of it which he will send to you, whenever you please, provided you have not yet had it. It is astonishing that a Man of his extreme Age shou'd retain all that Vigour of Mind, and Memory which appears in those two Pieces and which he, however, did only dictate; the Weakness of his Sight not permitting him to write any more himself.

This, Sir, methinks, is a tedious Letter. But what? The idle time I now have upon my Hands at *Auteuil* has, as it were, transported me to *Rheims*, where I fancied I was conversing with you in your Garden; and that I once more saw you, as formerly, with all those dear Friends whom we have lost, and who have disappear'd *velut somnium surgentis; like the Dream of one that awakes*. I despair of ever being there again. But, Sir, shall we never see you more at *Paris*, and have you no Curiosity to visit my Solitude at *Auteuil*? How happy shou'd I be to embrace you there, and to disburthen into your Bosom the Vexations I daily receive from the Follies of our modern Writers. Adieu, Sir,

I am entirely Yours.

DESPREAU.

M. *del* MAUCROIX's

A N S W E R

To the Foregoing LETTER.

May 23, 1695.

I Have delay'd, Sir, for some time, to answer yours, Not through Negligence but by Design. One should not perpetually interrupt your Studies or your Repose. But instead of beginning with the Thanks I owe you, bear with me that I chide you. Wherefore is it you desire me to excuse the Liberty you take of telling me sincerely your Opinion. You cannot I swear do me a greater Pleasure. Every Stroke of your Pencil is a fresh Obligation upon me. I *bona fide* agree I did not enter into the Author's Sense upon those Words *Imagines ac Tituli & Statuæ*. In case my Translation should be printed, I shall not only take the Benefit of your Correction, but let the Public know it is yours if you think fit; and by that means I shall do my self an Honour, by at least making the World sensible that I have some room in your Friendship. There are in this Dialogue a great many other Passages which I have not scrupulously render'd into our Tongue, because they wou'd require Notes, to explain them to the Majority of Readers who are not appris'd of the Customs of Antiquity, and yet are very willing to be excus'd the Trouble of reading Annotations. Besides you know the rest of this

this Piece is very much corrupted. The Letter is oftentimes defective; how then can it be *literally* translated?

Let us proceed to *Monfr. Godeau*. I own he wrote with great Facility, we may say with too much Facility. He used to make 2 or 300 Verses, as *Horace* says, *stans pede in uno*. Good Verses are not made at that Rate. I appeal to your own Experience. And yet among the careless Verses of *Monfr. Godeau* some beautiful ones have fall'n from him: For Example, when he speaks to *Virgil* concerning his *Georgics*, and tells him,

Soit que d'un contr' d' or tu fendes les guezets.

Whether with Golden Share thou Plow'st the Fields.

Don't you think this Verse happy? But (to speak truth) Ev'n when we were young we perceiv'd that *M. Godeau* had not Variety enough. Most of his Works are like *Ænigmatical Symbols*, for he always begins with expressing the Circumstance of a thing, and then joins the Motto. There's no other Figure to be seen in his *Benedicite*, in his *Laudate*, and his *Canticles*.

As to *Malherbe* and *Racan*; in my Opinion you judge of them very rightly, and according to what I have all my Life long heard to have been the Sense of the most ingenious. As to what our Friend *la Fontaine* told you touching the two Verses of yours which he liked so well, he has said the same also to me; nay, I know not but he had it from me first, I won't be positive. And indeed I long ago observ'd You did not write at all like others. You don't suffer your self to be *snub'd*, if I may so say, by your Rhime. I take this to be the stumbling-block of our Versification, and am persuaded it is What has giv'n the Greeks and Latins so great

an Advantage over us. When they had made a Verse, that Verse stood; but with us, to make one Verse is nothing; there must be two; nor must the second seem to be made to hear the first Company.

The Quotation out of your last Epistle which you pleasure me with, makes me wish for the rest with extreme Impatience. If it is throughout like those four Verses, you may say with *Malherbe*, *Les puissantes faveurs dont Parnasse m' honore, non loin de mon berceau commencerent leur cours, je les Possedai jeune, & les possède encore a la fin de mes jours.* The *Wearths* which round my Temples *Shod*, Ev'n from my Infancy took Root; Young, I the *Muses Smiles* possess; nor is my *Old Age* uncarest. Dost you think it comical for me to write Verses as if they were Prose? *Racan* wrote his Poetry no otherwise.

I have read the Dissertation of *Monfr. Arnould* upon the *Zealot's* Preface. I was troubled in reading it, that I was not a little more vindictive in my Nature, for I shou'd have had a great deal of Pleasure in seeing my Gentleman's Ears so well lugg'd. What cou'd he have answer'd to so many solid Reasons which destroy his ridiculous System of *Eloquence? Do me the Favour to transmit to me the Letter which *Monfr. Arnould* wrote to *Monfr. Perrault*, and wherein he speaks of you, as all *France* is oblig'd to do. *Monfr. Perrault* is a gallant Man, who understands Reason in every thing, except in the Case of the Moderns. Since he has espous'd their Party he's grown blind even to the Merit of those Moderns who defend the Ancients. Our Age 'tis true, has produc'd very great Men in
all

* *Father Lamy* a *Benedictin*, in his *Treatises of Self Knowledge*, and in his *Explications* on those *Treatises*, declared himself against Rhetoric or rather against Eloquence, after the Example of *Monfr. Dubois*. M. the Bishop of *Soissons*, confuted him with as much Spirit as *Modesty*; and the Work of that industrious Prelate was, Printed in 1702, with *Monfr. Arnould's* Dissertation and a Preface of *Father Bouhours's*, in a Collection intitled, *Reflexions upon Eloquence*, &c.

all The Arts and Sciences. The Magnanimity of the Romans is found again entire in *Corneille*, and there are a great many Scenes in *Moliere* which would discompose the Gravity of the most severe Stoic. But we are not content with these Praises, and unless we put the Ancients under our Feet, we do not believe our selves rais'd high enough. Even tho' we were our own Judges, we ought to be ashamed to pronounce in our Favour. It is from Posterity a decisive Sentence shou'd be expected, and 'tis certain there are few of our Writers, who like you, Sir, ought not to dread appearing one Day before that Tribunal.

As for me, and my Brother Translators, we have no reason to fear it. You have told me more than once, *Translation is not the Way to Immortality*. With my Hand upon my Heart, I own I shou'd be to blame to pretend to't. I don't flatter my self with it at all. *Oportet unumquemq; de mortalitate aut de immortalitate sua cogitare*. This Aphorism of *Pliny* the younger I look upon as one of the best Things in him. To be an Author, it is requisite to have a great Stock of Knowledge and but little or no Laziness. I am very Lazy, and my Knowledge as scanty. Now Translating repairs all this. My Author is Learned for me; the Topics are all digested; the Inventing and Disposing are none of my Business; I have nothing to do but to Utter my self. One Advantage which I find too by Translation and which Every body is not aware of, is, that it gives us a perfect Knowledge of an Author; it shews us him Stark Naked, if I may dare to say so; the Translator discovers all his Beauties and all his Defects. I never knew *Cicero* so well as I do, now I have Translated him; and were I as bold as the daring Critics of his Age, I wou'd perhaps, like them, presume to accuse him in some places of a little *Verbofensess*; but it do's not become me

me to speak with so little respect of so great an Orator. I confess, for all this, if Fortune had fix'd me at *Paris*, I wou'd have ventur'd upon composing a History of some one of our Kings. But I live in a place where are wanting all the Helps necessary to an Author; Thus have I been oblig'd to confine my self to Translation: I cannot repent me of it, if I have the good Fortune to please you at all. Love me. Ever, I beg you, and assure Dear M. *Racine* that I shall Eternally be his most humble Servant as well as Yours.

De MAUCROIX.

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