The Arts of Logick and Rhetorick, Illustrated
By Examples taken out of the best Authors, Antient and Modern,
In all the Polite Languages.

Interpreted and Explain'd
By that Learned and Judicious Critick,
Father Bouhours.

To which are added,
Parallel Quotations
Out of the Most Eminent English Authors in Verse and Prose: Wherein the like Observations are made on their Beauties and Blemishes, in all the various Kinds of Thought and Expression.

As all is Darkness when the Fancy's bad;
So without Judgment Fancy is but mad.
D. of Bucks.

London:
M. DCC. XXVIII.
TO

The Right Honourable

George Dodington, Esq;
One of the Lords of the Treasury,
AND
Lord Lieutenant of the County
of Somerset.

S I R,

THE Loss of my intended Patron, Sir Samuel Garth, who put me upon this Work, was such a Discouragement to my Studies, which he was always pleas'd to favour, that I thought no more of Pere Boubours, or Right-thinking, till I had the Honour of your Conversation, which reviv'd in my Memory all those Ideas
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of it that are the Ornament and Use of the French Critick's admirable Treatise.

The Inducements I shou'd have had to have made the like Address to my deceas'd Friend, were his fine Learning, Genius, Taste, Wit, Judgment, Vivacity, and Humanity, which are but a Part of your Character, heighten'd by a perfect Knowledge of Men, and the Business of the World, by superior Dignity and Fortune; where we find verify'd what Mr. Pope said in Flattery of one of the late Queen's latest Ministers, A Genius not more distinguish'd in the great Scenes of Business, than in all the useful and entertaining Parts of Learning: But it was those other valuable and amiable Qualities which wou'd have induc'd me to have had Recourse to the Protection of Sir Samuel Garth, as they necessitate me to desire Yours: For without Learning, Genius, Taste, Wit, and Judgment, no Patron cou'd have protected a Book which treats of nothing else, and that in the most Delicate and Instructive Manner.

It was impossible for me not to think of You, in a Case of this Nature; and that Beneficence which is so conspicuous in all Your Actions, confirm'd me in an Opinion that You wou'd not deny me Your Patronage; it being as necessary to me, as it is glorious to others: For in every Article of Right-thinking, You will, with a Glance of Your Eye, see if Father Bouhours and my self are not mistaken; and if You approve of what
what we have done, we shall have nothing to fear from Criticism.

I dare not flatter my self with such Hopes, and that this will be our good Fortune; Your Penetration being too quick to let the least Slip, or Negligence escape You, and much less any Error, or Misjudgment; but then we are sure to suffer nothing by Jealousy and Prejudice, which Your Judgment is as much above, as any Performance of ours can be beneath them; and Your Candour, so peculiar to Great Minds, will put the good Intention into the Scale, when the Merit of the Work wants more Weight there.

I am far from a vain Imagination that I have perform'd my Part as a Translator, or as an Author, with the Perfection the Subject deserves; but there being little or nothing concerning it in our Language, and both Authors and Readers confounding the various Manners of Thinking in the general Term Thought, by which great Confusion happens, and much is lost both of Instruction and Pleasure, I could not help fancying that an Attempt of this Kind would be equally useful and agreeable; and having made greater Collections for it, than perhaps any other Man had done, I was willing to offer them to the Publick for those Improvements and Embellishments which may be expected from better Talents, and more Opportunities.
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How many great Genius's have miscarry'd, by not thinking rightly on Subjects they were otherwise well able to handle and adorn, and for Want of considering that Truth, in all the Productions of the Mind, is what only renders them agreeable and useful, and that the false Brilliant of Thoughts is like the Glare of Lightning, which dazles and hurts the Sight, as that does the Understanding!

Thus it was that Bishop Andrews, and the most eminent Divines at the Beginning of the last Century, reduc'd Preaching to Punning, and the Eloquence of the Chair to the Buffoonry of the Stage. Thus it was that Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley, confounded Metaphysicks and Love, and turn'd Wit into Point.

It was thus that Dryden also confounded Epick Poetry and Elegy, Tragedy and Farce, and taught his Contemporary Poets, by his Example, to make their Heroes and Heroines, in the Agonies of Despair and Death, sigh out their great Souls in Simile and Rhime. This Vice in Thought is the most obvious, and yet the most common, in English Poetry, occasion'd either by the Poets Ignorance of it, or their Dependance on the Ignorance of their Hearers and Readers, tho' they have been taught better, as by the last Duke of Bucks.
Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Description only claim a Place;
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
From Lover in Despair fine Things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty?

And again,
Or else the Bells eternally they chime,
They figh in Simile, and die in Rhime.

I shou'd not have presum'd to have touch'd
the Chair, which is sacred even its Faults, but that
I found the Lord Lansdown had been more free
with it on the like Occasion, where he speaks of
Truth in Thought, or Right-thinking; without
which the Poet's and Orator's Brain is always de-

liberous.

But let the bold Adventurer be sure
That every Line the Test of Truth endure.
On this Foundation may the Fabrick rife,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the Skies.
From Pulpits banish'd, from the Court and Love,
Abandon'd Truth seeks Shelter in the Grove.
Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken Fair,
And take into your Train the beauteous Wanderer.

The noble Critick plainly alludes to the pun-
ning Sermons in the Reign of King James I.
and the Metaphysical Love-Verfes by which

A 4

Donne
Donne and Cowley acquir'd so much Fame. Cowley especially, with as much Wit as ever Man had, shews as little Judgment, by which his Poetry is in our Days so sunk in the Opinion of good Judges, that there is no Hope of its rising again. The following Verses of his on Despair, is an Instance how little he knew of Right-thinking, though he knew so much of Thought.

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
I'll spend my Voice in Cries,
In Tears I'll waste my Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed;
So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no Words but Never and In vain.
Never, Alas! that dreadful Name,
Which fuels the eternal Flame,
Never, my Time to come must waste,
In vain torments the Present and the Past, &c.

A lively Instance of what the Duke of Buckingham says, That a Lover in Despair cannot have such fine Things forc'd from him, and that, like Rage, it expresses it self in Rants and Breaks; the Mind being too busy with its own Misery, to have Leisure for foreign Objects. Such Examples will explain what is meant by Thinking and Speaking rightly, better than Reasonings and Rules. Figures, indeed, seem to be too little understood by the Moderns, and less
lefs by English Writers than Italian or French, whose Wit lying pretty near the Surface, one wou’d think shou’d be more apt to rise up in Metaphor; but ours in England, tho’ it has more Depth, ferments sooner, and then with a great deal of Spirit there will be some Lee, from whence proceeds that Huddle of Metaphors which Collier and the most celebrated Writers of Essays mistake for a fruitful Fancy, tho’ they leave no distinct Idea in the Mind of the Things they wou’d express.

For Want of knowing how to think rightly, Painting and Declamation have pass’d lately for the Perfection of History, both in Fact and Expression, tho’ nothing is more contrary to that Simplicity which is the very Essence of it.

Sir, I do not tell you these Things as News: You are too well acquainted with them, to learn from Pere Boubours, or the best of his Disciples; tho’ Mr. Addison look’d upon him to be the most penetrating of all the French Criticks. I only lay them before You, as a Judge to decide, Whether it was not fit that such Errors, being found in the Writings of Authors of the greatest Eminence, shou’d be known, that they may be avoided; and, if possible, there may be a little Order observed to make some Amends for what is wanting in Genius and Eloquence, which are not to be learn’d, and hardly to be expected, in the Decay which is coming saft upon all Kinds of
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of polite Literature. Good Judges foresaw it twenty or thirty Years ago, and mark'd the Grada-
tions by which this Decay wou'd appear sen-
fibly. They, probably, made those Reflections
from what they had observ'd of the Fate of
Poetry and Eloquence; when, after the Age of
Augustus, Mimes, Cudgel-Players, and
Bears, were preferr'd to true Comedy; the Points
of Martial to the happy Turns of Catullus; when
Sound got the better of Sense, and solid Reason
gave Way to Tales and Trifles; when the De-
generacy reach'd their Morals as well as their
Arts and Sciences, (as it will always do in all
Countries) and the Loss of their Taste was fol-
low'd with the Loss of their Liberty.

What Danger we are in of losing our Gout
is too visible; and if there is any Way to pre-
vent or delay it, 'twill not be so inconsiderable
a Piece of Service to the Publick as may at first
be imagined; for whatever serves to fet People
in a right Way of Thinking on one Subject, will
be helpful to them on all; and to bring them to
the Standard of Truth, is a sure Way to make
them ashamed of Falshood, which, when known,
is as ridiculous and contemptible in Letters, as
it is pernicious and odious in Life.

There is nothing so likely to gain the Read-
er's Attention to such new and strange Notions,
as my venturing to start them before You; for
whatever Opinion the World has of my Capaci-
ty, they have so just a one of Your Judgment,
that they will imagine I durst not have presum'd so far, if in what I said there was not something true at the Bottom: Indeed if there is not, 'tis owing entirely to the Weakness of my own Conceptions, as Father Bouhours has misled them. But since there is no Fear of his misleading, and as much Strength in his Argument as Elegance in his Diction, I flatter'd my self I did not venture so much in making this Address to You, as I may be thought to have done by those who have less Knowledge of him and his Merit.

The Scandal such Addresses as these have for some Time lain under, has not arisen so much from the Meanness of the Author's Views; as from their Indiscretion in the Choice of their Patrons. Thus, without having any Regard to their Character, or Capacity, we often find a Discourse of Politicks address'd to a Fox-hunter, a Treatise of Gardening to a Citizen of London, a Piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a Play to a Stockjobber: But every one will approve of my presenting this Work to You, as to a perfect Master of the elegant Arts Pere Bouhours treats of; the Example of whose Writings will teach us more of the Manner of Right-thinking in the Works of the Ingenious, than his Precepts and Lessons.

That Part of the following Treatise which is entirely my own, and near a Moiety of the Whole, recommends it self to You by nothing but an exact Imitation of Father Bouhours's Observations
servations on Thought and Expression in the best Authors, antient and modern; to which I have endeavour'd to adapt parallel Quotations out of the best English Authors, Poets and Orators, in the different Manners of Thinking.

The Difficulty of this Task will be easily conceiv'd by those who judge with Your Quickness and Exactness; but the Number of them is so few, that it will be necessary to explain it a little. For, as Images, in Painting, do not always appear in the same Light to all that see them, so neither do they, in Thought and Expression, to all that read them; and the least Variety in View will very much vary the Similitude. Being sensible how difficult it was to succeed in such parallel Quotations, I cannot but be as sensible of the Caution I shou'd have taken in addressing them to You; tho' if there is not that scrupulous Equality in all of them, which may be expected in Things of this Delicacy, there will be found the Sublime, the Grand, the Fine, the Agreeable, and all the various Kinds of Thought, which are so finely spun in the French Critick's Explanation of them. The Examples out of English Authors may not quadrat with those taken out of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and other Writers, Antient and Modern: However, they will be found to have a nearer Relation to them than (according to Boileau) is necessary, in comparing Things one with another; 'Tis a Truth universally acknowledg'd, says he, That it is not necessary in Poetry for the Points
Points of Comparison to answer exactly one to another, but that a general Agreement is sufficient; which general Agreement will be apparent in comparing my Quotations with Father Bouhours's. Boileau, as severe a Critick as he is, may have too much Regard to the Disagreement which is too often found in modern Similes: Such as this of Dryden's, where he compares the Jockies at Winchester House-race to the Sun, which had too often the Honour to be a Comparison for the French King.

*Over thy Course they rather fly than run,*
*In a wide Circle, like the glorious Sun.*

But I cou'd name an Epistle in English Verse where the Comparisons answer one another exactly, and where the Author was not contented with a general Agreement.

All Men enjoy in common with the other Gifts of Nature, those of Thinking and Speaking: But the Difference in their Look and their Air, is not greater than that in their Thought and Expression; the Excellence of which arises as much from the Manner and Turn, as the Matter and Words. The Flowers which grow in the Gardens of Logick and Rhetorick are not spontaneous, but the beautiful Effects of the nicest Culture and Care. Any one might have said, the Passions are too strong for Reason; but it was only for the Duke de la Rochefoucault, and Persons of his Distinction in Genius and Rank, to say, the Head is the Dupe of the Heart.
A s good Breeding and Politeness give a Grace to Reason, so they do it much more to Wit; as we see in that excellent Epistolary Poem, where the finest Imagination is render'd still finer by the Spirit and Elegance of Expression:

For none have been with Admiration read,
But who, beside their Learning, were well bred;

Said the Lord Roscommon, who understood good Breeding, and good Learning, as well as any Man ever did.

Without these glorious Advantages, which are always accompany'd with Discretion and Decency, Authors, otherwise of agreeable Talents, fall into Trifling and Ribaldry. Lowness of Character and Life naturally create Envy in irregular Minds, and thence proceeds an inordinate and mischievous Desire of Cavilling, the Corruption of Criticism, one Instance of which is not to be found in Pere Bouchours.

Sir, If You cou'd forgive what might be said on this Subject, and ev'ry body wou'd not know to whom and to what it refers, a great deal of the following Treatise might have been spar'd, as it concerns the Perfection of Thinking and Writing, and the very great Refinements they receive by the Knowledge of Men and Affairs, as well as Books and Letters; for Want of which there is so much Crudity and Pedantry in the Productions of Authors by Profession.

I
I must own, I am not without Apprehensions that You may distaste that Profusion of Praise on Lewis XIV. which we meet with in the French Critick's various Examples of the Sublime, the Grand, the Fine, the Delicate in Thought, out of French, and other Authors; Your Abhorrence of Flattery and Tyranny, and Your just and generous Sentiments of good Policy and Liberty, will, doubtless, make that appear flat and insipid to You, which to him is so elevated and grand. But in a Supposition that the mighty Monarch was really in Fact, what in Imagination they represent him to be, these Thoughts are in that Sense true; and I have endeavour'd to provide an Antidote against what is poif'rous in them, by giving Instances of all those different Kinds of Thinking out of English Writers, in Praise of the great Princes who reign'd in England after the Revolution, whom Your Honourable Unkle had the Honour to serve in the most important Offices of the State, with equal Zeal, Fidelity and Applause.

And here, Sir, You will permit me to pay Homage to the Memory of that noble Patriot, not only in General, as I am an Englishman, for his Loyalty to our Sovereigns, in whose Service he was so useful and eminent, for his zealous asserting the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, in the many Parliaments of which he was a distinguis'h'd Member; but also in Particular, as it is to his Goodness and Generosity that I owe what-
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whatever Notice the Publick has been pleas'd to take of me, and the Benefit I have receiv'd by it, which I can only return in Gratitude and good Wishes to You and all Your Interests; being with great Respect and Sincerity,

SIR,

Your most Faithful,

most Devoted, and

most Obliged Humble Servant,

J. Oldmixon.
Have said, in the Epistle Dedicatory, that Sir Samuel Garth put me upon this delicate and difficult Work; and his Name only is sufficient to excuse me for the Boldness of the Attempt, every Body knowing that Gentleman was as good a Critick as he was a Poet; and that what he thought necessary for the Improvement of Letters must needs be so.

I am not so vain as to think it was for my Abilities that he gave me this Hint; but he knew very well I would spare no Pains to collect Materials, and had such a Collection by me.

It was his Opinion, that both Authors and Readers had but a confus'd Notion of the Variety and Fulsness of Thought; and that this Confusion was a great Impediment to the Pleasure and Profit we meet with in the Works of the Ingenious.

The Design of Pere Bouhours is to form the Judgment, not by dry and rigid Rules only, but by the Beauties and Blemishes of the most celebrated Writers, ancient and modern. Corneille complains, that Aristotle treated of Poetry too much like a Philosopher; and the most famous modern Critick, Boslu, has done the same. These learned Men fall into the Didactic Manner, as it is more Grave and Magisterial; and, indeed, much
much more easy than the Critical and Pleafant. They are always for Things, and have a Contempt for Words, of which they have no great Plenty or Choice. This is what they call Solid, and leave the Delightful to those who, perhaps, have not so much Reading, but a great deal more Wit. There is a Pride in Teaching which agrees with the Moroseness of Scholarship; and these three Ingredients together form a Figure like that which Father Bouhours speaks of, where he tells us the ingenious Author call'd it an agreeable Monster. When the learned Critick is giving Laws to his Readers, he gives himself a Superiority over them, which is very grateful to corrupt Nature, and very natural in Pedants and Pædagogues. To rally a weak Thought or Expression, requires an Author to be in a pretty good Humour himself, and willing to put his Reader into it, which never enters into the Head or Heart of a solemn Sour Critick; and this is the Reason why Criticism, so useful and pleasant, when manag'd with Skill and Decency, lies under the general Scandal of Ill-Nature, though it is as far from it as it is to set a Traveller right, when he is out of his Road.

THERE is no Book among the Ancients which instructs, and at the same time delights, more than Longinus's Treatise of the Sublime, and the Pleasure chiefly arises from the Examples he produces of the various Kinds of Thinking out of the Greek Poets and Orators. Bouhours refines upon Longinus; and, without penetrating so far as the Latter has done in Argument, he proves what he afferts by Citations out of the best Authors, whether it is for Reproof or Applause. I have endeavour'd to do the like in my Quotations out of English Writers. I have made use of none but the best, whether they wrote in Verse or in Prose, the Faults of great Men only being worth Observation, that those who have not their Talents may be upon their Guard; for if such Authors as Tacitus and Seneca among the Ancients, Tasso, Malherbe, Balfac, Cowley, and Dryden,
Dryden, among the Moderns, fall into the grossest Errors in Thinking, what have not meaner Genius's to fear from Negligence, and a worse Misfortune still, from Ignorance? A Critique on Abra Mule, or the Trip to the Jubilee, on Settle or Durfey, Dunton or D'Foe, would be a very merry Business. The Faults of great Men are like Land-Marks on Mountains, to direct Voyagers to avoid the Rocks and Shelves beneath them; as the Flowers, which are scatter'd up and down in their Writings, tempt the Imagination to frequent those delicious Walks, and to imitate what it admires.

IN the following Treatise, the most part is taken from Father Bouhours's Maniere de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit, or Manner of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious, for which Mr. Addison so much extols him in the Sixty-second Spectator. I have done it paraphrasically, and thrown out the Dialogue, which has, indeed, some French Impertinencies in it. I have every where added Remarks of my own, and parallel Citations out of English Authors to what he has cited out of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese, in all the various Kinds of Thinking, by which the Work is render'd entirely new to the English Reader, and is so nice in its Nature, that if he does not read it with Candour, as well as Judgment, I shall have but a very ill Time of it.

HOWEVER, considering I have had no other View than to offer to the Publick what I had met with in my Reading on this Subject, which others may not have observ'd, as not having read with the like Intention, I may flatter myself, that the Design, at least, will be allow'd to be good, whatever may be thought of the Execution.

WHAT Father Bouhours teaches us of just Thought and Expression has been imperfectly hinted by others; there is a good deal of it in the Earl of Ro-common, and the last Duke of Buckingham's Essays, and in the Lord Lansdown's Essay on unnatural Flights.
Flights in Poetry, the Hints of which seem to be taken from our French Critick; they are all excellent, especially the latter, which, in a very few fine Verses, contains more nice Remarks than are in the Translator of Homer's long rhiming Essay, where there is hardly one Observation which is not borrow'd from the above-mentioned Essays, or from Dryden's Prefaces, and his Essay on Dramatick Poetry, which every where contradict and differ from one another, as much as if they were written by different Authors of different Sentiments:

If once the Jufness of each Thought be loft,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.

Says the Duke of Bucks. Authors, both ancient and modern, have been apt to run into Error, not only out of Ignorance, but sometimes out of Vanity, and a fond Desire of shining alway's:

Think not so much to shine in such a Place,
As what a Man wou'd say in such a Cafe.

D. Bucks.

Dacier blames Seneca for aiming so much to shine everywhere as to become ridiculous; and the Duke of Buckingham explains it:

Another Fault, which often does befall,
Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow as to be none at all,
That even his Fools speak Sense.

We have had some comick Writers who have been shamefully mistaken in this Matter, and have put Wit into the Mouths of their Fops, Coquets; nay, Nurses, Valets, Shoe-makers, Milliners, Taylors. Wycherly and Vanbrugh offended enormously in this Kind; and there
there is not, to this Day, one Man in Ten Thoufand who does not think their Comedies excel all others even for that Superfluity of Wit. To tell Dr. Felton, and fuch sort of Criticks, there is too much Wit in a Play; would make you be flar’d at and laugh’d at; though it is certain, by over-doing it, and not thinking rightly, there is as great a Fault in the Superfluity as in the Want of Wit:

That_fifo Thing we call sheer Wit avoid.

D. Bucks.

Indeed we have not had of late much occafion to complain of the Sheernefs of Men’s Wit, and the Lilliputs and Profundities are lamentable Proofs that we need be in no more Concern about it.

WE may judge of Thought by what Plutarch tells us of Expression, in a Comparison between Ariftophanes and Menander: “The Difference in Diflion, says Plutarch, is infinite. Ariftophanes does not know how to make every one speak as becomes him: A King should talk with Dignity, an Orator with Force, a Mechanick with Rudeness. The Diflion of Arifto-

philanes’s Characters is at a Venture, and you cannot tell whether it is a Son or a Father, a Labourer or a God, an old Woman or a Hero— An excellent Leffon this, and of wonderful use, were it well studied; I believe polite Learning would gain more by it than by what we may expect from the Produ-

ctions of all our modern Profeflors.

THE Discourse which seems to be most artles is most beautiful: Quintilian says, Nothing is harder than what every one imagines he could do himself, which is the Simplicity so much commend’d by Longinus, Bouhours, and the beft Criticks, and fo much decry’d by the Translator of Homer, who affures us, in the Notes he took from the Dutch and French Commentators, that Simplicity is a Word of Disguife for a fhameful un-poetical Neglect of Expression; wherein he fhowus
us that he does not really understand what is meant by Simplicity, which he confines to Language, though a Thought is much more likely to be simple, as coming immediately from Nature, than Expression, which owes much of its very Being to Art. What he means by it is rather Rudeness than Simplicity. If it regarded any Thing beside Language, it would run into Extravagance, the certain Effect of Neglect of Thought. But there's nothing more common than for People to talk wildly, when they touch on Subjects they are not Masters of. A Man may, doubtless, be a good Poet, without being an Adept in Criticism; but to teach the Latter, without knowing the first Rudiments of it, is one of the worst Instances of Quackery. However this Writer has a way to come off which few People could think of; where he tells us, I believe it will be found a true Observation, that there never was any thing so absurd and ridiculous, but has, one Time or other, been written even by some Author of Reputation. A Reflection it may not be improper for Writers to make, as being at once some Mortification to their Vanity, and some Comfort to their Infirmity. That Absurdity has been any Mortification to this Critick does not appear by the Modesty of his Writings, but probably that Reflection may have been some Comfort to his Infirmity.

Opposite to this Simplicity, which he seems to know nothing of, is Affectation, which he appears to be very well acquainted with. I think I have somewhere else taken Notice that there are not in our Language Expressions so affected as this of the same Translator in the above-mentioned Notes: Nothing is more lively and Picturesque, than the Attitude Patroclus is here described in: The Pathetick of his Speech is finely contrasted by the Fierte of that of Achilles. The Affectation here is so apparent and ridiculous, that I defy any one to speak it, without making a prim Face, and screwing up his Mouth like pretty Miss at a Boarding-School, if I may
may be allowed to steal from my self. Again, There is something inexpressibly riant in the Vintage Com-
partament of Achilles's Shield: By turning over a Page or two of Frennoy, or Des Piles, who wrote of Paint-
ters and Painting, a Man may be furnished with a Hundred such Technical Terms. This is so far from
that Neglect which he so much condemns, that it is stu-
dy'd and labour'd, and has the Effect of those Impe-
timents describ'd by Horace and Boileau, who kill you
with Ceremony.

He shocks you with Civility, as such
Displease you most, who strive to please too much,

The same Boileau instructs us how to avoid this
Affection, and yet not descend to Meanness; a great-
er Vice in Expression, if possible: The first Quali-
Fication that is to be suppos'd in a true Orator is,
that his Wit be not creeping: Indeed, 'tis impos-
sible for a Man who all his Life time has been us'd
to mean and servile Inclinations, ever to be able
to produce any Thing very Marvellous, or worthy
of Posterity: Which Translations are not thought to
be by Men of Genius and Judgment. Boileau again in
a Letter to Mons. de Mauroix, says, As for me, and
my Brother Translators, we have no Reaon to
fear Posterity. You have told me more than once,
Translation is not the way to Immortality.

All the Rules the Criticks give us for right Think-
ing, will signify nothing without Talent; Vitari deni-
que Culpam non Laudem meruit: He who writes
regularly, avoids Blame, but does not deserve Praise;
however, it must be own'd, that Judgment contributes
very much to the Excellence of all ingenious Works;

After a gen'rous and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail,
The PREFACE.

As we are taught by the Lord Roscommon. He must understand if the Writer has a Gift of Nature; for without it, Eloquence and Method would be of no more Use, than Pencil and Colours in the Hands of a blind Man.

There is no Falshood of Thought more vicious than the confounding Religions, as I have shewn more at large in another Place; And yet the greatest Poets have been guilty of it! 'Tis so obvious that the sacred Truths of reveal'd Religion should have no Mixture with the impious Fables of the Pagan Poets, that it is astonishing to see Men of Learning, as Milton and Cowley, fall into so gross an Error. Mons. Voltaire has offended this way too in his Henriade, where he speaks of the Fury Fanaticism.

C'est luy qui dans Rabah, &c.
Il dicta de Jephte le Serment inhuma\^ine
Dans le cœur de sa Fille il conduisit sa maïne,
C'est lui qui dans Calcas ouvrant la bouche impic
Demanda par sa Voix la Mort d'Iphigenie.

Jephra's rash Vow he dictated, he plung'd
The Father's Dagger in the Daughter's Heart;
'Twas He who opening Calchas's lewd Lips,
By him demanded Iphigenia's Death.

The Poet seems to be very fond of the Similitude between the Truth and the Fiction. Two Princes are sacrificed, the one by the Judge of Israel, the other by the King of Argos, to appease the Goddess Diana. One is as true as another. And the Poet and the Prophet equally inspir'd, according to Mons. Voltaire, which is the Excess of Falshood in Thought, and has as much Infidelity in it as Error. Sannazarius mingles Paganism with the Mysteries of the Christian Religion; and Camoëns brings Bacchus and Venus into a Christian Poem, for which Rapin severely censures both of them.
I am convinced, that nothing is more absurd than to pretend to direct others, when one wants so much to be directed one's self. Rapin condemns Petronius for falling, in his little Poem of the Corruption of the Age, into all the Mistakes he cenfures in others. But as I go no farther than I am authorize'd by Father Bouhours's Observations, and by observing my self what Escapes have happen'd in our most noted Writers, so I shall be accountable for nothing but the Inequality of my Quotations with his, or with the Things he treats of; and that Account I hope I can easily make up with the Reader, if I have Credit where they exceed, as well as Debit where they fall short.

In the following Translations, I have been obliged to be slavishly literal; for the Criticisms often depending on a Word as well as the Thought, both must be preserved, or the Criticism's lost; and it has not been a little hard, where Pere Bouhours quotes Passages for their Nonfense, to preserve even the Spirit of the Nonfense, if I may so say, in the Translation, and much less the Spirit of all the various Kinds of fine Thinking.

If such Criticks as the Profundities and Lilliputs should think these Remarks worth remarking, I shall not have so good an Opinion of theirs, as to take more notice of them, than of those worshipful Wrongheads, who not content with the Rank they hold, and the Respect that is paid them for their Dignities and Abilities in their respective Villages, Things which one would think shou'd be of themselves sufficient to satisfy a moderate Ambition, shall, without the least Call to it, or having any other Foundation for it than a Gallery or a Glass-Cafe full of Books, take upon them the Office of a Critick, and decide peremptorily, whether a Work is good or bad, by an affected Smile, the most agreeable Mark of Stupidity, or by the most shocking, and arbitrary Tofs of the Head, Snuff of the Nose, or Shrug of the Shoulder. But since these Gentry have not yet obtain'd the Use of Speech, otherwise than in Rufticks and Poli-


ticks,
ticks, it will be time enough to think of answering them, when they can tell us what they would have; and we then shall not fail to do our selves that Honour. If any one else, who is sensible of Modesty, and Master of the Subject, shall shew me where I have err'd, I will not fail to acknowledge and amend those Errors with Gratitude and Pleasure.

NOT only the Author's Distance from the Press, but the Difficulty of printing out of so many Languages as the Quotations consist of, have occasion'd a few Erratas, which, however, are mostly Literals, and easily corrected by the knowing Reader.
A short Account of the Life and Writings of Father Bouhours.

Dominick Bouhours was born of a good Family at Paris, in the Year 1628. He had a happy Disposition to Religion and Literature, which he cultivated from a Child, and at Sixteen Years of Age commenc'd a Jesuit. After he had gone through his Noviciat and Philosophical Studies, he taught the Classicks in the College of Paris where he study'd them; but the Head-ach, to which he was often subject from that Time to his Death, oblig'd his Superiors to interrupt the Course of his Lectures after four Years Exercise. They put him upon the Study of Divinity, in which he had not spent four Years before he maintain'd two publick Acts. They afterwards sent him to Tours to teach Rhetorick. There he made several pretty Latin Poems, &c. which began to give him a Name. He apply'd himself particularly to the French Tongue, and took the more Pains in it, because in so doing he discharg'd one of the Duties incumbent on the Jesuits, who are not only obliged, by their Institution, to teach the Latin Grammar, but also to cultivate the Language of the Country where they live, in order to form the Children under their Care to the Translation of Authors. Father Bouhours acquitted himself so well in this Respect, that he became one of the most illustrious Grammarians of his Time, as his Books shew, which have all the Purity and Delicacy of Stile that can be desir'd in well written Pieces.
The Father was afterwards intrusted with the Education of the two young Princes of Longueville, in which Employment he behav'd so well, that the Dutchess of Longueville could not refuse him her Esteem; and the Duke of Longueville always honour'd him with his Confidence: Also the Count de St. Paul, he of the two Brothers who best knew the Merit of Pere Boubours, continually gave him the most effectual Marks of his Respect and Tenderness.

The Court wanting two Jesuits at Dunkirk, in order to assist the King's Officers there, to render the Inhabitants a little more French than they seem'd to be at that Time, Pere Boubours was chose for this Purpose, who was such a Lover of Study, that he found time for Compositions in the Midst of the Functions of a Missionary, which he perform'd to the Garrison and the Catholick Refugees from England.

While he was at Dunkirk, M. Colbert desir'd him to send him some Account of the true State of that Maritime Town, and he found his Answers so pertinent and judicious, that he desir'd his Superiors to spare him, in order to put the young Marquis de Seignelay, his Son, under his Care.

After his Return to Paris he compos'd several Pieces, in which good Sense, with agreeable Thoughts and a pure Stile, shines in every Page. Never Man perhaps knew better how to improve his Time, in those short Intervals of Ease which he had from the Head-ach; for as soon as his Pain was over he always set himself to study again, till the 27th of May, 1702. when he died in the College of Lewis le Grand, in the 75th Year of his Age.

Nature had painted the Qualities of his Soul upon his Face: He had an easy agreeable Air, a sprightly Physiognomy, and no Body was more affable,
affable, more obliging, more even-temper'd, and less upon the Reserve.

The following is a Catalogue of his Works:

1. Relation de la Mort, &c. i.e. An Account of the Death of Henry II. Duke of Longueville. Printed at Paris, 1663. in 4to. This Duke was so fond of Pere Bouhours, especially towards the Close of his Life, that he carry'd him along with him to his Retirement at la Heuse, and died in his Arms. The Account which the Father gave of his Death was his first Work, which confirm'd the good Opinion the World had before entertain'd of his Pen.

2. Les Entretiens, &c. i.e. The Dialogues of Aristoæus and Eugene. Printed at Paris in 1671. in 4to and 12o. Also at Amsterdam, 1682. in 12o. These Dialogues, which are to the Number of Six, are on these Subjects: The Sea, the French Language, Secrecy, Wit, the Je ne scay quoi, Devises.

3. A Letter to a Nobleman at Court. 'Tis against the Gentlemen of the Port Royal.

4. A Letter to Messieurs of the Port Royal, against what they wrote to the Archbishop of Ambrun.

5. La Verite, &c. i.e. The Truth of the Christian Religion. Translated from the Italian of the Marquis de Pianessa. Printed at Paris in 1672. 12o.


7. Remarques nouvelles, &c. i.e. New Remarks on the French Tongue. Printed at Paris, in 1675. 4to. Also 1676. in 12o.

In this Work Pere Bouhours treats the Subject with the utmost Nicety; and, as he says himself, enters into the finest Metaphyfick of Grammar; for which Over-exactness the Abbe de la Chambre call’d him The Starcher of the Muses.

9. The History of Peter d’Aubuffon, Grand-Master of Rhodes. Printed at Paris, 1676. in 4to. Also in 1677. in 12o.


13. La Maniere de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d’Esprit: Or the Manner of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious: Being Dialogues (between Eudoxius and Philanthius.) Printed at Paris, in 1687. 4to. Again, in 1688. 12o. and the same Year at Amsterdam, in 12o. This Work was attack’d with a great deal of Wit in 1703. by the Marquis Orfi, in an Italian Treatife, and the Journaliſts, de Trevoux, have attempted in that Journal to defend him.

14. A Letter to a Lady in the Country concerning the Dialogues aforesaid. Printed at Paris, in 12o, in 1688. Pere Bouhours takes occasion in it to answer the Faults found by the Marquis with those Dialogues, which he extols to that Degree as made it a Queſtion with several whether the Letter was his, though it was so without Dispute.

15. Penses ingenienses, &c. i. e. The ingenious Thoughts of the Ancients and Moderns. Printed at Paris, in 1689. in 12o. and at Amsterdam in 1692. in 12o. Pere Bouhours having collected more Materials for his Maniere de bien penser, than the Book would
would admit of, was unwilling they should be loft, and threw them therefore into his Work, which is only a Collection of various Sentiments, accompany'd with short Reflections, shewing their Beauties or Blemishes.

16. Ingenious Thoughts of the Fathers of the Church. Printed at Paris, in 1700. in 120. This is of the same Kind as the former.

17. The New Testament render'd into French from the vulgar Translation. Printed at Paris, in Two Volumes in 120. the First in 1697. and the Second in 1703. Pere Bouhours was not the sole Author of that Version; for the Jesuits, le Tellier and Beznier, assisted in it, the former in quality of a Divine, the last as a Person vers'd in the Oriental Languages.

18. The Life of Laurentia de Bellefons, who was the Foundress and Superior of the Nunnery of Benedictines of our Lady of Angels at Roan. Printed at Paris in 1686. in 8vo. This Lady died in 1683.

19. Opuscules sur divers sujets: Or, Miscellaneous Treats. Printed at Paris, in 1684. in 120. They are on various Subjects, of which some were publish'd before; as the two Letters against Melleurs of the Port-Royal; which are somewhat alter'd in this Edition: And the Account of the Death of the Duke de Longueville.

20. Christian Thoughts for every Day of the Month. Printed at Paris, in 120.

21. Christian Maxims, in 120. which have had several Impressions.


23. A Panegyric on Oliver Patru, of the French Academy, one of the Advocates in Parliament. 'Tis prefix'd to his Works.

24. Letters
24. Letters to the Marchioness de —— concerning the Princess de Cleves. Printed at Paris, in 1678. in 12. Though the Princess de Cleve's Book had a great Reputation at its first Appearance, yet a Criticism came out upon it, which gave it no Quarter. Pere Bouhours was said to be the Author of it; and, indeed, the elaborate Method of Composition and Criticism, and the Quotations taken from Bouhours's New Remarks on the French Language, might be sufficient Proofs to confirm this Supposition, if it was not known to be his by other Tokens. Yet there are some Sentiments advanc'd in this Criticism which do not tally with his; and, perhaps, it was for this Reason that he did not care to own himself the Author of it.

25. An Explanation of several French Terms; as the Aënigma, Gryphe, Logogryphe, &c. which many People confound for want of having a clear Notion of them. 'Tis inserted in the Memoirs de Trevoux for September, 1701.

The Memoirs de Trevoux, for July, 1702. and the Journal des Scavans, for the same Month, have an Encomium on Pere Bouhours, to which we shall only add that given him by Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, N° 62.

"Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the moft penetrating of all the French Criticks, has taken Pains to shew that 'tis impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-work."
THE ARTS OF
LOGICK and RHETORICK.

THE INTRODUCTION.

In the Attempt which I lately made, to give a Sketch of Father Bouhours's Manner of Criticism, I was obliged to be upon a strict Guard, as expecting the Attacks of all those that imagin'd there were no Criticks but themselves, and no Way of thinking or speaking finely and justly but their own. I do not envy Gentlemen that good Opinion of themselves and their Judgement. I very sincerely
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ly acknowledge my own Want of it, and my Readiness to learn rather than to teach the Arts treated of by Father Bouhons; but that does not hinder my desiring that both Authors and Readers shou'd know as much of right thinking as our Neighbours, and my endeavouring to contribute towards it. 'Tis hop'd that some abler Writer may be excited by it, to improve and perfect what I have too imperfectly attempted both in the Essay on Criticism, and the following Treatise. I have now no such Fears upon me as when I was writing that Essay. The Critics must attack Pere Bouhons before they can come at me. I put him before me every where, and defend my self by his Authority, which I am fure the boldest of them has not Courage enough to encounter. His Work is divided into four Dialogues, and he has some Advantages by the Dialogue, which I shall lose in a continued Discourse, but the Conversation is too much French. The two Gentlemen Eudoxius and Philanthus are fo extremly Civil and Complaisant, that they seem to be brought upon the Stage rather to shew their good Breeding than their good Learning. Add to this, that Philanthus, who is suppos'd to be the Reader, is only as a Shade in a Picture, to give Light to the Character of Eudoxius, whom you must suppose to be the Author; and, as it is always in Dialogues, the Writer is ever the best Man in the Company, whether it be as a Wit, a Critick, a Politician, a Casuist, a Divine, or a Perfon of any Art or Profession.

The Author's Design in his Maniere de bien penser, has no Relation to the Art of Logick which is taught by Messieurs of the Port Royal in the Art of Thinking. He does not aim at teaching the Readers how to conceive simple Idea's, or form
form Arguments with the Exactness which Argumentation requires, both as to Reflexion and Precept. He does not endeavour to rectify the ordinary Judgements of Mankind in the Commerce of Life and common Conversation, where Eloquence and polite Learning are not in Question.

He concerns himself only with those Productions of the Mind, which are term'd Thoughts in the Works of the Ingenious, and pretends to nothing more than to distinguish the Good from the Bad. He prescribes no Rules, nor makes Laws for the Government of others; he speaks what he thinks, and leaves every one the Liberty to think otherwise if they please.

By the Works of the Ingenious he understands, History, Poetry, Eloquence, Speeches, Panegyricks, Funeral Orations, and the like. The latter, Funeral Orations are the most study'd Pieces in the French Eloquence, and their Doctors seem to imitate the Licence of the Pagan Oratory on those Occasions, more than the Piety and Simplicity of Christian Sermons.

The Author has not treated this Subject as it is done in the Schools, where you must travel thro' a wide and barren Country of Technical Forms and Terms, to arrive at a little Knowledge in a Nook of it; yet his Discourse, as it has regard to Thoughts, may be deemed at once both the Arts of Logick and Rhetorick: Not a crabbed Logick, such as I have just mention'd, dry and abstractive; not a diffus'd and difficult Rhetorick, form'd rather to confound than convince; but short and easy, instructing more by Example than by Precept.
INTRODUCTION.

Father Bouhours was sometime of Opinion that he shou'd call his Book the History of Thoughts, and not the Manner of Thinking. For he often represents the Origin of them, the Progress, the Change and the Decadence. His first Observation is infallible, that Genius of it self can do little, if it is not directed by Judgement.

Scribendi recte sapere est & Principium & Fons. Sound Judgement is the Ground of writing well. Rosc. Hor.

No Man can write correctly, unless he thinks justly; the Way to think justly, is to observe the Errours which others have fall’n into for want of due Reflexion and rightly considering their Subject.
**PART I.**

*Of False Thoughts, and True Thoughts; and in what the Difference between them consists.*

Here Use does not prevail in the Manners either of Thinking or Speaking, good Sense is to be the Rule, and that will presently direct us to distinguish between the False and the True in a Thought or Expression.

Truth is the first Quality in Thinking; 'tis the Foundation of all Thoughts. If this is wanting, the finest Thoughts become vicious, or rather those that appear fine, but in Effect are not so; of which Kind are most of the Thoughts in our Modern Tragedies, that have been most applauded, and procured them the greatest Currency, but after a late Example of the vilest Stuff that ever was brought on a Stage, being follow'd a whole Season; such Currency may be more infamous than to be damn'd at Sight. Thoughts are the Images of Things, as Words are the Images of Thoughts; and to Think or Speak in general Terms, is to form in One’s Mind the Picture of an Object either spiritual or sensible. Now all Pictures and Images are no farther true than they are like. Thus a Thought is true when it is a faithful Representation of Things, and false when it represents them otherwise than they are in themselves.
All ingenious Thoughts in all Writings of History, Poetry, Eloquence, should resemble those of that great Orator mentioned by Cicero; Sententiae Graeci tam integra, tam vera, tam nova, tam fine pigmentis fuciusque puerili; so found, so true, so new, so uncommon, and free from all that false Brilliant and Tenfel Glittering, which are alike frivolous and puerile. True it is, that what appears false may not really be so; what strikes us most in Epigrams and other witty Pieces, turns generally on Fiction, Point and Hyperbole, which are so many Falshoods; but there is a great deal of Difference between Falshood and Fiction: The one is an Imitation, and in some wise the Perfection of Nature; the other the Corruption and entire Destruction of it. Indeed the fabulous or poetical World has nothing real in it; 'tis made up of mere Imagination: Parnassus, Apollo, the Muses, and the Horse Pegasus, are only agreeable Chimera's: But that System being once allow'd, all that is feign'd within the Extent of the same System, does not pass for Falfe among the Learned, especially if it carries with it Verisimilitude, and conceals some Truth. Falshood is sometimes the Beauty and Soul of a Thought; Bella falsitas, plausibile mendacium; & ob eam causam gratissimum, quod excogitamus soleret & ingeniosae. Vavass. Lib. de Epig.

For Instance: According to the Fable, the Flowers spring under the Feet of the Gods and Heroes: Which perhaps teaches us that the Great, where-ever they come, should scatter Abundance and Joy. The Springing of the Flowers is a Fiction, but the scattering Abundance and Joy which is meant by it, is plausible and probable. Such is the Sense of these Verses of Racan upon Queen Mary de Medicis.

Passpez, cheres brebis, jouissiez de la joye
Que le ciel vous envoye:
A la fin sa clemence a pitie de nos pleurs;
Allez dans la Campagne, allez dans la prairie;
Ne' epargnez point les Fleurs;
Il en revient allez sous le pas de Marie.

Go my dear Flocks the Pleasures share,
Which Heaven does for these Plains prepare:
Her Pity's mov'd at last, and now,
Her Blessings she'll on you bestow:
Go, graze the Country round, go feed
Logick and Rhetorick.

At large, nor spare the flow'ry Mead: 
Feed on the Flowers, and fear no waste; now, 
When Mary comes, beneath her feet will grow.

There is nothing shocking in this Thought: If there is Falsehood in it, 'tis a Falsehood that is established, and has the Air of Truth. Thus far Pere Bouhours. But as there is no Falsehood in it, so there's not much Spirit nor Imagination. When we read in Homer, that the Goddesses of Prayer are Cripples and deform'd; we are taught by it, that Prayer has of itself something low in it, and that when one prays, one does not go so fast as when one commands; which occasion'd the Saying, That Commands are short, and Prayers long. It might be added, that the one is proud and haughty, the other humble and creeping. In this Sentiment it was that Mr. Weedon, late of Lincolns-Inn, had a Project for a Temple of Praise to be erected in that Square, where Hymns of Praise and Thanksgiving should be only sung; he observing, that we are always taking too much Care of our Selves in our daily Prayers, and too rarely lift up our grateful Souls in Praises to our heavenly Benefactor, for the Mercies we are always begging and receiving of him. As we are not shock'd at Homer's making the Goddesses of Prayer Cripples, so the Fiction, that the Graces are short and little, does not displease. It teaches that little Things are most charming; the Charm often consists in a Gate, in a Smile, in a negligent Air, or something less than either of them. The same may be said of all other Fictions, which have any Wit. The fabulous System takes off what there is of Falsehood in them, and it is lawful, nay commendable in a Poet to be wittily false in his Thought. But where the fabulous System does not support him, Truth should be the Rule of Thinking, in Verse as well as Prose. I do not by this intend to deprive Poetry of the Marvellous, which distinguishes it from the most noble and sublime Prose. I mean no more than that the Poets should not destroy the Essence of Things, by endeavouring to raise and embellish them.

It often happens, that the most noted and most glaring Thoughts in a Poem are the most false, as is before hinted. To instance the famous Verse of Lucan.

Virtix causa diis placuit, sed Viota Catoni.
The Gods were for the Victors, but Cato for the Vanquished.
The AKTS of IN Mr. Rowe's Translation of this Verse the Spirit of it is entirely evaporated. 

Victorious Caesar by the Gods was crown'd, The vanquished Party was by Cato own'd.

The Owning by Cato is so poor, that it naturally falls into Burlesque, and puts me in Mind of a Story of Joe Haines and Tom Durshey. The Latter being very angry with a Person who had enter'd a Room, and sat down in his Chair, upon his leaving it a while, demanded again and again, who own'd him? Why, says Joe Haines with his hoarse Voice, I own him? As poor as this Tale is, one cannot better represent the Poverty of Mr. Rowe's Version of this remarkable Verse; which Brebefs has thus translated, very flatly according to Mr. Walsh,

Les Dieux fervent Caesar: mais Caton suit Pompey.
The Gods assifled Caesar: But Cato followed Pompey.

The Author of the Preface to Dryden's Translation of Virgil's Eclogues, supposed to be Mr. Walsh, renders it thus:

Heaven meanly with the Conqueror did comply; But Cato rather than submit would die.

That meanly makes the matter worse than it was before; one can have no Idea of Heaven's doing a mean Thing, Most Readers are of the Opinion of Father Bouhous's Philanthus, That nothing can be more grand and more fine than this Thought; whereas that learned Jesuit tells us, 'tis only fine in Appearance, and that when we examine it to the Bottom we shall find it wants good Sense. For it represents the Gods espousing an unjust Cause, such as was Caesar's, who sacrifice'd his Country to his Ambition, and was endeavouring to suppress the Liberty of the Republick, which Pompey endeavour'd to support: Now, according to good Sense, the Gods cannot approve of the Injustice of an Usurper, who breaks through all Laws Divine and Human, to make himself Master of the World; and a right Understanding would have let the Gods alone on this Occasion. Besides, Cato was an honest Man, as the Poet himself has painted him; and there is no Sense in his setting him against the Gods, and making him engag'd in an Interest opposite to theirs; 'tis to destroy his Character, and to rob him of his Virtue. For if we believe Salus, it was a Part of the Roman Probity to bear Affection to the immortal Gods;
and they did not begin to neglect them at Rome, till their Manners began to be corrupted. *Avaritia fidem, probitatem, cæteraque Artes bonas subverterit. Pro his superbiam, crudelitatem, Deos neglegere edocuit. Bell. Cat.* It was still lefts reasonable to raife Cato above the Gods, in Honour of Pompey's Party; yet that is what *Lucan* means by it.

*Sed Vix icta Catoni.*

*But Cato follow'd Pompey.*

The *But* there is a Mark of Distinction and Preference. The whole Stress of the Expression lies on that *Sed, But*; 'tis so obvious, that I wonder Mr. *Row* shou'd take no Notice of it. *Lucan* is entirely loft in his Translation. *Cato,* 'tis true, was, in the Opinion of the Romans, the living Image of Virtue, and in every Thing more like to the Gods than to Men. It is allow'd He was a divine Man; but still he was a Man; and *Lucan,* tho' a Poet and a Pagan, cou'd not give him the Advantage of the Gods without giving Offence to the Religion he profess'd. Thus it is, that this Thought of his is both false and impious. Mr. *Wash* thinks of it like *Bouhours.* *It is an unpardonable Presumption in any Sort of Religion to complement their Princes at the expence of their Deities.* *Pref. ib.* and Lord *Lansdown* passs the fame Judgement.

*The Gods permitting Traitors to succeed,*

*Become not Parties in an impious Deed;*

*And by the Tyrant's Murder we may find,*

*That Cato and the Gods were of a Mind.*

A very just and noble Thought, worthy the Dignity of the noble Author, and it is Pity that any Part of his Character shou'd not be equal to it.

*There are some Criticks, who to excuse Lucan, explain the Verse thus; It pleas'd the Gods, that the wicked Party shou'd prevail over the Good; tho' Cato desir'd the contrary. Good Men every Day pray for the Success of thoſe that reſemble them, and for the Prosperity of a just Cause; but their Prayers are not always heard, and Providence sometimes orders Things other-wise.*

*The Gods declar'd themselves for Caesar, by the Success of the War, tho' Pompey's Party was the more Just, and Cato sided with him.* The *But* in the Verse, perhaps,
haps, signifies only though, and does not injure the Gods, whose Designs are impenetrable.

In answer to this, it is said, If there was nothing more in the Thought of Lucan, 'twould be no great Matter. There would be no need of clamouring at it. But those who admire this Verse, do not so interpret it. A Critick on Brebeuf's Translation of it, objects against him, That the Expression in French does not come up to the original Latin. Lucan's Soul was so possess'd with the Merit of Cato, that he raises him above the Gods, in making him the Defender of the juiftest Cause, and in placing the Deities on the wrong Side. Brebeuf turns this noble Image of raising Cato above the Gods into the mean one of his serving Pompey; and it is most certain, that not only the French Critick upon Brebeuf's Version, but almost all that ever read this Verse of Lucan, did so understand it, and in this Sense only admire and extol it. But, perhaps, there is not that Impiety in Lucan's Thought, which the French Critick charges it with.

The Pagan Poets had their Gods of the Fable, as well as we Christians. Nay, the Fabulous Deities, the Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Venus, Bellona, &c. were as much Fiction to the wiser Heathens, as they are to us. Jupiter and Europa, Mars and Venus, Neptune and Philyra, Apollo and Daphne, Pluto and Proserpine; Are these the Deities whom Lucan ought not to have offended, out of Complacency to Cato? The fickle Goddes's Fortune, who had ev'ry where her Temples, was on the Side of Caesar; and what more is there meant by it, than that Caesar had Fortune on his Side; but Pompey had Cato, and with him Justice? Homer brings in the Deities fighting, some on one Side, some on another, as their Passions directed them. Are these the Gods, the Poets shou'd not be free with? And is not the Virtue of Cato superior to a Host of such vicious Deities?

The Pater Omnipotens, the Creator and Preserver of the World, whom Virgil calls,

The Power immense, th' eternal Energy,  
The King of Gods and Men, who rules,  
The radiant Stars, and Heaven and Earth controuls.  

Dryd.

is not to be understood in Lucan's Diis, not the God who by his Providence governs the whole Creation; and to op-
pose whom is the Height of Impiety. The wiser Heathens, Socrates, Plato, Cicero, &c. ador'd no other God but this Pater Omnipotens; and the Poets being the very Makers of the Heathen Deities, it cou'd be no Impiety in them, to do what they pleas'd with what they had made themselves.

Father Bouhours very justly condemns a Saying in Ariosto, of one of his Heroes; which indeed, is very nearly related to the Hibernian Figure, call'd a Bull:

Il pover' huomo che non fen' era accerto.
Andava combattendo, & era morto.
Not knowing he was kill'd, he still fought on.

Of the same Kind is what Tasso says of Argantes:

Minacciava morendo, e non Languia.
He threaten'd as he dy'd, and did not languish.

Fairfax has not given us Tasso in this Passage:

Argantes dy'd, but no Complaint he made,
But as he furious liv'd, he careless dy'd.
Minacciava morendo,
He threaten'd as he dy'd.

Fairfax: be made no Complaint; be dy'd careless, is all you have in his Translation. A fierce robust Saracen, says Pere Bouhours, being mortally wounded, may menace his Enemy when he is dying; but not to lose his Strength, and not to languish under Death, is to exempt Argantes from the Law of Nature, and to destroy the Man in order to raise the Hero. His Menaces are agreeable to his Character.

Superbi, formidabili, feroci
Gli ultimi moti fur, l' ultime vcci.

Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce, and void of Fear,
His Motions last, last Locks, and Speeches were.

A s the Verfe of Lucan has been so much prais'd for its Dignity; so hath this Verfe of Tasso, as a bright Instance of Heroick Courage. The Hero dies without the least Weakness. Heroes may have Resolution and Constancy at the laft Gasp, but they can't lose all the Blood in their Veins, without being weaken'd by it, without languishing. Montague's Cannibal after he is taken Pris-
ner, defies his Enemies in Chains, rails at them, spits in their Faces, and 'tis all very natural in a fierce resolute Barbarian. Nay, if such a one in the Midst of Torments, had not the Power of Speech, and yet should make Mouths at his Tormentors, it would not be out of Nature; as it is to say he dy'd of his Wounds, and was not the weaker for it. Lord Lansdown has an Eye to this Passage of Montagne, and Pere Bouhours's Remark upon it, in his Poem on unnatural Flights in Poetry,

_The captive Cannibal, oppress'd with Chains,_
_Yet braves his Foe, reviles, provokes, disdains:_
_Of Nature fierce, untameable and proud,_
_He bids Defiance to the gaping Crowd._

_And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,_
_With fiery Glances mocks their Rage and dies._
_This is the utmost Stretch that Nature can,_
_And all beyond is false, and vain._

Admirable Lines, and worth all in some rhiming Essays on Criticism.

It is objected, That such Niceness, as to the Truth of Thought, will deprive Poets of some of the most agreeable Parts of Poetry, which Macrobius terms Cavilla- tiones, and Seneca calls Vafra & Ludicrae Conclusiones; the Italians term them Vivoazz d' Ingegno, and the Spaniards, Agüezas. Aristotle reduces the Art of ingenious Thinking to Metaphor, which is a Sort of Deceit or False- hood; and Count Tesauro an Italian Critick in his Can- nochiale Aristotelico says, That according to the Princi- ples of that Philosopher, the most subtle and the most exquisite Thoughts are only figurative Enthymemes, or imperfect Syllogisms, which equally please and impose upon the Understanding. This puts the Makers of Points and Puns very much in Countenance, and gives the Swans and the Purcells a Place among the Etheridge's and Wyckerley's. We must therefore explain after Pere Bouhours, in what Sense Aristotle and Tesauro, are to be taken.

**Figure in Speech is not Falsehood; and Metaphor**

has its Truth as well as its Fiction, as Aristotle teaches in his Rhetorick. When Homer says; Achilles goes like a Lion, 'tis a Comparison; but when he says

_of Metaphors._

Of the same Heroe, _The Lion darted him- phors._

self; 'tis a Metaphor. Achilles in the Com- parison,
parison, resembles a Lyon; In the Metaphor, he is a Lyon. The Metaphor you see is livelier and shorter than the Comparifon. The former represents but one Object, the latter shews us two. The Metaphor, if I may so say, confounds the Lyon with Achilles, or Achilles with the Lyon; but there is no more Falshood in the one than in the other. These metaphorical Idea's deceive no Body. A very little Understanding will teach us what they signify, and a Man must be extremely dull to take such Things according to the Letter. Is there any one so stupid, as to suppose Homer's Achilles was really a Lyon, and not a Man who had the Strength, Fierceness and Courage, which are the Properties of a Lyon? When Voiture says of Gustavus Adolphus, Behold the Lyon of the North; who does not discover thro' this foreign Image, a Monarch that by his Valour and his Power made all the North to tremble? Metaphors are like transparent Vails, which expose what they cover. Equivocal Expressions may be sometimes not only sufferable, but beautiful; especially when they do not descend so low as punning. Puns are every where false Wit, and cannot be otherwise; the Wit consisting in the Sound, and not in the Sense; but equivocal Expressions may be true in the Sense, tho' in the Letter they are false: As this Poem of Voiture, a Petition to Cardinal Mazarine for his Coach-man, who had over-turn'd him:

Prelat paffant tous les Prelats paffez,
Car le presens feroit un peu trop dire,
Pour Dieu rendez les pechez effacez
De ce Cocher qui vous fceu mal conduire:
S' il fut peu caut a fon chemin elite,
Volte Renom le rendit temeraire.
Car chacun dit, que quoy que vous fafliez
En Guerre, en Paix, en Voyage, en Affaire,
Vous vous trouvez toujours defius vos pieds.

Prelate, surpassing all past Prelates,
To say the present, were too much,
Forgive the Trespass of the Coach-man,
Who guided you so scurvily;
Too little cautious of his Way,
And by your Glory made too bold:
For be a hundred Times had heard
What'er you do, in War, in Peace,
The AKTS of In Journies, Voyages, Affairs, You're always found upon your Feet.

He cou'd not well be upon his Feet, if his Coach overturn'd, but he cou'd very well be suppos'd to be as much out of danger of overturning in his Travels, as of miscarrying elsewhere. Bonnaire inserts another Petition to the Cardinal on the same Subject:

Plaife, Seigneur, plaife a vostre Eminence Faire la paix de l'afflige Cocher, Qui par Malheur, ou bien par Imprudence, Deflous les flots vous a fait trebucher. On ne luy doit ce crime reprocher: Le trop hardi menueur ne scavoit pas De Phaeton l' Histoire & piteux Cas: I' l ne lifoit metamorphose aucune : Et ne croyoit qu'on deuut craindre aucun pas En conduisant Cesfar & sa Fortune.

Pardon, may't please your Eminence, Th' afflicted Coach-man's high Offence, Whether it by Misfortune came, Or by Imprudence, 'tis the same: Into the Ditch you fell, that's plain, And now you're fairly out again. You should not the poor Man reproach, With the Disaster of his Coach, Too vent'rous Driver, he ne'er heard, How with young Phaeton it far'd ; How vilely he in Coach-box sped, Nor Metamorphosis e'ry read. He cou'd not think of turning o'er, Who Cesfar and his Fortune here.

You see here, tho' the Coach-man had not read the Metamorphoses, he was pretty well vers'd in the Roman History, and acquainted with that Saying of Julius Cesfar to the Pilot in a Storm; Fear not Friend, thou carriest Cesfar and his Fortune. Plut. Life Ces. Thus the Thought is not probable in a Coach-man, and consequent-ly not True.

Truth is always true, tho' it be mix'd with Falsehood. A good Guinea is not the worfe for being in the same Purfe with a bad one. There's but one owing to you'z
you; two are offer'd, a good and a bad, choose which you will of them, and we shall find out how you know Money by the Choice you make. You will also have the Pleasure of putting your Discernment to the Proof, and discovering the Justness of it.

Equivocal Expressions, such as those of Voiture to Cardinal Mazarine, are the Wantonness of Wit. Truth and Falsehood are join'd together; and what's most remarkable in it, the False conducts to the True. In reading

You're always found upon your Feet.

I conceive two Things, as is said before; the one False, that his Feet never fail him; the other True, that his Mind and his Fortune are always the same. The former leads you immediately to the latter, and the Turn is as agreeable as it is quick. These Turns are sufferable, and even entertaining in Epigrams, Madrigals, Sonnets and the like. Mr. Waller is full of them.

The Picture of fair Venus, that,
For which Men say the Goddess sat,
Was lost till Lely from your Look,
Again that glorious Image took.

According to the Fable which is Poetical Truth, Lely did not draw the Picture of Venus in the Lady's, but he drew Beauty itself, which is the Truth intended by the Poet.

Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burnt, he play'd.

The Lady Isabella's Lovers were not all flaming about her, as the Blaze of Rome was about Nero; but her Musick so charm'd them, that it kindled a Flame in ev'ry Breast, and the more she saw it pleas'd, the greater was her Pleasure. Such equivocal Expressions, that have in them both the True and the False, are no Excuse for such as have the False, without the True. They are infipid, and not to be born by Men of good Taste. St. Amand's Epigrams on the burning of the Palais, or Court of Justice at Paris, is of this Kind:

Certes
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Certes l'on vit un triste jeu:
Quand a Paris Dame Justice,
Se mit le Palais tout en feu,
Pour avoir mangez trop d' Epice.

A sad Sight sure, it needs must be,
Dame Justice all a-Fire to see,
And whence did so much Mischief rise,
Tis said so' bad eaten too much Spice.

These four Verses had their Day in France, and do not still want Admirers there, who take 'em to be very pretty and happily turn'd; whereas nothing can be more frivolous and fantastical. They are so many empty Words only, and the Thought is Falsehood itself. For what they call'd Spice, among the Lawyers, has no Manner of Relation to Burning. A Man's Mouth may be a-Fire, that has eaten too much Pepper; but what has that to do with the firing of an Assize-Hall, such as the Palais at Paris, where Justice is dispersed, and perhaps sold too, as well as in other Places? The following Epigram, out of the same Author St. Amand, is of the equivocal Kind, and no better than a Pun:

Cy gist un fou nommé Pasquet,
Qui mourut d'un coup de Mousquet,
Lors qu'il voulut lever la Crefte.
Quant a moy je croy que le Sort,
Luy mit du plomb dedans la Tête,
Pour le render sage en sa mort.

Here Pasquet, a mad Fellow, lies at Rest,
Shot dead, as he was lifting up his Crest;
Fate, I believe, the Musquet Ball did send,
To give his Brain some Weight before his End.

Such Stuff as this is fit for Mimicks, Buffoons and Punsters, These vile Thoughts, are like the false Jewels worn by Actors and Masqueraders. A kind of counterfeit Money, which does no hurt in Trade, if you pass it away for no more than 'tis worth; but those that put it off for Sterling, wou'd either cheat you, or are cheated themselves: They do not know 'tis Falfe, or believing you do not know it, wou'd palm it upon you for True. I never met with any Thing more burlesque than the following Verses on Cowley, written by Dr. Sprat late Bishop of Rochester, who had study'd our Language, and made him-
himself Master of it; yet that does not hinder his Thought's participating of the Falsehood Pere Bouhours complains of. He is speaking of the Fire in Cowley's Genius.

Just such a Fire as thine,
Of such an unmix'd glorious Shone,
Was Prometheus's Flame,
Which from no less than Heaven came.
Along he brought the sparkling Coal,
From some Celestial Chimney stole;
Quickly the plunder'd Stars he left,
And as he hasten'd down,
With the rob'd Flames his Hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the Theft.

He has here cram'd the Stars into a Chimney like so many Cinders, and turn'd the æthern Fire, which is the Soul of the Creation, into a Hangman's burning Iron; a Sort of Wit which is in no danger of prevailing in so knowing an Age as this.

In all Equivocals, if there's any Wit at all, 'tis but very little, and costs but little to come at. The Ambiguity, which is the Essence of Punning, is rather a Defect than an Ornament of Discourse, and never more insipid than when the Punster seems to value himself upon it. Mr. Addison, who thought and express'd himself as justly as any Modern Author, and perhaps as any Antient, cou'd not help declaring, that if a Pun came in a propos in Conversation, and the Punster did not seem to have study'd it, or to think himself honour'd by it, he cou'd sometimes excuse it. But I have observ'd, that the Punsters have a Run of Conversation suited exactly to their Puns. They lay Traps for them, as Mrs. Barry said Mr. Rowe did for Claps in his Tragedies: A little Rant and Rhime at an Exit never fail'd. What a little Thing a Pun is, appears by the mean Of Puns. Air it gives the finest Writer. Dryden speaking of King Charles H. says,

After a Prince an Admiral beget,
The Royal Sovereign wants an Anchor yet.

The Equivocals here come upon you so fast, and are all so mean, that they give you Pain instead of Pleasure.
The *Punster* will divert the Company with one Ambiguity after another for three or four Hours together; their Hearers all the While not knowing what they would be at, nor what themselves laugh at. The most noted Man, in this Way, in our Time, was *Daniel Purce*, Brother to *Henry Swn*, mention'd by *Dryden*, as one of the chief Knights of this Order, challeng'd *Purce*, but was out-pun'd by him in less than two Hours. He would string a hundred Words together on a Line, every one of 'em meaning two Things, and the Auditory fell'd of being transported with that Confusion of Ambiguities. I have heard a Gentleman say on this Occasion, that a *Man who will Pun*, *will pick a Pocket*, and the Saying is not so much out of the Way as some People imagine it; *Pere Bouhours* comparing these *Equivocals* and *Ambiguities* to false Money and false Jewels, to put off which is as great a Crime, as to pick a Pocket. The French Critick rightly observes, that they are not always very intelligible, but the Sameness of the Sound, tho' the Sense is different, tickles the *Ears* of the Ignorant, and they easily mistake it for Wit. The Trouble that one has sometimes to find out the Meaning of the Ambiguity is but ill recompens'd by the Discovery. We are vex'd with ourselves, for the Pain it costs us. We fancy we are impos'd upon, and conceive a Sort of Indignation at our seeking for Something, and finding Nothing.

IN the *Guardian* there is a Pun, which I believe every one will excuse, tho' the Author doubles upon us, on account of the fictitious Person *Nestor Ironside*, who says No. 103. *I have been so plung'd in Water, and imm'd to the Cold, that I regard my Self as a Piece of true temper'd Steel, and can say with the above-mention'd *Scythian*, that I am Face, or if my Enemies please Forehead allover. The last Turn cannot be True, without a strong Metaphor, and the metaphorical Truth in it is soften'd by, if my Enemies please.* Considering that the *Tatlers*, *Guardians*, and *Spectators*, have their Share of *Puns*, it is a little strange, that the latter No. 279 should fall foul upon *Milton* for a string of *Puns*, where the Devils are describ'd rallying the *Angels* upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. *Milton*, 'tis plain, thought he could not make worse Devils of them, than by making them *Punsters*; and I do not think, but that *Epick Poetry*, may as well admit of a Pun in the Mouth of the Devil, as
as the greatest Painters give him a Pair of Horns and a Tail in such awful Pieces as the Resurrection, and the Last Judgement. Father Boulbours allows, that when a Thing is pleasantly said in Drollery or Raillery, there is not such Strictness of Truth required; and that the Devils were in a merry Mood, Milton himself told us,

Thus they among Themselves, in pleasant Vein, Stood Scoffing.

I know very well how extremally delicate our two Universities are as to the Perfection of that Education. I have heard every Academy in Europe turn'd into Ridicule, to raise the Character of our own Nurseries, and therefore I will not presume to say any Thing of them my self. If they will give me Leave to think, I desire no more. But the Spectator brings in a downright Charge against the Wits on the Bank of the Cam, for dealing too much in these Equivocals; and my Lord Shaftisbury in his Characteristics, charges both Universities with it. He is rejoicing in the Disgrace that Pun and Quibble are fall'n into, "There are only some few Footsteps of it in the Country, and it seems at last confin'd to the Nurseries of Youth, as the chief Entertainment of Pedants and their Pupils." I have a MSS by me in which the Author has touch'd a little upon the Punsters, as will appear by his Verses.

Hence! all Equivocals, where Sense is drown'd, 
And all the Merit's in the doubtful Sound. 
The Pun offends the reasonable Man, 
And such we did not Purcel deem or Swan. 
Whole Hours I've heard 'em cracking Puns like Squibs, 
And laughing 'll they've almost crack'd their Ribs. 
But when you heard 'em long it gave you Pain, 
And false Delight was turn'd to true Disdain. 
The Punter has a Mark for ev'ry Pun, 
Nor shots at Random, like Militia Gun. 
Observe how craftily he lays his Traps, 
As Rowe his rhyming Exits laid for Claps. 
Asson as be his Chimes begins to ring, 
He runs you o'er a long successive String. 
But when to Reason you the Sot invite, 
He Taxens—And his next Word is then—-Good Night.
The ARTS of

E'en let him go——I'll warrant you take Care
How you again to Punster lend your Ear.
In Wantonness of Mirth a Pun, perhaps,
Without Design, a Man of Sense escapes.
You'll never see him for a Laugh prepare,
As if he had been saying something rare:
He's heedles of th' Effect, but calls not bad,
What helps to make the Conversation glad.
Th' abandon'd Punster, and the study'd Pun,
Are nauseous Things, which Men of Wit will shun:
Yet, e'en from such, a Pun by Chance may drop,
And he who's then offended, is a Fop.
Fortune fortun'd the Fate of Rome, was vile,
Yet study'd by the Prince of Roman Stile.
What other Plea for Tully can you find,
Than Error, which is Nature in Mankind?
The wisest Monarch *, that e'er fill'd a Throne,
Since Pharaoh's Daughter rule'd King Solomon,
If Collier's Word, or Echard's, you will take,
Oft made the Bishop for the Punster's sake.
But that wise King upon his Throne did sit,
As Politician sage, and not a Wit:
And Pun and Politicks, you must allow,
Did in all Times agree, as well as now.

The Reverend Prelate †, who St. Swithin's Chair
So fairly fill'd, would Pun ye out a Pray'r.
At Visitation he'd instruct his Sons,
In Sermons made of nothing else but Puns.
The Court itself so tickled with his Chimes,
They call'd him the best Preacher of his Times.
But could you hear grave South, without a Grin,
Cry, Death the Wages, who can live by Sin?
Yet I've wis'd of a Levi's Son,
Rather than be so dull, that he would Pun.
Punning to Dullness is to be prefer'd,
As Mirth to Moping, or as Brains to Beard.
One has no Sense, the other is too scant,
Dullness is Deprivation, Punning want.

* James I. † Andrews Bishop of Winchester.

To return to Pere Bouhours. All Equivocals are not alike faulty, but all Equivocals that are mere, such, that turn only on the Sameness of the Sound, and have no Sense in them, are insufferable to Men of a good Taste. All Figures
figures that contain a double Meaning, have each in their kind those Beauties and Graces which set a Value upon them, tho' they are not without something equivocal. One Instance will suffice to give a Conception of what I mean. 

Martial to Domitian,

Vox diversa sonat, Populorum vox tamen una, 
Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater.

As different as your Subject's Tongues may be, 
In one Thing thro' your Empire they agree, 
One only Tongue is us'd among them all, 
You, Father of your Country, when they call.

The Sense is here double and makes an Antithesis speak different Tongues, and use one only Tongue. They are both True, according to what they are intended for, and the one does not destroy the other, as in the Ambiguity of a Pun; on the contrary, they agree very well together, and from the Union of this double Sense, there results a certain Ingenuity founded on the equivocal Word Vox in Latin, and Tongue in English. Add to this, that there are several Epigrams, and Abundance of witty Repartees, that would not strike us without this double Sense, and these are properly the Thoughts which Macrobius terms Cavillationes, pleasant Sophisms; and Seneca, Vafra & Ludicre Conclusions, fly and ludicrous Inferences or Conclusions; and it cannot be deny'd, that Truth in Thinking is not incompatible with the Equivocal in ingenious Discourses.

As to the Hyperbole, the very Word determines the Thing. Whatever is excessive, Hyperbole is vicious; even Virtue carry'd to Extremes, and not keeping within Bounds, ceases to be Virtue. All Thoughts which turn upon the Hyperbole, are false of themselves, and deserve no Place in a reasonable Work; unless the Hyperbole is of a particular Kind, or the Excess of it is temper'd with some softning Expressions, Ultra Fidele, non ultra Modum, says Quintilian, Beyond Faith, but not beyond Measure. For there are some Hyperboles, which are not so bold as others, which keep within Bounds, tho' above common Belief; some of them are naturaliz'd by Use, and are so well establisht, that there's nothing shocking in them. Homer says, Nereæ is Beauty it self; and Martial, that Zoilus is not vicious, but Vice it self:

C 3

Mentituri
The ARTS of

Mentitur qui te vitiosum, Zoile, dixit:
Non vitiosus Homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.

Who calls thee vicious, is a lying Elf,
Thou art not vicious, thou art Vice itself.

This Verse was happily turn’d lately on Account of one Dr. Zachary Grey, who wrote a Book full of Falsehoods, to charge an innocent Man with as many:

Non vitiosus Homo es, Zachary, sed vitium.

On the contrary, when you speak of an honest Man, we often say, He’s Honestly it self; we also say, as the Greeks and Latins do, She’s whiter than Snow; He flies faster than the Wind. These Hyperboles lye without deceiving:

Non vitiosus est mentiri Hyperbole, nec ita ut mendacio fallere possit; Quintilian, Lib. viii. c. 6. and Seneca tells us, they, by Fable, bring the Mind to the Truth, In hoc Hyperbole extenditur, ut ad verum Mendacio veniat. De Ben. They give us a Conception of what they signify, by expressing it in a manner which seems to render it incredible. Lord Lansdown, in his Poem on unnatural Flights in Poetry, explains this very well:

The Reader what in Reason’s due believes,
Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.

Hyperboles so daring, and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul’d.

Above the Clouds, but yet within our Sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a towering Flight.

Presenting Things impossible to View,
They wander thro’ Incredible to True.
Falsehoods thus mix’d like Metals are refin’d,
And Truth like Silver leaves a Drofs behind.

Those Hyperboles, which are prepar’d and rais’d by Degrees, do not set the Reader’s Mind against them. They gain Belief, some how or other, as we are told by Hermogenes, and what they offer, which is most false, becomes at least probable. We have a noted Example of it in Homer. He does not say, all at once, that Polyphe-imus tore up the Top of the Mountain; that would have destroy’d all Faith immediately: He disposes the Mind of the Reader by his Description of the Cyclops, whom he makes to be of an enormous Size, and his Strength equal to
to his Bulk: His Club is the Trunk of a huge Tree, and instead of a Stone at his Gate, he has a Rock: he eats as much as Fifty Men at a Meal: In a Word, he's the Son of the Sea. After all these Preparations, when the Poet comes and tells you, he tore up the Top of a Mountain, you do not think it such a strange Thing, as it would have appeared to you without Preparation. Nothing seems impossible to a Man, who had Neptune for his Father, and was not of the Make of other Men.

There are other Ways of softning what wouldn't else be hard in the Hyperbole, and of giving it an Air of Verisimilitude. Virgil speaking of Mark Anthony, and Augustus's Fleets, at the Battle of Actium, says,

--- Pelago credas innarre revulsas
Cycladas ---

--- You would believe the Cyclades
Were rooted up, and floated on the Seas.

Dryden translates it thus,

It seems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up and justled in the Main.

Where did he read that the Cyclades were ever rooted up before? Did Virgil tell him, they justled in the Main, as the Gods in Oedipus: 'Tis certain Mr. Dryden so little thought of a Critick on his Virgil, that he seems to have translated in Defiance of it, and to make Virgil speak, as he himself would have spoken on the like Occasion; whereas he shou'd have imitated every where the Judgement and Discretion of his Author, who was discreet even in Enthusiasm, as Pere Bouhours says. Segrais renders this Verse thus,

De loin on pense voir les Cyclades flotter.

Far off one would have thought the Cyclades
Were floating on the Sea.

The De loin there, Far off, lessens the Hyperbole rather more than the Credas of the Original, you would believe: For at a greater Distance the Object imposes more on the Sight than at a lefs. Mr. Waller in the Battle of the Summer Islands, has something like it upon a Whale.
The ARTS of

Their fixed Javelins in her Side she wears,
And on her Back a Grove of Pikes appears.
You would have thought, had you the Monster seen,
Thus dreft, She had another Island been.

Thus dreft softens the Hyperbole, by making the Back of the Whale like an Island with a Wood rising out of it. This Figure is sometimes admitted in Prose with the like Softenings, as when Florus says Hist. Rom. Lib. 2. c 2. Ut non naves arte fabete, sed quodam munere Deorum in naves mutate arbores viderentur; the Ships were equipped with such Dispatch in the first Punic War, that it seemed as if they were not built by Shipwrights, but that the Trees were turned into Ships by the Gods. Virgil does not say, that the Ships are floating Isles, but you would believe they were; nor Florus, that the Gods turned the Trees into Ships, but it seemed so. This Precaution is a Sort of a Pafsport for an Hyperbole; by making an Excuse for a Saying before you say it, you prepossesses the Reader in its Favour, let it be ever so incredible: Propriauribus auretur quamvis incredbile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur. Senec. Rhet. Suafor. 2. Voiture never wants those Softenings where they are necessary, and no Writer ever knew better than he did to give a Face of Truth to that which was not so; as in his Letter to Cardinal de la Valette, on the Entertainment at la Barre. Au sorir de table, le bruit des violons fit monter tout le Monde en haut, où l'on trouvo une chambre si bien eclairée, qu'il semblait que le jour qui n'estoit plus sur la terre, s'y fut retiré tout entier. When we rise from Table, every one ran up Stairs at the Noise of Violins, where they came to a Chamber so full of Lights, it seemed as if the Sun which had left shining upon the Earth, was retired into that Room. It seemed there rectifies the Thought, and renders the Sense reasonable, tho' 'tis full of Hyperbole. In his Letter to Madam Saimot, with the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, translated into French, Voiture writes thus, Toutes les couleurs, &c la Fard de la poësie, &c. All the Colours of Poetry cannot paint you so fair as we behold you, nor can the Imagination of Poets reach to such a Height. Had he stopp'd here, the Thought would have been fable; but what follows renders the Hyperbole credible, as bold as it is, tho' the Subject of it is above Credibility. The Chambers of Christal, and the Palaces of Diamonds, which you will read of here, are for
far more easy to be imagined. And the Enchantments of Amadis, which appear to you so incredible, are hardly more incredible than your own. At the first Sight to seize upon Souls, the most resolute, and the least made for Servitude, to create in them a Sort of Love, which is sensible of Reason, and ignorant both of Hope and Desire; to transport with Pleasure and Glory the Minds of those from whom you have revivish Repose and Liberty; and to render those perfectly satisfied with you, to whom you never were but cruel: These are Effects more strange and more distant from Probability, than the Hippogrifes and flying Chariots of Ariosto, or than whatever is most marvellous in Romances. The Reflections on the more than Magick Power of her Charms render the Hippogrifses of Ariosto the more credible, and the Hyperbole of the flying Chariots is brought within Bounds by it, Nunquam tantum sperat Hyperbole quantum audet, sed incredibilita affirmat ut ad credibilita perveniat. Senec. de Benef. Lib. 7. cap. 23. One of our English Poets has attempted to soften his Hyperbole, and reduce it to Credibility by so poor a Word as scarce: Tal- den's Verfes upon Watson's Ephemeris:

In artful Frames your heavenly Bodies move,
Scarcely brighter in their beauteous Orbs above.
Without this Scarcely the Clock-Maker's Stars would be brighter than Jupiter, Venus, Mars, &c.

The Irony is another Way of passing off an Hyperbole. When we rally or banter we may say any Thing, but must be more upon our Guard when we write seriouly; as Balzac does where he fays, He could get as much Wine out of his Muscadines as would make half England drunk; that his Vines produce as much as ought to serve a whole Country; that there are more Perfumes in his Chamber than in all Arabia Felix, and such a Flood of Orange and Jasmine Water, that he and his Servants are forced to swim for their Lives. Had he faid this by Way of Banter, it had been well enough; but the Misfortune is he fays it with a grave Tone, and perhaps is the firft Man that ever faid a Thing fo gravely, that had fo little Truth in it. Voiture never offends in this manner. When he introduces the Hyperbole 'tis always by Way of Raillery:

As in this other Passage of the above-mention'd Letter to Cardinal de la Valette, upon the Entertainment at la Barre, Le bal continuoit avec beaucoyp de plaisir, &c. The Ball continued:
continued very pleasantly, till a great Noise without Doors drew all the Ladies to the Window, where, at about a hundred Yards distance, so great a Number of artificial Fire-works issu’d out of a Wood, that it seem’d as if all the Branches of the Trees were so many Rockets, that all the Stars were fallen from the Skies, and the Sphere of Fire had taken Place of the middle Region of the Air. These, my Lord, are three Hyperboles, which being rightly appraised and reduced to the just Value of Things, can amount to no more nor no less than three dozen of Rockets. The Conclusion is Banter and Irony. Voiture did not think it seem’d was sufficient to warrant the Wood of Rockets, the falling Stars and the Sphere of Fire, he turns it all into Raillery, and brings off all well. Tesauro does not so, when speaking of flying Rockets, he says only it seems as if they would set the Sphere of Fire in a Flame, thun-der the Thunders, and alarm the Stars, Par che fagliano ad infiammar la sfera del fuoco: a fulminare i fulmini, & a gridar allarme contra le stelle. He contents himself with saying, Par che fagliano, it seems, and takes no further Care about it. Let the Hyperbole make its way with that Pafport, he’ll give it no other. Had he spoken it in Raillery, as Voiture did, as bold and as false as his Thoughts are, they would have past with his Par che fagliano only. Falseshood it self becomes Truth by the Help of an Irony, or what we call the Rule of Contraries. Thus when we say of a scandalous lewd Woman, she is a very vertuous Person, every one understands what is said, or rather what is not said. Quam falsè dicendi ratio in eo est, ut aliter quam est, rectum verumz; dicatur. Quint. Lib. 6. cap. 5. Intelligitur quod non dictur. ibid. After all the best Guide we can follow is this admirable Saying of one of the great est Wits of our Age,

Rien n'est beau que le Vray, le Vray seul est aimable,
Il doit regner par tout, et meme dans le Fable.

Nothing but Truth is lovely, nothing fair,
And nothing pleases us, but Truth is There;
Truth should direct the Poet's fruitful Vein
In all Things, and e'en in the Fable reign.

'Tis taken from Boileau, and is as well express by Lord Lansdowne:

Impartial Truth, still let your Fables hold,
And moral Mysteries with Art unfold.

These
These judicious Reflections are a strange Rebuke to those Writers and Readers, who waste their Time about such Stuff as Robinson Cruso's, Gullivers, &c. Dean Swift in all his Tales and Fables, has not shewn that he is at all sensible of the Duty of an Author to have Truth always in View, and to follow that unerring Guide. If he can work his Readers Faces into a grin he reaches the utmost of his Ambition; and if they laugh, he has his noble Reward; tho' like People that are tickled, they would cry if they could, and are, or ought to be, in Pain when he pretends to give them Pleasure. Pere Boubours speaks of some merry Authors in France, who pointed their Epitaphs, as Owen points his Epigrams.

Of this kind is the Epitaph on Francis the 1. written by St. Gelais, in the Dialogue Way:

Qui tient enclos ce marbre qui je voy!
Response. Le Grand François incomparable Roy.
Comme eut tel Prince, un si court Monument?
Response. De luy n'y a que le Cœur feulement.
Donc icy n'est pas tout ce Grand Vainqueur?
Response. Il y est tout, car tout il estoit Cœur.

What does the Marble I behold enclose?
Answ. The mighty Francis Conqu'ror of his Foes.
So great the King, the Monument so small?
Answ. Here only is his Heart.
It holds not all,
The Conqu'ror?
Answ. Yes, he's here in every Part,
Francis the Great was nothing else but Heart.

A merry Point This! for so serious a Thing as an Epitaph? and that on the Mareschal de Ranzau is not much better. He had lost an Eye and a Leg in the Wars, and perhaps never General was more maim'd than he. This is the Thought the Poet goes upon, and after having told us that but Half of the great Ranzau is beneath the Marble, and the other Half in the Field of Battle, he concludes thus:

Et Mars ne luy laissa rien d'entier que le cœur.
And nothing but his Heart Mars left him whole.

No Lungs, no Liver, nor any Thing else. How far different from this is what Voiture writes to Mademoiselle de Paulet;
The ARTS of

Paulet; Si josois ecrire des lettres pitoyables, &c. If I durst write pitiful Letters, I could say Things that would break your Heart; but to tell you the Truth, I had much rather it should keep whole. I am afraid, if it was in two Pieces, Half of it might be lost in my Absence: You see I know how to make use of the pretty Things which I bear said. Voiture is not in earneft. He rallies, and even in his Raillery borrows from some Body whom he banter for so saying. Yet a Critick upon Voiture charges him as if the Thought was his own, which if it had been so, would have been excusable in a pleasant Writer, who in Mirth and Frolick, says anything that comes uppermost to divert himself and others; somewhat like the Conversation of a good humour'd Fellow at a Friends Table, who rambles in his Discourse after the Glass has gone about a little. One should never take what is then said in the like Circumstances according to the Letter; yet I could bear it much better than a very grave Saying of a Man after he had vomited Blood, Je n'eserois, &c. I must not dare to tell you, as formerly, that I love you with all my Soul, since I have lost more than half of it: To speak more regularly, I assure you I love you with all my Might. They are Balzac's Words; and besides that, 'tis allowable in Poets only to confound the Blood and the Soul, and take the one for the other; If he had lost half of his Soul, his Might would have gone along with it, and his Love to his Friend is very weakly express'd. What he says elsewhere is no more true nor just than this. Je suis aussi déshérité, &c. I am as much torn in Pieces as if I had been in all the Battles I have read of. I am but a Piece of myself, a Quarter or half Quarter of what I was. Voiture, only had the Talent of speaking pleasantly, and correctly at the same Time; as thus, Je ne puis pas dire, &c. I cannot say absolutely, I am arriv'd at Turin, for there is but Half of me come hither: you imagine my Meaning to be, that the other half remains with you; That is not the Case; for of a hundred and four Pounds, which I weigh'd, I now weigh but Fifty Two. Never was any Thing seen so lean and lank as I am. Voiture is not false when he is merry, but Balzac is when he is serious, and one false Thought is enough to spoil a fine Piece, whether in Prose or Verse.

Malherb, perhaps, never wrote any Thing finer than those spiritual Stanza's, which begin with this Verse.

N'esperons
Logick and Rhetorick.

And it is Pity, that the most remarkable Stanza should have somewhat false in it.

Their Spirit is it fled!
That Majesty so pompous and so proud,
Whose Glory dazzled the whole Universe,
Is nothing now but Dust:
And in those stately Monuments,
Where still their Souls their Vanities pursue,
- They are eaten up by Worms.

Costar has very well observ'd, that the Souls of those Kings, whom the Poet speaks of as purfling their Vanities in their Tombs, are not there neither according to our Theology, nor according to that of the Pagans. But this has been defended by the Priviledge of Poets, who have a Theology by themselves, and it allows them to say as Malherb does, that Souls are in Sepulchers. Thus Ronfard said before him:

Ha, qui diront la-bas sous les Tombes pondreuses
De Tant de vaillans Rois les Ames genereuses.

What, in their dusty Sepulchers, will say
So many generous Souls of valiant Kings.

As to the Theology of the Poets, it is granted they may feign that the Dead are, Body and Soul, in their Tombs, and they may even make them speak in an Epitaph. It must be own'd, that in a Piece purely profane and poetical, it is allowable with Virgil to bury the Manes, and to make the departed Souls to haunt the Places where their Bodies were interr'd.

Id Cinerem,& Manes credis curare sepultos? Æn. lib. 12:
Lee has something like it;
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie.

But
The ARTS of

But Malherb’s Poem was entirely Christian, and has nothing in it poetical, but the Verification which makes me question, whether it is lawful to use the Language of the higher Poetry. Ronsard’s Poem on the Miferies of the Times admits of Idea’s and Expressions, which a Spiritual Stanza on the Vanity of worldly Greatness, will not admit of. It is no Excuse to say, the Pride of the Great appears after their Death in the Pomp of their Funerals, and especially in the Magnificence of their Monuments. Is that sufficient to warrant the saying, that their Souls are pursuing their Vanities in their stately Sepulchers, tho’ they are not there? Malherb did not mean, that they carry’d their Vanity, or that their Vanity was thus carry’d after them to the Grave. Some have corrected this Thought by putting Shades instead of Souls.

Et dans ces grands, &c.

And in those stately Monuments,
Where still their Shades their Vanities pursue.

If by Shades are only meant the Brass and Marble Images on the Tombs of Kings, there would be no Inconvenience in it; but if you mean by it what the Antients meant by Shades of the Dead, which they call’d Manes, the Thought is somewhat Pagan. After all, their Shades are less shocking than their Souls, and perhaps Christianity and Poetry might be reconcil’d in that Term.

The Author of the Poem entitul’d S. Louis, puffes the Thing farther than Malherb, speaking of his Heroe, who visiteth the Church of St. Denis before he departed for the Holy Land:

Il visite le Temple, ou regnent ses Ayeux,
Dans leurs Tombeaux encor du Temps victorieux.

He visiteth the Church, where in their Tombs,
His Grandfires over Time victorious reign.

How can it be said, that the Kings of France reign there, or are victorious over Time, when they are nothing but Dust and Ashes; and Time, which consumes all Things, has not sparing’d their Statues and their Mausoleums? The Latin Epitaph upon Cardinal Richelieu is full of it, and hits the true Character of that great Minister; yet one cannot deny but it is false in more Places than one.

Asst Viator, quod usquam videbis & audies, hic tegitur. Is this to be defended! Stop Passenger, all that thou wilt see,
see, all that thou wilt bear, in any Part of the World lies here interr'd. That Passage of the Chariot, which bore the Corpse in the Night to the Place of Sepulture, is not more true: Secuti Pedites Equitesq; magno numero, faces praeterunt, crucem nemo, quia publicam currus deferebar. Several Footmen and Horse Men carry'd Flambeaux, No Body carry'd the Crofs, because the publick Crofs was carry'd by the Chariot. The Thought is falfe, and as malicious as 'tis, might have been true, if in such Sort of Funeral Pomp, the Crofs was wont to be born, and it had been omitted in this. But says Pere Bouhours, as they are worldly Ceremonies, and in some wife profane, the Church does not concern herself in it. Thus it was not because the Chariot carry'd the publick Crofs, that no Crofs at all was carry'd at the Cardinal's Funeral. The Cardinal was so good a Churchman, that the Jesuit cannot forgive what is said against him in this Epitaph, which ends thus; Inter Theologos situs, ingens disputandi Argumentum. He is buried among the Doctors, and is a good Subject for Disputation; which considering the Good and the Bad that was said of him, is more happily express, than Father Bouhours would have us think it is. 'Tis true, there is a Point in the Doctor and the Disputation; but for the Reason before-mention'd, the mighty Dispute about his good and bad Qualities, and which had the Preheminence, I do not see the great Fault of bringing it into an Epitaph, which was not intended to be a serious one. 'Tis excusable by Boileau's Lesson in his Art of Poetry:

'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous Muse,
May with Advantage a turn'd Sense abuse;
And on a Word may trifle with Address,
But above all, avoid the fond Excess. Soame's Tran.

This fond Excess is what Father Bouhours censures in those that are always aiming at something brilliant in a Discourse, and that commonly are not very solicitous about the Sense, if there is any Thing glaring in it. They would shine every where, but they dazzle only the Vulgar, who are contented with Appearances. Those who have a right and solid Understanding, are not impos'd upon by them. One of these Dealers in Points, who in his Time was admir'd at the Court of Savoy, and who compos'd a Latin Panegyrick on Levis the XIII, says, that Prince would infallibly cure France of all her Diseases, having for his Mother a Princess
Princess of the House of Medicis, being born on the Feast of St. Cosmas and St. Damianus, both Physicians. Gallie Medicus a natare Medicæ Cosine & Damianus Medicis fefto die, infecto regno peperit genitus Spem Salutis. He adds, that Lexis the first being born under Libra, had the Balance put into his Hand by his Nativity, and the Sword by Henry the Great: 'Tis a Wonder he had not bound his Head round with a Fillet, he might have made one of his Crown, and then it had been the complete Figure of Justice. How many are there, that will think there's a great deal of Wit in the Balance and the Sword? and such will doubtles admire the Conceits of an Italian Poet, on the Sign Cancer, one of the Twelve as well as the Balance. Saint Francis Xavier the Missionary being bound for the East-Indies, let a Cross fall into the Sea, and a Sea Crab brought it to him again; one may be sure, that there is a great deal of Truth in such a Piece of Poetry. Upon this the Italian imagines very finely, that the flaming Zeal which burnt in the Saint's Breast, was the Occasion of the Sun's being in Cancer; as that was the Occasion of the Crab's bringing him his Cross again, which with the swallowing up of the Port of Life, are the Beauties of the Poem.

Perde Xaverio in mare
Il Crocifisto, piange,
Quasi che polsa il porto
De la festa Salute effer absorto.
Mentre fu'l lido ei t'ange,
Ecco un granchio Marino
Recargli fra le branche il suo conforto:
E giusto fu che de 1 amor divino
Fra le beate arsure ond'e 1 duole
Non altrove che in granchio 'l'havesse il sole.

It may be objected, that the different Way of thinking among Nations, makes a Thought seem true in one Language, which looks false in another. Indeed every Nation has a Taste to itself, in Wit as well as in Beauty, in Dress, and every Thing else; but good Sense is the same in all Languages, and what is bad of itself, ought not to pass for good in any Country, among reasonable Men. The Poet, who wrote that shrew'd Answer to Bishop Burnet's last History, in a Copy of Verses on a Lady's being kept
in Town by immoderate Rains, has these two extraordinary Thoughts in two Verses.

_But Heaven in Pity weeps while we complain,_  
_Or else our Tears exhal'd drop down in Rain._

Here is not so much as it seems, nor even scarce to soften the Hyperbole; but the Tears of two or three maudlin Gallants, after being exhal'd by the Sun, and a good Part of the Moisture dissipated in the Exhalation, pour'd down again in such Torrents as to drown the Country for a hundred Miles about. If his Critick on the Bishop's History is as false as this Turn of his Wit, which is very much to be suspected, the Judgement of his Readers will be notably improv'd by him.

I know not, whether Mr. Dryden has so soften'd his Hyperbole in the following Verses, as to give it the least Shew of Probability. He is speaking of the Dutchess of Ormond's passing by Sea to Ireland;  

_The Land, if not restrain'd, had met your Way,_  
_Projected out a Neck, and jutted to the Sea._

The not restrain'd is all you have to hinder Ireland's running out into the Sea to meet her Grace half Way. I very much admir'd this Thought when I met with it first; but I believe there is not enough of the True in it, to render it passable with good Judges.

The Criticks have been very free with Virgil, for the Hyperbole in the seventh Book, where he tells us that

_Camilla_  

_Out strip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,_  
_Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain,_  
_She swept the Seas, and as she skim'd along,_  
_Her Flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung._  

_Dryd_  

_That is, she touch'd the Ears of Corn with her Feet, without bending them, and walk'd dry shod on the Water, without It seems, or scarce, or any other softening Word. Cowley has imitated this Hyperbole, and tho' he has given us a Scarce, made it worse than Virgil's._

_Swifter than the northern Wind,_  
_Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind_  
_Outgo his Feet: So strangely would be run,_  
_That Time itself perceiv'd not what was done._  
_Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would be pass,_  
_His Weight unknown, and harmless to the Grass._
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace;  
Yet not one Atom trouble or displace.

Lee has froth'd up his Hyperbole to Frenzy in his Rival Queens.

I've seen him swifter run than faring Hinds;  
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet:  
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,  
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

But as to Swiftness nothing sure is comparable to Mr. Pope's War-Horse in Windsor Forrest.

The impatient Courser pants in every Vein,  
And pawing seems to beat the distant Plain,  
Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already crost,  
And e'er he starts a thousand Steps are lost.

This the Critick in the Guardian has extoll'd, as a bold and noble Image, which is indeed no Image at all. For Fancy supported by the strongest Hyperbole cannot imagine that a Horse's Hoof is pawing one End of Hackney Marsh, when his Head is at the other, nor that he had crost'd Highgate Hill, when he was at Holloway, nor that he made a thousand Steps, while he was standing still: I do not see how Seems can soften any Thing of all this into Credibility. We may by these Passages see how easy it is to swell this Figure into Nonsense: as Lord Lansdown informs us, in his excellent Poem on Unnatural Flights in Poetry; the best Essay in our Tongue, if any Thing can be better than my Lord Roscommon's.

The written Picture we applaud or blame,  
But as the just Proportions are the same.  
Who driven with ungovernable Fire,  
Or void of Art beyond the Bounds aspire;  
Gigantick Forms and monstrous Birk's alone  
Produce, which Nature shoch'd disdains to own.

Tho' what follows out of Dryden is false enough, it is much more warrantable than Mr. Pope's, or Mr. Lee's Hyperboles.

The low'ring Clouds that dipp'd themselves in Rain,  
To shake their Fleece's on the Earth again.

Besides, that a Cloud has not much Resemblance with a Sheep; what do we understand by Clouds, but Rain condens'd? and then it is Rain, dipping it self in Rain.

Sir
Sir Richard Blackmore speaks more like a Philosopher as well as a Doctor of Physick;

Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon drown,
And hang their deep Hydropick Bellies down.

The Clouds have been compar'd to Fleeces before, and might have past here, had he not made them dip themselves in Rain. In Milton we read it thus.

Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From Hill or streaming Lake dusky and grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
Either to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers.

As Mr. Dryden mislooked his Figure, about the Clouds in this Place; so in his Translation of the Story of Cinyras and Atynka, he is as much mistaken about the Stars, which he reduces to so many farthing Candles:

The Stars amaz'd ran backwards from the Sight,
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light.

This is not Ovid's Thought, which tho' very poorly exprest by a later Translator of Ovid, is more faithfully thus;

--- The Moon retires,
Stars shroud their Heads in Clouds, Night lost her Fires.

The Socket is the most gross Burlesque, and what Ovid, one of the Court of Augustus, could not have been guilty of. It looks well enough in Ratcliff, when he burlesques these celebrated Lines of Dryden. Ind. Imp.

All Things were bust'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their droesy Heat.

The Seem there is a guard to the Hyperbole, and the Image not only passable but pleasing.

The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night Dew sleep.

This Thought so full of Figures, is compar'd by Rymer, in his excellent Preface to Rapin's Reflections upon Poetry, with the same Thought in several Authors, antient and modern, and he gives it the Preference; but Ratcliff shews us how liable the finest Verses are to Abuse from the Wantonness of Wit.
All Things were hush'd, as when the Drawers tread
Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head.
The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle burns.
The little Foot-Boy snores upon the Stair;
And greasy Cookmaid sweats in Elbow Chair.
No Coach nor Link was heard.

Father Boukours observes, that a Thought founded on the
Fable where it is establish'd, tho' in Fact impossible and
incredible, yet being a known Part of the Fabulous Hi-
Story, it renders it in some Measure possible and credible.
Thus Amphion's Building the Walls of Thebes with the
Sound of his Lyre, the Stones dancing into their Places as
if they were charm'd by his Musick, is an Hyperbole of
the most daring Kind; and yet when we read it in Prior's
Verfes, on a Lady's playing upon the Lute, we are not at
all shock'd at it.

To burning Rome, when frantick Nero play'd,
Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd.
Thine, like Amphion's Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd a fairer Token.
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn so fast as thou cou'dst build.

About forty Years ago, Cowley's Mistrefis was cry'd up by
half Wits and half Criticks, as the Perfection of gallant
Poetry; and yet almost all the Thoughts in those Love-
Verfes are false, because they are unnatural, Full of Affec-
tation and Point, and aiming rather to show the Author's
Wit, and even Learning, than his Tenderness and Passion,
by which only he could reach and move his Mistref's Heart.
Let us satisfy our selves with this one Instance of it. He
addresses himself to Echo,

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come and find a Nymph much gentler here,
That gives Consent to all I say.
Ah gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well,
In hollow solitary Caves to dwell:
Her Heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so.

His
His Mistress must needs imagine, that while he was pointing all these Thoughts, he did not think much of her, and care little for the Wit of the Poem, when there was no more Love in it. Again,

Complaisant Nymph, who dost thus kindly share
In Griefs, whose Cause thou dost not know;
Had'st thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,
How much Compassion woul'dst thou shew?
Thy Flame, whilst living, and a Flower,
Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Power.

Alas, I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

Never was there an Alas thrown away so. Not a Mortal that reads it, will believe Cowley was half so much griev'd about his Mistress's Cruelty, as he was pleas'd with his own Fancy, especially in what follows;

By Repercussion Beams ingender Fire,
Shapes by Reflection Shapes beget;
The Voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,
And a new Voice is made by it.
Thus Things by Opposition
The Gainers grow. My barren Love alone
Does from her stony Breast rebound,
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

Notwithstanding the Repercussion, the Opposition, Shapes upon Shapes, &c. in these five or six Lines the Lady has two or three Words that will put her more in mind of what the Poet drives at, than all the rest of the Poem, and those are ingender and beget, perhaps a little too strong for a Mistress, who could not understand a Syllable of what he says without a Smack of Philosophy. I take no notice of the Numbers here, because I do not remember that I ever heard Mr. Cowley commended for his Versification; and for a Man who wrote Prose as well as any one, and had as much Wit, to waste so much of it in Prosaick Poetry, is a Matter of Lamentation to all that know his Merit, and respect his Memory, which all Lovers of good Sense and good Learning must do.
To return now to Perséphone. Truth, which is otherwise indivisible, is not so in just Thinking. Thoughts are more or less true according as they are conformable to their Object. An entire Conformity is what we call Justness of Thought; that is, as Cloaths are just, according as they fit the Body, and are proportion'd to the Person who is to wear them: so Thoughts are just, when they agree exactly with the Things they represent. *Pecus ab hoc quo magis Falsum est & longius peritum*; says Quintilian, Lib. 8. c. 5. A just Thought is, properly speaking, a Thought that is true on every Side of it, and in whatever Light you look upon it. We have a fine Example of it in Ausonius's Epigram upon Dido.

In*felix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiante peris.*

Here the playing upon Words is so far from being a Fault, that 'tis extremly beautiful because there's strict Truth in the Thought.

Unhappy, Dido, was thy Fate
In first and second wedded State.
One Husband caus'd thy Flight by dying,
Tby Death the other caus'd by flying.

Dido fled to Africa from Tyre, with her Riches, after her first Husband Sichæus was kill'd; and the Poets tell us she kill'd her self, after her second Husband Æneas left her. Chevreau the Historian translated this Dittich of Ausonius into French: So did the Author of a Poem, entituled *Peinture Poétique*; and so also did Monf. de la Fosse, and the famous Leibnitz of Germany, who shew'd that he understood French well by this Translation:

*Quel Mari qu'ait Didon son Malheur la poursuit
Elle fuit quand l'un meurt, & meurt quand l'autre suit.
Whatever Husband Dido had, ill Fate
Pursu'd her still. When the first dy'd she fled,
And when the other died she dy'd.*

Every Thing quadrates in this Epigram of Ausonius; but as just as the Turns are here, they are by no Means essential
tial to the Jutness of Thought, which does not always re-
quire so much Symmetry and so much Sporting. It is suf-
ficient that a Thought be true in all the Extent of it, and
has the same Face on what Side so ever you regard it. This
just Way of Thinking is not the Portion of every one; it
requires a right Understanding, a found Judgement, and
something of the Genius of Homer, whose Thoughts and
Words, as Aristotle observes, were always proportion'd to
the Subject he treats of, and who, for that Reason, is lost
to us in the last English Translation.

BALZAC, who is not so correct in his Thoughts as
Voiture, tho he is more so in his Elocution and Stile, thinks
however very justly sometimes, as, where he says of Mon-
tagne, He is a Guide out of the Way, but he leads one into
Countries more agreeable than those be promis'd us. C'est un
Guide qui egeare, &c. Further, tho' in whatever kind we write,
we ought always to think justly, yet we ought to do so more
in some Kinds than in others. Elegy, for Example, and
Tragedy, demand more exact Truth than Epigram and Ma-
drigal. There are in Profe certain comick and merry Subjects,
where this Exactness is not so necessary; there are others
grave and serious, where 'tis of absolute Necessity: Such
are all moral Discourses. Yet there are several Books of
Morality, wherein we meet with many falfe Thoughts. As
this for Instance: All Kinds of Writing please us only from
the secret Corruption of our Hearts; when we meet with the
sublime, the noble and free Air in a Discourse, the Pleasure
arises from our own Vanity, which is fond of Grandeur and
Independance. Can any Thing be more falfe, than to im-
pute to the Corruption of the Heart, that which is the Ef-
fect of good Taste and Differencem? Well written Pieces
please Men of Sense, because they are regular, and what-
ever is perfect in its Kind, generally gives Content. Vanity
has no more Share in the Pleasure we take in reading Vir-
gil and Cicero, than it has in the Pleasure we find in looking
on excellent Pictures, or in hearing excellent Musick.
The most humble Man is delighted with those Beauties as
well as another, if he understands and taste them. When
I read the holy Scripture, which is at the same Time so
simple and so sublime, is it the Conceit of my own Dignity,
or the Corruption of my Heart, which causes the Delight
I take in it? Is it not rather the Simplicity and Majesty of
the divine Word, which make an Impression; and may we
not in some wife say the same of the great Masters in Poetry
and Eloquence? How vain is it to imagine that we love

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the Grandour and Facility of their Stile only out of Pride, and a Defire of Independance? The same Author, who has been held in great Admiration, has more such Thoughts as that above-cited. Every Man endeavours to occupy as much Place as he can in his own Imagination, and all Men push forward and aggrandize themselves only to encreas the Idea they have form'd of themselves in their own Mind. This is the End of all their ambitious Designs. Alexander and Cæsar had no other View than this in all the Battles they fought; and should one be ask'd why the grand Signior caus'd lately one hundred thousand Men to perish at Candia, one might with Certainty reply, that it was only to add the Title of Conqueror to the interior Image he had of himself. The Grand Signior might besiege Candia, and never once have thought of that interior Image. He was desirous to be Master of a Place, which was commodious for him, or of revenging himself of the Venetians, who had dar'd to declare War against him. He might be willing to augment his Reputation; that is, the Opinion People had of his Power and Greatness. Now the Opinion that is had of us does not reside in our selves, but in the Persons who esteem us, which Reflection relates as much to Alexander and Cæsar as to the Grand Signior. Further, had the Thought been true in Part, it could not be so in the full Extent of it. In Effect, how many Villains, to acquire Esteem, and to raise themselves, have appear'd honest, disinterested and virtuous! They know in their Hearts what they are; they do themselves Justice; and 'tis the least of their Care to occupy as much Place as they can in their own Imagination, to make the Use of a Phra's so new and so elegant. Instead of endeavouring to augment in their own Mind the Opinion they have there form'd of themselves, they think only of making an advantagious Impression on other Mens Minds of the Probity which they have not, and which they do not desire to have. Pascal says, Men would willingly be Cowards to have the Reputation of being valiant.

The above-cited Author again:

When the Ignorant behold the great Libraries, which one may pretty rightly term the Magazine of Mens Fancies, they imagine that a Man would be very happy, or at least very learned, if he knew all that's contain'd in such a huge Heap of Volumes, which they look upon as Treasures of Light. But they judge wrong; suppose all the Contents were united...
in one Man's Head, it would not be the better regulated, nor
the wiser, t'would all only obscure his Light, and encrease his
Confusion. By this way of arguing Ignorance is better than
profound Learning; and the more illiterate a Man is, the
more his Idea's will be distinct and clear. The Argument
according to his Conclusion is just, but the Principle is
false. It is not true that the several Parts of Knowledge,
which are acquir'd by reading, produce of themselves Confu-
sion and Obscurity. Those ill Effects come only from the ill
Disposition of Mens Understandings. One learned Man is an
Abyss of Literature; but an Abyss may be call'd a Chaos,
where all Languages and all Sciences are jumbled together,
so little methodical and clear is his Understanding. Ano-
other learned Man, on the contrary, has in his Head an
infinite Number of Species plac'd in good Order, and he
discourses clearly upon every one of them. If a Man's
Head is good and well temper'd, if he knows the Contents
of so many Books, that he might be call'd a living Libra-
ry, (as Origen was) he would not be the more confus'd and
obscure in his Discourses, but he might be the more wife
and the more regular in his Conduct, if he made a good
Use of his Lights.

These Examples shew the Weakness of those moral
Thoughts which are not true. For I say nothing of those
Maxims which have any Thing false in them: such do not
deserve the Name of Maxims, whose only End is to regu-
late the Manners, and be a Guide to Reason. Historical
Reflections are of no more Value when they are false. It
were to be wish'd, that the Authors of two great Histories
of England, publish'd in our Time, had understood some-
thing of this Matter. Truth, says Père Bouheur, is the
Soul of History, and should be the Rule in whatever the
Historian writes; but it ought to shine most in his Reflec-
tions; and nothing is more irregular than to think falsely
on Events which are true. Plutarch, who had a right
Understanding, condemns the famous Thought of an Hist-
orian on the Burning of Diana's Temple at Ephesus: We
are not to wonder that so magnificent a Building was burnt
the very Night that Alexander was born, because the God-
dess who assisted his Mother Olympia's, was so bus'f'd about
her Midwife's, that she could not attend to put out the Fire.
Cicero indeed was mightily pleas'd with this Thought of
Timæus the Historian, Concinna ut multa Timæus, qui
cum in Historia dixisset, qua nocte natus Alexander esset,
eadem
eadem Diane Ephesia templum desagravisse: adjunxir, minime idesse mirandum, quod Diana, cum in partu Olympiadis aedes veluxeret, abi


not very well understand what Cicero meant by it, unless he look'd upon Timeus's Thought as the Imagination of a Poet, and not as the Reflection of an Historian, which cannot be, because he commends it as a pretty Thought in his History. Cicero naturally lov'd Raillery and Jeits, in some, that Quintilian tells us, he sometimes made very dull ones, and it is probable he was taken with the Pleasantery of the Thought, without examining it further; whereas Plutarch, who was serious and critical, consider'd only what it had in it that was false; yet as severe as he was, he could not help falling into as great an Error as he blam'd in Timeus, by adding, The Reflection of the Historian is so cold, that 'twas enough to put out the Fire. This Thought of Plutarch is more false and more cold than that of Timeus, and there's no Way of bringing him off, but by saying he had a Mind to divert himself, even in the Place where he was speaking gravely; but I fear this will hardly do; and 'tis a mortifying Circumstance in Criticism, that one of the greatest Critics of the Antients, as Plutarch was, should make such a Blunder himself, when he was cenfuring another Man for blundering. I have heard it said, that Kitcat's Morton Pies were ordered to be bak'd with Dursey's Works under 'em, by the Founder of the Club; and that upon their complaining the Pies were never bak'd enough, Christopher Kat, the Pastry-Cook, swore, Dursey's Works were so cold, that the Dough could not bake for them; but to say a Thought was so cold, as to put out the Fire of London, or even St. Paul's Church, has something in it so extravagant, as to shew us Antiquity it self is not infallible. The best Excuse for both Cicero and Plutarch is, that what pleases one Man does not infallibly please another, as will be prov'd by an Example taken from the Moderns, two Authors of the French Academy. Balzac, the greatest Master of the French Eloquence, could not bear this Saying of Pompey, which is quoted with Applause in the Spectator, No. 507. It is necessary for me to go, but it is not necessary for me to live. Plut. in Pomp. Here's an Apparence of something finely said, cries Balzac, which however, if
narrowly look’d into, destroys it self, and implies a meer Contradiction; for to go, he must live, and consequently the one is as necessary as the other. The Spectator’s Translilation of it spoils this Remark, It is necessary for me to sail, and not to go. Now to sail, it was not necessary for him to live; for his Corps might have been transported in the Ship, as well dead as alive; but to go, it was necessary for him to live. La Motte le Vayer differs directly from Balzac: He thinks Pompey’s Saying is excellent, as full of Reason and Sense, as of Resolution and Courage. Pere Bouhours is of the same Opinion; he sees no Contradiction in it, but much of the Sentiments of a true Roman. He declares, that to execute the Orders of the Senate, he values his Life less than his Honour; I am, he would say, indifferent oblig’d to do my Duty, tho’ it costs me my Life; and I must not spare it at the Expense of my Honour, ’tis necessary that I obey and embark, as dangerous as it may be in such tempestuous Weather. It is not necessary that I preserve my self, nor that I live. Where’s the Contradiction? he has no Regard to any Thing but the proper physical Sense, in saying, To go, he must live, and the one was as necessary as the other; that Sense is the Moral which includes the Obligation and Duty.

ALEXANDER says, in the Quintius Curtius of Vaugelas, j’aime mieux combattre que de vivre, &c. I had rather fight than live; and Titus in the Berenice of Racine;

Mais il ne s’agit plus de vivre, il faut regner.
The Matter now is not to live, but reign.

Both these Expressions are like that of Pompey, and no Critick has pretended yet to censure them. And we read in the before-mentioned Spectator, that one of the Fathers carry’d this Point so high, as to declare, He would not tell a Lie, tho’ he were sure to gain Heaven by it; which is Extravagance it self, in Comparison with what Pompey said, and the Thought equally false and daring.

To continue the learned Jefuit’s Observations on historical Reflections. If we examine the greatest Part of those that are in certain Histories, such as the English ones lately hinted at, we shall find the False in them prevail abundantly, such as this Thought in Strada de Bell. Belg. Dec. 2. Lib. 3. Historical Reflections: Adeo non ex vano observatum cura.
The ARTS of

effe Deo principum vitam: quasi non magis cordi in homine
quam Imperatori in exercitu novissimum morti datum sit.
So true it is, that it has not been observ'd in vain, that God
takes Care of the Life of Princes; and that it is no less gi-
ven to a General to die the last in his Army, than to the
Heart to die the last in Man. Nothing is more false than
that, So true it is, with Respect to the second Proposition;
for the Heart dies always the last in Man; but it does not
happen always that Generals die the last in their Armies.
Witness the great Gustavus Adolphus, the great Turenne,
and the great Mareschal de Schombergh, to say nothing of
others, who were kill'd among the first in the Battel. The Reflec-
tion of a French Historian concerning Admiral Coligny,
the principal Victim at the Parisian Massacre, when some of
the best Blood in France was spilt by the Treachery and
Cruelty of the Papists, is as false as that of Strada's. Après
que l'Admiral eut reçu un coup d'Epee dans le ventre, &c.
After the Admiral had receiv'd his Death's Wound in his Bel-
ly, and another afterwards his Face, the Murderers endeavou'r'd
to throw him out at the Window; and it was then observ'd
that the most intrepid Persons have an Inclination to Life
as natural and even as violent as the most timorous, and that
Heroes conceal it; or to speak better, rather disguise than
stifle it in their Hearts. The Reflection arose from this
Incident; the Murderers being about to fling the Admiral
out at the Window, his Legs stuck in the Bar; that He-
roes, as long as he had the Use of his Senses, expected Death
with the utmost Resolution; but when he lost the Use of
them, a natural Inclination to Life took hold of him, and
he stuck so close to the Window, that the Affidants were at
some Trouble to throw him out into the Yard, where the
bloody Duke of Guise, the Captain of the Murderers, wait-
ed for the Body, to triumph over it and insult it. This
Thought is far from being solid, and has no Manner
of Foundation; for how does the Sticking of the Admiral's
Legs in the Window, occasioned by the natural Motion of
a Remainder of Spirits, prove that the Intrepid resemble
the most Timorous, with Respect to the Love of Life; and
that Heroes are not really Heroes, after they have lost
their Senses, or the Use of their Senses? Between which
there's a great deal of Difference. To lose the Senses is
to become Fool or Madman; to lose the Use of the
Senses is to be distemper'd, and in a Coondition, wherein
the Functions of the Mind are not free, Be it as it will,
Logick and Rhetorick.

'tis no Wonder, that when a Man is no more a Man, he shou'd ceafe to be Brave; and it is ridiculous to reproach Heroes with the Love of Life, at a Time when they have not Reafon enough left to defy Death, or rather when the Inclination, which is natural to all Animals for their own Preservation, exqui缔ishes in them all Sentiments of Heroick Virtue. I shou'd as soon accuse them of Cowardice, for not pursuing the Enemy, when they are cover'd with Wounds, and their Blood is streaming from all their Veins, or for suffering themselves to be strip'd and insulted after the Breath is out of their Body.

In one of the Spectators, there's a Reflection on Trade, which I conceive to have something of the False in it; 'Tis no wonder an ill-natur'd Man such as S----t, succeeds in Wit better than a Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the fair Trader; both which I take to be untrue, unless you will suppose it to be impossible for a good natur'd Man to have Wit. If you will allow, that a Man may have Wit and good Nature, and that the good natur'd Man has as much Wit as the ill-natur'd; than it is not True, that the latter will succeed better than the former: On the contrary, his Humanity will add a Grace to his Wit, which will render it more agreeable, and gain him the more Esteem or Success, which you please: Neither is it true, that the Smuggler or the Cheat is more likely to grow more Rich than the fair Trader. For besides that, it is very difficult for the Cheat or the Smuggler to preserve his Credit, which is the Life of Trade, and that indirect Methods are destructive of that Industry, which, tho' more flow, is more sure to acquire Riches. 'Tis a common Observation in Commerce, That the Rogue is generally the Bankrupt, and to use the Trade-man's Proverb on this Occasion, Honesty is the best Policy.

If I wou'd go about to prosecute Father Bouhours's Subject, as to the Falsehood of Historical Reflections in certain Historians, I might fill Volumes out of English Histories, and have large Supplies out of the most renowned Authors. Our Historians do not seem to have been at all sensible of the Jufthefs of Thought in their Reflections. If they have a lively Turn, if they are brilliant, and are pointed, especially if there's a Keenness in them towards a Side; they are then Fine, and it is no Matter whether they are True or False; for their Readers judge in the same Sentiments in which they write, and had it never in their
their Heads that to be Fine, it is necessary for a Thought to be Just.

The next Thing Father Bounours takes to Task for Falseness of Thought, is Preaching, and Sermons. there's a Subject which is never to be exhausted. Not from the Nature of it, which is all Truth, but from the Multitude of Sermons, in all Languages, from a Multitude of Preachers, among whom there cou'd not but be an immense Store of Ignorance and Conceit, which are the main Ingredients in the Falseness of a Thought. Pere Bounours says very justly, That to give the Word of GOD an Appearance of Fable, is the highest Degree of Corruption: And he complains, that many Preachers endeavour to tickle the Ears of their Auditories, with Conceits and false Thoughts. This was very much in Vogue in King James the First's Time, whose true Taste of Learning is much better judg'd of by that, than by his Politicks. Let us see what the Author of the Spectator says on this Occasion, No. 61. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punster, and made very few Bishops and Privy Counsellors, that had not sometime or other signaliz'd themselves by a Clinch or a Conundrum; it was, therefore, in this Age, that the Pun appear'd with Pomp and Dignity; it had before been admitted into merry Speeches, and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn Manner at the Council Table: The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Puns; the Sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the Tragedies of Shakespear, are full of them; the Sinner was punn'd into Repentance, &c. I question whether the Rallery is not here a little too strong, or whether a Man's Mind cou'd be affected with the Guilt of his Sins, while the Pun was tickling his Ears. Of this Kind was the known Saying of an eminent Doctor, the rhetorical Quibbler of the last Age, on the Wages of Sin is Death. Poor Wages which a Man can't live by. The Thought here is of no less Concern than eternal Damnation, and yet one cannot repeat the Reflection upon the terrible Text, without Grimace. That learned Dignitary's Sermons are replete with the like Puns and Conceits: And for that very Quality are reckon'd among the most Eloquent and Polite, tho' they do not want good Qualifications to recommend them: The Spectator.
Spectator No. 593: quotes a Saying of Dr. South's, That a Physician has the Consolation at the Death of a Patient, that he was killed secundum Artem, which is as False as Uncharitable; for no Physician can have Consolation in killing his Patient; but if his Patient dy'd of a Distemper, he may comfort himself lawfully in having done nothing for him but what was agreeable to his Art in the like Case. Our Critick informs us, That the Taste in France was much the same as in England, at the same Time, but in his Days it was chang'd, and become more refin'd; the Vogue that Doctor's Sermons are still in, for Pun and Conceit, do not shew a like Refinement of our Taste in General; but in Particular, it is so far chang'd, as to give Difficult to a Reader of good Judgement. The French Critick makes mention of a Preacher, who to prove, that young People dy'd sometimes before old Ones, said John ran faster to the Sepulchre than Peter; the other Disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the Sepulchre. Another Preacher told his Auditory, That Women by their Pattins, added to their Stature, which was contrary the Word of God, and gave the Eye to Truth itself. The two following Thoughts were very much admired in the Days of Conceit and Quibble; the one, the Heart of Man being of a triangular Figure, and the World of a round Figure, it is plain, that all worldly Greatnes's cannot fill the Heart of Man. Le cœur de l'Homme étant de Figure triangulaire, & le Monde de Figure ronde, il etoit visible que toutes les Grandeurs mondaines ne pouvoient remplir le cœur humain. Father Bourgeois says, he had known, that Thought to have been very much admired. Dr. Echard in his Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy, mentions this very Thought, "Then comes in the round World, which cannot fill the "triangular Heart of Man; whereas every Butcher knows, "that the Heart is no more triangular than a Pear. This Conceit as false and silly as it is, was so esteem'd by the Priests abroad and at home, that we find it in French and in English; and doubtless it is in other Languages; for it would be hard, if the Preachers of those two Nations shou'd have engross'd such a Piece of Wit to themselves. The other Thought spoken of by the French Critick, is, The Hebrews have but one Word to express Life and Death; a Point only makes the Difference. From whence the Preacher concluded, there was but a Point on-
by between Life and Death. The Mischief of it is, according to Pere Boulbours, that the Hebrews have no such Word as signifies both Life and Death, and consequently he was guilty of a Falsehood to set off his Thought with a Quibble. Another Preacher said, 'Twas the Incivility of Judas, which caus'd his Damnation; his dipping his Hand in the Dish with his Master. The following Passages are taken out of a Sermon, upon the Passion of our Saviour, preach'd by a famous Abbot, at a Time when the French Eloquence was at the Height, about the middle of the Reign of Louis XIV. "Our Saviour sweated "Blood in the Garden of Olives, because he cou'd not "weep otherwise, God being all Eye; he was silent be- "fore Herod, because the Lamb loses his Voice at the "Sight of the Wolf; he was naked on the Cross, because "he was fallen into the Hands of Robbers; he had no "Flambeaux, not even the Flambeaux of Heaven at his "Burial, because he condemn'd all Funeral Pomp; and "in fine, he would be bury'd in a Stone Sepulchre, be- "cause as dead as he was, he wou'd teach Mankind to "have an Abhorrence for Softness and Effeminacy." Wou'd such Points as these drive a Sinner to Repentance. The Sermon was preach'd at a Nunnery-Grate, and tho' the Nuns did not weep, they cry'd out, Ah, that's Fine, all the while the Abbot was quibbling with them. They were wonderfully pleas'd with him, but he did not come off so well on the Easter Sunday, when inquiring in his Sermon, why Jesus, after he was rais'd from the Dead, appear'd first to the two Mary's; he said gravely, God wou'd have the Mystery of his Resurrection made publick, and Women coming first to the Knowledge of so important a Matter, the News wou'd soon spread:

Thus through a Woman was the Secret known,
Tell us, and in Effect, you tell the Town.

DRYDEN.

In Dr. Echard's Book before-mention'd, we have a great Number of such Instances, of such Kind of Pulpit Ora- tory; in some of which we find the Sublime of Nonsense, and in some the Grimace of Buffoonry; as these, It is Goodness by which we must ascend to Heaven; Goodness is the milky Way to Jupiter's Palace; to strengthen us in our Journey we must not take the Morning Milk, but some Morning Meditations. Again, Omnipotent All, thou art only;
only; because thou art All, and because thou only art; 
as for us, we are not, but we seem to be, and only seem to be 
because we are not; for we be but Mites of Entity, and 
Crumps of Something. Further in this Sublime, we meet 
with, "Christ is a Treasury of all Wares and Commodi-
tics------ Good People, What do you lack? What do 
you buy? Will you buy any Balm of Gilead? Any Eye-
Salve, any Myrrhe, Aloes, or Cassia? Shall I fit you with 
a Robe of Righteousness, or with a white Garment? 
See here! What is it you want? Here is a very choice 
Armory. Shall I shew you an Helmet of Salvation, a 
Shield or a Breast-plate of Faith? Or will you please to 
walk in and see some precious Stones? A Jasper, a 
"Sapphire, or a Chalcedony? Speak, What do you buy?"
This is in the high Oratory: In the low you have as fol-
lows, out of the fame Reverend Author, Mafter of Ka-
therine-Hall, Cambridge; "These Scriptures contain 
"Doctrines, Precepts, Promises, Threatnings, and Hifto-
ries. Now take these five smooth Stones, and put them 
"into the Scrip of the Heart, and throw them with the 
"Sling of Faith, by the Hand of a strong Resolution, 
"against the Forehead of Sin, and we shall see it, like 
"Goliath, fall before us." Again, in a Prayer, "Our 
"Souls are constantly gaping after thec, O Lord; yea, 
"verily our Souls do gape, even as an Osier gapeth." It 
may be objected, that these and a hundred other Such Say-
ings in the Pulpit, were utter'd by Fanaticks and Enthu-
siasts only; but on the contrary they came from very Or-
thodox Preachers, some of them Doctors, and some even 
the King's Chaplains, as particularly Parson Slip-flocking, 
Grounds and Occas. p. 57. is said to have been. I shall en-
ly add two Examples more out of that Book, because it 
we do not get much in Divinity by them, we may be in-
structed as to Government Spiritual and Temporal; for we 
do not always meet with better Argument. The Text is, 
Sirs, What must I do to be saved? Here it is that Episcopacy 
has all the Proof that a Thing is capable of, which was 
overlook'd by all former Divines, ibid. p. 76. For, Sirs, 
being in the Greek koost, which is to say, in true and 
strict Translation Lords, what more plain, than that, of 
old, Episcopacy, was not only the acknowledged Government, but that Bishops were so many Peers of the Realm, and so ought to sit in the House of Lords. As to Tem-
poral Government, there is a Text which knocks down all 
E Anti-
Antimonarchical Republican Principles, and establishes
the Empires of Morocco and Muscovy; Seek first the King-
dom of God, p. 77. From whence it is plain, that Monar-
chy or Kingly Government is most according to the Mind
of God; for it is not said, seek the Parliament of God;
seek the Council of State of God; seek the Committee
of Safety of God; but it is seek the Kingdom of God.
I do not think there is any Thing so strong as this in Fil-
mer, Lefty, &c. Now that the Author of this Book was
Orthodox, one may be sure by his laughing at Mr. Dod,
p. 87. because he was a Punster. A Person who was in
universal Esteem for his great Piety, Wisdom, Learning
and Benevolence. His rallying that excellent Minister's
Treatise upon the Commandments, shews us that he was
not at all tainted with the Principles of Moderation. Nei-
ther can he forbear, while he is tickling himself and his
Readers with his Witticisms, to fall foul on the very emi-
nent and worthy Mr. Pool, Author of the Annotations,
whose Synopsis has done more Service to the Students in
Divinity, than all the Writings of all the Doctors that were
graduated in his Time. He is laughing at a Difsenting
Minister about the Commandment of Love, and then bids
him get Mr. Pool to enter down this Note, when he comes
to St. John, for this will certainly add very much to the
Preciousness of his Name, very unequal to such Mirth as
his. His Description of Difsenting Ministers, confirms us in
his Character, p. 155. “I know that they have had their
“Bushels of China Oranges, their Cordials, Essences, and
“Elixirs, and have been rubb’d down with Holland of
“Ten Shillings an Ell;” by which it appears, that the
grave Author did not write his merry Book on the Weak-
nesses and Errors of the Clergy, out of a Spirit of Fanati-
cism, but out of pure Refentment, at their corrupting the
 Eloquence of the Chair, with Quibble, Conceit, Jingle
and Fuslian. What happy Thought and Expression was
that of Dr. Fuller in his Holy State, speaking of Jobu,
as a Man of an active Spirit; For God when he means to
shave close, choses a Razor with a sharp Edge, and never
sends a Slug on a Message that requires Haste; what
a Huddle of shocking Idea’s, a Barber, a Razor, a
Foot-Poht, and on what a tremendous Subject? yet to take
Offence at this Debasement of those sacred Lectures is
reckon’d one of the greatest Proofs of Irreligion and Profane-
ness. Pere Boulbours would have the Pulpit Doors shut a-
again,
gainst such Haranguers, who dishonour the Ministry; I go, says he, to a Sermon to be instructed, to be mov'd; and hear nothing but Trifles, which are fit only to be laugh'd at, and hardly deserve a Place in Drolls and Farces; yet if you do not attend them as constantly, and as seriously, as if a Tillotson or a Fleetwood was the Preacher, you are a Fanatick or an Atheist, or perhaps both: For my Part, adds the learned French Critick, I can't bear drelling out of Season, nor Arguments which are not to the Purpose; I prefer a plain Proverb, to a Hundred such Strokes of Wit and Drollery; for Proverbs, at least, are not False, and Truth always gives Content.

There are good Proverbs in all Languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, and French; nay, the Indian Languages abound with them, as do the Arabick, as I have been informed by the Learned. Proverbs are pretty much the same in all Tongues, and whatever Tongue they speak, they say nothing but Truth, and commonly hide very good Sense under low Phrases. Mr. Dryden us'd to value himself much on his being Author of a Proverb, as he call'd it,

For Priests of all Religions are the same.

Which is in every one's Mouth, and is either very false, or very trifling. If you give it the Sense he probably intended, it has as much Falsityhood in it as Malignity. His Meaning being then, that Priests of all Religions are proud, covetous, vicious, &c. or there is no Poignancy in his Proverb. If he meant only, that there are good and bad Priests of all Religions, 'tis trifling; since it is impossible to be otherwise, there being no Profession perfect among Mankind; and if he meant, that Priests of all Religions are pious, learned, virtuous, &c. the Thought is as false on that Side, as on the other; and therefore is a very silly One, which pass'd only for the Pleasure which Humane Frailty takes in Malice and Censure. Besides, he misnamed his Verse too; it is not a Proverb but a Saying, what the Learned call a Sentence, and which if it were true, would be a Maxim or Apothegm; which has in it the Truth of a Proverb without its lowness: As in these French Sentences;
Un Homme de bien n’est étranger nulle part.
An honest Man is no where a Stranger.
C’est être heureux, que d’être content de sa Fortune.
’Tis to be happy, to be contented with one’s Fortune.
La bonne Fortune est plus difficile à porter que la mauvaise.
Good Fortune is harder to be born than bad.

**Sentences** may be said to be the Proverbs of the better Sort of People, as common Proverbs are

_of the Goddess_ Fortune the Sentences of the Vulgar. Fortune is

_frequently introduc’d as a Person in this Way of Thinking and Speaking_: Fortune does not always consider Merit; Fortune often favours Injustice: These Phrases are purely Pagan; the Pagans adoring Fortune as a Goddess, who govern’d all according to her Caprice, and who was rarely in accord with Virtue. They paid their Vows to this Divinity, as is observ’d elsewhere, and it is of her profane Authors speak, when they say,

The Favours of Fortune are never pure.
Fortuna nunquam simpliciter indulget.

**Quint. Cur. Lib. 4.**

Fortunae spors with our Misery without Pity.
Fortuna impotens quales ex humanis malis tibi ipsa ludos facis?


As often as she has a Mind to divert her self, she raises Men of the lowest Condition to the Height of Humane Greatness:

Quales ex humili magna ad Fastigia rerum Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

**Juven. Sat. 3.**

All which is true in the Pagan System; but nothing is more false in the Christian, which allows no other Fortune than Providence, and disowns the fickle Goddess as an idle vain Chimera. Yet as much as it is a Chimera, there is nothing more common among us, than to make a Person of this Shadow both in Prose and Verse, contrary both to Reason and Religion. We learn this irreligious Custom by reading the Antients, and the most celebrated Authors practice it without Scruple: Thus it is said, Fortune sometimes makes use of our Defeats to raise us; Fortune exalts some Men to little Purpose, if she does not teach them
them how to behave themselves. Fortune was weary of favouring Charles the Vth, and in the Person of Henry II, repair'd the Injuries she had done Francis I. I pay too much Deference to Custom, says Pere Bouthors, and too much respect our Masters, not to approve of these Thoughts; but if I durst speak my Mind, I would say, that such Expressions you'd be us'd with great Caution, especially in Prose; for the poetical System, being of it felt fabulous, and entirely Pagan, the Goddess Fortune may be admitted in it, as well as the Goddess Diana, or the Goddess Minerva, and our Poets do not err in giving her the same Character which the Idolaters gave her. I believe also, that we may be a little Paganish as to Fortune, when the Subjects we treat of bear any Resemblance to those where we find the Goddesses introduc'd as a Deity; I mean such as have no Manner of Relation to our Religion, as Panegyricks, Histories, Discours'd purely Moral or Political, Dialogues like those that were written some Years since, by a Man of Wit, Entitled, Dialogue de la Fortune & du Merite: But I question, whether Fortune ought to be brought in, when the Subject is purely Christian; and a Sermon, in my Opinion, will not admit of Thoughts which have no Sense but what is Pagan: Such as these, Fortune takes Pleasure in debasing those that she has rais'd to the Top of her Wheel. Fortune often crosses the Designs of the Great Men of this World, as if she was jealous of the Favours she had herself bestow'd upon them. These Thoughts can have no Sense but what is Pagan, because they cannot be understood of any Thing else, but the Goddess Fortune: For one cannot say truly, that Divine Providence lifts People up to the Top of her Wheel, nor that she is jealous of her Favours. Fortune should be banish'd from the Pulpit, unless she signifies good Success or ill Success, and is not brought in as a Person; for that is to make her a Goddess. One may say, Fortune raiseth Shepherds to the Throne; Fortune disappoints the best concerted Designs; Fortune favours the Arms of good Princes: But a Preacher ought not to attribute to the Person of Fortune, those Qualities which agree only with the Goddesses of the Pagans. What can be more ridiculous than to say, as a Minister of the Gospel of Christ; The blind Goddess who presides over the Events of Life, and dispenses Happiness and Misery, according to her Caprice; unless it was to expose the Folly of Paganism. There are Ways of
softening the Expression of Fortune, if the Preacher or the Writer thinks 'twill be of Advantage to him to make use of the Term; as thus in the Works of an ingenious Author; Fortune, or to speak more like a Christian, Providence distributes the Parts that every one are to act on the great Stage of the World. The same Rule is to be the Guide of the Historian in Ecclesiastical History, as of the Preacher in his Sermons. I should not have said, as a certain Author does in his History of the Religious War in Bohemia, speaking of Ziska, the famous Leader of the Hussites, who led their Armies, and obtain'd Victories, after he had loft his Sight; As if Fortune, who is blind herself, took Pleasure in favouring one that was blind, which seems to me to be as much against good Sense, as Religion. I should rather say with Cicero, Non solum ipsa Fortuna cecit, sed etiam plerumque eft cecis quo complexa eft. Fortune is not only blind herself, but she very often makes those blind whom she embraces. Indeed there's hardly any Thing more shocking, than to find this Phantom, Fortune, made use of in Discourses of Piety, especially when the Part she acts there is unworthy of Divine Wisdom. I could much better bear what is said by a Gentleman in the Memoirs of his Life; The Unfortunate are not always so, and even Fortune, by her Inconstancy teaches us, that the Unhappy are to hope, and Happy to fear; and what we read in a Comical History; If I am nothing more than an unfortunate Comedian, 'tis doubtless because Fortune would be rever'd of Nature, who was for making something of me without her Consent; or if you will, because Nature sometimes takes Delight in favouring those to whom Fortune has taken an Aversion.

We so often meet with Fortune in our Country Sermons, that what Father Boucours has said against using the Word in the Pagan Sense, is very instructing. One would think the Description is often taken from her Picture on the Walls of Inns, and Ale-houses, where her Wheel exposeth the Person on the Top, as well as at the Bottom, to the Mirth of the Company. The last Duke of Buckingham's Verses upon her, will teach both Preachers and Writers how to behave, with Regard to this imaginary Deity, better than all the French Jesuit's Lessons.

Fortune made up of Toys and Impudence,
Thou common Jade, that hast not common Sense!
Logick and Rhetorick.

But fond of Business insolently dares
Pretend to rule and spoil the World's Affairs.
She flutt'ring up and down her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps, or injures knows.
Sometime she Smiles, than like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to see her,
While she smites with me, I'll be civil to her.
But if she offer once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw Things;
And arm'd with Virtue will more glorious stand,
Than if she still bow'd at my Command.
I'll marry Honestly, tho' never so poor,
Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.

Father Bouhours does not forget the Errors in
Thought against Truth in Epistles Dedica-
tory, one of the most copious Subjects in
the World for Reflection on irregular and
extravagant Thinking. No Authors have
er'd more in this than the English Poets: Their Patrons
have suffer'd under so much Flattery, that 'tis not easy to de-
termine whose Modesty has been most put it; the Poets to
say so many fulsome Things, or the Patrons to read them.
Such Thoughts must necessarily be false, and of that
wretched Kind of Falsehood, which in plain English is
call'd Lying; for the Poet often knows his Heroe to be a
Scoundrel, and the Patron receives the Man for a Wit,
whom he also knows to be a Blockhead, or a Coxcomb.
What the Tatler speaks in Merriment, may be taken seri-
ously with Respect to the Dedications of the Poets, No.
214. That antient Lyrick, Mr. Dursey, some Years ago
writ a Dedication to a certain Lord, in which he celebrated
him for the greatest Poet and Critick of that Age, upon a
Misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that his noble Patron was
made Lord Chamberlain. The learned French Critick ge-
erally makes Choice of Authors of Eminence for his Ex-
amples, that the Instruction may be the more sure; for if
such Writers fall into such Mistakes, how careful ought
the Men of Mediocrity to be if they can't forbear writing.
A great Author in France, who treated of Caesar's Con-
quests, made no Difficulty of telling a Prince to whom he
dedicated his Book; See here the Conqueror of the Gauls,
who is come to do you Homage. And another writing of Hypolitus, or rather Monsieur Hypholite as Dryden calls him, tells his Patron in his Dedication, Hypolitus leaves the innest Recesse of the Groves, on purpose to make his Court to you; nothing can be f alter than this. 'Tis a Jeft to confound the Book that is dedicated with the Heroe whom it treats of, and make them the fame Thing. Mr. Rece is guilty of this Fault, in the Dedication of the Lady Jane Gray, a Tragedy, to her Royal Highness; A Princess of the same Royal Blood, to whom you are so closely and So happily ally'd, presumes to throw her self at the Feet of your Royal Highness: Here the Lady Jane, and the Tragedy are confounded; and till this Criticism of Peré Brûleurs comes to be known, I doubt not that Passage, and a hundred fuch Passages in the Dedications of our moft renowned Poets, will pafs for fome of the moft shining Examples of English Eloquence.

The very learned and polite Dr. Burnet, in the Dedication of the Theory of the Earth, begins his Address to the King thus; New found Lands and Countries accrue to the Prince whose Subjeft makes the first Discovery, and having retrieved a World that had been lost for fome Thousands of Years out of the Memory of Man, and the Records of Time; I thought it my Duty to lay it at your Majesty's Feet. This Thought is very Fine and Jufi, if you look on it as a juft Theory, as which the Author prefents it to the King; for tho' he does not throw the Globe at his Majesty's Feet; yet he lays there the Description of it, and fuch a Description as has triumph'd over the Cavils and Criticifms of other Theorifts and Philofophers; and as much as I rejlpect the Names of Woodward, Keil, Whifton, who have objected againft Dr. Burnet's Theory; I am satis- fy'd his beautiful Imagination, and sublime Stile, will pre- ferve that Work, when all other Theories, and Criticifms upon Theories, shall be as much in the State of Oblivion as the Chaos out of which the eloquent Doctor raises the fair Creation.

O pectus ingens! Oh animum gravem,  
Mundi capacem! Si bonus auguror,  
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,  
Accipiet renovata Civem.

The laft Lines of Mr. Addison's excellent Ode, on the great Author, which I find thus translated before the Theory.

Oh,
Oh, say, thou great, thou sacred Name,
What Scenes thy thoughtful Breast employ,
Capacious as that mighty Frame,
You raise with Ease, with Ease destroy.
Each World shall boast thy Fame; and you,
Who charm'd the Old, show'd grace the New.

Unless the Philosophers cou'd have settled the Matter better among themselves, and not have left it all guess Work, as they have plainly done, they might have sparing'd Dr. Burnet's Theory; which if not literally True in Fact, is most beautiful in Imagination, and we cannot say so much of the Works of his Antagonists, tho' more ornamented with Technical Cant, and Philosophical Phrases.

To return to Father Bouhours. There is one Way of confounding the Heroe with the Book which speaks of him in a Dedication, and that is when the Author, by a Kind of Fiction, makes his Heroe or Heroine speak instead of speaking himself, as one of the French Poets has wittily done in the Dedication of a Play of his.

Voiture has confounded the Heroe with the Book, and taken the one for the other in two of his Letters: As in that to the Duke De Bellegarde, when he sent him Amadis de Gaul: "My Lord, there is such a Confusion now " in History, that I thought I might venture to send you " some Fables; and being in a Place where your Intention " is only to unbend your Mind, you may as well afford " Amadis some of your Time, as the Gentlemen of the " Country. I hope he will divert you in your Solitude, " by telling you agreeably his Adventures, which will " without doubt, be the best in the World, till you please " to let us know your own." In the Title, the Book Amadis is only intended, in the Letter he speaks of Amadis de Gaul himself. He does the same in the before-mentioned Letter to Madam de Saintet, when he sent her the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto; This Madam is doubtless the fairest Adventure which ever happen'd to Orlando: When he alone defended the Crown of Charlemaine, and removed Scepters out of the Hands of Kings, it was not so glorious for him as at this Time, when he has the Honour to kiss your Hands.

If Voiture forgets himself a little here, we must consider, that he is playing with his Subject, and that Letters of Gallantry do not require such severe Truth as Epistles.
The ARTS of

FILES Dedicatory, which are of themselves grave and serious.

There has been much said in France, within these forty or fifty Years, about Le Cœur, and l'Esprit, the Heart and the Mind occasion'd by this Expression, Le Cœur est plus ingénieux que l'Esprit, in an eminent Author. It became a Topick in all polite Conversation; the Heart and the Mind were play'd against one another, and at last a Book appear'd call'd Le Démile du Cœur & de l'Esprit, A Dispute between the Heart and the Mind; nay the Preachers had it up in their Pulpits, and the Heart and the Mind was very often one of the Divisions or Subdivisions of their Discourses. Voiture was the first that oppos'd them one to the other, in a Letter to the Marchioness de Sablé. "My Letters are written with so much Affection, that if you take them right, you will value them more than those you again demand of me; the latter came from my Mind only, the former from my Heart." By Mind here the French intend Understanding; and then the Saying is no more, than that Mens Passions are too strong for their Reason; their Heart is too hard for their Understanding. The Author of Réflexions Morales, refines upon Voiture, where he says; The Mind is always a Bubble to the Heart; that every one speaks well of his Heart, but no body dares say so much of his Mind; that the Mind cannot long act the Part of the Heart; which Expressions are of the Nature of Paradoxes, true and false at the same Time, according to the different Lights they are taken in. For, may I so say, if you look on the Mind of the Thought, and go according to the Letter, it is false, that the Heart has more Understanding, than the Understanding itself, or the Mind, which you please; but if you go to the Bottom of the Matter, and not amusing your self about the Words come to the Sense, you will find it true, That a Person, who is in Love, has more Views, more Experience, and more Address to obtain his Ends, in what relates to his Passion, than another perhaps more witty and able has, who is not in Love. Two learned Men in France, Monsieur Costar, and Monsieur Girac, had a Dispute about the Truth or Falshood of this Expression; Je vous ay sauvé la vie, & je viens de mourir pour vous. 'Twas said by a Persian Knight, who met with a Scythian Woman in Battle, and dismounted her. Finding the Enemy to be young and fair, he gave her Life and Liberty; but
but as soon as she was out of his Sight, he became passionately in Love with her. The Scythian Heroine disdaining his Passion, he fell into Despair and dy’d of it; but before his Death wrote to her, who had been the Cause of it, Je vous ay sauve, &c. I saw’d your Life, and I dyed for you. ’Twas said I dy’d for you, was not true, because to say as much he must be alive, and if he was really dead, he could not say it. To excuse it, ’twas urg’d, the Knight might perhaps send the Letter before he dy’d, and order Matters so, that she should not receive it till after he was dead. Girac was of that Opinion; but Costar maintain’d, that the Words of the Persian Billet were not true, whether the Billet came to the fair Scythian before or after he dy’d: The Words could not be true at the Time they were written, since the Persian was not dead when he wrote I dy’d for you. Costar allow’d what Madam Desantes said of a Lover swooning away in a Fit of Love: I shall dye, I am dying, I am dead, as is said in her Sonnet, for that in the Transport he might believe, and say so, when really he was not dead. The Story and the Saying of the Persian is in Ctesias, a Greek Author, mention’d by Demetrius Phalerus, who was of Girac’s Opinion, that the Thought is warrantable, and that he made the Persian Knight say, I dy’d for you, because it had more Force and Emphasis than if he had said simply, I am dying, or I shall dye for you. Things are more evident according to Demetrius, and make a stronger Impression on the Mind, when they are accomplish’d, than when they are accomplishing, or are to be accomplish’d; wherefore the Thought is false taken literally, and in the Severity of the Terms; but it is not so, if we understand it as I am dying or I shall dye, and the Falsity, if there’s any in it, is only in the Expression or in the Turn that is given it, to render it more clear and lively. Yet it must be own’d, it had been more natural for the Persian to have said, I am dying for you, and probably he would have said so himself; but Ctesias made him say so for the Eloquence of the Expression. That Historian was no great Lover of Simplicity, and Demetrius himself calls him a Poet, not only on Account of the Fables of which his History is full, but on Account of his florid and poetical Stile. To conclude, Reason is of her self an Enemy to Falseness, and those that would think justly, ought to imitate great Painters, who in all their Works give the first Place to Truth, or rather follow Nature,
Nature, which is the principal Rule to all good Painters. Thence it is that Comparisons well chosen and drawn from Nature, are the Ground-work of the most reasonable Thoughts, such as these.

Les Personnes connoissantes, &c. Grateful Persons are like fertile Lands, which always pay back more than they receive. Les Actions des Princes, &c. The Actions of Princes are like great Rivers; the Source of which few know, but every Body sees the Course of them.

Seneca, who does not always think justly when he follows his own Genius, is just and correct in his Thoughts when he copies after Nature, and no Comparisons are finer than his. 'Tis very easy to go out of the Way in comparing one Thing with another. The most able Writers are sometimes mistaken, as was Cardinal Pallavicini in his Dedication of a Book, entitl'd, Considerationi sopra l'arte della stile e del Dialogo. Considerations on the Art of Stile and Dialogue, to Monsignor Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo. Pallavicini was then Jesuit only, and he praiseth that Prelate for the several Treatises he had written, concerning the Episcopal Functions, comparing him to a Magician, by saying, that he has treated such dry austere Matters with so much Wit, so much Politeness, so much Eloquence, that there's somewhat more surprizing in them, than those delightful Gardens, which rise out of frightful and barren Rocks, by the powerful Spells of Magick. Il sentir materie così aride, così austere, così digiune, trattate con tanta copia di pellegrini concetti, con tanta soavità di stile,con tanta Laurezza d'Orramenti e di figure, fummi oggetto di più alto stupore che non sarebbono: deliziosi giardini fabricati sul terri solegli dall'arte de negromanti. Does he not say, without thinking of it, that the Archbishop's Writings had nothing solid in them, that they were all Shew and no Substance, like enchanted Gardens, which do indeed dazzle and delight the Eye, but are all Delusion, and what is least real in them, pleases most. The Duke of Rokfsaucolt, who thought so justly and judg'd so rightly, having read a Book, which some Body had presentsed him, full of Subtlety, and falfe Lustre; said, 'twas like those Palaces built by the Power of Magick Charms in the Air, which vanish in Smoak in the Instant that they charm you. My Lord Lansdown in his Poem upon unnatural Flights in Poetry,

Thus
Thus forcing Truth with such preposterous Praise,
Our Character we lessen, when we'd raise.
Like Castles built by Magick Art in Air,
That vanish at Approach, such Thoughts appear.
But rais'd on Truth by some judicious Hand,
As on a Rock they shall for Ages stand.

This Thought is beautifully turn'd in the Spectator, No. 413. "Our Souls are at present delightfully lost, "and bewilder'd in a pleasing Delusion; and we walk about "like the enchanted Heroe of a Romance, who sees beau- "tiful Castles, Woods, and Meadows, and at the same "Time hears the Warbling of Birds, and the Purling of "Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, "the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate "Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary "Desart." The Duke of Rockfaucau's Thought is as true as Cardinal Pallavicini's, is false; which Falsehood ought carefully to be avoided in Comparisons. Nothing must be attributed to Nature, which does not agree with her, as those Orators did, or rather those Corrupters of Eloquence, mention'd by Quintilian, who said as some- thing very fine, that great Rivers were navigable at their Rise, and great Trees bore Fruit, as soon as they were planted; *Quod quidem genus a quibusdam declamataria maxime licentia corruptum est: nam & falsis utuntur: mag- norum fluminum navigabiles fontes sunt: & generosioris arbo- ris statim planta cum fractu est.* Lib. 8. c. 4. As false as Pallavicini's Thought is, the Subject of his Book is to correct others that do think and write. He accuses several Authors of the Fault he is himself guilty of, and among others Tasso, who before he describes the last Battle be- tween the Infidels and the Christians; says

E senza velo
Volse mirar l'opre grandi il cielo.

And without Cloud, Heaven his redoubled Light,
Bent down to see this Field, this Fray, this Fright.

For we know, says Pallavicini, that the material Heaven has no Eyes to see, nor Soul to will, and that its Inhabitants, if it is spoken of them, see though the thickest Clouds, what Mortals do upon Earth.

He also criticizes on a certain Poet of his Time, who in Praise of a Sculptor, that had made a fine Statue of a Goddes,
The ARTS of

Goddel's, said, he was himself a God, because none but a God cou'd give Life to Marble.

Tu pur Dio sei;Che Dio sole, chi puo dar Vita a i marmi.
The Sophism, according to Pallavicini, consists in taking that in a proper Sense, which is generally taken in a metaphorical one only, as is the Power attributed to Sculptors of giving Life to Marble. This Power, in the proper Sense, is one Effect and Mark of that which is divine; such a Power as is ascrib'd to Jupiter, when he turn'd Deucalion and Pyrrha's Stones into Men, which is not true, and cannot be said of Sculptors but in a metaphorical Sense, as they give their Statues the Likeness of the Life.

Is it not strange that so exact and judicious a Critick as this, shou'd so grossly err himself in his comparing the Archbishop's Discourses of Episcopal Functions to Castles in the Air, when he wou'd commend them for their Solidity as well as Beauty. But so it is. The Wise have their dark Intervals, as Madmen have their Lucid; and as to Language and Morals, those that know the Rules the best, do not always best observe them. It often happens that Philosophers are guilty of Sophisms, and Teachers of Morality, the most negligent of their Morals. What fine Lectures of Oeconomy, Discretion, Piety, &c. had we given us in certain Papers, which had deservedly the greatest Run of any that had ever been publish'd till then, and yet the Town knew full well that Precept and Example did not go together. May we not imagine, whatever Father Bouvors says of the Solidity and Beauty of Pallavicini's Subject, that had a Discourse of the Grandeur of modern Episcopacy lain in the Way of Bishop Timothy and Bishop Litus; such Episcopacy I mean as that of Munster, Toledo, Rheims, Paris, &c. they wou'd have thought it all Romance, and every whit as extravagant as Castles in the Air.

ALL Men are liable to Mistakes and Mistakes and Lapses, in the Manner of Thinking; but it is incumbent on such as write to avoid them as much as possible, and to study the Truth, which is only amiable, in all Things. Every one loves the Truth; and when we read what is true, it is not the Book nor the Author that makes us think it is so, but something we have in our selves superior to the Body and all sen-

sible
fible Light, an Impression or Reflection of the eternal Light of Truth. One of the greatest Wits of the last Age assures us, when a natural Discourse paints a Passion, we feel in our selves the Truth of what we understand, which was there without our knowing it; and we are dispos'd to love the Author by whom we felt it, and look upon it as something he had shewn us of our own, and not his. A fine Thought, if it is not spun too finely.

It is not sufficient towards right Thinking, that there shou'd be nothing false in a Thought. Thoughts are sometimes trivial, by the Author's taking too much Care to avoid Falsehood. Cicero's Saying of Crassus, which has been before quoted, relates to this, Sententia Crassi tam integra, &c. After he had said Crassus's Thoughts are so found, so true; he adds, so new, so uncommon; that is, besides the Truth in them, which is always pleasing, there must be something which strikes and surprizes; not that all ingenious Thoughts ought to be as new as were those of Crassus. It wou'd be a hard Matter to say nothing but what's new: 'Tis sufficient that Thoughts, in all Writings witty and ingenious, shou'd not be worn out; that if the Invention be not entirely new, the Manner of Expression be so, and the Turn that's given it be uncommon; or if such a Turn be wanting, there must be something in its Place, which raises both Admiration and Delight. Most of our Poetry has lately been made up of common Thoughts, without any more Turn than Rhime and Numbers can give them. Our Satyrs, Panegyricks, Epistles, and other Poems, are eternal common Place; and how can it be otherwise? Genius being in a great Measure loft, the Poets must trade on other Mens Stocks, having little of their own.

Here Father Bouhous ends his first Dialogue, to which the Reader will observe we have added much out of English Authors, and shall not only make use of English Authors in the following Parts, but of other French Writers, besides the learned Jesuit, whose Book is the Foundation of our Work. In this Chapter he has warn'd us not to confound the Pagan and Christian Divinity, or one System in Theology with another; for that must necessarily be contrary to right Thinking. I have not met with this Kind of Falsehood so much, as in a Play of Southerns', which was usher'd into the World by Dryden, then Poet Laureat. The Scene
Scene is in Persia, after it had been subjected to the Saracen, and Haly; one of Mahomet's Disciples, had established his Religion there, which has the heathen Deities in more Abhorrence than perhaps any other System has, except our own. But Begona, the Sophy's Mother, swears, as they us'd to do in the Reign of Abbasuerus and Queen Esther,

By the Sun and all the Stars.

The Princess Semantke swears also, like an antique Persian,

By the bright Throne of Cyrus.

Seliman the Sophi, like a good Mahometan, swears,

By Haly's Soul it was Conduct for a God.

Another Oath of his is,

By Mars the single Virtue of this Arm

There he's a downright Pagan, and at last he has somewhat of mongrel Christianity in him:

She is, by Hell-she-is.

I do not think Mr. Southern is so much accountable for these Faults as the Laureat Mr. Dryden, by whose Pen the Poet tells the Duke of Richmond he was free'd from Criticism; but that's a very small Security; and the Guardian, N°. 110. contains so many Criticisms on Dryden's own Plays, that Southern must defend himself as well as he can. The Critick in that Paper rallies Moly Moleck in Don Saba-

stian, for taking Ovid into his Favour, and talking of Gorgon's Face, Hydra's Head, Thebes, Bacchus born in Thunder, &c. tho' the Pagan System and Learning were certainly much better known to the Moors in Barbary, which had been a Roman Province, than to the Persick Saracens. The Sophy says,

Like Billows at the angry Neptune's Frown.

And his Mother Begona is very well acquainted with the Roman History:

Then whither would your Rage?

Like Tullia, triumph o'er a Parent's Wounds.

But what the Sophy speaks elsewhere, shews us that all Climates are alike; and April Showers bring forth May Flowers alike at London and Ispahan.
She, who like April Months still wept and flown.

And then,

Hot scalding Bubbles of descending Lust,
As Jupiter rain'd down on Danae.

Rowe, in his Royal Concert, adds the Roman God Hymen to Friga, Thor, and Tuisco, Saxon Deities:

Hymen shall join two Hearts.

And deprives poor Friga of her Divinity, to set up the Roman Goddess Venus:

When Venus and the coming Spring invite.

Artaxerxes the Persian too, in Mr. Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother, pays Homage to the same Deity, never heard of in Persia:

From thee, as from the Cyprian Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow.

Tho' Mr. Rowe has made these Slips, they are not mention'd to lessen the Reputation he has justly acquir'd by his Tragedies, which are not inferior to the best of the Moderns: But to shew that our English Poets have taken too little Care of thinking justly, provided they cou'd think finely. Sir John Denham, in his Tragedy of the Sophy, makes the King of Persia say,

Welcome, my Son, as welcome to thy Father,
As Phæbus was to Jove.

Again,

The Persians still adore the rising Sun.

Which is false; for the Persians then were Mahometans, of the rigid Sect of Haly, utter Enemies to all Kinds of Idolatry. The old Persians did worship the Sun; but the Persians under the Sophies never did, and tho' it is metaphorically spoken, it still renders it false. That the Fault we are treating of is not so small as may be generally imagin'd, appears by what the Writer of the Critical Letter says to the Guardian, No. 110. "Our Tragedy Writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper Sentiments to the Persons they introduce; nothing is more common, than to hear an Heathen talking of Angels and Devils; the Joys of Heaven, and the Pains of Hell. Dryden is in-
"deed generally wrong in his Sentiments. I might shew several Faults of that Kind in most of his Plays, particularly the celebrated Aurengzebe. The Impropriety of Thought in the Speeches of the great Mogul and his Empehrs, has been generally cenfur'd. Take the Sentiments out of the shining Dreses of Words, and they would be too coarse for a Scene at Billingsgate." That we may take this Gentleman's Word, will be seen by the Character the Guardian gives his Criticisms; They are very just and curious, which is not true if taken in the general. Can there be any Thing more ridiculous than this Critick's cenfuring Dryden, for making the Mufti of Africa speak of Cardinal Ximenes, whom he will not allow that the Moor cou'd have heard of? His Words are: Dryden seems to think he may make every Person in his Play know as much as himself. Now it happens that this fame Mufti must have known Ximenes much better than Dryden cou'd:

That Cardinal having been at the Head of a Christian Army in Africa but twenty Years before Don Sebastian's Expedition thither, at what Time that Moorish Priest is suppos'd to have liv'd. Ximenes conquer'd the City of Oran, which is to this Day in Spanifh Hands; and it was that very Conquest which flatter'd Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, with Hopes of Success. Yet the Mufti cou'd never have heard of the Man's Name. So very just and curious, according to the Guardian, are the Critick's Remarks: Wofley, another Cardinal that cou'd not be known to the Moor, was contemporary with Ximenes; and a Sort of Favourite to the Emperor Charles V. who had also been in Africa, and a Candidate for the Papacy; yet the Pope of Barbary, who liv'd on the other Side of the Water only, cou'd not possibly have heard of his Name, if the Critick's Remarks are curious and just. I cannot help taking Notice, that the Criticisms in the Tatlers, Guardians, Spectators are a little too common and superficial, and not always just. Those on Milton are rather a Collection of the Beauties in the Paradise Lost, than an exact Criticism on the Mechanism of the Poem. Of the fame Kind are the Quotations out of other Poems; and it is furely moft Praiseworthy, that several of those Poems were written by the Friends of the Writers of those Papers, and very often of the Printers. However, in other Speculations they are the moft polite and entertaining of any modern Pieces, perhaps in any modern Language. With this high and just Opin-
LoGICK and RHETORICK.

Union of those Authors, I must be so free as to obverse, That there is too much Artifice in their Remarks on Writers and their Writings. They seldom meddle with any whose Reputation is not well establish'd. Contrary to the Spectator's Observation, No. 291. One great Mark by which you may discover a Critick, who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before receiv'd. Whoever is acquainted with the Tatlers, Guardians, and Spectators, need not be told, that most of the Passages which are prais'd in those Papers, were well known before to Men of Taste, tho' they were not become so common as they have been since. Among other Instances of good Policy and good Breeding, is what the Spectator says of P--'s Art of Criticism, No. 253, a Master-piece in its Kind, which contains what is uncommon. Now if there is one Remark in it which is new and of Importance, I will for the sake of that subscribe to it as a Master-piece, whatever Mr. Dennis has so judicially said to the contrary. The Verification is good, and Rules told in Verse succeed better than when they are deliver'd in Prose. But to say any of those Rules are uncommon, and what was not known before, is to say the very Thing in which they are egregiously deficient. The Poets and Criticks of our Time, for several Years together, form'd Cabals and Societies to support each other's Reputation. They seem'd to incorporate themselves, and allow'd none to deal in Criticism or Poetry that were not free of their Company. They prais'd one another without Measure, in publick at least, and tost the Feather from one to t'other, as People do at Shuttlecock. This was the surest Way to keep their Ground; but it was a sure Way also to pass false Thoughts for true, and Vogue for Merit, when no Body's Word was to be taken but their own. I cou'd explain this by very pleasant Circumstances, were it not to betray Conversation, and disturb the Ashes of the Dead.
That the Jujtnefs of a Thought
is not of itfelf fufficient to ren-
der it good.

RUTH is not of itfelf enough
in the fine Way of Thinking; somefthing extraordinary must
be added to strike and please
the Mind. Truth is to Thought
what the Foundation is to a
Building; it supports and renders it folid: But a Building
that is folid only, will have nothing in it to give Pleasure
to fuch as understand Architecture. Besides Solidity there
must be Grandeur, Beauty, and even Delicacy, or one
cannot fay the House is well built. 'Tis the fame in
Thoughts: Truth, which pleafes fo much every where
efle without Ornament, requires it here. This Ornament
is fometimes nothing elfe but a new Turn that is given to
Things. Death fpares no Body. The Thought is true,
and too true to our Misfortune; but it is a very fimple one,
and a very common one: Yet as Horace and Malherb have
turn'd it, 'tis striking and fine.

Pallida Mors æquo pulfat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque Turres.

Hor. Lib. i. Od. iv.

Pafe Death, with equal Foot, kicks down
The Peafants Cots and Palaces of Kings.

Malherb gives it another Turn:

Le Pauvre en fa Cabanc ou le Chaume le couvre
Est fujet a fes Loix,
Et la Garde qui veille aux barières du Louvre
N'en defend pas nos Rois.
The poor Man in his humbly Cot
Is subject to his Laws;
Nor can the Guards, who wait
At Whitehall Gate,
From Death defend our Kings.

Horace's Thought is more figurative and more lively, according to Pere Boubours; Malherb's more natural and more fine; and I think the French preferable to the Latin.

Men of the best Taste, delight most in Thoughts that have Elevation and Sublime Thoughts. Sublimity. Grandeur in a Thought is what transports and ravishes, provided it is agreeable to the Subject; for it is a standing Rule to think as the Subject requires; and nothing is more out of Reason, than to have sublime Thoughts on a Subject which demands ordinary Ones: 'Tis better to have ordinary Thoughts on a Subject which demands sublime Ones. Longinus says, on the Elevation of Thought, That it does not persuade, but transport. Non ad persuasiorum, sed ad suporem rapiunt Grandia. Pere Boubours makes use of the Latin Version, and not of the original Greek. Quintilian says of the Unreasonableness of using sublime Thoughts on a Subject which requires only ordinary Ones; A sermone tenui sublime discordat, fit quia in plano tumet. The sublime does not agree with, but corrupt it by swelling it too much, Lib. 8. c. 3. Longinus mentions a Saying of Timeus, who in praising Alexander has this Expression: He conquer'd all Asia, in much less Time than Socrates took to make his Panegyrick on the Athenians; which is not so bad as what Balzac said in his Letter to La Motte Aigron, Je meurs, &c. I wish I may dye, if the least Part of the Discourse you show'd me, is not worth more than all the Dutch have done, excepting the Prince of Orange's Victories. Longinus accuses Timeus for the Puerility and Meanness of the Comparison between the King of Macedon and a Sophist, and between the Conquest of Asia and an Oration; but there is however more Proportion between an illustrious Conqueror, and a famous Orator; between the Effect of Heroick Virtue, and a Master-piece of Eloquence, than between the least part of a small Discourse, and all that a wise and happy Nation had done: For excepting the Prince of Orange's Victories, since Balzac will have them excepted, to what Height has the Re-
publick of Holland carry'd their Power by Sea and Land, maugre all the Force and Politicks of Spain!

However, the Thought of Timeus, which Longinus condemns, is vicious, because Iofocrates's Panegyrick had no manner of Relation to Alexander's Victories.

Hermogenes has establish'd several

De Form. Orat. c. 6. Orders and Degrees of noble and majestick Thoughts, as he calls them.

The first Order is of those that have Relation to the Gods, and express something Divine. Thus according to this Rhetorician's Doctrine, there's a great Deal of Dignity in the Saying of the Greek Father, That Christianity is an Imitation of the Divine Life; and of a Latin Father; That to love One's Enemies, is to revenge One's self like God; than which nothing can be said more fine and more grand. Cicero says something like it, Homines ad Deos nulla re prepius accedunt quam Salute hominibus danda: Orat pro Ligaro. Mankind never approach so near to the Gods in any Thing, as in giving Life to Men. Of the same Kind is the Thought of Valerius Paternulus upon Cato, Lib. 1. Homo Virtutis simillimus, per omnia Ingenio Diis quam Hominibus proprior, qui nunquam recte fecit ut facere videretur. A Man very nearly resembling Virtue is self, his Soul in all Things more like Gods than Men, who never did a good Thing, that he might be seen to do to do it. Of the same Kind also is the Thought of Seneca, upon Fortune's using the Virtuous ill: Si magnus Vir cessit, magnus jacit: Non magis illum puers contemni, quam cum aureum sacrarum ruine calcamur; quas religiosi aequae sanctae adorant. Confolat ad Helviaam. If a great Man falls, His Fall does not lessen his Greatness; we have the same regard for him, as for those demolish'd Temples, the Ruins of which, religious Men revere and adore. In this Order, must be rank'd the famous Thought of Sannazarus on the City of Venice. The Poet feigns, that Neptune rising above the Waters in the Adriatick Sea, and giving Law to the Ocean, addresseth himself to Jupiter, by Way of Inuit; Boast now as much as you please of your Capitol, and the renowned Walls of your Mars: If you prefer Tyber to the Sea, behold this City, and you will then say, that City was built by Men, and this by Gods.
Si Pelago Tybrim praebert urbem aspice uramque:  
Illam homines dices, banc posuisse Deos.

**The Noblenesf of Thought, as Hermogenes teaches,** 
ariseth also from the Nature of the Things, which are hu- 
man, indeed, but pass among Mankind for great and il- 
lustrious, as Power, Generosity, Wisdom, Valour, Victo- 
ries and Triumphs. You have receiv'd nothing from For- 
tune, said Cicero to Cæsar, greater than the Power of 
preserving the Lives of an infinite Number of Persons, 
and nothing better of Nature than the Will to do it. Nihil 
habet nec Fortuna tua majus quam ut possis: Nec Natura 
tua melius quam ut velis conservare quam plurimos. Orat. 
pro Ligar. 'Twas spoken like a God, and human Wit can-
not extend farther. All the waste of Eloquence in the 
French Panegyricks on Lewis XIV, are Chaff in Compari-
fons of this solid and beautiful Thought. Velleius Pater-
culus, in whose History, some Criticks think, there are 
many Things more piquant than in Livy, says of the Ro-
man Orator: Omnia incrementa sua sibi debuit Vir ingenio 
maximus, qui efficit ne quorum arma vicerimus, eorum in-
genio vinceremur. He owe his Elevation to himself only, 
and his Genius hinder'd the conquer'd Nations having as 
much Advantage over the Romans as to Wit, as the Romans 
had over them as to Valour. Seneca the elder, said some-
thing still more magnificent of Cicero; Ilud Ingenium quod 
solum Populus Romanus par imperio suo habuit: Controvers. 
Lib. 1. He was the only Roman whose Wit was equal to 
the Empire. The Virtue of Cato, gave Occasion to many 
fine Thoughts in the Writings of the Antients.

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonom. Æneid. 8vo.

Apart from these, the happy Souls be drawn, 
And Cato's holy Ghost dispensing Laws.

Holy Shade had probably been better, considering how 
that other Term is appropriated in the Christian System.
Horace says of Cato:

Et cuncta terrarum Subaeta  
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

*The whole World but Cato's Soul,*  
Fierce and untameable, is subdu'd.
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Virgil and Horace's Thoughts are in the main equally noble; for it is as glorious to be at the Head of honest Men, giving them Laws, as to be the only Man that refus'd to submit to the Conqueror of the World. But if we judge by Appearance, there is more Elevation, and more Majesty in Horace's Thought than in Virgil's. I will not pretend to determine, whether they both speak of the same Cato. 'Tis certain, Horace means Cato of Utica, and so probably does Virgil, because in the preceeding Verse he mentions Catiline, which could have no Relation to Cato the Elder.

A n antient Poet, a great Imitator of Virgil, has a very noble Thought upon Hannibal, whom 'twas propos'd to attack while was at a Feast: You will deceive your self, said a Citizen of Capua to the young Man who had form'd so bold a Design, If you think to find Hannibal at Table disarm'd, the Majesty with which he's cloth'd, and which never leaves him; The Majesty he has acquir'd by so many Battles and Victories, will stand him instead of a Shield and a Sword; if thou dost approach him, thou wilt be surpris'd to see around him the Battles of Cannæ, Trebia, and Thrasymene, with the Ghost of the great Paulus. Wonderfully grand. Fallit te mensa inter quod credis inermem, Tor bellis quiescit Viro, tor cadibus armat Majestas aeterna ducem: Si admoneris Ora Cannas & Trebian ante oculos, Trasymenaque bussa, Et Pauli scars ingentem miraberis Umbram. Sil. Ital.

O n e of the most celebrated French Orator's of the last Age, made use of the same Thought in a large Poem, speaking of the great Prince of Conde's never being alone in the most solitary Walks of Chantilly: The Images of Rocroy, Lens, Friburgh, Norlinguen, Senef, present themselves every where before you, and you fancy you see the Ghosts of the Generals of the Armies you have routed. Another Poet speaking of the Battle of Tolbays, after the Passage of the Rhine says;

Qua ruis, examines fugiunt sine vulnere turmae.
Multa Oculis Norlingua & Lentia multa recursat.

The Enemies flew away half dead at his Approach without a Wound: They had Norlinguen and Friburgh, ever before their Eyes. In the Poem St. Louis, the Poet, speaking of two Bodies of the Army sent from Greece, says: One would have thought, they had descend'd from
from those antient Greeks, who made themselves Masters of Asia, and obtained these famous Victories of Thermopile and Arbela:

De ces Peres fameux les Noms & la Memoire,
Qui combattent encore, & regnent dans l' histoire,
Leur insprient un air de gloire & de Valeur:
Leur remittent Athene & Sparte dans le cœur;
Et pour mot au marcher, par leur rang & leur Files,
On n' entend resonner qu' Arbelle & Thermopiles.

The Names and Memory of those famous Fathers,
Who combat still and reign in History,
Inspir'd them with an Air of Glory and of Valour:
Athens and Sparta in their Souls reviv'd,
And when they march'd, the Word thro' all their Ranks,
Was still Arbela and Thermopile.

Quintilian says, Cæsar has so much Vehemence in his Writing, so much Vivacity, so much Fire, that he seems to speak with the same Air, and the same Strength, with which he fought, Tanta in eo vis est, id aumen, ea concitatio, ut illum oedem animo videatur dixisse quo bellavit, Lib. x. c. r. Cæsar had an admirable Talent for Eloquence; but it is said of him, he had rather conquer Men than persuade them, and that he conquer'd only to have the Glory of pardoning. Cicero speaks more nobly, 'Tis not necessary to have the Alps for a Defence against the Gauls, nor the Rhine against the Germans: If the Mountains were level'd, and the deepest Rivers dry'd up, Italy would have nothing to fear. The glorious Actions, and the Victories of Cæsar, would defend her better than all the Ramparts with which Nature has fortify'd her. Perficit ille ut si montes resedissent, annes exaruisset, non Nature præsidio, sed Victoria sua rebusque gestis Italian munim ent habere mun. Con, P.fo. Velleius Paterculus says of Pompey, Ut primum ex Africa, iterum ex Europa, tertio ex Aña triumpharet, & quot Partes terrarum Orbis finit, totidem faceret monumenta Victorie sue; He triumphed first in Africa, then in Europe, then in Asia, as if he was to have as many Monuments of his Victories as there are Parts of the World. Valer. Max. speaking of Pompey's Reception of Tigranes King of Armenia, after he had routed him, says: In pristinum Fortune tabitum restituit: æque pulchrum eft judicium, & sincerè Reges £ facere; He re- stored him to his former Fortune, reckoning it as glorious to make
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make Kings, as to conquer them. Mutian in Tacitus prefers the Giving an Empire to the Obtaining of one, the making Vespasian Emperor, to taking the Empire himself: But 'tis rather the Sentiment of the Historian than of the Heroe.

There are many noble Thoughts in Mr. Rowe's Tamerlane, one of the best Tragedies that ever was written, ancient or modern. The King speaks,

Oh, Axalla!
Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickness or Thirst, and Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, affecting
An equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily! No, If I boast of ought,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy Instrument;
The Means of Good to All my Fellow Creatures,
This is a King's best Praise.

Every one knows Mr. Rowe drew the Picture of King William, of ever glorious Memory, in his Tamerlane. And how agreeable are the Sentiments to the Character? Tamerlane to Bajazet:

Why slept the Thunder,
That should have arm'd thy Idol Deity,
And given thee Power, 'ere yester Sun was set,
To shake the Soul of Tamerlane! Hadst thou an Arm
To make thee fear'd, thou shou'dst have prov'd it on me,
Amidst the Sweat and Blood of yonder Field,
When, thro' the Turmoil of the War I sought thee,
Fenc'd in with Nations.

Of this Kind is the Comparison in his Ulysses:

So the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forsake the Nest to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untravell'd Air, till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey:
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,

Bears
LoGicK and RhEtOriCk. 75

Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
Writhe his spirited Tail.

This Comparison is not so improper as those are, which are made in the Height of Passion. Ulysses's Joy is sedate and contemplative, capable of simulating the Courage of his Son with that of the Eagle's young One. But Similes made in the Height of Grief, when the Soul is in a State of Distraction, and sensible of Nothing but the Subject of its Sorrow, are unnatural and monstrous. The Duke of Buckingham has effectually expos'd this Folly in the Rehearsal:

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Smuff up and smell it, &c.

Mr. Rowe had laugh'd at it often in Mr. Bayes, and yet he is extremally guilty of it himself: Lavinia, in the Fair Penitent, in the Bitterness of Distress goes off with a Simile and a Rhyme:

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted, &c.

Rodogune, in the Royal Convert, in the utmost Impatience of Soul:

So if by Chance the Eagle's noble Offspring.

Dumont, Jane Shore's Husband, speaking in an Extremity of Tenderness to his Wife:

So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,

There would be no End of it to repeat what we meet with of this Kind in other English Tragedies, where very fine Thoughts are lost for want of Judgement in the Use of them. Either Mr. Dryden has done Virgil great Wrong in his Translation, or Mr. Rowe's Eagle is much superior to Virgil's:

So sleeps the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,
Fastening his crooked Talons on the Prey,
The Prisoner kisses thro' the liquid Way;
Resists the Royal Hawk, and tho' opprest,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest;

Twin'd
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Twain'd to her Face, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,
And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threatening Tail.

The yellow Eagle; the speckled Serpent; the hissing and the whisking are not like,

Now like a Whirlwind on the Shepherd's Fold,
He darts precipitate, &c.

One can never enough admire this noble Thought in Milton:

Then crown'd again, their golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming Symphony they introduce
The sacred Song, and waken Raptures high,
No One exempt, no Voice, but well could joyn,
Melodious Part, such Concord is in Heaven.

Shakespeare often thinks very nobly, as in Henry Vth:

This is the State of Man, to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to Morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.

This of Dryden agrees with the Subject:

Thus born alike from Virtue, first began
The Difference that distinguist'ed Man from Man;
He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him Noble, made him Good.
Warm'd with more Particles of Heavenly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame.

Milton is so full of noble Thoughts that we can not look into his Paradice Lost without meeting them. How noble and how lovely is his Image of the Creation?

—— I saw the Birth
I saw, when, at his Word, this formless Mass,
The World's material Mould, came to a Heap.
Confusion heard his Voice.

Milton.
Milton, tho' he had little Benefit of the Sun, being blind, yet he never speaks of that great Luminary but with a Sort of Transport, as if the Loss of it had endear'd it to him still the more, and the Remembrance of what it was, still living in his Soul, had improv'd his Idea's of it by frequent Contemplation:

Then of Celestial Bodies, first the Sun,  
A mighty Sphere he fram'd: unlightsome first,  
The'of ethereal Mold. He form'd the Moon  
Globose, and every Magnitude of Stars:  
Of Light by far the greater Part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd Beams. Great Palace now of Light!  
Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars  
Repairing in their Golden Urns drew Light:  
And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns!  
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round,  
Invested with bright Rays."
Days, Months, and Tears, towards his all-clearing Lamp.

Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beams that gently warm
The Universe.

How Great and how New are all these Thoughts on a Subject the most common, because the most visible of any under the Sun? Whose Glories have been a Temptation to many a Muse to sing her Wings in his Ethereal Fire. Milton always maintains the Majesty of Thought on so majestic a Subject. Cowley in the following Verses begins well, but does not keep on so

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
And gently kis's every Thing:
His loving Beams unlock each maiden Flower,
Search all the Treasure, all the Sweets devour.
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Hear,
He does still new Flowers beger.

Is not this trifling, in Comparison with Milton's Thoughts; and how different is this Image from that even of the Devil lying on the burning Lake! Book I.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate,
With Head uplift above the Wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beside
Prone on the Flood extended, long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood——
Forb'with upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature, on each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backwards, slope their pointing Spires and rowld't
In Billoces, leave 't'h' midst a horrid Vale,
Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,
That feels unusual Weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With solid as the Lake with liquid Fire.

In the Beginning of the Fourth Book of Tasso's Gierusalemme, the Devil holds a Synod, as Satan in the Pandemonium, Book I. of Paradise Lost:

Tasso:
Tasso:

About their Prince each took his wonted Seat,
On Thrones red hot ibuilt of burning Brass,
Pluto in middest heav'd his Trident great,
Of rusty Iron huge that forged was,
The Rocks on which the Salt Sea Billows beat,
And Atlas top the Clouds in Height that pass
Compard to his huge Person, Mole-hills be,
So his rough Front, his Horns so lifted be.

Faire.

He makes a true Devil of him, with Horns and a rusty Iron Prong. Let us now see

Milton:

He above the Rest,
In Shape and Gesture proudly Eminent,
Stood like a Tower. His Form had yet not lost
All her original Brightness, nor appeared
Les than Archangel ruin'd, and by Excess
Of Glory obscured. As when the Sun new risen,
Looks thro' the horizontal misty Air,
Shorn of his Beams.

Tasso again:

The Tyrant proud frown'd from his lofty Cell,
And with his Looks made all his Monsters tremble;
His Eyes that full of Rage and Venom swell,
Two Beacons seem, that Men to Arms assemble;
His felted Locks that on his Bosphor fell,
On rugged Mountains, Briers and Thorns resemble.
His foaming Mouth, that foamed clotted Blood,
Gap'd like a Whirl-pool Tide in Stygian Flood.

Faire.

Milton:

Above them all the Arch-angel, but his Face,
Deep scars of Thunder had intrench'd, and Care
Sane on his faded Cheek, but under Brows
Of dauntless Courage, and considerate Pride,
Waiting Revenge.

Tasso:
Of the inferior Devils,
With ugly Paws some trample on the Green;
Some gnaw the Snakes that on their Shoulders crawl,
And some their forked Tails stretch forth on high,
And tear the twinkling Stars from trembling Sky.

To say nothing of the trampling on the Green, and twinkling Stars, how short does this Image come of Milton's:

 Millions of Spirits for his Fault amerc'd
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal Splendors flung
 For his Revolt.
 Their Glory wither'd, as when Heaven's Fire,
 Hath sear'd the Forest Oaks, or Mountains Pines,
 With singed Top, their stately Growth tho' bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath.

Father Bouhours mentions Tasso's Thought on Lucifer's Speech to the Devils, in favour of the Sarasin Army, where he puts them in Mind of the Battel, they had had with the Hosts of Heaven:

Fummo (io no'l nego) in quel conflitto vinti
Pur non manco Virtute al grand pensiero
Hebbero i piu felici allor Vittoria,
Rimase a noi d' invitto ardir la Gloria.

I grant we fell on the Phlegrian Green,
Yet good our Cause was, tho' our Fortune nought.
For Chance assisted oft th' ignobler Part;
We lost the Field, yet lost we not our Heart.

Thus Satan in the Paradice Lost:

His utmost Pow'r, with adverse Pow'r oppos'd,
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heaven,
And shook his Throne, What tho' the Field be lost?
All is not lost, th' unconquerable Will,
And study of Revenge, immortal Hate,
And Courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.
That Glory never shall, his Wrath or Might
Extort from me, to bow and sue for Grace,
With suppliant Knee, and deify his Pow'r,
Who from the Terrour of this Arm so late,
Doubled his Empire.
The French Jesuit commends Tasso for an infinite Number of sublime Thoughts, which in Comparison with Milton's are of no more Value than Tinsel compar'd with Gold, as Boileau calls it the Clinquant de Tasso & l'Or de Virgil. If Virgil's Gold is so much preferable to Tasso's Tinsel, what must Milton's be, who for the sublime excels Virgil more than Virgil excels Tasso. The Death of Argantes in the Opinion of Father Boulbours is as nobly Thought, as that of Pluto about his War in Heaven:

Impatiente, ineflrorabil, fero,
Ne l' Arme infaticabile & invitto,
D' ogni Dio sprezzator, e che ripone,
Ne la Spada, sua legge e sua ragione.

Inexorable, impatient and fierce,
Invincible in Arms, and indefatigable,
Heaven he defies, and places in his Sword,
The Reason and the Law.

Argantes was kill'd by Tancred, whom he threatens as he's dying, and wou'd appear to be the Conqueror:

E vuol morendo, anco parer non vinto.

He wou'd not only seem not to be vanquish'd, but to be the Victor; as the General of the Samnites, who according to Velleius Paternus, look'd more like a Conqueror than a dying Man, Telefinus semianiminis repertus est, victoris magis quam morientis ultimam praefers. Tasso has a Saying still more bold of another Saracen:

E morto anco minaccia.

Dead as he is, the Barbarian threatens the Christians, that is a threatening Air remain'd on his Countenance: Florus says much the fame of those brave Soldiers, who did not lose Hold of their Enemies after their Death, nor let their Swords drop out of their Hands; Quidam hostibus suis immortui; omnium in manibus enses & reliqua in culuis mine. Thus also Salust of Catilina: Catilina longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est; paululum eam Spiris, ferociamque animi quam habuerat visum, in vitru retinens. That his Corpse was found far in among the Enemy. The Breath not quite out of his Body, and there appear'd in his Look the fame Fiercenes of Soul as when he was living.

G
I cannot part with Tasso without comparing an Image of his with one of Spencer's, on a like Occasion.

Tasso.  High on the Soldan's Helm enamel'd laid
An hideous Dragon arm'd with many a Scale,
With Iron Paws, and leathern Wings display'd,
Which twist'd on a Knot her forked Tail;
With ripple Tongue, it seem'd she bit and braid;
About her Jaws the Froth and Venom trail;
And as she stirr'd, and as his Foes her bit,
So Flames to cast, and Fires she seem'd to spit.

Spencer.  His haughty Helmet horrid all with Gold,
Both glorious Brightness and great Terror bred,
For all the Crest, a Dragon did unfold,
With greedy Paws, and over all did spread
His golden Wings, his dreadful hideous Head,
Close couched on the Bever seem'd to throw
From flaming Mouth bright Sparkles fiery red,
That sudden Horror to faint Hearts did spread:
And scaly Tail was stretch'd a down his Back full low.

Spencer again, very nobly;
Is this the Joy of Arms! Be these the Parts
Of glorious Knighthood, after Blood to thirst,
And not regard due Right and just Deserts,
Vain is the Vaunt, and Victory unjust.

A Spanish Author speaking of the Death of the Duke de Bourbon, who was kill'd before Rome, writes thus;
Aunque le quito el ser pero un solo punto non le pudo quitar la magnanimidad y vigor en tanto que el cuerpo tenia sentimiento: His Courage did not leave him a Moment; his Soul was still firm, still intrepid, as long as there was any Warmth and Sense left in his Body. A French Poet said of his Country Men:

Animoque supersunt
Jam prope post animam

Their Courage does almost outlive them. The playing upon Animo and Animam has there a happy Effect, it being natural and unaffected. Florus did not give the Gauls, or old French, so good a Character, Sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum est, ita sequens minor quam femina-rum:
They are at first more than Men in Battle, but afterwards less than Women.

I have inserted the Original of Tasso, when Father Bouhours has done it, where I have quoted him myself, I make use of Fairfax's Translation, which is fine in some Places, notwithstanding the Numbers and Language are a little antique, and he very often does Injustice to his Author, as here:

"I gradi primi,
Più meritai che conquistar desio;
Ne, pur che me la mia virtù sublimi,
Di fetti altezza invidiai degg'io.

Honours acquire'd by Merit, I desire,
To Greatness only by Desert aspire;
And if by virtuous Actions I can rise,
Scepters and Crowns without them I despise."

Fairfax:

"Degrees, quoit be, of Honours high to hold,
I would them first deserve and then desire,
And were my Valour such as you have told,
Would I for that to higher Place aspire."

"Twas said of King William:

—— He thought it more Renown
To merit than possess a Crown."

Mr. Prior, of the same great King in his Carm. Sec.

"Firm by his Side, unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him, not so Great as Good;
His Head with brighter Beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those, which all his numerous Crowns reflect:
Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings,
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and Best of Kings."

The same Poet, in Verses presented to his Majesty in Holland:

"Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the Throne:
But Tyrants dread you, lest your just Decree,
Transfer the Pow'r and set the People free."

G 2  Cou'd
The ARTS of

Could one have imagin'd that a Man, who thought so justly, would have been a Tool to a Ministry, who were Tools to those very Tyrants!

The following Verses of a French Poet, are probably copy'd from Tasso's. The Author introduces the Prince of Conde speaking of himself very handsome Things, with a true French Air, which I wonder Father Boukours took so much Pleasure in.

J'ai le Coeur comme le Naissance,
J'ai porte dans les Yeux un feu viv & brillant;
J'ai le Foy, de la Constance,
Je suis prompt, je suis fier, généreux & vaillant.
Rien n'est comparable à ma Gloire:
Le plus fameux Heros qui on vante dans l'Histoire,
Ne me le fçauroit disputer.
Si je n'ay pas une couronne,
C'est la Fortune, qui la donne;
Il suffit de la meriter.

My Courage like my Birth is Great;
I carry Fire and Lustre in my Eyes,
Faithful I am and Constant,
Active, Generous and Vaillant.
Nothing is comparable to my Glory.
Heroes in History most renown'd,
Cannot dispute the Prize with me.
If I have not a Crown,
'Tis Fortune's Gift; enough that I deserve it.

Much better is what Christina Queen of Sweden said in a Letter she wrote to the King of Poland, after raising the Siege of Vienna. Io non le invidio il suo regno, ne quanti tesorri e spoglie ella s'augusto: io invidio solo a V. M. le sue fatiche, e li suoi pericoli: io invidio il bel titolo di Liberatore della Cristianita, il gusto di dare ogni hora la vita e la liberta a tanti sfortunati de gl' amici e nemici, a quali devono a lei o la liberta o la vita loro. "I don't envy you your Kingdom, nor the Treasure nor Spoils you have taken. I envy only your Majesty's Fatigues and Perils. I envy you the glorious Title of Deliverer of Christendom. I envy you the Pleasure of having given Life and Liberty to many miserable People both Friends and Enemies, who owe to you both Liberty and Life." Tasso thinks very finely in the Fifth Book, where
where Rinaldo having kill'd Prince Gernando in a Duel, is threatened to be try'd for it; instead of submitting to Military Discipline, and the Orders of the General, he vindicates the Action and smiles at their Menaces:

Sorrife alhor Rinaldo, e con un volto
In cui tra'l rifo lampeggiò lo fdegno,
Difenda sua ragion ne ceppi involto,
Chi fervo e, diffè, o d'after fervo e degno
Libero e nacqui, e vifì, emorro fciolto:
Pría che man porga o piede a laccio indegno
Ufo a la fpada e quella destra & ufa
A le palme, e vil nodo ella ricufa.

With that a bitter Smile, well might you see,
Rinaldo cast with Scorn and high Difdain,
Let them in Letters plead their Caufe, quoth he,
That are base Peafants born of Seruile Stanj,
I was free born, I live and will dye free
Before these Feet be fetter'd in a Chain,
These Hands were made to shake SharP Spears and Swords,
Not to be ty'd in Gyves and twifted Cords.

FAIRF.

The Italian is more nobly express'd than the English, but the alternate Jingle of the Stanza-Rhime seems to take away much of the Noblenefs of Thought. It is great pity Spencer fell into that Way of Versifying, and very odd, that after it had been fo generally and justly condemn'd, a Poet in our Time shou'd think to acquire Merit by imitating it. The Ruff and the Fardingale might as well be reviv'd in Drefs, as the long Stanza in Poetry, where the Senfe is fetter'd up in eight or ten Lines more than Rinaldo's Hands and Feet were like to be. A Man of great Note, who was extreamly defirous to fee a new Version of Ariosto a few Years ago, oblig'd the Person he wou'd have put upon it to imitate the Stanza of Spencer, which the Translator was fo soon weary of, that he gave off after two or three Stanza's; and whoever will make the fame Tryal, will as soon give over, if he has any Ear and Genius. 'Twas finely faid of Armida to Godfrey when she implor'd Succour of him:

Tu cui concedè il Cielo e dieiri in fato.
Voler il giufto, e poter ciò che vuoi.
Thou faft all thou wishest, at thy Will,
And never wiHest ought but what is Right.

A Thought
A Thought like this is in the Panegyrick on Saint Louis. True Greatnes does not consist in doing what one wou'd, but in willing what one ought. *La vraie grandeur ne consiste pas à faire tout ce que l'on veut, mais à vouloir tout ce que l'on doit.* One of the Soldier's Ambassadors, who were sent to put him off from the Siege of Jerusalem, has a noble Thought in Tasso:

E fe ben acquistar puoi novi imperi:
Aquistar nova gloria indarno sperì.

*And tho' new Realms you may to Thraldom bring,
No higher can your Praise your Glory spring.*

Tis nobly said of Godfrey to Altamor, who yielded himself a Prisoner to him in the Battel, and offer'd him all the Gold in his Kingdom, and all his Wife's Jewels for a Ransom:

Cio che ti vien da l' Indiche maremme.
Habiti purè, e cio che Persia accoglie;
Che de la vita altrui prezzo non cerco;
Guereggio in Asia, e non vi cambio o merco.

*God spied, quoth Godfrey, that my noble Mind
Should Praise, and Virtue so by Profit measure,
All that thou hast from Persia and from Ind;
Enjoy it still, therein I take no Pleasure.
I set no Rent on Life, no Price on Blood,
I fight, and sell not War for Gold or Good.*

This Thought is taken from One in Quintus Curtius, upon Parmenio's advising Alexander to accept of some advantageous Offers made him by Darius; *Me non mercatorcum memini esse sed Regem. "I don't remember that I ever "was a Merchant, I am a King." Quintus Curtius makes him say in the same Place, "He was not us'd to "attack Prisoners and Women, but thos'e that had their "Arms in their Hands, and were able to defend them-
selves." Tasso has stollen that Thought also, in making Rinaldo say:

Difesa e qui l' effer de l' arme ignudo,
Sol contra il ferro, il nobil fero adopra,
E fledgno negli inerme effer feroce.

*He scorns to strike his Foe, that flies or falls,
To wreek his Ire, and spend his Ferce in Vain,
Upon their fearful Backs that fled, he scorns,*

more
more faithfully thus:

*He only fights with those he finds in Arms;*
*He scorns to exercise his martial Rage*
*On those that can't defend themselves against it.*

Tho' these Thoughts seem to be borrow'd of the Antients, yet it is probable enough, that the modern Poets might think as the Antients did, without knowing it; but 'tis certain some Thoughts of the Moderns are downright Thefts from the Antients, as this of *Janus Vitalis* on the Ruins of old Rome.

_Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque Saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vallta Theatra situ;
Hæc sunt Roma: viden', velut ipfa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirient imperiosa minas._

_Behold those Heaps of Stones, those Walls in Ruins,
And Amphitheatres demolish'd; there
Is all that's left of Rome. Behold the Carcase
Of that proud City, ruin'd as she lies,
Imperial in her Look, and full of Threats._

_Father Bouhours will have it, that this Thought is
taken from what Sulpitius wrote to Cicero, on the Death
of his Daughter; for after having said, that coming back
from Asia, and failing towards Italy he saw Egina, Mega-
ra, Pyrea and Corinth, formerly flourishing Cities, and
then in Ruins; he adds, (upon which this Thought came
into my Mind) "Shall we poor mortal Creatures, who
"at one View, behold the Carcasses of so many Cities, be
"inconsoleable at the Death of one of us, whose Life is
"so far short of the Being of a City. Hem nos homun-
culi indignamur, si quis nostrum interit, quorum vita
"brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidorum cadavera
"oprojecta jacent?" Tasso's Thought upon Carthage, is
still a plainer Theft than *Janus Vitalis*:

Giace l'altr' Cartago: a pena i segni
De l'alte fue ruine il lido ferba:
Muiono le Citta, muiono i regni.
Copri i fatti e le pompe arene & herba;
Et l'huom d'esser mortal par che si fdegni.
Great Carthage now, in Ashes bow doth lie,
Her Ruins poor, the Herbs in height scant pass;
So Cities fall, so perish Kingdoms high,
Their Pride and Pomp bye bid in Sand and Grass:
Then why should mortal Man repine to dye,
Whose Life is Air, Breath, Wind, and Body Glass!

Perhaps Tasso had also this of Lucan in View:

Jam tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis; etiam periere ruinae.

Now blasted Mossy Trunks with Branches fear,
Brambles and Weeds, a loathsome Ferrest rear;
All rude, all waste, and desolate 'tis laid,
And even the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.

We cannot but suppose the like Thoughts will be ever
born of the like Subjects, and that all Authors who think
alike, do not always steal from one another. 'Tis said to
a Traveller in a Latin Epigram:

Qui Romam in media quaeris novus advena Roma.
Rome in the midst of Rome, new Comers seek.

As in Janus Vitalis:

Et Romae in Roma nil reperis media.
Nothing of Rome, in midst of Rome you find.

Do not these Thoughts seem to be borrow'd from Florus;
"Ita Ruinas ipsas urbium diruit, ut hodie Samnium in
ipfa Samnio requiratur, nec facile apparent matiera qua-
tuir & viginti triumphorum. The Roman People so
"destroy'd the very Ruins of Cities, that Samnium was
"sought in Samnium itself:" And is not this copy'd from
Seneca? "Lugdunum, quod offendebatur in Gallia quaer-
tur; We seek for Lions in Gaul:" And that from Cicero,
"Aetnensis ager sic erat deformis atque horridus, ut in u-
berrima Sicilia parte Siciliam quæreremus. Cicero re-
"proaches Verres with having made Sicily so desolate,
"that it was sought for in the most fruitful Parts of it."
The Thought is the same every where, and I rather think
that every Author had it in his own Imagination, than
that they stole it from one another; if they did, Virgil ex-
cells them all:

Et
Et Campos ubi Troja fuit.

And Fields where once was Troy.

There was nothing at all left of Troy, but the Place where it stood. This goes farther than Lucans, Periēre Ruine, Ruin’d Ruins; or that other Poet, who speaks of its Ashes. By Fields where once was Troy, we have no Idea of so much as Ruins left, no Ashes which are at least the Remains of a burnt City. The Place only where Troy stood, is what comes into Imagination. The following Verses of Girolamo Preti, are admirable and worthy of all the Greatness of Rome.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica sede,
Temuta in pace e trionfante in Guerra:
Fu; perch’ altro che il loco hor non si vide,
Quella che Roma fu, giace fotterra.
Queste cui l’herba copre e calca il piede
Fur moli al ciel vicine, ed hor fon terra.
Roma che’l mondo vinfe al tempo cede,
Che i piani inalza, e che l’altezza alterra
Roma in Roma non e. Vulcano e Marte
La Grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta.
Struggendo l’opre e di Natura e di Arte,
Volto sòffopra il mondo, e’n polve e volta:
E fra queste ruine a terra sparte
In fe stessa cadeo morta e sepolta.

The Capital of Rome’s vast Empire Here
Once stood, whom all the World in Peace did fear,
In War triumphant. We can only say
She was. For now the City’s swept away.
That Rome, that once was so renown’d, is now
Bury’d in Earth, and wants like Earth the Plow.
The Heaps of Stone which under Gras now lie,
Once lifted their proud Heads and reach’d the Sky;
They’re mould er’d now to Earth; victorious Rome
Did Time with all Things else to Ruin doom.
Time lifts the One, the Lowly she’ll debase,
Rome has no more in Rome itself a Place.
Vulcan and Mars had in her Fate their Part,
Wasting the Works of Nature and of Art.
The World’s in waste, and Rome is fall’n at last,
To Dust and Ashes from her Greatness cast.
Daily her scatter’d Ruins we walk o’er,
She’s bury’d in her self, and has a Place no more.
Mr. Addison, who spent a great Part of his Life in the Study of the Classics, and made great Use of them in his Writings, says of the English Ships bombarding the maritime Ports of France;

Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main,
Look after Gallick Towns and Ports in vain;
No more his wonted Marks he can detect,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruin yea,
Whilst pointing to the naked Coast he shows
His wonder'ing Mates where Towns and Steeples rose;
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the Place where once St. Maloe's stood.

Preti's Thought is noble, and even magnificent, but that simple one of Virgil is more fine and more grand.

The Fields where once was Troy.

Has not Tasso refin'd a little on this Passage of Virgil, when he says of Armida's destroying her enchanted Palace?

Ne piu il palagio appar, ne pur le fue
Vestigia ne dir puofig, egli qui fue.

By the least Track none could the Palace trace,
Nor say, by the Remains it ever was.

Spencer comes short of this, where speaking of the vanishing of an enchanted House. Book 3. Canto 12. he says, Was vanish'd quite as it were not the same.

But what is all this, to the Dignity of Thought and Expression in Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, where the Author surveys the Globe after the Conflagration? What is the View of demolish'd Cities, such as Aegina, Megara, Pyrea, Corinth, such as Carthage, the Rival of Rome, and such as Rome herself, the Mistress of the World, to the whole Globe reduc'd to Ashes, and all Nature in Ruins? True the Antients had never so just a Conception of the End of all Things. They wanted Revelation, to give them a lively and dreadful Image of the World in Flames, and Dr. Burnet has improv'd the Advantage of the Subject, to excel them all in both Thought and Expression. "Such the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World: By the Force of one Element breaking

"loose upon the cold, all the Vanities of Nature, all the "Works of Art, all the Labours of Men are reduc'd to

"Nothing;
"Nothing; all that we admir'd and lov'd before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanish'd, and another Form and Face of Things, plain, simple, and every where the fame overpreads the whole Earth."

In what follows, is contain'd the utmost Strength and Beauty of the English Tongue. It cannot be translated into French, and has nothing equal to it, for the Sublime in Demosthenes or Cicero; "Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies and Monuments of Glory! Shew me where they flood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name;" What an Insult is this on the Vanity of Humane Greatness! "What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction do you see in this Mafs of Fire! Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition ancient or modern, make a great Part of the History of the Earth; What is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong & sumptuous; She glorified her Self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow."

But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and the Works of Mens Hands; the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and their Place is no where found.

Here flood the Alps, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea. This huge Mafs of Stone is soften'd, and dissolv'd as a tender Cloud into Rain.

Here flood the African Mountains and Atlas with his Top above the Clouds. There was frozen Caucasus and Taurus and Imaus, and the Mountains of Asia; and yonder towards the North flood the Riphean Hills, cloth'd in Ice and Snow: All these are vanish'd, drop'd away as the Snow upon their Heads.

GREAT and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True are thy Ways, thou King of Saints, Halleljah!

After this, how flat, how poor, how trifling will French Thoughts appear in French Dress? Yet Pere Bouhors says, He is not so wedded to the Ancients as to admire no Thoughts but theirs. The Moderns have
have many excellent Ones; and not to insist upon those of the Italians and Spaniards, there are several in French Authors, which for Elevation may be compar'd to the Writings of the Augustan Age. Some are of the Lord Chancellor Bacon's Opinion, continues the Jesuit, that the Antiquity of Ages is the Youth of the World, and that properly speaking, we are the Antients: This Thought according to him, is a little too subtle; but certain it is, that in our own Writers, the French, we meet with good Sense, Elevation and Justness, as much at least as in the Greek and Roman. What Work wou'd the learned Jesuit have made of it, if instead of a Panegyric on Cardinal Richelieu, full of Flattery and falfe Thoughts, he had had such an Example as Burnet's noble Image before cited, and cou'd he have ever given over, had there been such a Poet as Milton, to have been put in Comparison with Homer or Virgil, as to the Dignity and Beauty of Imagination. Tasso has very fine Images, and none finer than those where he speaks of the Angels. Book I.

This said, the Angel swift himself prepar'd,
To execute the Charge impos'd aright,
In Form of airy Members fair imbar'd,
His Spirits pure were subject to our Sight,
Like to a Man in Sheev and Shape be far'd,
But full of Heavenly Majesty and Might,
A Stripling seem'd he, twice five Winter's Old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold.
Of silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himself doth lift.
Thus clad, he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers clift.
On Libanon at first his Foot he set,
And shook his Wings with roary May Dews wet.

This is very fine in Fairfax, and Milton had not forgot Tasso, when he spoke of the Arch-angel Raphael's Descent to Adam. Book V.

— Nor delay'd the winged Saint,
After his Charge receiv'd, but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
Vail'd with his gorgeous Wings, up springing light

Flew
Logick and Rhetorick.

Flew thro' the midst of Heaven; th' Angelick Quires,
On each Hand parting to his Speed gave Way,
Thro' all th' Empyreal Road, till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate-self open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine, the Sovereign Architect had fram'd:
From hence no Cloud, or, to obstruct his Sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Garden of God, with Cedars crown'd,
Above all Hills.----Down thither prone in Flight,
He speeds, and thro' the Vast ethereal Sky,
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steddy Wing:
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.

Here's a Flight:

He speeds, and thro' the Vast ethereal Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds with steddy Wing,
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air.

Shew me any Thing like this in the Homer of Pope, or
the Dryden of Virgil, and if Homer and Virgil are not
in their Translations, let them no longer be call'd by their Names. Again of the Archangel:

At once on th' Eastern Cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper Shape returns;
A Seraph wing'd, six Wings he reserve to shade
His Lineaments Divine, the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
With Regal Ornament, the middle Pair
Girt like a starry Zone his Wape, and round
His skirted Leins and Thighs, with downy Gold,
And Colours dip'd in Heaven; the third his Feet,
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail
Sky tinctur'd Grain. Like Maia's Son be staid,
And shoo k his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.

The Image when he enters the Garden of Paradise, is as
exquisitely Fine, as if it had been written with a Pen
made of a Feather of the Archangel's Plume:
Their glittering Tents be pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful Field, thro' Groves of Myrrhe,
And flow'ring Odours. Cassia, Nard and Balm,
A Wilderness of Sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her Prime, and play'd at Will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss.

What a Line is the Last, and what a Fragrance in ev'ry Word. Tasso has an Angel again in his Ninth Book:

This said, the winged Warriour low inclin'd,
At his Creator's Feet, with Reverence due;
Then spread his golden Feathers to the Wind,
And swift as Thought away the Angel flew.
He pass'd the Light, and shining Fire assign'd
The glorious Seat of his selected Crew;
The Mover first, and Circle Crystal-line;
The Firmament where fixed Stars all shine.

Milton, when he describes the Descent of Satan, Book III places him on a Point, where he has a View of the whole Universe, in which there appears no Void either by his Thought or Expression:

Satan from hence, now on the lower Stair,
That scan'd by Steps of Gold to Heaven Gate,
Looks down with Wonder at the sudden View,
Of all this World at once.
Beyond th' Horizon, then from Pole to Pole
He views in Breadth, and without longer Pause,
Downright into the World's first Region throws
His Flight precipitant, and winds with Ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique Way,
Amongst innumerable Stars.

Then towards the Coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptick sped with hop'd Success,
Throws his steep Flight in many an Airy Wheel.

The Description of Raphael in the Eleventh Book, shews us that Milton was no Stranger to Tasso:

Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
A military Vest of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibæan or the Grain
Of Sera; worn by Kings and Heroes old,
In Time of Truth, Iris had dip'd the Woof,
His Flarry Helm unbuckled, spew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended, by his Side,
As in a glistening Zodiac hung the Sword.

Milton very often takes his Epithets from Spencer, and many of his antique Words. The buxom Air before-mention'd, is in the Eleventh Cant. 3d Book of Spencer:

Twice was be seen in soaring Eagles Shape,
And with wide Wings to beat the buxom Air.

A beautiful Image; and shall we be able to reconcile our selves to French Panegyrick, after so many great Thoughts so sublimely express'd; but since Father Boubours had no better for us in his Language, we will see what he affords out of one of the best Writers among the French. He is praising Richelieu, c'est un homme plus grand par son Esprit, &c. " He was a Man greater by his Genius and " his Vertues, than by his Dignities and Fortune, always " employ'd, and always above Employs; able to govern " the Present, and to foresee the Future; to assure him- " self of good Events, and repair bad ones; vast in his " Designs, penetrating in his Counsels, just in his Choice, " happy in his Enterprizes, and to say all in a few Words, " full of those excellent Gifts, which God beflows on cer- " tain Souls, which he has created to be Mistresses of o- " thers, to set in Motion those Springs which his Providence " makes use of to lift up and pull down the Fortune of " Kings and Kingdoms, according to his eternal Decrees." We read in a French Author before, that his bad Quali- " ties were so much on the Equality with his Good, that " twas hard to determine, and occasion'd great Dispute, which were the most prevalent. If so, all this Eulogy is exaggerat'd, and consequently false, as every Thing is " which is beyond the Truth. A French Poet said in an E- " pitaph on the fame Cardinal:

Il fut trop absolu fur l'esprit de son Maistre:
Mais son Maistre par luy fut le Maistre des Rois.

His Master he too absolutely govern'd:
He rul'd his Master, and his Master Kings.

These
These four Verses of an Epitaph on Queen Anne of Austria, Confort to that King, are much commended by Father Bouthors;

Elle fût mérpiser les caprices des Sort,
Regarder sans horreur les horreurs de la Mort,
Alfermir un grand trophée, & le quitter sans peine
Et pour tout dire enfin, vivre & mourir en Reine.

The Caprices of Fortune she despis'd;
Death's Horrors without Horror she beheld;
She fill'd a Throne, she quitted it with Ease!
And to say all at once, she liv'd and dy'd a Queen.

How much more pleasing are these Verses of Mr. Stepney, on Queen Mary, of blessed Memory, Confort to King William:

Some Angel from your own describe her Fame;
For sure your Godlike Beings are the same;
All that was charming in the fairer Kind,
With Manly Sense and Resolution join'd;
A Meir compos'd of Mildness and of State,
Not by Constraint or Affectation Great;
But form'd by Nature for supream Command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's Hand.
Yet such her Meekness as half vail'd the Throne,
Left being in too great a Lustre shown,
It might debar the Subject of Access,
And make her Mercies and our Comforts less;
So Gods of old descending from their Sphere,
To visit Men like Mortals did appear;
Left their too awful Presence should affright,
Those whom they meant to bless and to delight.

Here's an Image of that Goodness which was the Characteristic of that divine Princess; Vivre & mourir en Reine, with the Royal Robes on, as a Saxon Earl of Northumberland wou'd have his Sword and Buckler brought him, that he might dye as he had liv'd, a Soldier. The French are a little too apt to be dazled with the Outside of Royalty, and to adore that Arbitrary Power by which they were enslav'd.
Mr. Prior on the same Queen Mary:

Her Face with thousand Beauties blest;
Her Mind with thousand Virtues for'd;
Her Power with boundles's Joy confess'd;
Her Person, only not ador'd.

To the King on her Death:

Go Mighty Prince, let France be taught,
How constant Minds by Grief are try'd,
How great the Land that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

The next fine Thoughts we are presented with in Pere Beaulours, are taken out of a Funeral Oration, on the Princess Henrietta Maria Dutchess of Orleans, Sister to King Charles the Second; who it is said, was poison'd in France, soon after her Return from an Interview with her Brother at Dover, where Measures were projected for the Ruin of the Protestant Religion, and the Liberty of Europe. "Her Soul, says the Orator, is greater than her Royal Birth, and no Place but a Throne had been worthy of her; she was as mild, familiar, agreeable, as she was firm and vigorous; she knew how to persuade and convince, as well as to command, and her Reason was not less prevalent than her Authority."

Then speaking of the Misfortunes of her Father King Charles I. he proceeds;

"Maucre, the ill Success of his Arms, if his Enemies could conquer him, they could not force him, and as he never refused what was Reasonable when he was a Conqueror; so when he was a Captive, he always rejected what was weak and unjust."

This being entirely false as to Fact, I'm afraid the Thought must participate of the Falshood. I do not know what the French Man means by King Charles the First's being a Conqueror; his Commissioners breaking off the Treaty at Uxbridge, before he was a Prisoner, is no great Proof of his never refusing any Thing that was reasonable; and his Concessions at the Isle of Wight, are the weakest and unjustest Things that could be, according to my Lord Clarendon, and Mr. Echard's Histories; but the French Orator might not know our History, or if he did, Truth was so little minded, in such Funeral Orations in France, that the Preacher seems always rather to tell what
what the Defunct ought to have been, rather than what he was.

The first Thing he commends King Charles II. for, is, Magnanimity; ce Prince magnanime: That magnanimous Prince might have forwarded his Affairs, by employing those Hands that were offer'd to destroy the Tyranny by a Blow; but his great Soul disdain'd such base Means, which were not disdain'd by Lewis XIV, as we shall see by and by. He thought that in whatsoever Condition Kings were, it did not become their Majesty to act any Way but by Laws, or by Arms. Those Laws which he had protect'd, restor'd him, almost by themselves, without other Means. He Reigns peaceably and gloriously on the Throne of his Ancestors; and with him reign Justice, Wisdom, and Clemency. He had few Wars indeed; where he should have had War, there it was all Peace and Harmony; and what could be more glorious than the Expedition at Chatham, and the Camp at Black-Heath, not to mention the continual Oppression which Protestant Dissenters lay under for Conscience sake, as a Proof of that Clemency, Wisdom and Justice! Of the Dutchess of Orleans, 'tis further said; The Misfortunes of her Family could not overwhelm her in her Youth; but even then, one might observe in her a Greatness which was out of the Reach of Fortune. Tho' the King of England, whose Courage was equal to his Wisdom, knew that the Princess his Sister, who was courted by so many Kings, might do Honour to a Throne; he with Joy beheld her fill the Second Place in France, which the Dignity of so great a Kingdom might put in Comparison with the First Places in the Rest of the World; as to have been Sublime to Solomon the Magnificent, to Aurengzebe, to have been Empress of Germany, or in the Imperial Throne of the Czarina. Another famous Orator of France said of one of her Heroes; "His Employ carries him into different Countries; Victory follows him almost every where, and Glory never forsakes him; if he has not always conquer'd, he has always deferv'd to be Conqueror. As long as this great Man leads us, say the Soldiers, we fear neither Men nor Elements, and being freed from any Care of our Safety, by the Experience and Capacity of our General, we think of Nothing but the Enemy and Glory;" In another Oration, it is said of the same Heroe; "When he speaks, every one hearkens to him as to an Oracle; when he com-
minds, every one obeys with Joy; when he Marches, "Ev'ry one believes he is in the Chace of Glory; and one "might say, he goes to fight with Confederate Kings, "like another Abraham with his own Household only; "that those who follow him are his Soldiers and Dome-
"stics; and he himself is both General and Father of "the Family." What follows, was said by a celebrated Author, in Praife of Monfieur de Lamoinon, first President of the Parliament of Paris: "Ev'ry Thing was Elo-
quent in him ev'n to his Air and his Silence; the Great-
ness of his Soul appear'd in some Manner in the Great-
nenfs of his Discourse: He persuad'd more by the Opin-
ion People had of his Probity, than the Esteem they "had of his Knowledge; People did not so much submit "to his Eloquence and his Dignity, as to the Authority of "his Virtue; and there were no reasonable Men, but muft "have been afham'd not to have yielded to his Reasons." The Saying of Velleius Paterculus was apply'd also to him, Nibil in vita nisi laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut feuit. There was nothing but what was commendable in his Thoughts, Words, and Deeds.

We are now come to an Inundation of Panegyrick, on the late French King, Torrent after Torrent. We are perfectly overwhelm'd with it out of the best French Authors, as Father Bouhours calls them, whose Thoughts are nobler than any we have had yet, according to him: as if the Elevation of the Subject had elevated their Genius, and Louis the Great had inspir'd them with Sentiments that were worthy of him.

All these Sentiments must at once be Falfe, if the following History is True: If he was ungrateful to his Protestant Subjects, who had fought bravely to fix him on the Throne in his Minority; if he swore to an Alliance of Marriage and Friendship with Spain; if he solemnly by Oath renounce'd the Spanish Succession, and soon after seiz'd on the Provinces belonging to Spain, and made War upon that King: If he drove the Duke of Lorrain out of his Dominions, without any just Occasion of War or Offence; if he invaded the Empire on the one Side, while the Infidels over-ran and ravag'd it on the other, contrary to his Word given; if he order'd his Generals to seize on Defenceless Cities, to lay them in Ashes, and massacre the Inhabitants, as in Holland, and the Palat-
nate; if by his Chambers of Reunion, he possess'd him-
self
If the proud and beautiful City of Genoa in Flames, purely for his Glory; if he oppress'd his Subjects by Taxes and Gabells to maintain his Violence abroad, and his Vanity at Home; if by Bribery and Cabal, he corrupted the Ministers of Holland and England, and sacrificed the Honour of his Friend King Charles the Second, to his Ambition and Lust of Power, by tempting him to be his Pensioner; if his encouraging the Arts was merely for the Flattery of the Artistts, and the Magnificence of his Buildings was for Oftentation only, or to attract the Eyes of the Beholders, that the Show might take them off from examining the Substance; if I say all this, or any of it is True, he cou'd not be truly Great, and the Title of Le Grand is no more his due than that of Vir immortalis, as which he was worshipp'd in the City of Paris, till the Archbishop wou'd no longer suffer it; tho' the Immortal Man has been dead these twelve Years, and his Glory dy'd long before him. Mr. Addison, in his Epistle to my Lord Somers, writes thus of him:

At length proud Prince, ambitious Louis, cease
To plague Mankind, and trouble Europe's Peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has ras'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waste.
Think on the Heaps of Corps, and Streams of Blood,
On every guilty Plain, and purple Flood,
Thy Arms have made, and cease an impious War,
Nor waste the Lives entrusted to thy Care.
Or if no milder Thought can calm thy Mind,
Behold the great Avenger of Mankind.
See mighty Nassau thro' the Battle ride,
And see thy Subjects gasping by his Side.
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' Alarm,
Fain wou'd be check the Fury of his Arm:
But when thy Cruelties his Thoughts engage,
The Heroe kindles with becoming Rage.
Then Countries futile, and Captives unrepor'd,
Give Strength to every Blow, and edge his Sword.
Mr. Addison again of King William:

The Race of Nassaues was by Heav’n design’d,
To curb the proud Oppressors of Mankind;
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
And Fight in every injur’d Nation’s Cause:
The World’s great Patriots, they for Justice call,
And as they favour Kingdoms, rise or fall,

Thus we see the proud Ambitious Lewis, was a
Plague to Mankind; that he unpeopled Towns, and laid
waste the fruitful Fields; that he was guilty of Blood, and
maintain’d impious War; that he was prodigal of the
Lives of his Subjects; that his Cruelties cry’d for Vengeance;
that he stole Countries, and refus’d to Captivates
their promis’d Liberty; that he was one of the Oppressors
of Mankind, a Tyrant of the Earth, an Injurer of Na-
tions; and that the Reverse of this shocking Character,
is the glorious One of King William, to whom his Enmi-
ity was implacable.

We will now see what his Panegyrist’s say of him, and
we must not forget, that all those Panegyrist’s were some
how or other his Pensioners. A Man of Quality who has
an infinite deal of Wit, as Father Boubours assure us, who
writes so finely, that No-body else comes near him, says, in
a Portrait of the King: “He has the Air of a Heroe, and
there is more Dignity in his Person, than in the Royal
Majesty with which he is cloath’d. We should admire
him if he was a private Man only; and the Purple which
generally gives Lustre to good Qualities, borrows it
from all his.” Another great Wit, according to our Je-
fuit, thinks justly and sublimely of the King:

Ton esprit que rien ne limite
Fait honneur à la Royauté:
Et l’on ne voit que ton mérite
Au dehors de ta Dignité.

Thy Wit which has no Limits,
To thy Royalty does Honour;
And there’s Nothing but thy Merit
Above thy Dignity.

Another polite and ingenious Author says, When I speak
of Louis le Grand, I name a Prince who does more Honour.
The AKT of

to the Throne, than the Throne does to other Kings. A Prince who, effacing and raising at the same Time the Glory of his Royal Ancestors, gives them more of his own than he takes from theirs. In the same Tone sings the Poet:

Son ame eft au defus de fa grandeur supreme ;
La vertu brille en lui plus que le Diademe ;
Et quoi qu'un vaile Etat soit soumis a fa loi,
Le Heros en Louis eft plus grand que le Roi.

Above his sovereign Greatness is his Soul;
Virtue in him shones brighter than his Crown;
And tho' a mighty State obeys his Law,
In him the Heroe's greater than the King.

Again, Dans lui l'homme eft aussi grand que le Roi : The Man in him is as great as the King. The Author had said before, " Greatness is so natural to him, 'tis not in " his Power to divest himself of it ; that 'tis in vain for " him to descend from the Throne by the Familiarity of " Conversation ; for when he makes no Use of the Au- " thority which is lodged in the Sovereign Power, he " distinguishes himself by the Authority which goes " always with Sovereign Reason ; that he has always " something in him, which raises him, whether he will " or not; that the Glory which attends him, is indepen- " dent of his Crown; that it flows from his Person, as " from a Spring, and is visible in his least Actions, in " his Discourse, in his Gelture, and in his Looks; that if " he cou'd forget what he was, a thousand Things wou'd " escape him, which would not let others forget it, and " thus it is that all the World speaks of him." He closes " his Eulogy with these Verses :

Mais parle-t-on de bonne foi ?
Est-ce une fable, est-ce une Histoire ?
Si ce qu'on dit est vrai, rien ne manque à fa Gloire :
Et dans lui, qui le pourroit croire,
L'homme eft aussi grand que le Roi?

Are you in Earnest; Is what you say
Fable or History?
If it is true, his Glory is compleat ;
And can it be believ'd! In him
As great the Man is as the King.

Here
Here the learned Jesuit makes this grave Reflection: It follows from hence, that our Monarch is very different from those Princes, who have no other Merit than the Lustre of their Fortune; and of whom it may be said;

Il ne feroient plus rien; si ils cessoient d’être Rois.

They would be Nothing, if they were not Kings.

The Count de Fuenalagu copy’d after these Originals, when he said of Lewis XIV, Royalty is too much in him; he might very well rid himself of it; his Merit wou’d supply the Place of all Things. Le sôbra ser Rey: The Saying is Fine, and occasion’d a very good Devise; the Body of it, the Sun surrounded with a Constellation call’d the Crown; the Motto, Le sôbra la Corona. Nor were the Ladies behind Hand in praising a Monarch who had been liberal of his Favours upon them. One of them speaking of a Place, where were all the Pictures of the Kings of France, after having said of Lewis the XIV, That he surpass’d them in all exterior Advantages, as well as in all Sorts of Military and pacifick Vertues; She added, Il paraît être enfin le Roi ne tous ces Rois; He appears in short as the King of all these Kings: In which her Ladyship was guilty of as false a Thought, as ever was born of Flattery: Was he as great a Politician as Lewis the XI? As great a Soldier as Charles VIII, Francis the I, Henry the IV? I think there is no greater Sign of his Boldness and Resolution, than that he cou’d stand the Attacks of such an Army of Flatterers, and keep his Ground without Shame or Confusion: This Lady was a Poetess, and on the Subject of the Fireworks, for the Birth of the Duke of Burgundy, Father to the present French King; she makes this Speech for the River Seine,

Nouveau Prince, dont l’origine
Toute Grande, toute Divine,
Vous montre tant & tant de Rois
Dignes du Sceptre des François.
Pluseurs Louis, un Charlemagne
Un Henri, terreur de l’Espagne.
Vainqueur de ses propres sujets,
Qui m’enrichit de ses bienfaits.
Vous sçaurrez bientôt leur Histoire.
Mais pour aller droit à la gloire,

H 4

Croyez
Croyez moi, tous ces Rois si grands,
Justes, pieux, ou conquérans,
Leur bonté comme leur puissance,
Leur valeur comme leur prudence,
Enfin tous leurs faits inouis,
Vous les trouverez en Louis.

New-born Prince, whose Origin,
All great, and all Divine,
Presents you with so many Kings,
Worthy the Scepter of France to weild,
Many a Lewis, one Charlemagne,
Henry, dreadful Name in Spain,
Conqueror of his Rebel Subjects,
Who enrich'd are with his Bounty;
You will soon their Story know;
But to go direct to Glory;
Trust me, all those Kings, so Great,
So just, so pious, so victorious.
Their Goodness equal to their Pow'r;
Their Valour to their Wisdom;
All their unheard of mighty Deeds,
You'll find them All in Lewis.

Pere Bouhous takes Notice, that these Thoughts have
regard only to the great Monarch in General; and are
nothing in Comparison with what had been said, of his
Actions, his Conquests, his particular Virtues; there's no
End of these Eulogies: However, we must have some of
it, or he will not be satisfy'd, and there is not a Word of
Truth in it, if taken without the falfe Gloss, which his
Flatterers put upon his Wars and his Counsels; as thus,
Vous marchez vous-même à la défense de vos peuples;
"You March in Person to defend your People; you do
not value your Victories, if you do not share the Dan-
gers and the Fatigues of the Battle; your Camp and
your Court are the same Things to you; your best
Courtiers, your bravest Warriours; your Labours are
your Diversions, and when Glory calls, you do not de-
mand to be serv'd, but to be follow'd." This notable
Speech which has not a Shadow of Truth, was spoken
by a famous Member of the French Academy to the King
himself, who knew in his Soul that the Reverse of every
Word of it was true, but receiv'd the Speaker very gra-
ciously. You'll perceive what Truth there is in these
Thoughts;
Thoughts by a Stanza of Prior's Burlesque of Boileau's Ode:

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray;
In vain France hopes, the sickly Light
Should shine near William's fuller Day.
He likes Verfailles his proper Station,
Nor cares for any foreign Sphere;
Where you see Boileau's Constellation,
Be sure no Danger can be near.

The Academician concludes, "Wisdom forms your Enterprizes; Fortune accompanies them; Valour executes, and Glory crowns them." Then he has a Word for that learned Body, whose Mouth he was, The French Academy would be happy, Sir, if they could write and think as nobly as you have acted. Pere Bouhors thinks, that there is something as noble in this, as in what Quintilian said, which I have already cited; if so, then King Lewis had as much Valour, and the French Academicians as much Eloquence as Julius Caesar, of whom Quintilian said, that he wrote with as much Fire as he fought.

The following Harangue is recommended to us as a Master-Piece of Eloquence and Truth: 'Twas spoken at the Reception of a Member into the Academy. "And who could help us better than you, to speak of so many great Events, the Motives of which, and the principal Springs were so often trusted to your Fidelity, to your Wisdom? Who knows more thoroughly than you, what has past most memorable in foreign Courts, as Treaties, Alliances, and all important Negotiations, which in this Reign has made such a Stir in Europe; and to speak the Truth, the Way of Negotiation is very short, under a Prince, who having Power and Reason always on his Side, has no need of doing any Thing to have his Will executed, but to declare it." A violent Infit this, on the Advantages the great Monarch had taken of the Weakness, Division, and Credulity of his Neighbours, to surprize them by Expedition, and awe them by Number. "The Funeral Oration for this King's Confort Maria Theresa of Austria, made by a great Prelate, has this remarkable Passage in it of the King; "Who knows not that he might have extended his Em-
"Time have extended his Glory, which cannot be more solid, more pure, nor more shining? I am mistaken, he has carry'd the Extent of his Empire, to that universal Monarchy, which was heretofore the Chimerical Project of our Neighbours. But he has done it by a Way most innocent and glorious, without Violence or Injustice. 'Tis the Work of his heroick Qualities, the Fame of which has reach'd the Ends of the Earth; for if he reigns happily over France, by a natural legitimate hereditary Power; he reigns no less gloriously over foreign Nations, Spain, Italy, Germany, by the Terreur of his Arms, and the Reputation of his Wisdom, Valour, and Justice." A Magistrate in one of the Parliaments of France, said in an Harangue about the same Time: "Those that are most jealous of his Glory, are forc'd to confess, that he is absolute Arbiter of their Destiny, the strongest Support of his Allies; and that his Justice is the only Rampart which can be oppos'd to the Rapidity of his Conquests; 'tis his Justice alone that has disarm'd him in the Embraces of Victory; weary of Conquering, he has given Peace to his Enemies, and very far from taking Advantage of his own Strength and their Weakness, he had rather preserve the Peace, than acquire the Empire of Europe." This same Thought is in the following Verses:

Grand Roi, fans recourir aux histoires antiques; Ne t'avons nous pas vu dans les plaines Belgiques, Quand l'ennemi vaincu defertant ses ramparts, Au devant de ton jugo courant de toutes parts, Toy meme te borner au fort de la victoire, Et chercher dans la paix une plus juste Gloire?

Great King, we need not have Recourse
To ancient History; in yours
We see enough. We late beheld
Your Armies in the Belgick Field;
And when the Enemy in Dread
Before you from their Ramparts fled,
When from all Parts they ran to meet
Your Toke all prostrate at your Feet:
The Price of Victory you forgo,
And on the vanquis'ed Peace bestowed.

By
By Peace more Glory you obtain'd,
Than by more Conquests had been gain'd.

Father Boukours thinks the Thought in the next six
Verses more noble:

Regler tout dans la paix, vaincre tout dans la guerre:
D'un absolu pouvoir calmer toute la terre;
A tous ses ennemis avoir donné le loy:
C'est etre an plus haut point de la grandeur supreme;
Pour sauver ses sujets, juger contre foi meme;
C'est etre le meilleur des Rois.

In Peace to govern all Things, and in War
To conquer; by Power absolute, to calm
The Earth, and give his Enemies the Law;
Is sure the highest Point of supreme Greatness;
To judge against himself, to save his Subjects;
Is, of all Kings to be the best.

Father Boukours remembers his Order in his Remarks,
and tells us what Father Spinola, Nephew to Cardinal
Spinola, and Missionary in China, said of the French
King, when he was at Paris:

Perche adorato al fin la Fé de Piero
L'Arabo, l'Indo, il Mauro, il Perfo, il Trace;
Ah sia del gran Luigi il mondo intero.

The Meaning is, that with a Word, the Monarch
routed Calvinism, and were he Matter of the World,
the World would be Catholick, Arabian, Indian, Moor,
Persian, and Turk, would submit to the Church's Yoke.
The Magistrate, who made the last cited Harangue, says
in another, spoken to the States of Languedoc, upon the
kindly Force, that was made use of to bring Home the
wandering Jesuits. "'Twas like those black and threaten-
ing Clouds, which create Terreur where they hang in
the Air, allarm the Labourers, and seem to destroy their
Hopes of Harvest, but afterwards they dissolve into gen-
tle Showers, alike wholesome and fruitful; which have
no other Effect, but to bring every where abundance,
and Joy, and to drive the Sheep into their Folds."

The next Compliment to the King, is paid by a
French Sappho, who makes her Parrot say, on the Pardon
the City of Genoa obtain'd of the King for his bombard-
ing them.

Allez,
Allez, Doge, Allez Sans peine
Luy rendre Grace a Genoux:
La Republique Romaine
En eut fait autant que vous.

Go, Doge, go, do not think it much,
To thank him on your Knees;
The Romans had their Case been such,
Had done the same with Eafe.

And comparing the great Lewis’s Genius to that of his Ministers and Generals; she said, He is the Soul of his Armies and his Counsels, as the Sun is of the Universe, Pere Bourbons remarks, that the Comparison is rich, and nothing cou’d give a higher Idea of that King’s Conduct. The Sun was the Device of Lewis the great, and the Panegyrists did band it about upon all such Occasions. Nay Boileau in his Ode on Namur, has chang’d his Plume of Feathers into a Star, Cet astre redoutable, That dreadful Star. Mr. Prior; in my Opinion, thinks much more justly than the French Sappho about this same Star.

Now let us look for Louis’s Feather,
That us’d to shine so like a Star;
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that Influence great in War.
O Poet thou hadst been disceeter,
Hanging thy Monarch’s Hat so high;
If thou hadst dubb’d thy Star a Meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and dye.

I am sure the Thought is much more easily justified, by the Standard of Truth, than any we have quoted out of the French Panegyricks. What can one think of this modest Distich, set up in a conspicuous Place, in that Monarch’s Dominions?

Una Dies Lotharos, Burgundos Hepdomas una,
Una domat Batavos Luna quid Annus erit.

Which says a French Historian donneront une petite Idee de sa Valeur, will give but a very small Idea of his Valour, That be conquer’d Loraine in a Day, Burgundy in a Week, Holland in a Month, what will a Year then do. The witty Lord Rochester, gave these Verses this Turn:

Loraine he stole, by Fraud he got Burgundy,
Holland he bought — By — — he’ll pay for’t one Day.
As at Blenkeim, Ramelies, Turin, &c.
I believe after the French Critick has been so long adoring the Shrine of Lewis XIV, the Reader will not be displeas’d with the Sentiments of Persons who are more indifferent, or rather, who like my Lord Rochester, think quite otherwise, as the Author of the Paraphrase on

La jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
Disfoil a Theodate
Retournons, mon cher, a Paris
Avant que l’on Combate.
Vous me donnez trop de Souci
Car Guillaume ne raille,
Helas, que feriez vous icy
Le jour d’une bataille!

In grey hair’d Celia’s wither’d Arms,
As mighty Lewis lay;
She cry’d, if I have any Charms,
My dearest let’s away.
For you, my Love, is all my Fear,
Hark how the Drums do rattle,
Alas, Sir, what shou’d you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle.
Nor vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory;
You ought to leave so mean a Care
To those who pen your Story.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made,
Without the Help of fighting.

The following Inscription was on a Medal for this Monarch.

Proximus & similis regnas Ludovice Tonanti
Vim summam, summam cum pietate geris.
Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus Armis
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Titania Foedera Rheno
Illa Aquilam tantum, Gallia Fulmen habet.

English’d by the Lord Lansdown, and apply’d to Queen Anne.

Next to the Thunderer, let Anna stand,
In Piety Supreme, as in Command;

Fam’t
The ARTS of

Fame'd for victorious Arms and generous Aid,
Young Austria's Refuge, and pierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian Leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle you the Thunder joy.

This Thought is noble, and metaphorically true. The Duke of Marlborough, the Queen's General, drove the French and Bavarians out of the Empire, by glorious War. The French Armies, always broke into it by Surprize, and over-ran the Provinces before the German Confederates could get their Forces together. The Duke of Marlborough march'd into Germany, when the French and Bavarians were almost Masters to the Walls of Vienna, fought his Way thro' the strong Passes of Schellenburg and Donaueurw, and as soon as he could come at their confederate Armies, routed and dispers'd them, and sent their Generals Prisoners to England, as a Present to his Royal Mistress. Mr. Prior in his Epistle to Boileau on that Occasion.

Since birt'd for Life, thy servile Muse must sing,
Successive Conquests and a glorious King:
Must of a Man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him Laurels whatsoever they cost:
What Turn wilt thou employ, what Colours lay
On the Event of that superior Day,
In which one English Subject's prosperous Hand,
So Jove did will, so Anna did command;
Broke the proud Column of the Master's Praise,
Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise.

Again,
The Eagle, by the British Lyon's Might,
Unchain'd, and free directs her upward Flight:
Nor did she e'er with stronger Pinions soar,
From Tyber's Banks, than now from Danube's Shoar.

Mr. Stepney's Austrian Eagle, is in the same Way of thinking.

At Anna's Call, the Austrian Eagle flies,
Bearing her Thunder to the southern Skies,
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal Sway,
Inflames the Region, and misguides the Day,
Till the Usurper from his Chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the World.
LOGICK and RHETORICK.

Thoughts equally just and noble; tho' to be truly noble, Thoughts must be just, yet they may be just on a Supposition, that they are founded on Fact, and false when the Fact being examin'd, the Foundation appears to be ill. Such are the Sentiments in the Panegyricks on the French King, quoted by Pure Beaubois; had the Facts been true, the Thoughts would have been noble, and the Expression sublime; but for want of that Truth, they are like the Meteor in Mr. Prior's Verses of the French King's Plume of Feathers,

That did but blaze, and rove, and dye.

These Panegyricks give us a Sort of Indignation, at the Abuse of Eloquence, and shews us that there is no Subject, on which Wit and Rhetorick may not be ill employ'd; as in Mr. Waller's Verses on Oliver Cromwell, for if he was a Devil Incarnate, as Archdeacon Echard calls him, these Thoughts of Waller's upon him cannot be true.

When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
And o'er this Nation such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much Power and Piety in One.

Again,

If Rome's great Senate could not wield that Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What Hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies but by you.

How noble is that Thought, and how fine his expressing the Happines of this Nation, under Mr. Echard's Incarnate Devil.

The Taste of hot Arabia Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow,
Without the Worm in Persian Silks we pine,
And without planting, drink of e'ry Vine.

Again, more noble still.

Our little World the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own Growth, bath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare as Tribute from the Waves.

Mr.
Mr. \textit{Waller} on \textit{Oliver Cromwell}.

With these returns victorious Mountague,
With Laurels in his Hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave Generals divide that Bough
Our great Protector, hath such Wreaths enough:
His conquering Head has no more Room for Bays,
Then let it be as the glad Nation prays,
Let the rich Oar forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix’d by making him a Crown.

This Complement was the more flattering, for then it was made at a Time, when \textit{Cromwell’s} Parliament petition’d him to be King, and he refus’d it with a Reluctance that left him all the Glory of the Refusal. How prodigal \textit{Dryden} was of Praises to this Protector: I say nothing of, because \textit{Dryden} was so lavish of both Praise, and Dis-praise, that he seldom consider’d on whom he bellow’d both the one and the other, and was generally in the wrong. Dr. \textit{Sprat}, late Bishop of Rochester, has carry’d the Pangenryck on \textit{Oliver}, in the Poem on his Death, as far as any of the French Pangenrycks have done in Praise of the French King: After \textit{Cromwell’s} Death, and the Restoration of King Charles, that Prince and his Royal Brother, had Abundance of fine Things said of them. They were of all Kings, the most Virtuous, Valiant, Wise, Just, Merciful, and Victorious. Every one of those Thoughts was extremally well grounded, as we see in History, and none of them more so than these Verses to King James.

\textit{Tomis Miscell.} p. 141. vol. 4.

\begin{quotation}
By thy Example Kings may learn to sway,
Heroes are taught to fight, and Saints to pray.
The Gracian Chiefs had Virtue but in Share,
Neftor was wise, but Ajax brave in War;
Their very Deities were grac’d no more,
Mars had the Courage, Jove the Thunder bore.
But all Perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain’s King is all the Gods in One.
\end{quotation}

Nothing can come after this. And this \textit{Godship} is the more extraordinary, for that it was bestow’d upon him six Months after the \textit{Western Circuit}, where so many hundred poor Protestants were murder’d, some with, and some without the Form of Justice.

\textit{Quæque ipse Miserimia vidi.}
When the Poets and Orators came to the Reign of King William and Queen Mary, they had a fair Field for fine Sentiments; they had no Room for Fancy; the plain History and Picture, shew'd nothing but Greatness and Beauty, and they could not speak with the greatest Simplicity, but they must be sublime. Even Lee, whose Poetry was ever tainted with Madness, thinks reasonably on this Subject, when he makes the Prince of Orange speak thus of the Princess on their Marriage;

Enough kind Heaven, well was my Sword employ'd,
Since all the Bliss Earth holds shall be enjoy'd.
Pains I remember now with vast Delight,
Well have I brav'd the thundering French in Fight.
My Hazards now are Gains, and if my Blood
In Battle mix and raise the vulgar Flood;
Her Tears, for sure she'll be so good to mourn,
Like Balm shall heal the Wounds when I return.

Mr. Waller on the same Subject.

Not Belgium's Fleet, his high Command,
Which triumphs, where the Sun does rise;
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring Eyes.

Orange, with Youth, Experience has,
In Action young, in Council old;
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident and bold.

Empire and Freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are, by great Nassaw,
Like those he sprung from just and mild,
To willing People he gives Law.

That noble Image of Empire and Freedom, being reconcile'd, and of giving Law to a willing People, has more Lustre in it than the Sun, which Lewis the Great took for his Device, and all the Mimick Rays, with which it is environ'd. Mr. Addison of King William.

His Toils for no ignoble End design'd,
Promote the common Welfare of Mankind.
No wild Ambition moves; but Europe's Fears
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears:
Opprest Religion gives the first Allarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his Arms.
The ARTS of
His Conquests Freedom to the World afford,
And Nations bless the Labours of his Sword.

Mr. Prior's Carmen Seculare is a sublime Poem from one
End to the other, a Panegyric on that glorious King I
have quoted out of it already, and shall add what follows.

Where jarring Empires, ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;
Till William's Word like that of Fate declares,
If they shall stay Peace or lengthen Wars.
How sacred his Renown for equal Lanes,
To whom the World defers its common Cause!
How fair his Friendship, and his Leagues show just,
Whom every Nation courts, whom all Religions trust!

The King's intrepid Valour, which distinguish'd him from
all the Generals of the Age, was not that Quality which
his Royal Heart most delighted in; nor his consummate
Wisdom allow'd by his Enemy to be the fittest for Coun-
cil of any Prince in Europe; but his Love of Justice, his
Piety, his inviolable Friendship, and Probity; and in this
View it is, that the Poets and Orators, always take him
as knowing what would be most grateful to him. As the
French Orators affect to draw their Monarch with Thun-
der in his Hand like Jove; the World blazing about him,
and their Jupiter like Nero, playing with universal De-
struction.

We have seen several noble Thoughts upon Queen Anne,
while she was at the Head of that Confederacy, which
King William had form'd against the Oppression of France;
and these Latin Verses, for the Plan of a Fountain, on
which is the Queen's Effigies on a triumphal Arch, the
Duke of Marlborough on Horseback under the Arch, and
the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work, con-

Quocunque æterno properatis Flumina Lapfu,
Divisiss latè Terris, populifique remotis
Dicite; nam vobis Tamisii narravit & Ister
Anna quid Imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.

You active Streams, where'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and furthest Nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught;
How Ann commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

But
But when that Princess deverted her antient Allies, dismissed her victorious Captains, and experienced and able Ministers, when she abandon'd the common Caufe, and sent the very Poet who had lampoon'd the French King in an embassy to him; what Room was there for fine or just Thinking. If there was any Thing like it, 'twas delightful, as was the late Lord Bishop of Ely's incomparable Preface, which has a Break in it, that teaches us more than the most elaborate Piece of Oratory; but the Thoughts and Expressions are so just, so grand, so moving, the Reader who must have often read the Whole, will not think a small Part tedious in this Place. The pious Orator is speaking of the seven Years of the Queen's Reign, from the Duke of Marlborough's first Campaign to the Battle of Mons; and from the Ministry of my Lord Godolphin, my Lord Somers, &c. to that of - - - I will imitate my Lord of Ely, and leave their Names to Oblivion.

"Never did seven Years together pass over the Head of any English Monarch, nor cover it with so much Honour. The Crown and Scepter seem'd to be the Queen's least Ornaments; those other Princes wore in common with her; and her great personal Virtues were the same before and since: But such was the Fame of her Administration of Affairs at Home, such was the Reputation of her Wisdom and Felicity in chusing Ministers, and such was then esteem'd their Faithfulness and Zeal, their Diligence and great Abilities in executing her Commands, to such a Height of Military Glory, did her great General, and her Armies carry the British Name abroad, such was the Harmony and Concord betwixt her and her Allies, and such was the Blessing of God upon all her Counsells and Undertakings, that I am as sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so lov'd, esteem'd and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor near so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all the World imagin'd then, just entring on the Ways that promised to lead to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of our religious Queen, the Care and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Payments of a willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious Toils and Hazards of the Soldiery; when God for our Sins, permitted the Spirit of Discord to go forth, and by troubling fore the Camp, the City, and the Country,
The ARTS of

"(and oh! that it had altogether spared the Places sacred
to his Worship!) to spoil for a Time, this beautiful and
pleasing Prospect, and give us in its stead, — I know
not what —— Our Enemies will tell the Rest with
"Pleasure."

One cannot look into the dreadful Cavity of that,
I know not what without Horror. 'Tis as Milton says,

_Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire._

I often thought at that Time of those two Lines of his
Book VII.

—— Tho' fallen on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fallen, and evil Tongues.

He alludes to the Times after the Restoration, which
Mr. Eckard represents as a second Age of Gold, insomuch
that one Felicity after another turns his Head; and, as he
tells us, had such an Effect on a certain Baronet, that he
was kill'd with a Blaze of Happiness, as another Man
might be with a Flash of Lightning. But let us leave

_This dismal Situation waste and wild._

And behold a Scene when

—— Darkness fled

_Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprang._

When his late Majesty King George's peaceable Accession
to the Throne, made Way once more for right Thinking and Speaking. I have by me a Panegyrick on that
great King, written inLatin, by Sir Samuel Garth, in
which there are as noble Thoughts as in any modern
Performance, and no Orator needed to have been asham'd
of the Language in the Reign of Augustus. I shall in-
sert here some Paragraphs only.

"Non tibi sed tuis te natum arbitraris, & Otium quod
allii paras tibi soli denegas. Non de Imperio proferen-
do certas, sed de Libertate Vindicandâ. Quis in Hostem
gravior! Quis in Civem benignior? In Castris Difici-
diplnam instituis; in Tribunali Justitiam: Et Jus cui-
que suum Dux & Princeps reddis, quod Miles & Civis
exoptares."
Voluntas Principum est aliquando pro Legibus: Tu illis solutum te nolles, sed salubriter late five utiliter e- mandate tibi praecipue arrendit; & tales constitui, qui- bus tui pareant, & quas ipse etiam serves, curas. Si quid imperant, imperas; si quid vetant vetas, inde ti- bi cautum est, hoc ne agas; illud ut exequeris.

Te genus avitum, & jus a majoribus acceptum, tot fe- culorum insuper consuetudine approbatum, super cæteros extulerunt; sed ea est Moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut tibi, qui Omnia potes, nisi quod jure fiat, permisum ve- lis. Non jus vi obrui finis; potentiores ne humiliores opprimant, prohibes. Si studia leniora minus valeant, alperioribus invitus coerces, & severitatem clementiä usque eò temperas ut metus frequentior & paenæ rarior eveniat.

Non defunt Principes qui vix quicquam, si domina- rioni conducat, turpe exsiliat; quicquid æquum est aversantur, quidquid iniquum, gratum habent; & pro- bant improbantque, non prout ratio postulat, sed quem- admodum hortatur ambitio. Ipse id ante omina con- fulis, rectum ne fit an pravum, & ne Vectoribus tuos, ne armis Vicipos opprimas, caves.

Plerique inani dignitatis imagine adducísti, memores se esse Principes, se esse Hominres sunt obliti. Tu, cum ab aulicis curis vaces, non alio, quo quò te vertis, satel- litio, nisi piis intuentium votis stipatus incedes, & eò aliis es major quo aliis te reddis magis parem, &c.

Which I translate thus;

How have you thought you were not born for your self, but your People, and have always neglected your own Ease and Quiet to procure Theirs? You have still been more solicitous to establish their Liberties, than enlarge your own Dominions. Who so brave against the Enemy! Who so gentle to a Subject! In your Camp you promote Discipline; in your Courts Justice, and have always govern’d, when a Prince and General, as you would expect to be govern’d, if a Soldier and Subject.

The Will of Princes have often been their Laws; but you have never fail’d to bind your self by those of the Constitution, and have always been the best satisfy’d with those that were the most authentically made; still enlea- vouring to have such establish’d as your People should obey, and your self observe. What the Laws command you com- mand; what they forbid, you forbid: Thus you gra-
The ARTS of
ciously take Care to act Nothing, but what is Right, and
avoid every Thing that is unwarrantable.

The Antiquity of your illustrious Family, and the
Rights descended to you from your great Ancestors, have
given you a sovereign and absolute Power over your Peo-
ple. But so remarkable is your Moderation, that tho' you
can do every Thing you please; yet you do Nothing but
what you ought: You never suffer Force to prevail upon
Right, still protecting the Weak against the more Power-
ful; and where Lenity is ineffectual, against your Will
you have Recourse to Rigour, but still so tempering Mild-
ness with Severity, that all fear, and few are punish'd.

There are Princes that think Nothing unfit, which
tends to their Grandeur; they approve of every Thing
which makes for their Advantage, and disapprove the con-
trary; and never act as Justice directs, but as Ambition
persuades. But you in the first Place consider Right and
Wrong, and are equally cautious, neither to oppress your
People injuriously with Taxes, nor your Neighbours un-
justly with your Arms: There are other Princes so intox-
cicated with a false Image of Grandeur, that in reflecting
they are Kings, they forget they are Men. But you, Sir,
when you are at leisure from your Sovereign Adminis-
tration, are pleas'd to divest your self from all manner of
State, and walk abroad with no other Guards, than the
Prayers and Wishes of these you preserve. And thus you
appear truly greater than all, by condescending only to be
equal to all, &c. Among so many noble Thoughts, there
is not one which has not as much Truth in Fact, as Ele-
vation in Sentiment. What a Beauty does that Verity
give to the Dignity, and how will the French Penegyricks
look in the Comparison with this, where the Reader
knows every Word to be History; and in the other, every
Word to be Fable? But before we have done with this
Subject, I must repeat a Passage or two out of an Haran-
gue made by Monsieur de Puisieux, the French Ambassa-
dor to the General Diet of the Swiss Cantons, after the
Duke of Marlborough's Conquests in Flanders, where
he took more Towns in a Month, than the French King
had taken in Years.

Magnificent Lords,
"EVERY Time that I have come into this illustrious
"Assembly, I have endeavoured to give you new Marks
"of
of the King my Master's Friendship. I have had fre-
quent Opportunities of doing it in acquainting you
with his Victories, and in fitating with you the Joy oc-
casioned by our happy Successes. Fortune at last has
favoured our Enemies, and I am now come to give you
Expressions of the fame Friendship and Confidence,
without concealing from you the Affronts she has put
upon us. It is not usual for Ministers of my CharaGer,
themselves, to declare the Misfortunes of their Sove-
reigns: But the King my Master is unacquainted with
those mean Politicks, to deceive his Allies and his Peo-
pole by falfé Reports. His Arms have been unsuccessful
in Catalonia and Flanders: he himself has commanded
me to tell you.—— A vast Country is abandon'd, and
lofty Towns are the Reward of the Conquerors. It is
not to feek from you, my Lords, the Comfort that is
found in the midit of One's Misfortunes, by relating
them to fincere Friends, that I recall to Mind fo melan-
cholly a Thought; it is rather to comfort and encou-
rage you. The King my Master is perfwaded of your
Affection, and of the Share you take in all that happens
to him: he is also fensible, that you know your true
Interest.

Whatever the Losses of my Master are, they
do not difcompose his great Mind; they do not disturb
his Councils; they do not exhaust his Treasures; they
do not cool the Zeal of his Subjects; he will not grow
weary of Combating for the Liberty of Europe.”

How glorious would that CharaGer be, if it had been
True; they do not discompoGe his great Mind; they do not
disturb his Councils; he will not grow weary of Combating
for the Liberty of Europe.

Of Comparisons.

We return now to Pere Boubours, Comparisons.
who tells us, that Comparifons well
chofen, and taken from what is great in Nature, form al-
ways very noble Thoughts. Longinus, who wrote Rules
for the Sublime, not only in Expression, but in Thought,
thinks nobly himself, when he compares Demofikenes to a
Storm of Lightning, that ravages and bears down all be-
fore
fore it; and Cicero to a Fire that never goes out, and as it advances still, increaseth in Strength.

Comparisons taken from Art are sometimes as good as those we take from Nature. A French Panegyrist speaking of the Heroick Actions done by St. Lewis in a Day of Battel; Actions that were superiour to common Valour, says, Qu'il en est a peu pres de ces grands exemples, &c. "Those great Examples are like those great Pictures, full of Shades and Darknesses; what seem at first to be rough and shocking to the Sight, those Strokes which are too strong, and too apparent to such as don't understand them, is a happy Boldness and a Master-piece of Art to those that do." On a Medal which was struck upon Lewis the XIIIth's building the Jesuits Church at Paris were these Words, Vicit ut David, edificat ut Solomon, he conquer'd like David, he builds like Solomon.

The French Critick gives us other Comparisons in Honour of his Brother Jesuits. Speaking of the Lives of St. Ignatius and St. Xavier, two notable Saints in the Roman Calendar; he tells us it was said, St. Ignatius is Caesar, who never did any Thing without good Reason; St. Xavier is Alexander, whose Courage sometimes has the Mastery of him. This was spoken by a Prince, and Father Bouhours in return, informs us, that his Highness had in him both Alexander and Caesar; nay, that he was plus Capitaine que Caesar, & aussi Soldat qu' Alexandre; a greater Captain than Caesar, and as good a Soldier as Alexander. The Lord Chancellor Bacon, one of the greatest Genius's of his Age; Un des plus grands Genies de son Siecle, says, that Money is like Dung, good for nothing till 'tis spread abroad: This Thought is not only true but witty, yet there is no Greatness in it; the Idea of Dung has something low in it, something that is shocking to a delicate Imagination. With Father Bouhours's Leave I do not think that any one's Delicacy ought to be more offended at the Word Dung, than at that of Soil, and the Idea annex'd to it of Fertility and Harvest, is far from being disagreeable. The same Lord Bacon uses this Comparison again in his Letter to King James about Sutton's Hospital; The Owner's Wealth, like a Heap of Muck, may be spread over your Kingdoms, to many fruitful Purposes; there, as I observed is a saving to delicacy, by the Term fruitful, which makes the Thought equally true and
and agreeable. My Lord Bacon’s Writings are full of just and beautiful Comparisons; The Waters of the Fountain of Honour are like those of Holy Wells, they lose their Virtue when sold, as the Papists say. In the fame Letter concerning the Charter-house; The Appearance of a good Intention may cure Defects in Execution, as St. Peter’s shadow cured Diseases. In a Letter to Queen Elizabeth, with a New-year’s-gift, I would to God I were hooded, that I saw less, or that I could perform more; for I am now like a Hare that baits, when I see Occasion of Service, but cannot fly, because I am ty’d to another’s Fist. In a Letter to the Earl of Salisbury, with his Book of the Advancement of Learning; The Argument is good, if it had lighted on a good Author; but I shall content my selfs to awake better Spirits, like a Bell-ringer, which is first up to call others to Church. The Word Dung, in some Verfes, written by one Patris, a few Days before he dy’d, has more of the shocking than the Lord Bacon’s:

Je songeois cette nuit, &c.
I dreamt one Night, that being dead,
My Corps was by a Beggar’s laid;
Tho’ deep in Dirt I cou’d not bear,
To have the sorry Dog so near.
A Corps of Quality, cry’d I,
By such a Rogue as thou to lye.
Rogue, surly replied the Elf,
Look for thy Rogues, thou Rogue thy self.
We’re equal here, and I am now,
Thou seest, as good a Corps as thou.
Thy Rank’s no better now than mine,
I’m on my Dung, and thou on thine.

But what’s this to Dryden, who instead of reducing a poor Carcass to Dung, makes a Dunghill of all the World:

—— A thousand other Worlds,
Of which our earthly Dunghill is the worst.

The Serious Moral to this pleasant Fable excuses the Term Dung, in the Opinion of Father Bouhours; but I believe it will appear less excusable to the delicate English Reader, than the Lord Bacon’s. In a Poem call’d La Magdalaine au desert de la Sainte Baume, There are some Thoughts which will be Rarities in our Language. Low Thoughts,
Thoughts, when they are ingenious, may be admitted in comical and burlesque Pieces, but should be banish'd from all that are grave and serious; as Religious Poems, Speeches, Panegyricks, Funeral Orations, and the like. How is this Rule observ'd by the Author of the Magdalaine? The Eyes of that repeating Sinner, were like Candles that are melted; of Windmills, they were become Water-Mills; Her fair Locks of Hair, with which she wip'd our Saviour's Feet, were a Lift-clout of Gold; she was a Holy Harlot, and not a filthy black Kettle; the Tears of a God could be nothing but Liquor of Life or Brandy. Jesus Christ was a great Operator, who very dextrously couched the Cataract in Mary Magdalen's Eyes, and the Hercules who cleans'd the Stable of her Heart. It must be own'd, that our Burges's, and our Meritou's, the Unbuttoning the Cloak, and the Tipping off the Stocking, do not come up, or rather, as Mr. Pope will have it, do not sink so low as this; it outdoes all that Dr. Eckard has said of the merry Sayings in Country-Pulpits. A French Priest preaching to some Nuns, told them they should always have the Tooth-picker in Hand; for regular Societies were like Teeth, which could not be fine unless they were well ranged, very white, and very clean. Every one sees how disagreeable low Terms are in serious, and especially religious Discourses. Of the same Kind is what an Italian Priest said in a Sermon he preached before Cardinal Borroneo Archbishops of Milan, on an Easter Sunday; that they had a very holy Archbishop, who was like an Easter Egg, red, blessed, but a little hard; Havete un Prelato santissimo; e come l'uovo di Pasqua, rocco e benedetto; ma e vero ch'è un poco duro. The Ministers of God's Word should not trifle thus in their Sermons. Those that do are a Disgrace to their Function. If they acquaint themselves as they ought, with the Holy Scriptures, they will have Examples every where of the most noble, the most great and sublime Thoughts, such as,

I am that I am.
He spake, and it was.
Let there be Light, and there was Light.

As simple as this last Thought is in Appearance, and if you regard the Expression only, it gives a magnificent Idea of the Power of God. Longinus, as much a Pagan as he was, proposes it as a Model of the Sublime in Thought.
for an elevated Thought may very well agree with simple Terms. It often happens, that simplicity of Expression, makes us the more sensible of the Greatness of Things. We admire, according to Longinus, the Thought of a generous Heroick Man, tho' he does not speak at all. There is in the Silence of such a Heroe, something which shows the Greatness of his Soul, as we see in the Odyssey. Ulysses makes his Submission to Ajax, to which Ajax does not deign to reply, and that Silence gives one a more grand Idea of his Resentment, than any Thing he could have said. hidus subjinitas est tanquam Image que animi magnitudinem referat: unde fit ut interdum etiam admiren-
mur nudam absq; voce & per se sententiam, ut Ajaxis suenti-
um magnum, & quavis Orat. Long. Sect. 2.

The Strength of Expression very often contributes to the Dignity of Thought. The Holy Scriptures are full of Examples of this Kind, as in Maccabees: the Earth kept Silence in his Presence: in the Psalms, The Sea beholds the Lord, and flies before him; in the Revelations, From whose Face the Earth and the Heaven fled away. What Terms can have greater Energy, than kept silence, and flies: Is not the Image equally lively and noble, as is that of David, when he speaks of Mens falling from a High to a Low Condition; I have seen the Wicked lifted up like the Cedars of Lebanon: I came and behold they were not; I fought for them, and their Place was no more found. All that the Poets sing of the Destruction of Troy, Car-
thage and Rome, amounts to that only, the Place where they stood remain'd; but David goes further, the very Place where the Wicked stood in the Height of Fortune was no more found.

The Prophets abound in strong Thoughts, and magnificent Idea's, to Strong Thoughts, which those of Hermogenes, are not to be compar'd. By strong Thoughts Father Bouhours means Thoughts that are Juift, express'd in few Words, and in so lively a Manner, as to have a quick and power-
ful Effect. Such as are those in Tacitus, upon Otho's re-
solving to dye after he had been defeated by Vitellius. That Prince address'd himself to his Friends, who would per-
swade him to try his Fortune in another Battle, Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram, ultra periculis obicere, minus grande viti mea pretium puto: quanto plus spei ofen-
ditis, si vivere placet, tanto pulchrior moris erit. Experti

incisum
The ARTS of

invicem minus ego & Fortuna, Mibi non ultione, neque solitus opus est. Alis diuinus Imperiun sonuerint, nemo tam fortiter reliquerit. "My Life is not of so much "Worth, as to put such Valour as yours again to hazard "for me. The great Hopes you give me, if I wou'd "live, will make Death the more glorious to me. For- "tune and I have try'd one another enough, and I have "no need of Revenge or Consolation. If others have "held the Empire longer than I have done, none ever "quitted it so generously." He ends his Speech as strongly as he began it. Plura de extremis loqui pars ignovis est. Precipium destinatis mee documentum habete, quid ae nomena queror; nam incusare deos vel Hominum ejus est qui vivere velit. "There's a Kind of Cowardice in "talking too much of One's Death. Judge of the Reso- "lution I have taken by this; I complain of no Body. "'Tis for him that wou'd live to accuse the Gods or "Men."

WHAT Germanicus said to his Friends, when he was dying, is very strong. Those that are unknown will also mourn for Germanicus; you who are my Friends, will re- venge my Death, if you are really Friends, and not more attached to my Fortune than my Person. Plebunt Germani- curn eriam ignoti, vindicabitis vos, si me potius quam Fort- tumam mean focebaris. The last Reason given by Mi- tian for Vespasian's deserting the Empire without further Hesitation, has great Strength in it, and is worth all he had said before; Nam quin deliberant, desiderant; these that deliberate are resolved in such an Affair as this, and there are no Measures to be taken afterwards. Of the same kind is the Thought of Galgacus, the brave Britisb King in his Speech to the Britains, before the Battle he had with the Romans, who were then Masters of the best Parts of the Island; Ituri in aciem & majores & Posteros cogitate; Tacit in. Vit. Agr. "The Fight is about to be- gin, Think of your Ancestors, and of your Descen- dants; or, There you see Tribute and Slavery, here Death or Liberty; therefore let us consider the Glory of our Ancestors, and the Fate of our Posterity; as it is in Archdeacon Echard's History. Pere Beastours places the Strength of the Thought in the Simplicity of two Words, Ancestors and Descendants; the Energy is lost by Mr. Ech- ard's extending the Expression.

Henry
Henry IV. of France, said something as strong as this to his Soldiers, before the Battle of Ivry. I am your King, you are French Men, and there's the Enemy. We read in Livy, that Camillus the Dictator had a Saying to the same Purpose. Hostem, an me, an vos; ignoratis? Know ye not who the Enemy is, who I am, and who you are your selves? Great Minds often think alike on the same Occasions, and we are not always to suppose, that such Thoughts are borrow'd from one another when express by Person's of the same heroic Sentiments. They carry Conviction along with them, compel our Judgement, stir our Passions, and leave a Sting behind them in the Soul. The Perto-

rations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the Speeches of Livy and Sallust are full of Examples; as is also Tacitus's History. No Author is richer than he in Masculine and concise Thoughts. We meet with several in Tertullian of the same Character, which are perhaps the stronger for that the Stile is so rough and barbarous. The Saying of Crom-

well to his Soldiers, when he was about to attack the Ene-

my, and heard the Cavaliers cursing and swearing, Come on my Lads, the Day is our own, they blaspheme. The Answer of David Gain, a welsh Captain, to Henry V before the Battle of Agincourt, is of this Kind; he had been sent out to view the French Army, which was very numerous, and the King inquiring of their Numbers, he reply'd gallantly, There are enough to be kill'd, enough to be taken, and enough to run away.

As concise, but much stronger, is the Saying of King William to the last Villiers Duke of Buckingham, who representing to him the Danger Holland was in by the Interruption of the French, and that he must unavoidably see its Ruin if he would not submit to be Sovereign of it by the Gift of France. His Majesty then Prince of Orange, reply'd, I have a Way not to see it, and that is to lay in the last Dyke. To find Lewis XIV compar'd to Cæsar and Alexander is what one might expect from the Advancement of Eloquence in France; and that Monarchs Bounty to Poets and Orators. But neither Alexander nor Cæsar ever express so noble a Sentiment as that of King William. They both of them have had Expressions, which shew'd a Contempt of Death, as setting the Price of Ambition, and the Lust of Power above that of Life; but here his late Majesty despises Death, not for his own Glory, or to gratifie Ambition; he despises Power at
at the same time, and is willing to dye in Defence of the Liberty of his Country. This is true Heroism, and needs no Panegyrick but History. To have been Enemies to such a Prince, must be a comfortable Reflection, for such as were so, both for themselves and their Posterity. 'Twas a short and brave Expression of Admiral Blake, when he was triumphing over the Enemies of England at Sea; his Officers and Seamen would be often inquiring after News, especially about the Changes of the Government at Home; What's that to us, said the gallant Blake, Remember the Fleet is English, and our Enemies are Foreigners. This brave Man dy'd gloriously in the Service of his Country, was honourably bury'd in Westminster Abbey; but after the Restoration, his Corpse was dug up and flung into a Pit in the Church Yard. This ought always to be mention'd, when Blake's Name is in Mention, that Posterity may be ashamed of so inglorious an Action, and be deter'd from imitating it. To return to Pere Bouhous. The Father of the Horatii in Corneilles Tragedy, hearing that the third of his Sons ran away, after the other two had been kill'd by the Curiacii, said to Julia a Roman Lady.

Pleurez, &c.
Weep for the Infamy of all our Race.
Julia. What cou'd he do against Three.
Hor. He could have dy'd.

That Expression, is a lively and affecting Instance of the Roman Generosity. It moves at the same Time that it strikes, in which consists the Strength of a Sentiment, as does this other Passage of Corneille, in Imitation of Seneca. Jason repudiates Medea to marry Creusa, Daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. Medea is enrag'd and threatens to destroy all. She is told, it is not in her Power, that her Husband is unfaithful, and she has nothing left. Yes, Medea is left; she says in Seneca, Medea super est. The French Poet has imitated, and as the learned Jesuit thinks, excell'd the Latin. A Confident of Medea's tells her.

Vosire Pais vouss hait, Vostre Epoux est sans joy;
Dans un si grand Revers que vous resete il!

Medea. Mey, Mey disje, & cest afeez.
Conf. Your Country hates you, your Husband's unfaithful; What's left you in this dreadful Turn.

Med. My Self.
My Self, I say, and that's enough.
There is a great deal of Force and Grandeur in the Expression, and not a little Pride too. That Moy, my self repeated, is proudly said, and puts one in Mind of the Moy of Pascal and his Transcriber. "The Moy is odd, "ous according to Pascal, "is unjust in itself, inasmuch " as it makes it self the Center of all Things. "It is diff-
"tasteful to others, for that it wou'd subject them to it " it self. Every Moy being an Enemy, and would be a "Tyrant to all others," which in plain Speaking, is no more than this; Self-Love cannot be agreeable, because it regards nothing but it self, and would dominieer over every Thing else. The Transcriber refines on his Original, in faying that the confus'd Idea of Moy, is the Principal Object of Men's Love, the Source of their Pleasures, and their Cares. Mr. Walsh, in the Preface we have spoked of to Virgil's Eclogues, touches on this eternal Moy of Pas-
chel; he meets with it inordinately in Love Verses, and thinks it is excus'cable, nay commendable, to talk of one's self in Poems of Gallantry, where indeed self is the Center, and nothing can be done without it. He adds, "Homer " can never be enough admir'd, for this one, so particu-
lar a Quality, that he never speaks of himself either in " the Iliad or Odyssey, and if Horace had never told us " his Genealogy, but left it to the Writer of his Life, per-
haps he had not been a Loser by it. This Considera-
tion might induce those great Criticks, Varus and Tucca, " to raze out the four first Verses of the Aeneis in a great " Measure for the Sake of that unlucky Ille ego." What Cowley says of these Egorisms, is every whit as well said as what we have quoted out of Pascal. It is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to speak of himself; it grates his own Heart, to say any Thing of Disparagement, and the Readers Ears to hear any Thing in Praise of him. The Spectator tells us No. 562 that Montaigne, Author of the Essays, was the most eminent Egotist that ever appear'd in the World; but I believe if we look'd out a little, we cou'd match him in England. My Lord Bacon very often made use of that Figure, as the Port Royal term it in Raillery. But no Man more than Osburn, Author of the 
Advice to a Son, and several Essays. Sir William Temple abounds with it, as do all the Memoir Writers, English or 
French; and indeed a Man would be hard put to it, to write his own Memoirs without having Egorisms in his Writings, notwithstanding what the late Earl of Shaftesbury is pleased
to say in his Characteristicks; "These are the Airs which "a neighbouring Nation give themselves, more particular- "ly in what they call their Memoirs. Their very Essays "on Politicks, their Philosophical and Critical Works, "their Comments upon antient and modern Authors, all "their Treatises are Memoirs; the whole Writing of this "Age, is indeed, a fort of Memoir-Writing. Tho' in the "real Memoirs of the Antients, even what they writ at "any Time concerning themselves, there was neither the "I nor the Thou, throughout the whole Work; so that "all this pretty Amour and Intercourse of Carefses between "the Author and Reader, was thus entirely taken away." Has not his Lordship forgotten the Writings of Cicero, the "most famous and most voluminous of the Clafficks, whose "Works run very much in the first Person, and he takes all "Occasions to do himself Justice, to use the Spectator's Words. He adds, "I confess I am never better pleas'd, than when "he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart, "give a Man a thorough Infight into his personal Chara- "cter, and illustrate several Passages in the History of "his Life. Besides that there is some little Pleasure in "discovering the Infirmity of a great Man, and seeing "how the Opinion he has of himself agrees with what "the World entertains of him." To conclude, what may "be said on this Subject. Here is great Man against great "Man. Brutus blames Cicero for his Egotifms. The Lord "Shaftsbury condemns them, the Spectator in some Cases is "charm'd with them. Pere Bouhous, who censures them, in "the very Book, has hardly a Page without an Egotifm; "and when a Writer of Memoirs, or even Prefaces uses "the Figure without Vanity; when it is done, to speak a ne- "cessary Truth, whether it makes for or against Him; I "don't see why any Man's Delicacy should be offended with "it. Perhaps the only Excufe that can be made for the "Taitlers, Spectators, and Guardians, is that the Persons are "Imaginary; for there are very few Papers without some "favourable Hint of the Authors Capacity and Judgement, "Learning and Honour, Vertue and Merit. Either in the "first, second or third Person. Thus far we have follow'd "Father Bouhous in the greater Way of Thinking, the sub- "lime, the noble, the grand, the strong, and in what follows, "we must descend a little.
Of fine and agreeable Thoughts.

The several Kinds of Thoughts before treated of, not only gain our Fine Thoughts. Belief as they are true, but our Admiration, as they are new and extraordinary. Of a lower Kind are agreeable Thoughts, and fine Thoughts, which surprize and strike us sometimes as much as the noble and sublime, and effect that by Agreeableness, which the others do by Nobleness and Sublimity. A fine Thought taken literally is a noble Thought according to Aristotle, who has declar'd that little Men cannot be beautiful, and that let them be ever so handsome and well shap'd, they are only pretty; however we very often call a pretty Thought, a fine Thought, and confound what's beautiful, with what's pleasing, after Demetrius's Example, who calls those Things beautiful which flatter the Senses or move the Passions.

True it is, sublime Thoughts would please of themselves and yet they may not be call'd agreeable; for Agreeableness is not their Character, nor what is predominant in them. They please, because there is something grand in them with which the Mind is charm'd; whereas agreeable Thoughts may have nothing grand in them; and yet charm by their Agreeableness only; and what makes them charming, are little Images of something soft, tender and delicate. 'Tis in part that molle atque facrem, which Horace applies to Virgil, and which we call pleasan; but the Pleasantery has a Grace with it not to be defin'd, and of more Kinds than one. Those Thoughts that we term agreeable, are not of the Kind wherein that Pleasantery prevails which passes with us for Jest. Jests, 'tis true, have a particular Agreeableness, but are not proper to be admitted into the Works of the Ingenious, which commonly are too serious to suffer any thing that will make one laugh. Dicendi Genus sententiosum & argumentum, sententis non tam gravibus & severis, quam concinnis & venustis. Cic. de Clar. Orat.

As Nobleness of Thought, according to Hermogenes, is deriv'd from the Majest of the Things they image to us; so their Agreeableness, according to Demetrius, is deriv'd from the Nature of the Objects that please of themselves;
themselves; such as Flowers, Light, fine Weather, and whatever flatters the Senses. *Sunt etiam nonnullæ venustati
tes in rebus, ut nymphæi, horti, amores; res enim suæpe
natura hilaritate & juventudis quaedam ornata est.* de Élo.

'Tis this that makes Voiture's Thoughts so pretty, for
no Man ever knew so well as he, how to introduce the
most delicate and smiling Objects of Nature; as for In-
stance, *Vous viendrez icy trouver le printemps,* &c. "You
"will here find the Spring, which you have there left
"behind you; you will here see the Violiers in Blossom,
"after you have there seen the Roses wither. For my
"Part, I wish for that Season impatiently, not to bring
"us Flowers and fine Weather; but because it is to bring
"us you; and I swear if it does not, it will have no
"Charms for me." Nothing can be more soft, more gay.
The Thought which we find in Aristotle's Rhetorick,
*Lib. 3. cap. 10.* is beautiful, and its Beauty of that Kind,
which has more of the agreeable in it, than of the
Grand. *So many brave Youth perish'd in the last Fight,
that the Loss was as considerable to the State, as it would
have been to the Year to have been rob'd of the Spring.*

**Father Bouckours** takes Voiture's Thought to be
every whit as agreeable as that of Pericles.

**Another out of Voiture** speaking of the Princefs
of Conde. "After passing a large Parterre, and great
"Gardens full of Orange Trees, she came to a Wood,
"where Light had not enter'd above a hundred Years,
"till it had Entrance with her." This Thought is pretty,
but is not to be taken according to the Letter, nor the strict
Rules of Verity. The gallant Way of writing has its
Licences, as well as the Poetick, and the Figurative Sig-
nification here may pass for the proper. *Light had not
enter'd the Wood in a hundred Years before: That's the
proper Sense. It had Entrance with her: That's the
Figurative.* Voiture seems to have imitated Martial, who
tells the Emperor Domitian, that tho' it should be Night
when he made his Entry into Rome, yet the People
would not want Light when they saw the Emperor.

Jam Cæsar vel nocte veni; tente atra licebit,
Non decret populo, te veniente, Dies.

**But I think a Lady's bright
Agreeable Thoughts.** Eyes, as in Voiture, forms a much
fairer Day in the Figure, than a

Tyrant
Tyrant in his imperial Car as Martial has it. We see by Voiture’s Thought, that the proper and figurative Sense being mixt forms that Agreeableness we are speaking of, and by this Means, may many a Thought be fav’d upon which the Criticks would otherwise have no Mercy; as for Instance, the Conclusion of the Epigram made on the Duke de Montmorency’s being beheaded over against the Marble Statue of Henry IV. after the most powerful, but unsuccessful Sollicitations for his Pardon, which Lewis XIII Son of Henry deny’d.

Ora patris, nati pectora Marmor erant,

The Father’s Face, and the Son’s Heart were Marble.

The Excellence of an Epigram often consists only in jemy’ng the figurative and proper Senses together, as in that which was made on the Marechal de Bassompierre’s coming out of the Bafile, after the Death of Cardinal Richelieu. The Marechal speaks.

En fin dans l’arriere Saison &c.

At last, tho’ late,
Mine agrees with Armand’s Fate.
I leave my Prison, France; His Soul leaves His.

The Word Prison, as it relates to the Marechal, is in the proper Sense, and in the Figurative; as it relates to the Cardinal. The following Remark is unworthy Pere Bouhons’s Penetration, that the Word France there wants but one Letter to be the Anagram of Bassompierre, whose Name was Francis, which, says he, renders the Epigram the more agreeable, but I think the more trifling, and more like a Pun.

Voiture mingle’s the Figurative and the Proper very agreeably in his Letter to the Count d’Avau. "Say true "My Lord, as fair as the Weather has been with you, "is it not more cloudy at Munster, since Madam "Longueville left you! I am sure at least ’tis fairer and "clearer with us, since she return’d to Paris.” There is a Thought in the Memoirs of Brantome very much like this. On a Report that the Queen of Navarre, Sister to Francis I. was dead at Auvergne, a Courtier cry’d out, it could not be, the Weather having been so fair ever since; and he maintain’d, if the Queen was dead, the Sky would not
not have been so clear. *Voiture* has the Advantage of the Courtier in that his Letter to Monsieur *d'Avauz*, is all in the pleasant Way, and *Branome*’s Courtier’s Subject was too serious to admit of Pleasantry. *Voiture* begins thus, “By what I can see, you Plenipotentiaries divert your selves admirably well at *Minifter*. You have had a “Laugh once in six Month’s Time. You did well to “take hold of the first Occasion, and to make much of “the little Mirth that happen’d. You live there in Clo- “ver up to the Ears in Papers, always reading, writing, “correcting, proposing, conferring, haranguing, consult- “ing ten or twelve Hours a Day, lolling at Eafe in good “Arm Chairs; while we poor Devils here, are forc’d to “ride, to walk, to play, to chat, to fit up and spend a “miserable Life.” This is Raillery, and in such Raillery the Proper and the Figurative may be confounded without giving Offence to Reason or Decency. Nay sometimes this may be done on more serious Occasion, if it be done without Affection, as in *Voiture*’s Letter to *Mademoifelle Paulet*. “We every Day draw near the Country of Me- “lons, Figs, and Muscadines, and are about to combat “in Places, where we can gather no Palms, but what “will be mingled with the Flowers of Orange Trees, and “Pomegranats.” Farther, Comparisons taken from plea- sant and delightful Subjects, form agreeable Thoughts, as those we take from great Subjects, form noble ones. “It appears to me, says *Coftar*, a great Advantage, to be “inclin’d to what is good without Constraint. ’Tis like “a fine Stream that glides gently without Obstruction, “between two flowry Banks; whereas on the contrary, those “that are virtuous, only because Reason bids it, and that “sometimes do better Things than others, are like those “Waterworks where Art does Violence to Nature; they “spout out as high as Heaven, while the Force is upon them, “but on the least Obstacle they flop, and you see no more “of them.” What *Balzac* says of a Rivulet is a pret- ty Thought, “That fine Stream is so in Love with this “Country, that it divides itself into a thousand Branches, “and forms an infinite Number of Isles and Turnings to “enjoy it the more.

In a Letter of Mr. *Walfb*’s to a Lady that ask’d for his Heart, he says, “Tho’ to tell a Man that you will dispose “of his Heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small “Encouragement for him to part with it; yet since you “say
say you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot re-

fuse you such a Trifle upon whatever Terms you demand it.

I have enclos'd it therefore in this Letter, and trusted it

by the Penny Post, least your Generosity should have

made you give a Messenger more for the bringing it

than the Thing itself is really worth.” The proper and

the figurative Sense here make very agreeable Rallery, and

the whole Letter is full of it. “I wish Madam, it were

better for your sake, and can assure you that, were it the

most modish Heart in the World, it should be at your

Service. As it is, If am afraid you will think it very old-

fashion’d, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities,

Confancy, and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom

you intend it, may despise these Things, and think a Heart

of that Sort as ridiculous as a Lover in a Short Cloak,

flash’d Sleeves, pink’d Doublet and trunk Hose. But let

her not be prejudic’d against Things for their first Appear-

ances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner come to
dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by

good Management the Heart may be brought quite off

of its Fidelity and Confancy. You may please to tell

her, that it having been bred up very tenderly till now,

it would be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than

ordinary at first, least it should be apt to run away: She

should encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind

Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint,

let her give but one or two Looks, and it will blaze afresh.

Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, since

it was in the Presence of a certain Lady, it ought not
to be expos’d to the open Air, for Fear of catching

Cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her

Bedchamber, &c.” Never any Author hit Voiture’s
Manner so well in English as Mr. Walsh. We do not seem
in England to understand the very Word Rallery. We
take railing and perhaps scolding to be rallying, tho’ they
are Antipodes to each other. In another Letter to a Lady,
who was going to be marry’d, Mr. Walsh’s speaking of the Bur-

ials to the happy Lover, tells her they were about to put an
End to their Delpair after the old Way on some of the Trees
in the Park. “I said, Continues he, it was contrary to all Pre-

cedent to make use of Elms or Lime-Trees, since the

Willow had then out of Mind been reserv’d for that Use;

and that a Lover, who did not hang himself according

to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They
anwer'd me very furlily, tho' very truly too I must own,
"That it was not my Busines: That it was a very hard
"Case, People might not hang themselves without asking
"my Leave; and as they would not hinder me whenever
"I was going about such a Thing, so they took it very ill
"that I should pretend to hinder them. I must confess,
"Madam, I could say very little in the Case; and you
"may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel
"with People in their Circumstances." I shall only add
one Instance more out of Mr. Wallis's Letters, where the
Raillery is very picquante. 
"Meeting with one of the La-
dies last Night, with whom I am in Love, she began a
"Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shew'd the many In-
"conveniencies that attended the having a Man of Wit in
"that Capacity. I who do not naturally love to dispute
"with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought
"myself no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of Jesus
"or Mahometans,) agreed with her in all she said; when
"she turn'd briskly upon me, and said, For that Rea-
"son a Woman must have a Care of having any Thing to
"do with me. I told her that was acting after the Man-
"ner of some late Judges, to call a Thing Treason with-
"out Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof, &c.'

Besides the Wit and the Raillery in this Thought, there
is a Political Truth which I recommend to the Considera-
tion of Archdeacon Echard, when he revives that Part of
the History of Charles II, where he so highly extolls the
Justice and Integrity of those very Judges. Wereturn now
to Father Boufours.

We need not wonder, why the Eclogues of Theocritus
and Virgil, and the Pastorals of some of the Moderns please
us so much. The Thoughts in them are so agreeable, that
one can never be tired with reading them. We meet with
nothing every where but Flowers, Woods, Rivers, Shades;
and whatever is amiable in a Country-Life, accompany'd
with the Ornaments which the great Masters of Pastoral
Poetry have embellish'd their Poems with. In this Kind
of Writing Hermogenes allows, that Poetry tends chiefly to
please, to amuse and gladden us. He also grants, that
Fiction, or something a little Poetical, renders Thoughts ve-
ry agreeable even in Prose. 

Fabulae in sententiis maxime effe-
rent suavitatem & delectationem in Oratianem, de Formis
Orat. cap. 4. Some are of Opinion, that Voiture had this
Passage of Hermogenes in his Head, when he wrote the
Letter
Letter of the King of Sweden to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, and that of the Carp to the Pike; but Pere Bouhours thinks Voiture learned this Manner of no Body but himself, unless one would say of Voiture with Regard to Hermogenes, what was said of a very great Man with Respect to Tacitus: That he had got him all by Heart without having read him; for having naturally a great Deal of good Sense, and a great Knowledge of the World, he had all Political Maxims in his Head, tho' he had no Tincture of Letters. We have in English Authors as great Variety of fine and agreeable Thoughts as there are in any others antient or modern. Milton's Description of Paradise before mention'd, is exquisitely fine.

A Wildernes of Streets.
Wild above Rule or Art, enornms Bliss.

So is this of Eden:

And higher than that Wall, a circling Row
Of goodliest Trees, loaden with fairest Fruit;
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue
Appear'd with gay enameld Colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Row
When God bath shower'd the Earth; So lovely seem'd
The Landship: And of pure, now purer Air
Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
All Sadness but Despair: now gentle Gales
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whispr' whence they stole
Their balmy Spoils,

Again, after a very fine Description of Paradise, he adds,

Thus was the Place
A happy rural Seat of various View;
Groves, whose rich Trees sweet odorous Gums and Balm.
Bewixt them Laxens, or level Downs and Flocks
Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd,
Or palm'y Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store
Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn, the Rose:
Another Side unbrageous Grets and Caves
Of cool Rece's, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps,
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring Waters fall
Down the slope Hills, dispers'd, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
Her chrysal Mirror holds, unite their Streams.
The Birds their Quire apply, AIRS, vernal AIRS,
Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling Leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours in Dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.

Is not this Imagination of Mr. Addison's both fine and agreeable?

Bear me some God to Baja's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's Green Retreats;
Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.
Where Western Gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride:
Blossoms and Fruits, and Flowers together rise,
And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies.

How moving, and yet how agreeable is this Soliloquy of Eve, in Paradise Lost, Book II. lamenting her Expulsion:

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native Soul, these happy Walks and Shades,
Fit Haunt of Gods?

Oh, Flowers,
That never wish in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation, and my last
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand,
From the first op'ning Bud, and gave ye Names.
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and Water from th' Ambrosial Fount?

Dryden has stolen, and spoil'd this in his State of Innocence:

Farewell, ye Flowers, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the careful Sun did rear,
Who now shall bind your Stems? or when you fall,
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?

'Tis not upon this Occasion, but on several others, that after I have been reading Milton's majestick Poem,
when I turn to Dryden, I fall as from a Precipice, and cannot soon recover my self. Father Boucours observes, that ingenious Fictions have as good an Effect, sometimes in Prose, as in Verse. They present so many diverting Objects to the Mind, that they cannot fail of pleasing Persons of Understanding. There are two Kinds of them, the one are the more extended, and form an entire Piece, such are the Letters of the Carp, and the King of Sweden; to which we may add, the Dialogues of the Dead; that of Love and Friendship; the Metamorphosis of Oeuvres; Parnassius Reform'd; the Authors War; The Louis L'Or; These little Treatises are very witty and agreeable. The Tatlers and Spectators are the best Things of this Kind in the English Tongue. There are many ingenious Fictions in them, which may be compar'd with the best in the French Language. The other Sort of Fictions are short, and sometimes are contain'd in a single Thought only. Thus Pliny the Younger advising Cornelius Tacitus to study even when he was a hunting, says, that the Exercise of the Body keeps the Soul awake; that Woods, Solitude, and the Silence that is kept in certain Chaces are a good Help to right Thinking; and in short, that if he carries a Pocket-Book about with him to write his Thoughts down, he will find Minerva dwells in the Woods and on the Hills, as well as Diana; Mirum est ut animus agitatione motus; corporis excitetur; jam undique Sydræ & Solitudo, ipsumq; illud silentium quod venationi datur, magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt. Experieris non Dianam magis montibus quam Minervam inerrare. Lib. I. Ep. 3. Here's a little Fiction in five Words. Pliny had said before that he was once at the Death of three wild Boars, and fate himself down near the Place where they were caught, with his Pocket-Book in his Hand, musing and writing what came into his Mind, that if he had got no Game, he might not have return'd quite empty. He would have carry'd home something in his Pocket-Book. Ad retia sedebam: erant in proximo non venabulum aut lancea, sed stylus & pugillares. Meditabam aliquid, enota- bamque, ut si manus vacus, plenas tamen ceras repertarem. That Thought is pretty enough; but that of Minerva's haunting the Woods like Diana is more agreeable. What Varro says of Plautus is a Fiction something like this. 'Tis mention'd by Quintilian, Licet Varro dicat musas Plautino sermonis locuturas suisse si latine loquiss velitent. If the Muses would talk Latin, it would be like Plautus. The Thought
Thought is fine, but every one has a Pretence to it. Cicero and Valerius Maximus say, If Jupiter would talk Greek, it would be in the Language of Plato. It was said by another, that the Muses spoke with the Mouth of Xenophon. According to Pliny the Younger, one of his Friends wrote Letters in so elegant and so pure a Stile, that whoever read them would believe the Muses themselves talk'd Latin. Epistolae quidem scribit ut musas ipsas latine lucider credas. 'Twas said of a Lady of the French Court, If the Graces would talk, it would be with her Mouth. We may add to this, what Le Temsi feign'd on the Death of Lopez de Vega; and he is the Horace of the Italians, as Tasso is their Virgil. The Poet demands, whither the Spanish Swan is fled? The Answer is, Apollo has call'd him to himself, that he might not sing alone on Parnassus.

Forse piacque ad Apollo a se chiamarlo
Per non esser in Pindo a cantar solo.

He adds, that since Lopez's Death Apollo has play'd nothing but Spanish Airs on his Lyre, and that the Eloquence of the Castilian Poet has caus'd a Change in the Language of Parnassus.

Ne più di greci accenti
O di Latini, e Toschi il bionde Arciero
Tempre le corde dell aurata cetra:
Sol d'Ispani concenti
Rimbonban Pindo e Cerra: e in suono
Ibero Volano arguti carmi a ferir l'etra,
Tanto puo, tanto Impetra
La facundia di Lope: Ei sol fu degno
Di mutar lingua alli Appollino regno.

These single Figures borrow'd from Poetry very much enliven Prose. The elder Pliny, who, according to Voiture, is much preferable to the Younger, speaking of the Roman Dictators, who, after having commanded Armies, and obtain'd Victories, till'd their Lands, and held themselves the Plough, says; the Land rejoiced to be cultivated by victorious Labourers, and turn'd up by a Plough-share charg'd with Laurels, Guidante terra somere laureato, et triumphali Aratore. He says elsewhere, that the Houses where the Statues of Heroes of a noble Race were plac'd in Order, did smell of their Triumphs, tho' they hadchang'd Masters; and that the very Walls reproach'd a Poltroon who
who inhabited them; that he daily enter’d a Place that was consecrated by the Monuments of another’s Virtue and Glory, \textit{Triumphabant etiam, dominis mutatis, ipsae domus;} & erat haec stimulatio ings, exprobrantibus teetis, quotidie imbellins dominum intrare in alienum triumphum. Tho’ the Lands Rejoycing, and the Houses Reproaching, have something lively and fine in Imagination, which pleases the Mind; yet a Metaphor that marks the Action gives it as much Pleasure. The same \textit{Dinny} left quoted, to express the Use that’s made of Arrows says, \textit{We have given Death Iron Wings, to make him come to us the faster, Ut ocyns Mors perveniret ad hominem alitem illam fecimus, pennasque ferro delimus.} Is there not as much Life and Agreeableness in this Thought as in that of \textit{Horace}, of the Cares that hover over golden Roofs?

\begin{align*}
\text{Non enim Gaza, neque consularis} \\
\text{Summovet lictor miseros tumultus} \\
\text{Mentis & curas laqueata circum} \\
\text{Teeta volantes}
\end{align*}

Thus translated by \textit{Otway}:

\begin{align*}
\text{Since Wealth and Power too weak we find} \\
\text{To quell the Tumults of the Mind;} \\
\text{Or from the Monarch’s Roofs of State,} \\
\text{Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.} \\
\text{Happy the Man, &c.}
\end{align*}

\textit{Malherb’s Thought}, which we have apply’d to our \textit{English Kings} as he did to the \textit{French}, seems to be taken from this:

\begin{align*}
\text{Nor can the Guards that wait} \\
\text{At Whitehall Gate} \\
\text{From Death defend our Kings.}
\end{align*}

The Metaphor is, ’tis true, a Magazine of Charms; and there is nothing perhaps which flatters the Mind more than an Object under a foreign Representation. We love, as \textit{Aristotle} observes, to see one Thing in another, and that which would not strike of itself, nor with an open Look, surprises in a borrow’d Dress, and with a Mask on. Thus of a simple and common Proposition as this, \textit{The Daughters of France do not succeed to the Crown}, one makes a witty and agreeable Thought, by saying as ’tis said in the Gospel, \textit{The Lillies don’t spin}; or as in the Fable, \textit{a Distaff don’t become the Gallick Hercules}. Sometimes a Thought that’s
that's entirely simple and pure, has the same Effect without the Help of Metaphor. Catullus, to give an Idea of a Lady of a fine Air, Shape and great Beauty, tells us, she had robb'd all Women of their Charms that had any.

Omnibus una omnes surripuit Veneres.

Has not Voiture robb'd Catullus in his Vision of Madamefelle de Bourbon, where he imagines very extraordinary Robberies, to exalt the Merit of that Princess? "As I " have been painting her, you will have Reason to think " she's a Beauty very different from Queen Epicharis; but " if she is not that Egyptian Queen, she is perhaps every " whit as great a Robber. While she was yet an Infant, " she stole Whitenefs from Snow, and Luftre and Purity " from Pearls. She took from the Stars their Beauty and their Light; and there's hardly a Day passes still " but she steals a Ray from the Sun, and does it in Sight " of all the World. Finally, in an Assembly at Court, " she took away Grace and Brightness from all the " Ladies there, and all the Diamonds with which " they were adorn'd. Nay, she did not spare the Jewels " of the Crown that was upon the Queen's Head, but " stole from it whatever was most brilliant and most fair."

This is pleasantly imagin'd, and the Air of Gayety in which it is spoken, excuses what there is in it that seems to be false and in Excess; for, according to Bouhours it was true, in the Main, that Madamefelle de Bourbon excelle'd all the Ladies of the Court in Beauty. And the Robberies she is charg'd with are an ingenious Turn given the Thought to express it the more agreeably. My Lord Lansdown express'd himself finely and agreeably in his Poem call'd the Progress of Beauty.

But see in bright Array,
What Hosts of heavenly Light recruit the Day;
Love in a shining Galaxy appears
Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the Stars.

Ingenious and agreeable is a Saying of the young Dutchess of Bourbon's Discretion and Wit, by a French Poet.

Vous n'aviez pas encor dix Ans
Que votre Esprit avoit trente.
When you were but ten Years old,
Your Wit was thirty.

Marot,
Marot, speaking of a Lady in the Court of Francis I. has the same Thought.

Dixhuit Ans je vous donne
Belle & bonne:
Mais a votre sens ralis
Trente-cinq ou trente six,
J'en ordonne.

Your Age, according to my Guest,
Is eighteen Years, nor more nor less;
But so mature's your Wit,
More Tears to that I must admit.
Its Age to twice the Number five,
As thirty-five or thirty-six.

The different Numbers oppos'd to one another make the Turn alike pretty and agreeable. The latter generally comes from Opposition, especially in Thoughts that have a double Sense like two Faces. This Figure which seems to deny that it asserts and contradicts itself, in Appearance, is very elegant. We meet with many fine Examples of it in the Antients. Sophocles says, the Gifts of Enemies are not Gifts; and an unnatural Mother is no Mother. Seneca, That a great Fortune is a great Servitude. Magna Servitus est magna Fortuna. And Tacitus, That Men sometimes do very little Actions to make themselves great, and behave themselves servilely that they may reign; omnia serviliter pro dominatione. Horace speaks of a foolish Wisdom, a busy Lazinefs, and a discording Concord. Modern Authors are full of Instances of the like Nature as this: "Kings are Slaves upon the Throne; the "Body and Soul are two Enemies that cannot leave one "another, and two Friends that can't endure each other."

Voiture will have it that the Secret to preserve Health and Gayety, is to have the Body in Motion, and the Mind at Rest. He says of a Man of Quality and Wir, with whom he corresponded, I am never so proud as when I receive your Letters, nor so humble as when I would answer them. A Spanish Poet had this Expression on the Death of a Queen of Spain:

Viva no pudo ser mas:
Muerta nu pudo ser menos.
Living, she cou'd not greater be,
And dead, she can't be less.

All
The Arts of All the Beauty is in the Opposition. The Thought is otherwise common enough. The Opposition surpriseth us, and sets the Mind at Work to reconcile the Opposites which gives the Pleasure, which we find in an agreeable Thought. Marot concludes his Epitaph on Madam de Chateau-Briant, with something like it.

Sous ce toinbeau gilt Françoise de Foix,
De qui tout bien tout chacun souldt dire
Et le disant onc une seule fois,
Ne s’avança d’y vouloir contredire :
De grand Beauté, de Grace qui attire,
De bon éclair, d’Intelligence prompte,
De biens, d’honneur, & mieux que ne raconte;
Dieu Eternel richement l’ètoffè,
O viateur, pour t’abréger le Conte,
Cy gist un rien la où tout triompha.

Frances de Foix lies underneath this Stone,
Well spoken of by ev’ry one,
Her Beauty and her charming Air,
Learning and Wit without Compare,
Wealth, Honour, all that Heaven bestow’d
Upon her that was great and good,
Lies here, or here to end my Tale,
A nothing lies that triumph’d over all.

The Epitaph of James Trivulci bury’d at Milan, owes all its Beauty to Opposition and Brevity,

Hic quiescit qui nunquam quievit.
He who never rested, now here rests.

This Warriour is much spoken of in the History of Italy. He dy’d at fourscore Years old, and Brantome tells us that just before he departed, he would have his naked Sword put into his Hand, because he had heard that the Devil was afraid of a drawn Sword; upon which Pere Boubours says very gravely, He had better have held a Cross or a consecrated Candle in his Hand. One can hardly tell which is most silly, the Action or the Reflection upon it. Trivulci’s Thinking to scare the Devil with a naked Sword, or the Jesuit’s reproving him for not taking a consecrated Candle in the Place of it. An English Warrior Syward Earl of Northumberland before the Conquest, perceiving his
his Death to approach, cry'd out, How ashamed am I that I should not dye gloriously in so many Battles, but to be thus refer'd to the ignominious Death of Beasts. Arm me with my impenetrable Corset, gird me with my faithful Sword, and set my Helmet upon my Head, give me in my Left Hand my large Buckler, and in my Right my gilded Scimiter, that being a valiant Soldier like a Soldier I may dye. He did not think of frightening the Devil with his Scimiter. He would only be found in a Posture after Death worthy his great Character when living. As is said of Lucretia, whose Heroism consisted in Chastity as Earl Syward's did in his Courage, and she was desirous to be found after her Death in a Posture becoming her Character, as Earl Syward was.

Tunc quoque jam moriens, ne non procumbet honestus
Aspicit, hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.

_Dying she at her Death took Care to lyе_
_So decent as to draw no wanton Eye._

I must own I am pleas'd when I meet with any Instance of sublime or fine Thoughts in foreigners, that we can't parallel in our own Tongue; for without Partiality the Advantage is almost always on our Side, as in this Example of Trivulci and Earl Syward.

Pere Bouhors is very fond of picking his fine Thoughts out of Speeches or Verses upon Lewis the Fourtenth. We must consider he wrote at a Time, when that King was in the Zenith of his Glory, and when both he and his Subjects believe'd it would be as immortal as his Motto. The Jesuit thinks this Verse upon him worth a whole Panegyrick.

_Pace beat, totum bello qui terruit orbem._

He adds, the French Tongue has not Words to express it in its full Beauty. _Celui qui a fait trembler le Monde par ses Arms le rend heureux par la Paix._ Why may it not bear this Version?

_With Peace he flatters whom he plagu'd with War._

We have such an Idea of that Prince's breaking of Treaties, of making War by Surprize, and Peace by Policy, that these Things seem Jell's to us, which are the Admiration of the French, and it is no Wonder that their Poets
Poets had so many sublime grand and fine Thoughts on the Subject, if it be true what Mr. Waller said to King Charles II. as we read in the Menagiana. That Prince upbraided the Poet for writing so well upon Cromwell, and so poorly on himself. Mr. Waller reply'd, We Poets, Sir, succeed alwaies better in Fiction than in Truth. We may venture upon a little more of Father Bouron's Panegyrick on Louis le Grand;

Plus pacasse orbem, quam domusse suit.

There is more Glory in giving Peace to the World, than in conq'ring it, which does not please one so much as the former Verse, where there is the Opposition, Peace & Bello, the Peace and the War. The latter Thought may be the stronger, but the former is more agreeable. On the Castle of Verfailles was put a Globe, where the Arts were painted, and Poetry speaks for them with her usual Modefty.

Fingere cur libeat? dum te cano, Maxime Regum,
Fabula narrari creditur, historia est.

What need we feign your mighty Deeds to sing,
'Tis History and not Fable, of the King.

Fable and History oppos'd to one another, make the Thoughts fine.

Pliny the Younger speaking of the Dacian War, which a Friend of his was about writing, says, Qua tam Poetica, & quanquam in verissimis rebus tam fabulosa materia? How poetical is the Subject, and what can look more like Fable, tho' all the Events be most true?

Antitheses. Nothing pleases more than Antitheses well manag'd in the Writings of the Ingenious. The Effect is much the same as that of Light and Shades in a Picture, where the Painter places them with Art, or rather like Treble and Tenour-Voices in Music, when happily mingled by an able Musician. However a Thought may be agreeable without this Brilliant in it, without playing upon Words, or giving Turns to it by Expression. Naiveté only will serve instead of any other Charm.

I shall have Occasion to make use of the Naiveté. Word Naiveté so often, that I have presum'd to naturalize it, notwithstanding it gave Offence to a famous Author, Dr. Drake, in the Reign of King William. I desire every Critick to offer a bet-
ter Word before he censures this. There is something more understood by Naif than Natural or Simple, Terms made use of at the same time to signify something less than the Word Naif. Pere Boukours writes of it in this Manner. Naivity consists in I know not what simple and ingenuous Air, which has in it something witty and reasonable, such as is that of a Child that has Wit, or of a Villager of good Sense. The greatest Part of the Epigrams of the Anthologia are of this Kind. If there is nothing in them that's picquant, there is something that tickles, and without having the Salt of Martial, there are few of them insipid. But some there are, as those that were translated and read to Mons. Racan, which he thought so bad and so flat, that dining at a Prince's Table, where a Soup was brought which had too much Water in it, he whisper'd to a Friend, who had seen those Epigrams, A Greek Soup, if there ever was one. The Epigrams in the Anthologia, which are distinguishing'd by their Naivety, are those on Myron's Cow, and such like Subjects, which as simple as they are, must be allow'd to be also ingenious.

Why low'st thou little Cow?
Art has not given me Milk.

Another.
Thou strikest me, Shepherd, to make me go,
Art has deceived thee;
I had not my Life from Myron.

Petit Veau pourquoi meugles-tu?
L'Art ne m'a point donné de lait.

Another.
Pasteur tu me frappez pour me faire marcher,
L'Art t'a bien trompé, Myron ne m'a pas animé.

I give Father Boukours's Version from the Greek, that he may answer for it if the Thought is evaporated; for I can make very little Sense of it; and if to be naif was to think and speak like the Greek Shepherd here, the Naivety or Simplicity would be like that of a Simpleton, as we term it in English very near Idiotism. The following are on the Statues of the Gods and Goddesses: Or Jupiter came down from Heaven to show himself to Phidias, or Phidias went thither to see Jupiter. Pallas and Juno looking on a Statute
tue of Vénus, say, We were in the Wrong to condemn the Judgement of Paris.

On the Image of Cupid in Chains, and bound to a Pillar: Little Child, who has ty'd your Hands? Do not weep, you who take Delight in making young People weep. The Authors of these Epigrams had a Genius somewhat like that of those Painters, whose Excellence lies in certain delicate Naiveties, such as Corregio's Pieces, whose Pictures of Children have a Delicacy that is extremely affecting. Something so enfantin that Art seems to be Nature herself, according to Longinus's Rule: Tunc perfecta art cum naturam ita exprimit, ut Natura ipsa videatur. Longinus. Art is never in so high a Degree of Perfection, as when it so nearly resembles Nature as to be taken for it. And on the contrary, Nature never succeeds better, than when the Art is hidden, Cap. 18. I have elsewhere condemn'd the Affestation of French Words, when we have English ones that will express the Things to be spoken of as well. I have us'd Naivety, because we have not a single Word to express it, and enfantin for childish, because enfantin does not signify entirely what Childish signifies in English. Enfantin means that Air which is natural to Children, and distinguishes them from all other Ages. Childish in English is the Corruption of that natural Air, some silly and apish Affestation. Boileau in his Epistle to the Marquis de Seignelai:

Nature by Study and by Art is spoil'd,
While every Thing is charming in a Child.

Shou'd I have made use of the Word Simplicity instead of Naivety, what a Conception cou'd the Reader have had of it, after having read this in Mr. Pope's Notes on his Homer? Simplicity is our Word of Disguise for a shameful unpoetical Neglect of Expression; by which he assures us, that we do not know what the Simple in Style is, and by which he more certainly seems not to know it himself: For Simplicity is some of the Perfection of Thought and Expression. Nay in the Sublime that noted Passage in Scripture,

Let there be Light, and there was Light;

is render'd the more sublime by its being simple, as Pere Boulbours informs us p. 128. Ce Trait si simple en apparence, &c. This Passage so simple in Appearance, and with Re-
Speech to the Terms only, gives one a magnificent Idea of the Power of God. Instead of Passage, if I had said Trait; and speaking of the enchanting Air above mention'd, if I had said Riant instead of Smiling, for a Characteristical of it, 'twould be no more than Mr. Pope has done in the same Notes. But I think what follows has no Parallel, in any Tongue, for a Babel of Languages: Nothing is more lively and picturesque, than the Attitude Patroclus is here describ'd in. The Pathetic of the Speech is finely contrasted by the Fierceness of that of Achilles. Notes on Homer. Which in plain English is, Nothing is more lively and picturesque than the Posture Patroclus is here describ'd in. The Tenderness of this Speech, being a fine Opposition to the Fierceness of that of Achilles. I hope after this I shall find Mercy for having us'd the Word Naïveté, and that no Body will condemn me for it before they have found out a better. Father Boukours tells us, that among the Latins, Ovid and Catullus are Originals for this Naïveté of Thought. The Metamorphoses, the Fasti, and de Tristibus, are full of Examples, the Number so great that one can't enter upon them. What Catullus says of a Perfume, is agreeable for its Naïveté only,

Quid tu cum olfactis,
Deos rogabis totum ut te faciant,
Fabulle, nasum.

When you smell it, you will pray the Gods
To be all Nose.

Totum Fabulle Nasum in Latin, is not so burlesque as to be all Nose in English. The Nose in England being so often bloated by Intemperance, and disfigur'd by Disease, that we cannot think of being all Nose without Grimace.

A French Madrigal on the Praise of a Man of Merit, is very pretty for the same Quality.

Élevé dans le vertu,
Et malheureux avec elle,
Je disois, A quoi sers-tu,
Pauvre & Sterile Vertu? &c.

Bred up in Virtue,
And with Virtue wretched;
Of what Use art Thou, I cry'd,
Poor and barren Virtue?

L 2
Thy Integrity, thy Zeal
Cast up all, and make Abatements,
Are not worth a Rush.
But hold, we’re out since great Pomponne
Is highly honour’d and advance’d,
She must be good for something.

Of the same Kind is this Epitaph of Scarron, made by Madam Maintenon’s first Husband.

Cy gift qui fut de belle Taille, &c.
Here lies a Man who was well shap’d,
Could dance, could sing, and could with Ease
Make Verses, and when made, repeat them.
He had some Pretence to Ancestry;
Among them Warriors might be reckon’d;
He could talk well of War, of Stars,
And of this Globe of Earth, of Law
Civil and Canon could he talk.
By their Causes and Effects,
Enough he knew of many Things:
Was he an honest Man? Ah no!

The Poet that was most noted in France for Naivety of Thought in his Verses, was the Chevalier de Cailly, who publish’d his Poems under the disguis’d Name of the Chevalier de Accilly; he call’d them Petites Poëties, small Poems. The Author was a Man of Wit, Simplicity and Candour. A certain Scholar, had made the Word Alfana, to come from Equus, a Horse, on which he wrote:

Alfana vient d’Equus fans doute,
Mais il faut avouer aussi
Qu’en venant dela jusqu’icy
Il a bien changé sur la Route.

Alfana, doubtless comes from Equus,
But it must also be allow’d,
That coming thence so far as this,
He oft has chang’d upon the Road.

In other Verses of his he shews his Disinterestedness with much Naivety.

Quand je vous donne ou Vers ou profe,
Grand Ministre, je le sceay bien,
Je ne vous donne pas grand chose:
Mais je ne vous demande Rien.

When
When I give you Verse or Prose,
Great Minister, I know full well,
'Tis no great Matter that I give;
But then, I ask you nothing for't.

Maynard is not so naive, nor so generous, in his Epigram on Richelieu's leaving him unrewarded.

Armand l'Age afoiblit mes Yeux, &c.
Armand, my Eyes with Age grow dim,
The Blood within my Veins is cold,
Soon on the Borders of the Stygian Lake
I shall my Ancestors behold.

I there shall be among the Train
Of the mighty King of France,*
Father of Learning, tho' his Reign
Was the dark Age of Ignorance.

When I approach him, he'll demand
What you have done to humble Spain:
This by your Life he'll understand,
And ne'er for Pavia grieve again.

But should he ask me, what Employ
You gave me, what Reward I did receive?
Since I did neither this nor that enjoy,
What Answer shall I give?

Cardinal Richelieu wrote under Rien, nothing. Upon which, the poor Poet went and wrote these Verses, to be put over his Closet Door.

Las d'Esperer, &c.

Weary of waiting and complaining
Of the Great, the Age, and Fate;
Here, the Time that is remaining,
I for Death will only wait.

I'll attend his coming here,
Nor will wish it, nor will fear.

I believe these Verses would serve for more Closet Doors than one; As Richelieu's Answer, Rien Nothing, will serve for more Ministers than one. But the important Cares of the State, and the more important Cares of their own Fortune, may well be supposed to suspend sometimes their Generosity, and even Gratitude, and to make them very easy under a poor Author's Resentment.

Francis, I.

Of
Of all the Poetry in the French Tongue, nothing has more Naivety in it, in Pere Bouuours's Opinion, than this of Gambaud.

Colas est mort de Maladie;
Tu veux que j'en pleure le Sort:
Que diable veux tu que j'en die?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.
Colas did of Sickness dye.
What then? Why, mourn for him, you cry.
Mourn, Sir, what more is to be said?
Colas liv'd -- Colas is dead.

Some will say that as naif as these Thoughts are, there is somewhat of Antithesis in them.

'Is is no Great Matter that I give,
But then I ask you nothing for't.
Colas liv'd, Colas is dead.

Give, ask, liv'd, dead are a Kind of playing with the Words, which enlivens the Thought a little. Indeed Naivety is not an entire Enemy to some Sort of Antitheses, which, as Hermogenes teaches, are not without Simplicity, and please the more, the more simple they are, Naivety hates only those Antitheses that are too brilliant and playful. Simplicia habent etiam flum acumen, suas Argutias. Simple Thoughts have a Sharpness, and an Edge. Simplicity as it is represented to us in the Translator's Notes upon Homer, is a meer Slattern; but according to Hermogenes, she is a Belle, if not a Coquet. We can justify the Metaphor, by the Saying of as great a Critick, if possible, as the Author of the Essay, I mean Quintilian. lib. 8. c. 3. Ipsa & simplex & inattentata habeat quemdam purum qualis etiam in feminis amatur Ornatum. Simplicity delights in unaffected Ornament, as Women delight in Dress.

A Thought may please, tho' the Subject is sorrowful, as well as it does when it is pleasant. We have met with agreeable Images, even upon Death, Storms, Battels. The Pictures of wild Beasts, instead of being frightful, are charming, if well represented and well painted; as this of the Boar by Sir Richard Blackmore.

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r
Of hissing Spears, against some mighty Boar;
The grisy Beast, provok'd with evry Wound,
Rages, and casts his threatening Looks around:
High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,
And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:
He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,
And brandishing his Fangs, invites the War.

These are the Verses of a Poet whom Dryden speaks of so contemptibly in the Preface to his Fables. Not that I think it worth my Time to enter the Lists with one R — Let me think what I will of Dryden's Imagination and Verfication, I may venture to say, he has not in all his Works an Image so great, so lively, and so well painted as that. There is the Dulcimamente feroci of the Italians. The sweetly Fierce that makes even Terror agreeable, as we shall see presently. But I cannot part with Mr. Dryden, before I set a terrible Image of his in the same Light with Sir Richard Blackmore.

Then, as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A game'some Goat, who frisks about the Folds;
Or beamy Stag that grazes on the Plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane;
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchees'd Morsels, while he churns the Gore:

It is translated from Virgil. However the Mouth running o'er, the unchees'd Morsels, and the churning the Gore, have not the agreeable with the Naif. 'Tis like a Picture of Aëtes, with his Bowels about his Heels, which I have seen finely painted in an Italian Original, and cou'd not keep my Eyes long upon it. Yet nothing is more certain than that terrible Objects may by good Painters be made pleasing. So may the most pitiful ones, such as Jane Shore in her Beggary.

One perishing for Want,
Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Days,
And humbly asks for Charity's dear Sake,
A Draught of Water and a little Bread.

Alas, I ne'er wrong'd you,
Oh! Then be good to me, have Pity on me.
Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
And may'st Thou never know it. Oh! beslow
Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table;
A Morsel to support my famish'd Soul.

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And
And this of Jaffeur in Venice preserv'd.

Oh! We must change the Scene,
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted;
The Poor Sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our Labours, late and early every Morning:
Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Oh, Belvidera!
Want, Worldly Want, that hungry Meagre Fiend
Is at our Heels, and chases us in View.
Can'st Thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Grips of smarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the bleak Winds, whistle about our Heads;
Wilt thou then talk to Me thus?
Thus rush my Cares, and shelter me with Love?

I cannot say, but I am more mov'd with Otway's Sentiments, than with Rowe's; perhaps it is because the Misery is heighten'd by being mixt with Love. But the Lamentings in both are extreamly natural. The Conceptions are good, and well express'd; and according to Aristotle's Doctrine, whatever is well imitated will be agreeable, tho' it should have something frightful in it; Tout ce que sera imité parfaitement, sera agréable, quand meme ce feroit quelque chose d'affreux: a very just and natural Observation, so natural that I had observ'd the same Thing in the Essay on Criticism, where I took Notice of Monsieur Voltaire's Reflection on Milton, for drawing the Picture of Sin and Death too hideous; and of his expecting Delicacy, where nothing could reasonably be expected but Horrour and Destratation. The Pleasure we take in a fine Imitation does not come immediately from the Object, but from the Reflection of the Mind that there is nothing more resembling the Novelty of which touches and pleases. 'Tis finely, said by the Author of the Characters of the Passions, in his Dedication to the Chancellor of France; Que les Désordres, &c. "That the Disorders and "Vices which he puts under his Protection, are not of the "Nature of those that fear the Severity of the Laws; that "they are only Images and Figures, which may be re- "ceiv'd like those of Monsters and Tyrants, and ought "not to be less agreeable to such as see them, than the "Pour-
"Pourtraits of the Vanquish'd are wont to be to the Victors." It is every Way a very beautiful and agreeable Thought. We all know that sorrowful Objects and Thoughts might please; but without Aristotle, we had not known the Reason of it; nor why the de Tristibus of Ovid, and the Dramatick Poem, Antient and modern, entertain us at the same Time that they force Tears from us. Thus the most sad and doleful Passages in Virgil give Pleasure to the Reader. The Death of Dido has a particular Charm, and there is something very agreeable in the Image of that miserable Queen, bath'd in Tears, with a deadly Palingen in her Cheeks, when she mounts her funeral Pile, and draws the Sword with which she designs to kill her self.

Non hos quaestitum munus in usus.

Unsheath'd the Sword the Trojan left behind,
Not for so dire an Enterprize design'd. Dryd.

When she's about to strike the fatal Stroak, She bursts out asrefh into a Flood of Tears, at the Sight of the Presents which her dear faithless Trojan had given her.

Dulces Exuviae dum fata Deusque sinebant.

But when she view'd the Garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious Bed;
She paus'd, and with a Sigh the Robes embrac'd,
Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heaven so pleas'd.

When after having declar'd with a Sigh, She should have been happy, had the Trojan Fleet never come on the Coast of Carthage; She breaks out in a Fury.

Moriemur insultæ?

And must I dye, said she, and unreveng'd? Dryd.

How much better is Segrais.

Mourir sans Venger!

Then a Return of Love, mixes with her Rage and Grief.

Sed moriamur ait, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

And unreveng'd, 'tis doubly to be dead. Dryd.

How comes in that double dying there? Dryden has many of these Refinements on Virgil, and whenever he adds to him, he always spoils him.
Yet even this Death with Pleasure I receive,
On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.

Segrais,
Mourir sans se vanger! Mourons, Mourons! dit elle,
Portons mon triste Amour dans le Nuit éternelle.

Dryden.
Hauriat hunc Oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, & noftræ fecum ferat Omina Mortis.

These Flames from far may the false Trojan view;
These boding Omens his base Flight pursue.

The Passions here are finely painted. Nothing can be more
natural and moving, which makes the Agreeable Pere
Bouheurs is speaking of. We must look into the Original for this fine painting. It is lost in Dryden's Version.
There's another Portrait more in Miniature, but almost as
mournful and agreeable as this. 'Tis Virgil's Description of the Lovers whom he saw at his Defect into Hell.
The Poet places them in Fields water'd with Tears, call'd the weeping Country.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, & Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit, curæ non ipfa in morte relinquunt. Æn. 6.

Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude and Myrtle Shades,
Make endless Moan, and pineing with Desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire. Dryd.

Father Bouheurs translates it thus, Lieux arrosés de Larmes, & qui se nomment LesCampagnes pleurantes, &c. The weeping Fields; and Segrais does the same.

Les fériles Champs nommez les Champs de Larmes.

Which is not in Dryden, nor a Word of the last Line;
Curæ non ipfa in morte relinquunt.

Their Cares in Death it self, do not forsake them.

Dryden renders Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire, which is poor enough compar'd with the Original or with Segrais's Version.

La Mort ne finit point leur profonde tristeïle.
It is very plain, that Dryden all along minded the Verification more than the Sense of the Original, and provid-
ed the Numbers were smooth, and the Thought intelligible, he did not care whether it were Virgil's or his own.

Virgil, says Father Boukeurs, always thinks agreeably: so does Homer, who as the Learned says, is the Father of the Graces. *Ille elegantiarum omnium pater Homerus.* And Boileau improves it in his Art of Poetry.

On dirait que pour plaire, influé par la Nature,
Homer ait à Venus derobé sa Ceinture :
Son Livre est d'agremens un fertile tresor,
Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en Or.
Tout reçoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace,
Par tout il divertit, et jamais il ne lasse.
*Tis said that Homer, matchless in his Art,
Stole Venus Girdle to engage the Heart.
His Works indeed vast Treasures do unfold,
And whatever he touches turns to Gold.
All in his Hand, new Beauty does acquire,
He always please and can never tire.

There is another Kind of Thought which is delicate as well as agreeable; or rather, 'tis Delicacy. only agreeable, only beautiful, because it is delicate.

This Delicacy is very little understood, even by those that often make use of the Term. Few People have a clear Notion of it: Yet every one will allow, that there are good Witts, as well as good Painters, who have not Delicacy in their Productions. 'Tis said of Rubens, that his Paintings have more of the Flemish Genius, than of antique Beauty. And tho' there are Vivacity and Grandeur in his Pieces, they are rather rude than delicate; whereas Raphael's Paintings have all that Grandeur, with inimitable Graces, and all possible Delicacy, which is a Word more easy to be defined in the proper, than in the Figurative Sense.

If you ask what Delicacy is in a Perfume, in Meats, in Musick; one might probably give you Satisfaction, by saying, a Perfume is delicate, because the Parts are subtle, and yet do not get into the Head: Meats are delicate, when the Substance is little, and the Juice much, to flatter the Palate, and not load the Stomach: Musick is delicate, when in a Concert of Voices and Instruments, there is nothing but what tickles the Ear, and causes sweet Emotions in the Heart. But if you ask what Delicacy in Thought is, the Criticks have not Words to express it. It is
is one of the Things which are not easily to be seen with
a Glance of the Eye, and are so subtle, that they slip
from us, when we think we have fast Hold of them. All
that can be done, is to look close upon them, to take
them several Ways, and so to come to the Knowledge of
them by degrees. To say a delicate Thought is the most
fine Production, and like the Flower of Wit; is doing no-	hing; and a synonymous Word, or a Metaphor will not
clear up the Matter, is so difficult an Affair as this is.

Pere Boucours reason on the Delicacy of Thought, in
the Works of the Ingenious, by comparing it with Delicacy
in the Works of Nature. The most delicate are those
where she delights to work in little; Rerum nature mult-
quam magis quam in Minimis sola. Plin. lib. ii. c. 2.
when the Matter she uses, is so imperceptible, that one
doubts whether she designs to shew or to hide her Ad-
dress. Pliny again, In arstum consista rerum nature
majestas multitums nulla sui parte mirabilior. Such is an
Infect perfectly well form’d; and the more worthy of Ad-
miration, by how much the less it is under your Eye. Delicacy of Thought, is by Analogy, to consist in few
Words; and the Sense is not so visible, nor so apparent
as in other Kinds of Thinking. At first View it seems
to conceal the Sense, that you may search after it, and
find it out; or at least it shews it self by halves, to give
you the Pleasure of discovering it all your self, if you
have Wit enough. Auditoribus gratia sunt hec, quae cum
intellixerint, acuminis suo delecatur, & gaudem non
quasi audiverint, sed quasi invenerint. Things that are plea-
sing to those that hear them, not because they are heard,
but because they are found out; says Quintilian. lib. 8.
c. 2. and in that Saying, has explain’d Delicacy of Thought
better than all the Discourses that have been written upon
it by the Moderns of the nicest Taste. As one must have
good Eyes, and even artificial ones, Telecopes and Micro-
copes, to have a just View of the Works of Nature; so none
but Persons of very good Understanding can find out the en-
tire Sense of a delicate Thought. This little Mystery is
the Soul of such Delicacy, insomuch, that if a Thought
has nothing in it mysterious, neither in the Substance
nor in the Turn, and shews it self entire at the first View,
it is not delicate, tho’ otherwise it may be witty; from
whence we may conclude, that Delicacy is a Sort of Im-
provement of the Sublime and the Agreeable. But the
Matter
Matter is so abstracted, and so little liable to Explanation, that it must be referred to Example, in which this Thought of Pliny in his Panegyric upon Trajan will be some Help to us; Soli omnium contiguit tibi, ut Pater Patriae esses, antequam feres. You are the only one, to whom it happen'd to be Father of your Country before you were made so. He had a long Time refus'd that Title, and would not accept of it before he thought he deserv'd it. Cardinal Bentivolio has a Thought like this, on the Dignity of a Grandee of Spain, speaking of the Marquis de Spinola: E per Nobilita di sangue, & per eminenza di merito, porto feco in Spagna il Grandar, anche prima di consegueirlo. His illustrious Birth, and great Merit, had made him Grandee of Spain before he was created so. In both Pliny's Thought, and Bentivoligo's, which seems to be stolen from the other, there is a great deal of Delicacy. As to Pliny's, I conceive, if I have Penetration, that other Princes took the Title of Pater Patriae, as soon as they began their Reign: That Trajan more modest, and more equitable than they, did not take it till he had render'd himself worthy of it, by his Care to serve the Empire, and the Love he bore to his Subjects. In fine, that he was Pater Patriae in the Hearts of his People, before that Quality and Title were given him. In the fame Panegyric are many Thoughts, that are equally delicate and agreeable. The Nile, whose Inundations make Egypt fruitful, not over-flowing one Seafon, and Trajan making ample Provision for Corn, to supply the Peoples Necessities; the Panegyrist says, Nilus Aegypto quidem fepex, sed Glorie nostra nuncquam largior fluxit. The Nile never flow'd higher for the Glory of the Romans. In another Place, Non unius oculis fiamina, fontes, maria deserviunt: est quod Caesar non suum videat, tandemque Imperium Principum quam Patrimonium majus est. Fountains, Rivers, Seas are not now engroft for the Pleasures of one Man only; there is nothing in the World that is not Cæsars, and the imperial Patrimony is now of less Extent than the Empire. I shall add Mr. Bond's Translation, as a Specimen of a copious Way of translating: "You do not force the most antient Nobility to forsake their Seats, that you may inclofe Rivers and spacious Forrefts, within the Walls of your Grandeur. The Seas are no longer reserved and engroft, to become the Prospect of a single Man. Cæsar can now behold, and with Plea-
The ARTS of

"Sure too, fair spacious Tracts of Land in the Hands of others, to which he himself can lay no Claim, nor challenge any Propriety, and is well satisfied, while he thus sees his Dominions are less extended than his Empire." There are not many Writers who have so many Words to spare, when so few are necessary.

The Translator is more sparing in what follows out of the same Panegyrick; where Pliny speaking of the Liberty Trajan gave the Romans to purchase Houses that had belong'd to the Emperors, and the peaceable Possession they had of them, adds. "Such is the Bounty of the Prince, and such the Felicity of the present Age, in which we live, that he thinks his Subjects worthy of enjoying what Emperors have enjoy'd, and that we may endeavour to appear worthy of them, without having "any thing to fear." Tanta Benignitas Principis, tanta Securitas temporum est, ut ille nos Principalibus rebus existimaveret dignos, nos non timeamus quid digni esse videatur. Such is the Prince's Bounty, such the Happiness of the Times, that he thinks us worthy of Possessions, which have been poss'd by Emperors, and we are not afraid of appearing to be as worthy as he thinks. Nothing can be finer than what Pliny says to the Emperor, towards the Cloze of the Panegyrick; Cum jam Prædem novitias Adulatione consumpisse sit, non alius erga te novus honor superefit, quam si aliquando de te tacere auderemus. Flattery has long since wasted all the new Ways of praising the great; the only one that remains to celebrate your Virtues, is that we dare be silent. These fine Strokes were waft'd over again in the Panegyricks on Lewis XIV, who stood them as intrepidly, as the Prince of Orange would have fac'd a Battery of Cannon. A great Memoir Writer in France said of him; We must either say the same Things upon the glorious Actions of the King, or we must be silent. He does every Day more new ones than we have different Turns in our Language to praise them as they ought to be praised. As fullsome as this Flattery is, it comes short of what we meet with in an Epistle to Cardinal Richelieu; "Our Strength fails us in Proportion, as the Wonders you perform exceeding. 'Twas said heretofore of a brave Soldier, that he could receive no more Wounds, but on the Scars of former Ones: Thus we can only praise you by Repetitions, since Truth, which has Bounds, has said all for Your Glory, that Fable which has none, ever invented for Others.
"Other: " I do not take the Merit of this Thought to live where Pere Boulours intends it, in the Turn upon Truth, and Fable, and the Delicacy of that Turn; but in the Metaphor which the Orator makes use of; the Wounds and the Cicatrices: for no Man had been more wounded by Flattery, than Richelieu; no Man had more Scars of that Kind to shew, than he had.

To return to the Panegyrick upon Trajan: Pliny speaking of that Emperor's Entry into Rome, says; Alii se fatis vivisse, te viva, te recepto: ali quid magis esse vivendum predicaverit. "Some declar'd after they had seen "you, They had liv'd long enough; others that they wish'd "now to live longer." What Cicero said to Caesar in his Oration for Ligarius is admirable. "Iliam tuam praec" clarissimam & sapientissimam vocem invitus audivi: tatis "te diu vel naturae vivisse, vel Gloriat: fatis, si ita vis natura fortasse: addeo etiam, si placet, Gloriet: at quod "maximum est, Patriae certe parum. " I have more than "once with some Trouble heard that fine and wise Say- "ing of yours, that you liv'd enough for Nature and for "Glory. Perhaps you may have liv'd enough for Na-

ture, and even for Glory, if you will have it so; but "there's something more than all this still to be thought "of, and that is, You have certainly not liv'd enough for "your Country." Cicero has another Turn of Expression on the same Subject; Sape venit ad aures meas te idem istud nimirum cerebro: fatis te tibi vivisse: crede, si tibi soli viveres, aut si tibi etiam soli natus esses. I have been often told that you have said, you have liv'd long enough for your self. I believe it, if you liv'd, or if you were born for your self only. Father Bolours thinks that a French Poet outdid Cicero, in what he said of the French King upon the Peace he made with his Enemies. 'Tis taken out of an Idylle, which was sung in the Orangery at Staux.

Qu'il regne ce Héros, qu'il triomphe toujours; Qu'avec lui soit toujours la paix ou la victoire; Que le cours de ses ans dure autant que le Cours De la Seine & de la Loire:
Qu'il regne ce Héros, qu'il triomphe toujours, Qu'il vive autant que fa gloire!

Let him always reign, let him always triumph;
Let Peace or Victory be always with him;
Let the Course of his Years last as long as the Course
Of the Seine or the Loire.
Let him always reign, let him always triumph,
And live as long as his Glory.

So he did, and much longer, which spoils all the Sub-
lime, the Grand, the Agreeable, and the Delicate Thoughts,
that were wasted in Panegyricks upon him. And live as
long as his Glory. Ah, the Delicacy of that crys Fa-
ther Bouhons. To return again to Pliny; speaking of
Trajan's being adopted by Nerva, and raised to the Throne
of the Caesars, when he was at a Distance from Rome;
Credentne Posteri, nihil ipsum, ut imperator feret, agitasse,
nibil fessisse, nisi quod meruit, & paruit? Will Posterity
believe that he took no other Step to be Emperor than to
deserve the Empire, and that his Advancement was only
an Effect of his Obedience? Another Panegyrist has the
same Turn, speaking to the Emperor Theodosius; "Cre-
detne hoc olim ventura posteritas, & praebit nobis
" tam gloriosam fidem, ut nostro demum seculo annuat
" factum quod tantis infra suprascriptis nec inven-
" nerit aemulum, nec habuerit exemplum? Sed qui vitae
" tue factam, rationesque cognoverit, sibi incunctanter
" accedere, nec abnuisse dubitabit imperium sic imperatu-
" rum." Panegyr. Pacat. "Will Posterity believe that a
" Thing should be done in our Time, which will not be
" imitated in Ages to come, and has no Example in the
" preceeding? But whoever shall know what your Life
" was, and what your Conduct, will not doubt but that
" he who reign'd as you do, refus'd the Empire." Pere
Bouhons seldom gives us an Instance of fine Thought out
of the Antients, but he adds a Parallel out of the Moderns,
especially French Authors, and chiefly such as flatter'd the
French King most. Thus as to Incredibility, he produces
a Madrigal of Martigny on Louis XIV, wherein Posterity
is made incredible with Respect to the great Monarch's
mighty Actions.

Les Muses a l'envi travaillant pour la gloire
De Louis le plus Grand des Rois
Orneront de son Nom le Temple de Memoire:
Mais la Grandeur de ses Exploits,
Que l'Esprit humain ne peut croire,
Fera que la posterite,
Lisant une si belle histoire,
Doutera de la verite.
The Muses are at Strife who best shall praise
Lewis the greatest of all Kings;
And with his mighty Name
They will adorn the Temple of Memory.
But the Greatness of his Exploits,
Which human Reason can’t believe,
Will cause Posterity,
When the fair History is seen,
To doubt the Truth.

Voiture says much the same Thing in his Letter to the Duke d’Enquien, on the taking of Dunkirk: “As for me, my Lord, I rejoice as I ought in your Prosperities; but I foresee that what at present encreaseth your Reputation, will hurt it in Time to come, and so many great and glorious Actions, one after another, in so little a while, will render your Life incredible to Posterity, and turn your History into a Romance.” One Campaign of the Duke of Marlborough’s was more glorious than all the Campaigns of the Conde’s and the Turenne’s put together. How incredible then will the Battles of Schellenberg and Habsflet, and the saving of the Empire in one Campaign be; the Battle of Ramelies, and the Conquest of a hundred Provinces and Cities be in another? But still how much more incredible will it be, that after so many Conquests, such Services done his own Country, and all the Countries round about us, his Glory should in a few Months be forgotten, and his Reputation be abandon’d to the Insolence of a perfidious ungrateful Faction. As the French King had his Panegyrits of all Professions, so had he his Women Flatterers as well as Men; and as Matters have happen’d, nothing in the World is a greater Jest than their Panegyrits, tho’ some of ’em are finely imagin’d. A Lady, whom Father Bouhours calls the Sappho of France, gives this Thought a different Turn in a Poem, where she addresses herself to the Poets exciting them to tune all their Harps in Praise of the King:

Vous a qui le neuf, &c.
You, whom the Nine have taught in soft Repose,
Of mighty Men, the mighty Deeds to sing,
Come and do Homage to our Conqueror,
And in immortal Verse record his Valour.
Fear not that future Times will think it Fable;
Say of his Glory what you can, much more
Will in our Histories be said.

Father Boukours says this is delicate to a Degree, and it
puts him in Mind of the Delicacy of Boileau, in his E-
pistle to the King:

Je n'osé de mes Vers, &c.
I dare not of my Verses boast the Price;
But if one Work of all my Labours live,
And Time's unerring Judgment should survive,
Perhaps it may assist thy high Renown,
And serve thy Glory when it saves its own;
For when in Authors future Readers find
The wondrous Deeds which now surprise Mankind,
They'll doubt that Fable to the Truth is join'd,
But if some Scepticks should so far proceed,
As doubting to deny the Truths they read;
The World will, to reprove their Malice, cry,
Is Boileau, who has said it, wont to lie?
Would be, who for Sincerity is fam'd,
And Knaves and Fools of old, so freely blam'd;
Would he have said what we in Story view;
But both the Poem and the Fact are true.

Mr. Prior in his Letter to this very Boileau, upon the Vic-
tory at Blenheim, speaks more Truth, as we have shewn
elsewhere:

Blest, if I may some younger Muse excite,
Point out the Game and animate the Flight.
That from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have Conquerors we have Poets too,
And either Lavarel does in Britain grow.

We can with universal Zeal Advance,
To curb the faithless Arrogance of France.
Nor ever shall Britannia's Sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse.

Pere Bouhours gives us some more Verses on the King:
They were written by a famous Poet and Orator of the
French Academy:

Lorfque les seuls travaux, &c.
Toils only are thy sweet Employ, how full
Of bright Examples will our History be?
With how much Vigour, what Success and Glory
Do'st thou thy vast Empire bear?
Conquest to Conquest, thou art always adding,
And by a thousand Actions thou wilt blot
The Memory of Conquerors and of Kings,
The wisest and the greatest Names till now.
But to what End is this, what art thou doing?
A vain Chimera only flatters thee,
Of Immortality thou keep'st by this.
So many Deeds above the Might of Man,
Will never by Posterity be heard,
When we can scarce believe them, we who see them.

Mr. Prior's Burlesque on Boileau's Ode, on the taking of Namur, banter away all this Panegyric, as

Dans ses chançons immortelles
Comme un Aigle audacieux.
Pindar that Eagle mounts the Skies;
While Virtue leads the noble Way:
Too like a Vulture Boileau flies,
Where fonded Interest seizes the Prey.
When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
From Reason far his Transports rove,
And Boileau for eight hundred Pieces
Makes Lewis take the Wall of Jove.

There was a Critick in France, who fell upon Balzac for saying to a great Minister of State, The Actions of your Life are such, that after having seen them we can scarce believe them. "We might say of great Actions, as that Critick teaches us, that we could not have believe'd them if we had not seen them; but to say they are incredible, after having seen them, is foolish; for no Body cannot but believe a Thing which he is sure that he has seen; were it the warlike Acts of Amadis des Gaules, we should believe them, and not doubt at all of their being done, if we had been present. 'Tis therefore very silly to tell a great Man his Actions are such, that we can scarce believe them after having seen them. One could not well say so of the Charms and Spells of the Enchanter Urgmidar." Father Bouhors takes this Criticism to be unfair, and no better than a Cavil. In common Discourse it is said often, I could not have believe'd it if I had not seen it. But Eloquence is not bound up like common Discourse; and that we may give the stronger Idea's of what is surpris-
prizing and extraordinary one may express it after this Manner, I can scarce believe it, after having seen it. This Expression is more fine and more figurative than the other. Besides, a Thought may be very good in Verse, which would not run so well in Prose; and tho' what Balzac said is passable; yet the same Thought in Verse, passes better, and leaves no Room for cavilling. This Stanza of Mr. Prior, in a Hymn to the Sun, is very fine and delicate. King William and Queen Mary the Subject.

For thy own Glory sing our Sovereign's Praise,
God of Verses and of Days:
Let all thy tunesful Sons adorn
Their lasting Works with William's Name;
Let chosen Muses yet unborn,
Take great Maria for their future Theme:
Eternal Structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's Praise:
Nor want new Subject for the Song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the Store,
Till Nature's Muses lies unstrung;
Til thou, great God, shalt lose thy double Pow'r,
And touch thy Lyre, and shoot thy Beams no more.

We very often meet with Delicacy in fine Rallery and witty Repartee. There is as much of this in polite Conversation in England as in Italy or France. The Character of the English for Wit, has more Solidity; that of the French and Italians more Vivacity. The Wit of the Italians and French comes sooner, but it does not stay so long as that of the English; and if we compare Delicacy to a Perfume, may we not say, that of the Italians and French is more quick; that of the English is more fragrant. This Delicacy has often a Keenness, which is somewhat ally'd to Satyr. As the Answcr of a Courtier, who had been a Prince's Ambassador. His Master telling him he was like an Ox, he reply'd, It may be so, Sir, for I have had the Honour on several Occasions to represent you. Thus a certain Græcan, who was said to be very like Augustus, answer'd that Emperor with great Quickness and Delicacy: Was your Master never at Rome? said Augustus; No, my Lord, reply'd the Græcan, but my Father was often. The conceal'd Sense here renders the Thought delicate; for the Hearer or Reader discovers that both Augustus, and the Græcan,
Grecian intended they both had one Father or one Mother, and in such Concealment and such Discovery consits the Decency of Thought.

Pere Beaubours ranks those Thoughts about Poesterity’s believing, among such as are wore Novelty. out, and therefore not to be made use of. The finest Things cease to be fine, by being laid over and over again. ’Tis Novelty or the new Turn Cicero commends in the Thoughts of Caesar, that gives Luster and Value to our own. He then mentions a Thought on the invincible Monarch again, which he thinks is too much worn, that after he had conquer’d his Enemies, he conquer’d himself, and triumph’d over his own Courage. Much like what has been often said of great Artists in their several Arts, when they have performed something better than had been done before: After having surpass’d all others, he surpasses himself, says Cicero of Caesar. Cæteros a Caesar jenerem omnes, ildo autem die etiam ipsum a se superaret. De Orat. I. 3. c. x. Voiture makes use of the same Thought with Relation to Balzac, in a Letter to him: “I have seen no thing of yours since your Departure, but what seems to me to be much above what you ever did before, and by these last Productions you have gain’d the Honour of surpassing him, who surpass all others.” He has outdone himself, is a Saying that’s worn in all Languages antient and modern. But this very Saying is outdone, since this Work was begun, by a modern Player in a very witty Preface to a very witty Comedy, at least as far as he had no Hand in it; where, speaking of a famous Actress, who deserves a better Panegyrift, he tells her, It was not enough to say she had outdone her own outdoing: such Stuff indeed as this is too mean to be mention’d, were it not to shew how ridiculous the Use of worn Phrases is, especially when there is a Price set upon them; and the ignorant Writer thinks he has done something extraordinary in using them. Sure I am, that a French Panegyrift out-did himself and every one else, when he said of the great Lexis, he had vanquish’d Victory itself. An antient Author, in Praise of Theodosius, has the same Expression; Tu ipsius Victoriæ Victor omnem cum Armis iram depoquisisti. Thou hast vanquish’d Victory, and with your Arms quit all Thoughts of Revenge. As old as Theodosius’s Panegyrift is, the Expression is older. Cicero seems to be the Inventor of it, and by making use of it twice in the same Oration, it looks
looks a little worn in the last Place, and has lost the Grace of Novelty which it had in the first. After having said to Cæsar, “You have already vanquish’d all other Victors by your Equity and by your Clemency, but to Day you have vanquish’d your self.” He adds, “You have vanquish’d Victory itself in restoring to the Vanquish’d what had been taken from them; for your Clemency harsh fav’d us all, when, as victorious, you had a Right to destroy us. You are therefore the only invincible Captain, by whom Victory her self, as proud and furious as she is by Nature, is vanquish’d.” Cæteros quidem omnes victores jam ante equitate & Misericordia viceras: bodierno vero die teipsum vicisti. Ipsum victoriam visisse videns: reffte igitur unus invictus es, a quo etiam ipsius Victoriae condicio visque devicta est. Orat. pro Ligaro. There are Thoughts on Victory and the Moderation of the Conqueror, which are not so much worn as this is: As that of the same Panegyrist upon Theodosius: Fecisti ut nemo sibi vicinus, te Vitfēre, videatur. Pacat. Tour Behaviour was such, that no Body believ’d himself vanquish’d, tho’ you were victorious. A great Magistrate in France said in an Harangue to a publick Assembly; “Our invincible Monarch might have made himself Master of Europe, if he had not chose rather to be able than to be willing to do what he cou’d. By giving Peace to Europe, he did not lessen the Glory of seeing himself Master of Europe; and on the contrary, he never made her so fenible that he was so, or might be so if he pleas’d.” When I read of the French King’s giving Peace to Europe, I call to Mind how his prime Minister Mons. de Tercy was begging Peace for his Master fifteen or sixteen Years ago, in a little Town on the Frontiers of Holland, in Terms that would have rais’d Pity, had not our Hearts been harden’d by the Ravages and Cruelties he had been the Author of. The next Panegyrick upon him is a merry one. The Subject is his most Christian Majesty’s exemplary Moderation in the Use of his Victories, and the Tenderness of his Generals to the Citizens of the Cities they either stole or bought. This Thought, says Father Boucours, is not worn at all. ’Tis new out of the Min, and was about the Time that the French Armies were massacring the Hollanders, and laying Heidelberg and the other Cities of the Palatinate in Ashes. The King knows no less how to make his Subjects to obey than his Enemies to fear him. He warsonly to ren-
"der those he subdued happy; and has found out some-
thing more glorious in Victory than Victory itself." This
would be extremely fine and delicate, were there one Syll-
able of Truth in it. So would what follows be. A Mem-
er of the French Academy said in a Speech to the King,
"That the Soldiers fought, like Heroes, they were so ani-
"mated by his Presence; but after having overborn all
"that stood in their Way, they flopt in the midst of the
"Impetuosity of their Courage at his Command, and it
"cost him only a Word to hinder the Desolation of a flour-
"ishing City. "You had the Pleasure, Sir, at once to
"take and to save the Town, and you were left satisf'y'd in
"rendering your self Master of it, than in preserving it."
The Reader will observe that these Thoughts are fine and
delicate of themselves, and are only render'd ridiculous
or rather shocking, by the Falsehood and Flattery that are
in them. The Members of the French Academy laid about
them so furiously in Praise of this invincible immortal
Man, that Hyperbole was at last become too weak a Figure
for them, and the Emulation among them was, who cou'd
invent best on that Subject without any Regard to Truth
or Decency. Upon the Reception of a famous Archbishop
into that Body, a Panegyrick upon the King was spoken,
wherein the Speaker said, "He it is who marches at the
"Head of his Armies, who by his Conduct astonish'd the
"oldest and wisest Captains, and by his Valour the most
"brave and resolute Soldiers; who forces, who gains, who
"over-runs Places and Provinces entire, as a Torrent which
"Winter renders still more rapid. There is nothing want-
ing to his Glory, but what is always wanting to that of
"Heroes, which is, that People can hardly bring them-
selves to resist them, or tarry for them, and their Reput-
ation leaves much the less to do for their Arms." Which
is very delicate, and out of the Way. I have all along
affected, and shall affect, after repeating what the Flatter-
ers in France said of their great Monarch, to repeat what
some plain Dealers in English say of him; and every one
that knows the Characters of Tamerlane and Bajazet, will
see how finely they are contrasted, as Mr. Pope calls it by
Mr. Rowe.

Baj. Thou pedant Talker! Ha! art thou a King,
Poss'st of sacred Power, Heav'n's darling Attribute;
And dost thou prate of Leagues, and Oaths, and
Prophets? 
I hate the Greek, Perdition to his Name,
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As Death does human Nature, for Destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human Kind;
The savage Brute that haunts in Woods remote,
And Desert-Wilds, tears not the fearful Traveller,
If Hunger, or some Injury provoke not.

Baj. Can a King want a Cause, when Empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
It is his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature;
The noble Appetite, which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
Since Souls, that differ so, by Nature hate,
And strong Antipathy forbids their Union.

Baj. The noble Fire that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy Coldness, I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No--- ---for I think like Man,
Thou like a Monster, from whose hateful Presence,
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her Stamp
On thy rough Mas, and mark'd thee for a King,
Now conscious of her Error, she disclaims thee,
As form'd for her Destruction.
'Tis true, I am a King, as thou hast been,
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim;
But thou I dare face Death, and all the Dangers
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front;
Yet would I choose to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Justice and by Mercy; and to raise
My Trophies on the Blessings of Mankind.
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I sway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour.

The latter is a very delicate Panegyrick on King William.
What Bajazet is intended for, let the Reader judge.
Mr. Rowe tells us for himself, in a Prologue to this Play,
spoken on the 5th of November 1716.

For thus our Author strove his Prince to paint:
And tho' his Strokes are weak, and Colours faint,
Yet take once more his Labours in good Part,  
And spare bad Numbers for an honest Heart.
Oh may the great Original survive,  
And in our grateful Thoughts for ever live,
His Praise our Children's Children shall confess,  
And Ages yet to come, immortal William bless.

I shall now shew, that great King in another, Contrast,  
his glorious Reign, in Opposition to the Reigns of the two  
James's, and the two Charles's, his Predecessors in the  
British Throne: Reigns that are represented by Arch-  
deacon Echard, as the golden Age of Britain. Mr. Congreve, in his Poem of the Birth of the Muse, having  
spoken of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth;

Thus on the Base of Empire firm she stands,  
While bright Eliza rules the willing Lands.

proceeds,

But soon a louring Sky comes on apace,  
And Fate revers'd shows an ill omend Face.

This louring Sky, is the very same which the Historian  
Echard, calls the Bright northern Star, or King James I.  
who, as Arch-bishop Whitgift said, spoke by the Spirit of  
God.

The Void of Heaven a gloomy Horrour fills,  
And cloudy Veils involve her shinning Hills,  
Of Greatness past no Footsteps she retains,  
Sunk in a Series of inglorious Reigns. *

She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame  
Of Honours lost, and her diminish'd Name:  
Conscious she seeks from Day to shroud her Head,  
And glad would shrink beneath her rosy Bed.

The next Verses seem to be a Picture of the History.  

Thus far, the sacred Leaves Britannia's Woes,  
In shady Draughts and dusky Lines disclose.

But what follows is the Opposition, King William's  
strieving her loft Honour.

The ensuing Scene revolves a martial Age,  
And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.  
Behold of radiant Light an Orb arise,  
Which kindling Day, restores the darken'd Skies;  
And

* The Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart now writing.
And see on Seas the beamy Ball descends,
And now its Course to fair Britannia bends.
Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
The floating Fire, and waft the shining Sphere.
Hail happy Omen, Hail auspicious Sight!
Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
For see a Prince, whom dazzling Arms array,
Pursuing closely, frowns the wary Way,
Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.
Britannia rise, awake, Oh fairest Life!
From Iron Sleep, again thy Fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty Man behold,
Whose Reign renews the former Age of Gold:
The Fates at length the blissful Web have spun,
And bid it round in endless Circles run.

Arch-deacon Echard quite contrary to these just and beautiful Images, makes the Web to be spun by General Monk, The end of Circles to be the Minifttry of Lauderdale, Jefferys, &c. How will Boileau's Malice againft that glorious King, look after this! Let us see what Delicacy there is in his Harangue to the Academy, on his being admitted a Mem-ber. He speaks of the Prince of Orange. "By a kind of "Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy of the King's Glory, "that industrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, "who had labour'd fo 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!" That Congregation of Flatterers, cou'd bear all this solemnly faid in Injury of the greatest Reputation upon Earth. The French King could bear all this, tho' himfelf was reduc'd to fo wretch-ed a Vengeance, as to have a Libel prefer'd in one of his Parliaments, againft the Prince of Orange, by the Stile of Burgber of the Hague. Mr. Congreve gives us another Sort of Picture of King William in these Verses.

For William's Genius ev'ry Soul inspires,
And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires;
Already fee the hostile Troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel,
The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boast,
A matchless Sword, and unresifed Hoft.
At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes,
His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes.

Father Boukeours obliges us to make frequent Mention of
the great Sayings in Praifé of King William, by his often
citing the Panegyricks which were lavishl}y wafted on the
French King. He then proceeds, and informs
us, that a little Allegory will sometimes ren-
der a Thought fine. The Instance he gives,
is out of a Poem, written by a zealous Papift, wherein the
Poet complains of the Favour the Hugonets met with in
France at that Time, when the Government there was
fulling them into that Security which haften’d their De-
struction. The Allegory was a Dog he made to repre-
sent the Papists, and which had been kill’d by the Wounds
he had receiv’d.

Pour aboyer un Huguenot
On m’a mis en ce piteux etre:
L’autre jour je mordis un Preftre,
Et personne ne m’en dit mot.

For barking at a Huguenot,
I was left in this sad Plight;
I bit a Priest the other Day,
And not a Word was said about it.

Sometimes also a Thought may be delicate without Alle-
gory, and without Fiction; and a witty Turn has help’d
a Man out at a Pinch, when he hardly expected it. Af-
fter the Fall of Sejanus, when every Body rail’d at him,
a Roman Knight stood up for him, and own’d that he
had been his Friend, which was then look’d on as a
heinous Crime; but Tacitus tells us, that he got clear
by addressing himself thus to Tiberius. Annal lib. 6. “Non
“est nostrum aestimare quem supra ceteros & quibus de
“causis extollas. Tibi summum rerum judicium Dii
dedere, nobis obsequii gloria relictæ est. Infidiae in Rem-
“publicam, confilia cædis adversus Imperatorem punian-
tur: de amicitia & officiis idem finis, & te, Cæsar, & nos
“abolverit.

“Tis not for us, Cæsar, to examine the Merit of a
“Man, whom you have rais’d above others, nor the Rea-
sions you had to raise him. The Gods have given
“you Power to judge soveraignly of all Things. Nothing
“remains for us, but the Glory of obeying. If Sejanus
“form’d any Designs against the Safety of the Empire,
or the Life of the Emperor, let him be punish'd. But
as to the Friendship we had for him, and the Respect
we paid him, the fame Reason that justifies you ren-
ders us innocent.

This Thought is as generous and grand, as it is fine
and delicate. 'Tis like that of Amintas in Quintus Curtius,
who being accus'd of Intimacy with Philotas, whose Con-
sspiracy was just discover'd, defended himself thus before
Alexander. "I am so far from disowning my Friendship
to Philotas, that I confess I courted it; and do you think
it strange, that we should make our Court to a Man,
who was in your Favour himself, and Son of your Fa-
vourite Parmenio? Most certainly 'tis you Sir, to speak
the Truth, that has occasion'd us all this Trouble and
Danger. Who was the Cause that all who would ob-
tain your good Graces, made their Application to him?
was it not your self? You rais'd him so high, 'twas im-
possible for us not to desire his Friendship, or fear his
Hatred. If that is a Crime, few, I say none are inno-
cent." Tu Hercule, si verum audire vis, Rex, huies
nobis Periculi causa es. Quis enim alius effecit ut ad
Philotam decurrerent, qui placere vellent tibi? Is apud te
fuit, cujus gratiam expetere, & iram timere possemus. Si
hoc crimen est, tu paucos innocentes habes, immo Hercule
neminem.

When a Thought is at once both subtle and judici-
ous, it adds much to the Delicacy of it; as the Reflextion
of Virgil, on the Imprudence or Weakness of Orpheus,
who in bringing his Wife out of Hell, look'd back, and
lost her again in a Moment.

Cum Subita incautum dementia cepit amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem: scirent si ignoscere manes.

When strong Desires the impatient Youth invade;
By little Caution, and much Love betray'd:
A Fault which easy Pardon might receive,
Were Lovers judges, or cou'd Hell forgive. Dryd.

Quevedo, the Spanish Poet, has given another Turn to this
Descent into Hell of Orpheus, to look after his Wife.

Al inferno el Tracio Orfeo
Su muger baxo a buscar:
Que non pudo a peor lugar:
Lievarle tan mal desfaco.
LoGick and Rhetorick. 173

When Orpheus weary of his Life,
Went to Hell to seek his Wife;
Some say, since Cuckold was the Case,
His Business there was like the Place,
Where else could he have gone as well,
A Wife to look for, as to Hell?
The infernal Pow'rs who found his Strains,
Suspended their inflicted Pains;
Gave him again his Household Curse,
And thought they could not plague him worse:
But to reward his Harps sweet Sound,
The Wife was lost as soon as found.

Pere Boukours does not give this as an Instance of true Delicacy; there may be some Wit in it, but surely it is not very delicate, as is this saying of Tacitus on Galba’s Government: Major privato visus dum privatus fuit; omnium consensu capax Imperij, nisi imperasset. “While he was a private Man, he seem’d too great for one; and all the World would have thought him worthy of the Empire, had he never been Emperor.” Of this Kind is what Pliny says of the Emperor Trajan’s Liberality to Egypt in a Time of Scarcity. Actum erat de fœcundissima gente fi libera suffisset. “The most fruitful Province in the World had been irreparably lost, if she had been free.” The learned Jesuit cannot give an Example or two out of the antient or modern Authors, which are not French; but we must have many out of the Writings of his Countrymen, and always to the Credit of his Country, or the King of it. One of their Authors said of Saint Lewis. The Action he did would be accused of Temerity, if Heroick Valor was not above all Rules. And another Speaking of the Paflage of the Rhine, when the French
French invaded Holland, has these Expressions. The Enemy charged the Cavalry as they landed; the River is rapid, and the Waves beat about them, enough to make any one afraid, if Frenchmen were capable of Fear.

Horrendum! scirent, si quicquam horrefecerit Gallia.

If Frenchmen were capable of Fear, behave your selves like French, and such like Phrases are ridiculous to us Englishmen; in which perhaps we are a little too national, and nothing but the Vanity of our Neighbours, and their Overvaluing themselves, should hinder us from allowing them to be a brave and gallant People. The next Example of a Thought, that has as much good Sense in it as Deicacy, is what was said of the Misfortunes of Queen Henrietta Maria, Wife to King Charles. O Mere, O Femme, O Reine admirable, & digne d'une meilleure Fortune, si les Fortunes de la Terre estoient quelque chose! Oh admirable Mother, Wife, and Queen, worthy of a better Fortune, if the Fortune of this World was worth any Thing. Another like Example is taken out of Virgil. Lib. io.

Rhaebe, diu, res situa diu mortalibus ulla est,
Viximus.

Oh Rhebus, we have liv'd too long for me,
If Life and Long were Terms that cou'd agree.

Dryd.

The Reflection is fine, and the Moral excellent, but some think it is thrown away, being spoken to a Horse, and probably there may be some too, that will not allow of Father Bouhours Excuse for Virgil; that he did it to imitate Homer, who makes Achilles speak to his Horse. 'Tis natural for a Man in a Passion with his Horse, or with any Thing else, to speak to it, a Word or two; but a set Discourse, a moral Reflection to be made to it, is, what I believe many will think inexcusable in both Homer and Virgil, unless the Horse could have spoke again, as Bal- laam's Ass did. The French Sappho is again introduced, speaking in the Praise of Louis Le Grand.

Mefme dans les plaisirs il est toujours Hero.
E'en in his Pleasures, he is still a Hero.

Madam de Maintenon, Madam de Montespan, Madam de la Valette, &c. were better Judges of that Heroism, than the Sappho of France. What she says of a Festival at Marly, where the Lords and Ladies of the Court, play'd and purchas'd
purchas'd what they had a Mind to, without costing them any Thing, is equally fine and delicate. *The King only lost what all the rest gain'd, if one may call that losing, to have the Pleasure of giving, without desiring so much as Thanks for it.* I wish the following Reflection had been made English before the History of the Grand Rebellion, or Arch-deacon Echard's History of England had been written. "All political Reflections, such especially as we meet with in History, ought to be very delicate. Those Historians are not to be born with, who affect "to be sententious, and yet say nothing but what is com-
mon." As Echard, when he says of Monk's watching Lambert, as a Cat watches a Mouse, &c. All Reflections in History are intended to keep the Reader awake, and teach him something Reflections. that is new. Those that are not delicate, but what every one might have thought, are so far from awakening, that they dull the Reader, if they do not pro-
volve him, by telling him what he knew before.

*Tacitus* has more Reflections than any other His-
torian; he has rather too many than too few; but they are excellent, and the Political Hints which are scat-
ter'd up and down in his Narration, make amends for the Roughness of his Stile.

*Mariana* is very sententious in his History of Spain, politely and purely written in Latin and Spanish. 'Tis somewhat surprizing that having taken Livy for his Mo-
del, as to Stile, he should imitate Tacitus as to Reflec-
tions; nay, so exact an Imitation, that sometimes his Thoughts are the very same with those of Tacitus. Speaking of Caritus, Arch-bishop of Toledo, who repre-
hended Don Pedro, the Cruel, for his Debauchery, for which the Tyrant heartily hated him; He says, The King's Reasons for hating the Arch-bishop, were so much the more strong, by how much they were unjust. *Tacitus* has the same Expression, almost Word for Word, when he speaks of the secret Hatred which Tiberius and Livia bore Germanicus. *Odii causa acerces quia inique:* Mariana. *Anxius occultis in se Patrui Aviique Odii, quorum causa acerces, quia inique:* Tacitus. Upon Ferdinand V. King of Arragon's, leaving the Assembly of the Estates at Saragossa, to repair to Segovia, on News of the Death of Henry IV. his Brother in Law; and there being a great Party form'd against him, in favour of Joan, Daughter of
of Henry, Mariana reflects thus. Nothing is more safe, than to make haste in all Donesrack Divisions, wherein Execution is more necessary than Deliberation. Bello Civili facto magis quam consulto opus, nihilque sentimentione tutius: Mariana. Nihil in Difcordijs civilibus sentimentione tutius, ubi facto potius quam consulto opus effet. Tacitus, of Vitellius's Soldiers. Strada, who propos'd Tacitus for his Model rather than Livy, has not stolen so much from the former as Mariana has done, tho' the latter was his Model, or has conceal'd his Thefts better. Yet however we do find them out now and then: as where he says in his Wars of Flanders; Vilissimo cuique crecit audacia, si se timeri sentiat. The greatest Cowards grow bold, if they find their Enemies are afraid of them. Tacitus doubtless gave him the Hint, by saying of the Populace, Nihil in vulgo modicum, terrere ni paveant. There is no mean among the vulgar, if they don't fear themselves, they make others afraid. One of the finest Reflections in Strada is borrow'd from Tacitus, where he speaks of Tiberius's and Livia's affected Lamentations for the Death of Germanicus. Periisse Germanicum nulli factantius merent, quam qui maxime lamentatur. No Persons were outwardly more affected for the Death of Germanicus, than those who inwardly most rejoic'd at it. Strada: Nulli factantius fideem suam obligant quam qui maxime violent. No Persons pligt their Faith with more Ostentation, than those who soonest break it. This is rather borrow'd than stole, rather an Imitation than a Copy; and had Mariana done no more in the Reflections he took from Tacitus, he would not have been cenfur'd for it. After all, there are excellent political Maxims, in both the one and the other Strada and Mariana, which perhaps are their own, tho' they have much of Sameness in them, as Mariana; Fer in omni certamine qui potior est; quamvis optimo jure nitatur, injuriam tamen facrovideatur. In all Differences among Princes, the most powerful seem to be in the Wrong; let the Right be ever so much on their Side. Strada neque credi aggressurum, qui non sit superior. The weakest is never thought the Aggressor. How extremely just, fine, and delicate are all these Thoughts! and indeed, how just are all Pere Boutsours Observations; but where he takes his Examples from Panegyricks on the Kings and Princes of France! He goes on.

An
An Appearance of Falsehood, is sometimes what makes a Thought fine. 'Tis said, The Hours are longer than Years, which is true in one Sense: For the Duration of Hours, with Respect to Trouble and Care, is more felt than that of Years; which have no Respect to them.

The Happy have whole Years, and those they choose:
The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose.

is finely thought; with the Happy, the Time goes as they would have it; with the Unhappy, all Opportunities of doing themselves good are lost. The Thought is false in Appearance; the Unhappy have their Years to their Sorrow, as well as the Happy, and the Happy have their Hours as well as the Unhappy: But the Construction is just, fine, and delicate. A Prince's said in France, The Sun makes fair Weather only for the People. She meant that the Conversation of Persons, who are dear to us, is pleasanter than the fairest Weather; and so it is: For let the Sky be ever so serene, and the Sun shine ever so bright, Time will be tedious without the Company of those we love. The Proposition however seems to be false, and it is that only which renders it beautiful. The Proposition is every Way false, and consequently no Way beautiful; one can have the Conversation of Friends in fair Weather, as well as foul, and the Goodness of the Weather, will ever contribute to the Alacrity of the Company. One can converse with them in Gardens and Fields, and with the more Joy, the pleasanter the Day is, in fair as well as foul Weather, and the Prince's not have had an Infinite deal of Wit, to have said so whimsical a Thing.

The Rinaldo of Tasso, in the last Battle between the Christians and Saracens kills more Men, than he gave Blows.

Diè più morti che Colpi.

And a French Author said of their Grand Monarque, that in his Answers, he spoke more Things than Words. The Air of Falsehood in these two Thoughts, renders them both delicate. We know very well the Meaning of the More Men, and are not at all deceived by it: Besides, there is Truth in both of them. One Blow might kill more than one Person, and in one Word might be many understand. Cicero says of Thucydides; Ita crebere est rerum frequentia, ut verborum prope numerum sententiarium numero N

consequatur.
The Number of Things in his Discourse is almost as great as that of Words. Pere Boukours thinks the French spoken of the King is better than the Latin. Il dit plus de Choses que de Paroles. He says more Things than Words: to signify that his Answers were short, and to the Purpose.

If, as I have read, King William made all his Speeches first himself in French, and gave them to his Council in writing, to be render'd into English and revis'd; No Prince ever spoke more concisely, nor eloquently. The Author of the Holland Journal says, he had seen one of those Manuscript Speeches in French, as it was revis'd, and that all the Alteration was the Church of England, instead of Eglise Anglica, the Anglican Church, which was alter'd at the Motion of the Lord Mordaunt, now Earl of Peterborough. Of the last concise Way of Thought and Expression, is that of Salutis, In maxima Fortuna minima licentia est. Cesar was so delighted with it, that he translated it three several Ways. The more Men have of Fortune, the less Licence should they allow themselves; the more their Fortune permits them, the less they should permit themselves; and when their Power has no Bounds, they should set the more narrow Limits to their Desires. Pere Boukours translates it thus, In great Fortune there's less Liberty, which preserves the Turn of the Thought better; and he adds, May not one say, there is something of Fallehood in it? how comes it, that those who have most Power, have less Liberty? Yet, so it is, when we examine the Matter thoroughly. Persons who have an absolute Power, the Height of whose Condition exposes them to the Eyes of the World, ought to allow themselves in fewer Things than others. And in this Sense it is, we must understand what Seneca says, Cæsari multa non licent, quia omnia licent. Many Things are not permitted to Cæsar, because all Things are permitted.

These Thoughts are of the Nature of those, which the same Seneca calls mysterious, sunt qui sensus preci-
dant, & hinc gratiam sperent, si sententia exhibenderit, & antienti Suspicionem sui fecerit. Ep. 114. where more is understood than seen, as in those Pictures Pliny speaks of, which, tho' admirably well painted, and good Judges allow'd them to be in Perfection, yet they still discover'd something more than the Painting express'd, and shew'd that the Painters Genius went beyond his Art. In omni-

"consequatur."
It is ejus Operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur, & cum Ars summam sit, Ingenium tamen ultra Artes est. Hist. Nat. Lib. 35. Thoughts.
cap. 10. For this Reason also it is that according to the same Pliny, the latter Pieces of excellent Painters, even those that are unfinish'd, have deserv'd more to be admir'd, than finish'd Pieces. For, besides that we can't help grieving for the Loss of those great Masters who were hinder'd by Death from finishing such rare Pictures, and that our Grief makes us set the more Value on what remains of theirs, we have a Glimpse of what they would have added, had they liv'd longer, and guess what their very Thoughts were. *Quippe in iis lineamenta reliqua, ipsaque cognitiones artificium spectantur*, ib. c. ii.

**Further**, there are delicate Thoughts, which delight the Understanding by suspending it at first, and surprizing it afterwards. Nothing can be more exquisitely pleasing, it must be attended with a little Rapture, especially, if the Mind be elevated as well as surpriz'd, and not after Mr. Bay's's Manner. In that Suspensation and Surprise, all their Delicacy consists, as is seen in this French Epigram.

Superbes Monuments que votre vanité
Est inutile pour la Gloire
Des Grand Héros don't la Memoire
Merite l' Immortalité !
Que sert-il que Paris aux Bords de son Canal
Expofe de nos Rois ce grand Original,
Qui fceuft fi bien regner, qui fceuft fi bien combattre?
On ne parle point d' Henri quatre
On ne parle que du cheval.

*Proud Monuments! How useless is your Vanity
To the Glory of those Heroes,
Whose Memory deserves to be Immortal! Of what Use is it that Paris sees
On the Banks of her Canal,
The Father of our Kings expos'd,
Who knew so well to Reign, so well to War.
Henry the Fourth is never nam'd,
Nothing's talk'd of but the Horse.*

The Fall which was not expected, and strikes the Mind all at once, after the first Thoughts had held it in Sus-
pence, is what makes this Epigram as fine as it is delicate, Quia nova placet, ideo sententiae que desinunt preter opinionem aleatam. Ar. Rhet. A Poet of the Augustan Age to make his Court to the Empress, and by that Means regain the Favour of the Emperor, Says, that Fortune in placing Livia on the Throne of the Caesar's, shew'd that she is not a blind Goddes, but that she has very good Eyes.

Feemina fed Princeps, in qua Fortuna videre
Se probat, & cæcæ Crimina falla tuit.

It having always been said, that Fortune is blind, one is surpriz'd to hear she has so good Eyes as to distinguish the Merit of an accomplish'd Princeps.

As to the Agreeable and Delicate, form'd by the Fall in the French Verfes, there must be great Care that the Thought comes down gently, and that it is not tumbling, instead of falling. Butler abounds with these Falls, and tho' he does not much affect Delicacy, his Thoughts are often very agreeable.

Great Wits and Valours like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.
The Extreams of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Followers, than a Thief to the Gallows.

There is a Fall with a Vengeance, worse than from Henry IV. of France to a Horse; from an Eastern Monarch to a Thief, from a Throne to the Gallows. So easy is it to provoke Mirth, when we wou'd excite admiration, unless great Care directed by good Judgement, is taken in this delicate Way of Thinking.

'Twas said of the antient Sappho, that Mnemosyne hearing her sing, was afraid Mankind would make a tenth Muse of her; nay, she was frequently term'd the tenth Muse. Now the Number of Muses being limited to nine, the first Time that Sappho was call'd the tenth Muse, the Mind must have been a little surpriz'd, and in Suspence, ten Muses having never been before heard of. Afterwards, when the Expression was more us'd, that Suspence and Surprize were taken off, and the Thought became common as it is now, which will not admit of Delicacy. The longer this Suspension lasts, the finer will the Thought appear, when it is off, and the Discovery made.
made. A Greek Poet in Praise of Dercylis, whose Wit and Learning were equal to her Beauty and Charms, begins thus;

There are four Graces, two Venus's, and ten Muses.

And adds to prove it.

Dercylis is a Grace, a Venus, and a Muse.

The first Proposition is a Paradox, and suspends the Mind; for we generally reckon three Graces, only one Venus, and nine Muses. The Delicacy lies in increasing the Number, by making Dercylis a tenth Muse, a second Venus, and a fourth Grace. 'Tis a Kind of Enigma propos'd by the Poet, and is the more piquant, the less the Sense was at first comprehended.

Mr. Menage inserts this Epigram out of the Anthologia

Translated by Du Perier,

Ecce decem Veneris Comites Venus altera & ipsa. Making ten Graces instead of ten Muses; and we see by this, how few there were that understand the Greek Tongue in France as well as England, fifty Years ago. Menage tells us Mr. Fourmi explain'd the Greek to Du Perier, who was reckon'd a good Latin Poet, as was also P. Vavassour, who turn'd the Greek Verses thus.

Bina Venus, Musaeque decem, bis Gratia duplex:

Dercylis has inter, Gratia, Musa, Venus.

The Criticism is upon the Use of Gratia in the singular Number. Sannarius renders the Greek thus.

Quarta Charis, decima es mihi Pieris, altera Cypris Cässandra, una choris addita Diva tribus.

Here the Critick is on Cypris and Pieris, as no Greek Words. Another French Poet render'd them thus.

Sunt Musae bis quinque, duæ Veneres, Charitesque Quatuor; Alcippe; Musa, Venus, Charis est,

And another thus,

Tres olim Charites, Venus Una, novemque Camææ,

Nunc Charis has præter, Musa, Venusque Lyce es.
And in French.

Il est dix Muses, deux Venus,
Et quatre graces de bon compte,
En voici la raison : Madonte
Fait entre elles le pardefus.

Ten Muses, and two Queens of Love,
Four Graces you may tell : Madonta makes
What's over and above.

I was the more willing to take Notice of this, for that
Pere Boukours's Criticifm is observ'd in the Menagiana,
Vol. iv. p. 29. and the Verses are taken out of the Anthro-
ologia, which Dryden represents as containing the very
Dregs of Poetry.

The Countess de Suzza was a famous Lady in the
last Age, at the Court of France, much admired for her
Wit and Beauty. A French Poet wrote the following Verses
to be put under her Picture, wherein she was represented
in a Car, like a Goddes in the Air.

Quae dea sublimi rapitur per inania curru?
An Juno, an Pallas, num Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, Juno ; si scripta, Minerva ;
Si Spectes Oculos, Mater Amoris erit.

What Goddes is't who in that Car,
Appears so glorious in the Air?
Juno or Pallas, may it be?
Or is it Venus whom we see?
If you regard her by her Race,
She's Juno ; by her charming Face,
She's Venus ; by her Wit Minerva.

The Verses on the Pictures of the Duke of Marlborough's
four Daughters, which have not yet been printed, do not
want for Delicacy.

How many Graces are there? Colon cry'd.
Three -- Why d'ye ask it? Lycidas reply'd,
How many Graces should there be?
I'm sure, cries Colon, there are more than three ;
Ten Pieces can't --- Says Lycidas, 'tis done.
In Haste to Marlbro' House they run,
There Venus and the Graces stand,
Drawn by some Roman Master's Hand.
But the fair Daughters whom sam'd Kneller drew
    Happ'ning to be first in View:
    As soon as Colonop'd the Door;
    I've lost, says Lycidas, I see there's four.

The Naivity of this Thought contributes very much to its Delicacy.

Pere Boulbours is of Opinion, that there is something too
delicate in the Verses on the Countess de Suza, or at least
too gallant; but then he commends them for the Elevati-
on, and mentions it as an Instance where Delicacy and
Greatness meet together in an equal Degree. If I am not
too fond of Mr. Walker's fine Imagination and harmonious
Numbers, these Verses of his contain Greatness and De-
licacy in as equal Degree. They are address'd to Henrietta
Maria Queen-Mother of King Charles and King James II.

A brave Romance, who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
And then a Weapon and a flaming Shield,
Bright as his Mother's Eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the Mother of Achilles be,
But the fair Pearl and Glory of the Sea.
The Man to whom great Maro gives such Fame,
From the high Bed of Heav'nly Venus came.
And our next Charles, whom all the Stars design
Like Wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

The Suspence holds to the last Line, and goes off with a
Complement and a Prophecy, which wanted nothing but
Truth, to render it equally delicate and gallant; as in the
next Verses, address'd to the Queen, Confort to King
James II.

The other Names our wary Writers use,
You are the Subject of the Britifh Muse.
Dilating Mischiefs to your self unknown,
Men write and die of Wounds they dare not own.
So the Bright Sun burns all our Grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.

Ovid in his de Ponto thinks something like the French Poet
on the Countess de Suza:

Quae Veneris formam, mores Junonis, habendo
    Sola est celesti digna reperta toro. Lib. 3. Eleg.
To Venus's Form. who Juno's Manners joins,  
Is only worthy of the Bed of Jove.

'Tis spoken of Livia, the Wife of Augustus Caesar. Much like this is what Lopez de Vega says of the Princess Ismenia, who was alike beautiful and valiant.

Venus era en la paz, Marte en la Guerra.

In Peace she Venus was, and Mars in War.

Of this Kind too is Tasso's Thought on Rinaldo.

Se il vedi fulminar fra l'arme avvolto  
Marte la stimi, Amor se scopre il volto.

To see him meet the Foe in Fight, he looks  
Like Mars, and when his Helmet's up, like Love.

The first Image has Slaughter and Death in it, the last is all Sweetness and Beauty, which is as agreeable as surprizing. In the Image of Mars, nothing could be admitted but what is Fierce and Grand; in that of Love, nothing but Sweetness and Beauty: This Mixture of the Rage of the one with the Charms of the other, is at once both surprizing and agreeable. There's a Delicacy without Mixture, as in the Pleasantry of these Verses of Mariot:

Amore trouva celle qui m'èst amère,  
E j'y estois, j'en scay bien mieux le conte, &c.

Cupid, lighting on the Fair,  
The cruel Cause of all my Care:  
I know the Thing, for I was there.

Cry'd, Ah Mamma, Is't you my Mother?  
But soon perceiv'd she was another:  
He blush'd, cou'd he do less, that he  
A God should so mistaken be?

No Cupid, never blush, cry'd I,  
Had you for ev'ry Dart an Eye;  
As well as Argus cou'd you see,  
You might in her mistaken be.

I make no doubt Mr. Prior had these Thoughts of Tasso and Mariot in his Head when he wrote the following Stanza's.
As Afternoon one Summer’s Day,
Venus stood bathing in a River,
Cupid a shooting went that Way,
New strung his Bow, new fill’d his Quiver.
With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,
With all his Might his Bow he draw’d,
Aim’d at his beauteous Parents Heart,
With certain Speed the Arrow flew.
If faint, I die, the Goddess cry’d!
O cruel could I thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero thou hast slain thy Mother.
Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye,
Alas! bow easy my Mistake!
I took you for your Likeness Chloe.

According to Pere Boucour’s Instructions we are not to think it strange that Venus should talk of Nero: The Subject of the Poem turning on Gallantry. Mr. Prior applies a like Mistake to the Mother of Cupid.

When Chloe’s Picture was to Venus shown,
Surpriz’d, the Goddess took it for her own:
And what, says she, does this bold Painter mean,
When I was bathing thus, and naked seen!
Pleas’d Cupid heard, and check’d his Mother’s Pride,
And who’s blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry’d;
’Tis Chloe’s Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast,
Friend Howard’s Genius fancy’d all the rest.

Maryct, as well as Prior, was so taken with Tasso’s Thought, that he dresses it up again, and gives it thus.

Sous vos atours bien fournis
D’ or Garnis,
A Venus vous ressemblez
Sous le bonnet me semblez
Adonis.

You, when in rich Embroidery dress,
For Venus we mislook;
When with a Shepherd’s Cap and Vest,
You like Adonis look.

My Lord Lansdown upon Myra in her riding Habit,
Bears great Resemblance to it,

When
When Myra in her Sexes Garb we see,  
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be:  
Now fair Adonis in this Male Disguise,  
Or Cupid killing with his Mother's Eyes:  
No Stile of Empire chang'd by this Remove,  
Who seem'd the Goddes, seems the God of Love.

In another Place,

Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;  
Myra is Venus and Diana too.

I take the following Epigram, written by Mr. Prior, to be of the delicate Kind: 'Tis on a Flower painted by Varelf.

When fam'd Varelf this little Wonder drew,  
Flora vouch'd the growing Work to view;  
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,  
The Goddes snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,  
And finishing the Piece, she smiling said,  
Behold one Work of mine, which never shall fade.

Pere Boulbours comes, in the next Place, to a Manner of right Thinking which is little studied by English Writers, and that is to praise and eulogize the Great, without breaking in upon Delicacy and Decency.

Our Poets and Orators generally make a Praise and direct Attack on their Heroes and Patrons, Panegyrick, and describe them so particularly that it seems as if they were afraid the good Qualities they invest them with, should make the Reader mistake their Men.

To praise well is certainly one of the nicest Things in Art, and no Kind of Writing requires more fine Thoughts and delicate Turns than this. Direct Praise, be it ever so true, is almost as bad as an Affront. It disgusts those that read it, and they are in Pain for the Modesty of the Person to whom 'tis address'd. If that Person has the least Delicacy, he must be disturb'd at the Uneasiness such Eulogy will give others, and consequently conceive himself an ill Opinion of the Flatterer; for almost all direct Praise is Flattery. To be good, it must be disguised a little, and not stare one in the Face, as most Epistles dedicatory before our modern Plays do. The Truth is, most of these Epistles being a Part of the Playwrights Profit, can bear no Disguise, because every Word has a Value...
As 'tis said Mr. Heveningham bought a Dedication of Motteux, after he had haggled about the Price, agreed on the Number of Lines, the Exaggerations of the Eulogy, and what is more unconscionable than all the Rest, that he would write it himself, say what he pleas'd, and make the poor Poet put his Name to it. Delicate Praife always takes a Man side-way, not at the tag-end of an Epistle or Discourse; as Mr. — in a Dedication to the Lord Dorset, and Mr. Pope, in his Address to Mr. Congreve of the Version of Homer, where after having said directly enough what might be said of a great Man, or a great Wit, these two Authors say, This could relate to no-body but the Lord Dorset and Mr. Congreve. They do not conceal any of the Panegyrick, but only keep the Name to themselves as long as they can, as Boys at Boarding do the last Bit: But I think such a Cask or Bundle of Praife being consign'd to any one, 'tis no matter whether his Mark or Name be at the Bottom or Top: According as the Commodity is clean or unclean, he will have the Blame or the Glory of it. That Way of Address is rather an Affectation than a Disguise; nay, 'tis coming upon a Man all at once, without the least Preparation; They oblige him to hear all the fine Things that can be said of a Heroe or a Wit, and then tell him, you are the Man I aim at. Had he been told so in the Front of the Discourse, he might have avoided it, and refused to have given it a Hearing. Praife to be decent should not have the Air of it. There's as much Difference between disguis'd Praife and direct, as between an exquisite Perfume and unctuous Incense. Flattery renders those that are flatter'd ridiculous, and bare-fac'd Praife puts those that are prais'd to the Blush: but where it has not the Air of Panegyrick, it takes People by Self-love, and pleases their Vanity without wounding their Modesty. 'Tis difficult, indeed, so to season it as to make it pass as if it was not Praife: Few understand that Nicety, and profess Panegyrists of all Men know the least of it.

But then Father Bouhours would persuade us, notwithstanding what we have already seen and shall see of the French Orators, That their Panegyricks on Lewis XIV. are extremally fine and artful. As this of a Poet, who had been sometimes in the Country, and when he came to Town a Friend talkt to him thus of the Monarch's Victories.
Dieu fçait comme les Vers, &c.
Heav'n knows you've Verse at Will, and write with Ease,
A Friend said to me once, who thought to please;
And in this Age of Warriors you can make
Poems as fast as they can Cities take;
My Genius is quite dead, when most there needs
A Genius to rehearse such mighty Deeds;
She can so little towards that Work advance,
That she's ev'n griev'd at the Success of France.

A Lady Muse of that Nation, very much admir'd by Father Boulours, does not in the least come short of the Poet in the same Way of Thinking. The Perfume is not, as one may say, held up in the French King's Nose, but it is as unctuous as Incense. The Poetical Lady address'd herself to the Dauphiness.

Quoi donc Princesse, &c.
How, Madam, in a Moment, have you gain'd
The Esteem and Tenderness of Louis:
Our Dauphin is become your Lover,
And all the World adores you.
What but Enchantments such Effects produce?
Who but a Goddess has such Power?
Nothing can your victorious Charms resist,
All Efforts would be vain;
You in a Word take Hearts as fast
As our Great Monarch owns.

I have before taken Notice that the Extremes of this Delicacy are bordering upon Burlesque, as those of Virtue do on Vice; and I believe the Reader will be surpriz'd at Pere Boulours citing these four Verses among other Delicacies offer'd by the Panegyrists to Louis XIV. The Subject is that King's taking a Post-Chaife to reach Mar-
al, before it could be deliver'd to his General whom he sent to take Possession of it.

La Victoire coufle trop,
Quand il faut un peu l'attendre;
Louis, ainsi qu'Alexandre,
Prend les Villes au Galop.
The Victory is bought to dear,
Which makes the Heroe wait;
Louis Great Alexander like,
Takes Cities on the Gallop:
A Town that is by waiting got,
Is taken as 'twere on a Trot.

Or thus.

Such Haste our Mighty Monarch makes,
He on the Gallop Cities takes.

It naturally falls into Doggrel. To see the King galloping after his Army, and riding Poft into a conquer'd City, is in the lowest Kind of Burlesque. The Learned Jesuit allows that this Praise is direct; and so he says is what follows, said by an Orator on a like Occasion: "His Majesty raises himself above all Rules and Examples. He who gives Order to every Thing overturns however the whole Order of War. He does that in a few Days, to do which one would think required several Years. He has found out a certain Art to conquer by abridging Conquests; an Art that discredits all the Captains who went before him, and that will cause Despair to all that come after him: "Such as the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

Again, "At a Time when his Enemies believ'd themselves in Safety by the Rigour of the Season, when nobody but he would have Thought of War, he reduc'd a whole Province in fewer Days than was necessary to travel through it."

’Twill be very convenient to see what other Authors think with Respect to this Prince and others, and how they observe Decency and Delicacy. Mr. Prior, in his Stanza’s to Boileau in his Ode upon Namur, is as delicate as gay.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shape’d like Megrigny and Vauban;
They arm’d these Rocks, then show’d Old Jove
Of Marli Wood the wondrous Plan:
Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed,
By Human Force cou’d never be shaken;
But you and I, in Homer, read
Of Gods as well as Men mistaken;

Sambré
Sambre and Meuse their Waves may join;  
But ne'er can William's Force restrain:  
He'll pass them both, who past the Boyne,  
Remember this, and Arm the Sein.

Mr. Addison speaking of the late Earl of Halifax praises King William in the Side-way.

The noble Montague remains unnam'd,  
For Wit, for Humour, and for Judgment fam'd;  
To Dorset be directed his artful Muse,  
In Numbers such as Dorset's self might use.  
Now negligently graceful he unreins  
His Verse, and writes in loose familiar Strains:  
Now Nassau's God-like Acts adorn his Lines,  
And all the Heroes in full Glory shines:  
We see his Army set in just Array,  
And Boynt's dy'd Waves run purple to the Sea:  
Nor Simois choak't with Men, with Arms, and Blood;  
Nor rapid Xanthus celebrated Flood,  
Shall longer be the Poet's highest Themes,  
The Gods and Heroes fought promiscuous in the Streams.

These Praises are not thrown, as it were, in the King's Teeth, Mr. Addison's must pass by Mr. Montague, and Mr. Prior's by Boileau, before they reach his Majesty. The next French Madrigal came from the French Sappho.

Les Héros de l'Antiquité.

The Heroes of Antiquity,  
Were Summer Heroes all,  
With Swallows they came in at Spring,  
And vanished at the Fall.  
Bright Victory was wont of Old,  
To flag her weary Wings;  
She for their Glory fear'd the Cold,  
But fears not for the King's.  
In Heats and Frosts, by Land and Sea,  
He Toils and Perils dares;  
A Heroe of all Seasons, He  
In all pursues his Wars.

The following Madrigal pleased Father Bouhors infinitely:  
Louis plus digne du Trône, &c.

Lewis
Lewis more worthy of the Throne,  
Than ever yet was King,  
Has taught Bellona a new Art,  
To make Extempores.  
That Art was, to Apollo’s Sons,  
Made easy long before;  
But Lewis sooner takes a Town,  
Than they can make a Song.

The French Poets had really no Occasion to toil and  
Fweet as they did in the Service of their Monarch. They  
Had no need of Invention unless it was to add to the Sub-  
ject. But in the Praise of the Duke of Marlborough the  
Poets of England were flunn’d. They knew not where to  
Begin, nor where to end: The Plan for one Battle was no  
Sooner drawn, but the News of another and greater threw  
evety Genius into Despair, as in Mr. Congreve’s Ode to  
the Queen.

In the short Course of a diurnal Sun,  
Behold the Work of many Ages done:  
What Verse such Worth can raise  
Lucre and Life, the Poets Art  
To middle Virtue may impart:  
But Deeds sublime, exalted high like these,  
Transcend his utmost Flight, and mock his distant Praise.

How beautiful is this other Stanza! To his Mufe.

But could thy Voice of Blenheim sing  
And with Success the Song pursue,  
What Art could aid thy weary Wing  
To keep the Victor still in View?  
For as the Sun ne’er stops his radiant Flight  
Nor sets, but with impartial Ray  
To all who want his Light  
Alternately transfers the Day:  
So in the glorious Round of Fame  
Great Marlborough, still the same  
Incessant runs his Course;  
To Climes remote and near  
His conqu’ring Arms by Turns appear,  
And universal is his Aid and Force.

The French King is compar’d to the Sun, in almost every  
Book that was written in France thirty and forty Year ago:  
But
But to what sort of Sun? one that's always flaming and sparkling evento burning and scorching. Nor a Sun that every where disperses his Beams impartially, and gives Life and Lustre wherever it shines. *Pere Bouhors is sensible that the Eulogy in the preceeding French Poem is too visible, and without Doubt he would not have inserted it; had he thought that Visiblility wou'd be taken ill. The next Piece he offers us, is that of Maynard to Cardinal Richelieu:

Armand, l'âge affoiblit mes yeux.

Which I have translated elsewhere in this Treatise;

Armand *my Eyes with Age grow dim, and*

The End. Que veux tu que je luy réponde !

What Answer shall I give.

The *Rien. Nothing which the Cardinal wrote under, shews he was not of Father Bouhors's Opinion, as to the Delicacy of the last Turn in it; or rather that Praise is much more welcome than Remonstrance in the Court of France. The Truth is, Maynard's was a begging Poem, and it is a very difficult Matter for a Poet to beg with Delicacy and Success. The Fear he has of miscarrying is a Check upon his Imagination, and if he does not speak plain, his Patron will be ready enough to think him unintelligible. Besides, to be too witty and too nice, may give greater Occasion of Jealousy than Generosity. Martial begs very delicately,

Pauca Jovem nuper cum millia forterogarem. Lib. 6.

" When I ask of Jupiter a hundred Crowns, he who has bestowed Temples upon me, replies Jove, will give thee as much. The Truth is, he has given Jupiter Temples, but he has given me nothing. I was ashamed to ask such a Trifle of Jove. Domitian reads my Petition without any Concern and with the same Air, with which he distributes Kingdoms to the vanquished and supplyant Da
cians, and with which he goes to the Capitol. Tell me, I pray you, Oh Pallas! you who are the Goddess most honour'd by our Emperor. Tell me; since he refuses with so pleasant a Countenance, with what Countenance does he give. Pallas assuming a gracious Smile, an-
swer'd me in two Words:

Quæ nondum data sunt, hulte, negata putas!"
LoGICK and RHETORICK.

Doist think that not to give, is to refuse, Fool as thou art?

As to English Poets they have generally begg’d in the proper Terms, and have generally succeeded accordingly. The Liberality of the Patron, and the Delicacy of the Poet have been for the most Part very well match’d.

Mr. Prior who wrote so many fine Poems on King William and Queen Mary, on the late Queen and the Duke of Marlborough, having sacrificed his Principles to a prevailing Faction, and gone into the Depths of their dark Councils, when he had, as it were, given himself up to them Body and Soul, and was reduc’d to the last Shift of flattering those he despis’d; among other Poetry has some begging Verses, wherein his natural Gayety, Humour and Spirit are entirely lost, and bury’d under the Rubbish and Heaviness of the Subject. He would give us to understand, that he claim’d a Share of the Merit of a Poem, entitul’d the Country Mouse and City Mouse, which got the late Lord Halifax the Title of Mouse Montagu, and made Way for some much better Titles and Emoluments. ’Twas a Raillery on one of Dryden’s poorest Poems, The Hind and Panther; and Matthew Prior thought it a little hard that he had not a good Place in the Exchequer as well as the Auditor my Lord Halifax. His Tale therefore is of Mice again, and there is no more Humour in it than consists in an Imitation of Chaucer’s Language, and not a very good one. The Reader will soon find out his Heroes,

Tway Mice full blyth and amicable
Batten beside Erle Robert’s Table,
And
Eftfoons the Lord
Of Boling Whilom John the Saint.

Now for the begging Part.

I seene,
Matthew is angred on the Spleen,
Ne se quoth Matt ne shall be e’er
With Wit that falteb all so fair,
Eftfoons well sweet ye, mine Intent
Boceth to your Commandement.
If by these Creatures ye have seen
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain.
The rest in Order to explain.

That
That Cupboard where the Mice disport,
I liken to * St. Stephen's Court.
Therein is Space enough, I trust,
For eke Comrade to come and go,
And therein eke may both be fed
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread,
And when as these mine Eyen Survey
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play,
Return they may to different Cells,
Auditing one while th' other tells.

He in so many Words beggs to be a Teller of the Exchequer.
A very fair Employment for a Gentleman, who had been
Drawer at a Tavern. I am so far from mentioning a Reflec-
tion that I do it to his Glory. 'Twas the Brightness of
his Genius, which put him very early in the Eye of the
Earl of Dorset the greatest Mecenas in our Times; and that
noble Lord was so good a Patron, that after a liberal Edu-
cation at Cambridge, he procur'd him very honourable and
beneficial Employments. If Prior's Uncle was a Vintner,
so was Voiture's Father, and yet Voiture was as acceptable
to all the Courts in Europe as the Princes and Grandees.
Voiture wanted one good Quality which Prior had: He
'cou'd drink of the Wine his Uncle dealt in; but Voiture
'cou'd not do to the same by his Father's, which expos'd him
to the Raillery of the Bottle-Men in the King's and the
Duke of Orleans's Courts. One la Prone had got a good
Estate by being Purveyor of Provisions to the Duke of Or-
leans, and there was a Talk of a Match between Voiture
and his Daughter, upon which appear'd these Verses,

Ah que ce beau couple d'Amans
Va gouter contentement
Que leurs delices seront grandes!
Ils seront toujours en felin.
Car si la Prone fournit les viandes
Voiture fournira la Vin.

Ah what a Brace of Lovers will they be
How happily they'll live, how merrily
They'll of all Delicacies taste!
And all the Year their Feast will last;
For if la Prone his Forces join
With Voiture, there's both Meat and Wine.

* The Exchequer.
Voiture was a Domestick of the Duke of Orleans, and coming into a Room of the Palace, where some Gentlemen his Fellow Servants were making merry, one of them made this Extempore,

Quoi Voiture, tu degeneres
Hors d’icy maugre bleu de Toi
Tu ne vaudra jamais ton Pere
.Tu ne vend du Vin, ni n’en boi.

Begone Voiture, degenerate Son
Of a good Father, hence be gone.
 Thy Father thee did much excel,
Thou neither dost drink Wine, nor sell.

Boileau in his Lurin puts a fine Compliment on the French King in the Mouth of Sloth. Her Complaints, Regrets and Murmurs are certainly most delicate Strokes of Panegyrick on the Bravery and Activity of that Monarch, and wou’d not have been taken so well from any one but Sloth.

Helas! qu’est devenu ce temps, cet heureux tems,
What’s of those Times, those happy Times become
When Kings alas! led lazy Lives at Home;
When glorying in their Idleness they lol’d
On a soft Throne, and were by Me control’d?
Me without blushing then they serv’d, and gave
The Reins of Rule to some illustrious Slave.
Some Household Steward, Count, or such like Thing,
Regain’d in the Room of an unactive King.
No saucy Care disturb’d the Peaceful Court,
The blissful Hours were spent in Sleep or Sport.
No Vigils but for Pleasure did they keep,
The Night for Rest, and the Day for Sleep.
But when the Spring came on, all fresh and fair,
And Zephyrs fan’d with balmy Wings the Air,
Four harness Oxen with slow Motion drew
The King thro’ Paris for the publick View.
Thoughtlesse the Monarch nodded in his Car,
And past the Gate, he thought it was too far.
The gentle Age, Alas! is now no more:
Ill Fates to other Hands consign the Pow’r.
Deaf to my Voice the Monarch braves my Charms,
And wakes me daily with the Noise of Arms.
Nothing his watchfull Courage can withhold;
Summer no Heat, and Winter has no Cold.
My Subjects tremble at his Name, and Peace
Twice tempted him in vain to taste of Ease.
His Courage hurry'd on by Glory runs
Still gaining Battles and still taking Towns.
In Peace on mighty Projects he's employ'd,
And all my Hopes of future Sway destroy'd.
Too much it would fatigue me to explain
What Outrages I've met with in his Reign.

Oh how finely this is imagin'd! says Father Bouhours,
whereas all the Secret of these Panegyricks is to draw the
Picture of Alexander or Caesar, nay of Cato or Cicero, and
write under it, Louis the Great. Dryden has given us an
Image of such a slothful Monarch in two or three Lines,
which I am the more delighted with, for that he gives us at
the same Time an Idea of the Blessings of hereditary Right:

Dropt from above he lights upon a Throne,
Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon;
Heav'n's Choice, a low inglorious rightful Drone.

Which agrees admirably with his Eulogies on King Char-
les and King James. Perc Bouhours returns again to Vo-
ture; for no Man ever knew how to praise as he did. In his
Letter to the Duke d'Enguien on his taking Dunkirk, He
begins, "My Lord, I believe you cou'd have taken hold
"of the Moon with your Teeth, had you set about it." He
shews at first, how much he was embarrasst by the Diff-
culty of the Subject to praise him according to his Deters,
and therefore turns from the serious to the pleasant. "With-
out Doubt in the glorious Condition you now are, 'tis ve-
ry advantageous to have the Honour of being belov'd
by you; but for us Wits, to write to you on your Succes,
is a very perplexing Business. Where can we find Words
that answer to your Actions, or how can we praise you
from Time to Time, when your Victories come so fast
upon us! If you wou'd please to be beaten now and then,
or only raise the Siege of some Town you had attack'd,
we might help our selves out by the Variety; we might
think of some handsome Thing or other to say to you
on the Inconstancy of Fortune, and what Honour it is to
suffer her Disgraces courageously."

Voiture began his Congratulations in the same Manner af-

ter the Prince of Conde had gain'd the Battle of Rocroy, "You have done too much, my Lord, to be born with Si-
"ence; and you are unjust if you think to do as you have "done, and no Body say a Word of it. If you knew how "People talk of you at Paris, I am satisfy'd you wou'd be "asham'd of it, and be astonish'd at the little Care they "take of their Words without Fear of offending you. E-
ev'ry one's Tongue is going, and I must needs say, my "Lord, I can't imagine what was in your Head to give "such a Shock, at your Age, to two or three old Captains, "to whom you ow'd Respect, if on no other Account, yet "en that of their Age. To kill the poor Count de Fou-
"taines, one of the best Men in Flanders, whom the "Prince of Orange durst never meddle with; to seize six-
ten Pieces of Canon, which belongs to a Prince who "is Uncle to the King, and Brother to the Queen, and "with whom you had never any Difference; and to put "the best Troops of Spain into Disorder, after they had "been so civil as to let you pass by them. I own, I have "heard it said, that you are as obstinate as the Devil, and "there is no disputing with you when you are bent upon a "Thing. But I did not think you wou'd have push'd "Matters so far as you have done. If you go on, you will "render your self insufferable to the Emperor, and there "will be no bearing you for the King of Spain." I cannot help thinking this is the most agreeable Panegyrick that ever was written in any Tongue whatsoever. The Prince must laugh all the while he was reading it, and the Earnest that was in it being funk in the Jeśt, it put his Modesty to no Expence. Boileau was so charm'd with this Epitīe, that he wrote one in Imitation of it to the Duke de Viven-
ne, who commanded the French Fleet, upon his Entry into the Phare of Messina.

"My Lord!

"Tho' we poor Devils, who are dead, do not concern our "selves much in the Affairs of the living, and are not ex-
ceedingly 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 be-
low 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." If it were pardona-
ble to ask such a Question of Boileau, I wou'd put it to the Criticks, Whether there is that Naivety here, which is the O 3 Charm
Charm in Voiture, or whether, where the very Thunder of Heaven is not heard, and the Sun is not known, has not more of the Genius of Balzac in it than of Voiture. What follows is more Voituresque, as Mr Pope has it. "There is no Devil here, my Lord, who does not confess ingenuously, 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 of the Angel than of the Devil in you, only Angels have a more airy Shape, and do not carry their Arm in a Scarfe. Raillery apart, Hell is extremally byass'd to your Favour. There is 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, &c."

Voiture has a Simplicity with his Gayety, which is imitable and as grave a Thing as Advice is; he knew how to make it both flatter and please; as in his Letter to the Duke de Anguinen on the preceding Subject, the taking of Dunkirk. "Set some Bounds if you please, my Lord, to your Victories, if it is for no other Reason but to accomodate your self to the Capacity of Mens Understand-ing, and not to go farther than their Belief can go with you. Keep your self for a While at least in Repose and Safety, and suffer France, who amidst her Triumphs is always in Pain for your Life, to enjoy for a few Months at Eafe the Glory you have acquir'd for her."

What is meant by all this, is, that this magnanimous Prince undertook nothing in the Flower of his Age, which he did not accomplish by his Courage and Conduct; that his Actions were incredible and truly marvellous; in a Word, that he took no Care of his Person, but hazarded it too much on the most dangerous Occasions.

Having seen what Turns he gave to his Panegyrick on a brave Prince, let us see his Manner towards a great Minifier of State the Count de Avarie, Ambaffador of France, and Plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Munfer, from whom he had been honour'd with several Letters. "We, the Favourites of Apollo, are astonish'd, that a Man, whose Life has been spent in making Treaties, shou'd write such fine Letters, and with with all our Hearts, that you Men of Business wou'd not meddle with our Matters. And certainly you ought, I shou'd think,
think, to content your self with the Honour of having
finish'd so many important Negotiations, and especially
the last by which you have disarm'd all the Nations of
Europe, without envying us Vits the Glory, such as it is,
of ranging of Words in proper Order, and inventing a
few agreeable Thoughts. It is not handsomely done for
a Person of your Gravity and Dignity to appear more
eloquent than we are, nor while you are employ'd
to bring the Swedes and Imperialists to an Agreement,
that you shou'd be thinking of reconciling jarring Con-
sonants, and measuring of Periods.

Pere Beauxours rightly observes, that there is a Gayety
of Wit in these Letters of Voiture's, as they relate to Praise
which the Ancients knew nothing of. Cicero lov'd to laugh,
but he never laugh'd when he was praising. Martial, who
often ral'yes and banters, is grave when he praises any one.
And of all the Moderns I do not remember one that has
hit Voiture's Manner, which is wonderfully delicate and a-
greeable. However there is Raillery among the Ancients,
and particularly in Cicero and Martial, which tho' serious,
is not without Savour; as where Cicero says to Cæsar, Oblivi-
isci nihil iokes, nisi injustias. You are won't not to forget any
 Thing but Injuries. Orat. pro Ligaro. A French Orator has a
fine Expression in the grave Way on the Marshal de Tu-
remne's Modesty, Il ne tencit pas a huy qu'on n'oubliait ses
Victoires & ses triumphes, 'Twas not owing to him, that his
Victories and his Triumphs were not forgotten. And
Lewis XIV having been once in his Life so gracious, as to
come to Paris and dine at the Town Hall: This Verse
was made on it:

Se Regem oblitus, Rex prope civis erat.
He forgot he was King, and became almost a Citizen.
Most of the Panegyrics on the Emperors which we meet
with in Martial, are equally ingenious and agreeable.
Upon Domitian's frequent Donatives to the Romans, he
says,

Diligcris populo non propter præmia Cæsar,
Propter te populus præmia, Cæsar, amat.
The People do not love you for your Presents,
But love your Presents for you.
He conjures him to return to Rome, by telling him that
Rome envies the Enemies of the Roman Empire, the Hap-
piness of seeing the Emperor; how great forer is the
Glory she acquires by his being at a Distance.
Terrarum dominum proprius videt ille, tuoque
Terretur vultu Barbarus, &c. fruitur.

The barbarous Nations see the World's great Lord,
They're frighted at the Sight, but still they see him.

What the same Poet says to Trajan, is altogether as delicate,

Si redeant Veteres, ingentia Nomina, Patres, &c.

"If the ancient Fathers of the Common-wealth shou'd return from the Elysian Fields, the generous Camillus, that Defender of the Roman Liberty, wou'd think it glorious to serve you. Fabricius would receive the Gold that you wou'd give him. Brutus wou'd rejoice to have such a Captain and such a Master as you. The cruel Sylla wou'd resign the Command into your Hands, as soon as he cou'd quit it. Pompey and Caesar wou'd have lov'd you, and been contented with the Condition of private Men. Crassus wou'd have given you all his Treasures. And in fine, Cato wou'd have embrac'd the Party of Caesar." It is observable to the Glory of the Roman Poets, that the best and greatest of them always espous'd the Cause of Liberty; and when that generous Spirit expir'd, it dy'd last in the Works of Men of Wit. Cato's Submitting to Trajan crowns the Compliment of the Submission of the most famous Dictators, and of the more famous and formidable Triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus and Caesar.

Ipse quoque infernis revocatus Ditis ab umbris
Si Cato reddatur, Caesarianus erit.

If Cato from th' Elysian Fields cou'd come,
Who dy'd to save the Liberties of Rome,
He for thy sake wou'd a Caesaran be,
And own she only cou'd be safe in thee.

Martial has another delicate Thought on a Son of Domitian, who was just born, or ready to be born;

True Race of Gods be born.

He wishes the Emperor might after many Ages associate him in the Empire, and that the Son then an old Man might govern the World with his Father then very old.

Quique regas orbem cum seniore senex.
Martial took that from Ovid Word for Word, and only applies to Domitian’s Son, what Ovid applied to that of Augustus.

Sospite sic te sit natus, quo soles & olim
Imperium regat hoc cum seniore senex.

Such Sort of Robbery is allowable in Poets, when another Turn is given to the Thought or Expression, but I must leave it to the Criticks to determine, whether it be allow’d to take away the Praise that is given to one Man, and give it entire to his Enemy.

Mr. Waller in that excellent Poem to Oliver Cromwell, which begins thus;

While with a strong and yet a gentle Hand
You bridge Faction and our Hearts command,

Speaks thus as a Part of the Benefits of his Government;

The Taste of hot Arabia’s Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without the Worm in Persian Silks we shine,
And without planting drink of every Vine.
Ours is the Harvest where the Indians sow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sowe.

A very great Man, whom I shall not name out of Respect to his Memory, in some Verses he wrote on the Death of King Charles II. robs the Protector to adorn the King.

We reap the swarthy Indians Sweat and Toil,
Their Fruit without the Mischief of their Soil:
In Persian Silks eat eastern Spice secure
From burning Fluxes and the Calenture.

Again. While Charles their Host like Jove from Ida aw’d,
Waller. Once Jove from Ida did both Hosts survey.

But if the Thought and Expression be apt and any how vary’d, I do not see where the great Fault is in Imitation. Besides it is certain, that the same Subject will beget the same Idea’s in good Genius’s, and these Idea’s will very often be express’d in the same or the like Terms without borrowing or imitating.

Where Martial rallyes in a bantering Way, there is sometimes as nice a Turn in it, as where he flatters in a serious one:

Omnes
Omnes quas habuit Fabiane Lycoris amicae
Sustulit: uxor siat amica meæ.

Lycoris has by Poison ta' ne the Life
Of her She-Friends: I wish she knew my Wife.

Again. Septima jam Phileros tibi conditum uxor in agro:
Plus nulli Phileros quam tibi reddit ager.

This is the seventh Wife who in thy Ground is laid:
Who more than thee, cou'd of that Ground have made?

Again. Nubere Paula cupit nobis, ego ducere Paulam
Nolo anus eft. Velem, si magis effet anus.

Feign wou'd kind Paula wed me if she cou'd:
I won't; she's old. If older yet, I wou'd.

Ovid's Thought on Hercules's Amours is more fine. He
makes Dejanira jealous of Omphale, who dress'd her self
in the Lyon's Skin, while Hercules wore her Robe and
Mantle, and in her Jealously she says thus to him,

Falleris & nescis, non sunt spolia ita Leonis:
Sunt tua, tuque fæa victor cs, illa tui.

How shameful 'tis to see a Princess dress'd:
In the rough Skin of such a ravenous Beast!
Miftaken Man, thou'rt balkt in thy Design,
'Tis not the Lyon's Spoils, she wears but thine.
What more in this can to thy Glory be?
By thee the Lyon conquer'd, she has conquer'd thee.

In the preceding Pages we spoke of the Delicacy of
Thought, as it arises from Surprize, particularly by a Fall,
as from Henry the Great of France, to a Harlot. That was in
the serious Kind. But this Epigram of Lord Lansdown's
is in the Gay.

Bright as the Day, and like the Morning fair,
Such Chloe is,—and common as the Air.

A terrible Fall from Aurora to a Harlot! but the Surprize
renders it agreeable. The Delicacy of the next Epigram
written by the same noble Lord, consists in the Quickness
of the Turn, and the concealing of the Sense.

Of two Reliefs to ease a Lovesick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair; I urge, be kind.
L*ogick and Rhetoric. 203

Flavia be kind, the Remedy’s as sure,
’Tis the most pleasant and the quickest Cure.

Lopez deVega the Spanish Poet has a delicate Thought,
which regards that of Ovid concerning Hercules and Omphale, but is more moral.

Si aquien los icones vence,
Vence una muger hermosa:
O el de flaco se avergencia
O ella de ser mas furiosa.

If he who conquer’d Lyons
Is by a Woman conquer’d,
What Shame for him to be so weak
For her to be so fierce!

The Reader will observe, I do not always tagg my translated Verse with Rime, and if I am not mistaken, neither these nor some others want its Assistance.

Tasso has happily express’d the Folly of Hercules, in dressing himself in Omphale’s female Habits, by an Inscription over the Gate of Armida’s Palace.

Mirafi qui frà le Meonie ancelle
Favoleggiar con la connochia Alcide.
Se l’ inferno efpugnd, resse le stelle,
Hor torce il fufo: amor se’l guarda, e ride.

Which Fairfax has well translated;

Alcides there sate telling Tales and spun
Among the feeble Troops of Damels mild.
He that the fiery Gates of Hell had won
And Heaven upheld; false Love stood by and smir’d;
Arm’d with his Club fair Jolee forth did run,
His Club with Blood of Monsters foul defp’t;
And on her Back his Lyon’s Skin had she,
Too rough a Bark for such a tender Tree.
Love s’el guarda & ride, Look on and smir’d.

The ridiculous Figure pleas’d Love as a, Mark of his own Power to have tam’d him who had tam’d Lyons. On the Gate of Armida’s Palace was also engrav’d the Battle of Achion, and especially Anthony’s Flight, as soon as he saw Cleopatra was fled.

Ecco fuggir la barbara Reina:
E fugge Antonio e lasciar può le speme.
The ARTS of

De l'imperio del mondo ov' egli aspira,
Non fugge no, non teme il fior, non teme;
Ma segue lei che fugge, e seco il tira.

Exquisitely fine and delicate, well render'd by Fairfax.

Antonius then himself to Flight betook,
The Empire lost to which he would aspire
Yet fled not he, nor Fight for Fear forsook,
But follow'd her drawn on by fond Desire:
Well might you see within his troubled Look
Strive and contend, Love, Courage, Shame and Ire;
Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the Fight,
But ofter on his Mistress and her Flight.

This Version is as old as Spencer, much older than Drayton,
And yet the Language and the Numbers may very well pass
For modern. Pere Bouhours is highly delighted with the
Non fugge no, ma segue lei che fugge!
He did not fly, but follow'd her who fled.

Mr. Prior on the same Subject,

Antonius fled from Actium's Coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His Sails by Cupid's Hands unfurl'd
To keep the Fair he gave the World.

Here is no Delicacy, His Sails by Cupid's Hands unfurl'd,
Tho' metaphorically the same as Tasso's, yet it is open and
Has nothing of the Mysterious.

Tasso's Thought, according to Father Bouhours, is not only
delicate to the Mind but to the Heart; and here he observes, that he has an Opportunity to play the Heart and
the Mind against one another, as others had done before him; but he rather chooses to remark, that some Thoughts
may have Delicacy as they touch the Passions, as others are as they strike the Understanding, l'Esprit & le Cœur, the
Heart and the Mind, the Heart and the Understanding, which you will, though neither of them pleases me, and perhaps they cannot be express'd in English, but by Circumlocation.

In these Sentiments he informs us, Ovid is excellent, and
somost certainly he is to those that understand him. I do not
mean Grammatically, as Rymer or Joshua Barnes did, but
sensibly, as Charles Hopkins or Mr. Wallis. And this Way
of understanding an Author, is what is very little known or con-
consider’d, especially by Academicians, who place the Intelligence of a Poet or Orator in construing and parsing him, and have generally no other Way of understanding this. Ovid in his Epistles makes Dido say to Æneas,

Exercæ pretiosæ Odia & constantia magno,
Si dum me fugias, eft tibi vile mori.

Your Hatred costs you much, if when you fly,
To you it seems so slight a Thing to dye.

What Paris writes to Helen on the three Goddesses, of whose Beauty he was made Judge, is extreamly delicate in Sentiment.

Vincere erant omnes dignæ, judexque verebar
Non omnes causam vincere posse fumam.

All three deserv’d to gain the Cause; to me
’Twas grievous not to give it to all three.

Catullus is not inferior to Ovid in delicate Sentiments; as when he speaks of the Death of a Brother, whom he tenderly lov’d,

Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aspiciam posthac; at certè semper amabo.

Dear Brother, I shall never see thee more,
Dearer than Life it self thou art to me:
For ever I have lost, but shall for ever love thee.

This Thought is very tender, but it lies a little too open, and is too well polisht’d to be consistent with the Delicacy in Sentiments of which we are speaking. What Racine makes Titus say of Berenice, is more delicate.

Depuis cinq ans entiers chaque jour je la vois,
Et croy toujours la voir pour la première fois.

Five Years together, every Day I saw her,
And every Time I saw her seem’d the first.

Catullus’s Thought on the Injury done by a Person one loves, in giving Occasion of Jealousy by ill Conduct, is still more fine.

——— Injuria talis
Cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

—— Such Injury compells
To love her more, and wish her less.
It encreases Passion, and lessens good Will. The mysterious Part of this Thought is the delicate; and Catullus's, Sentiment on the Death of his Brother, loses its Delicacy for Want of Mystery.

The Sentiments which Corneille gives Sabina, Sister to the Curiatti, and Wife of one of the Horatii, are very delicate, tho' not so mysterious.

Albe où j'ay commencé de respirer le jour,
Albe, mon cher pais, & mon premier amour,
Lorsqu' entre nous & toy je vois la guerre ouverte,
Je crains noftre Victoire autant que noftre Perte:
Rome, si tu le plains que c'est la te trahir,
Fais-toy des ennemis que je puisse hair.

Alba, where first I breath'd the vital Air;
Oh Alba, my dear Country, my first Love;
When between us and thee the War commenc'd
I fear'd our Victories as much as Losses.
Doft thou complain that I betray thee, Rome?
Make Enemies that I may hate.

Pere Bouhours tells us, the two last Verses were happily apply'd to a Roman Catholick, who had turn'd Protestant to marry a Calvinist; and that the whole Mystery of Delicacy is contain'd in what a French Dramatick Poet makes a Confident of the Sultana say upon her having vow'd the Death of Bajazet, and yet being desirous to see him, that she might upraid him.

Je connois peu l'amour, mais je puis vous répondre,
Qu'il n'est pas condamné puis qu'on veut le confondre:
I know not much of Love, but this I know
You ha'nt condemned, if you desire to hear him.

Armida in Tasso's Gierusalemme being abandon'd by Rinaldo, follows him to Wars, engages on the opposite Side, meets him in the Battle, and lets fly an Arrow at her false Lover; but a Remain of Love makes her wish that the Arrow might not reach him.

Lo sfrit volò : mà con lo sfrale un voto
Subito ufti, che vada il colpo a vuoto.

But Wrath prevail'd, at last the Reed outlew
For Love finds Mean, but Hatred knows no Measure.
Outlew the Shaft, but with the Shaft this Charm,
This Whif she sent. Heav'n's grant it do no Harm—

Shē
She bids the Reed return the Way it went,
And pierce the Heart which so unkind could prove.

Armida's wish very well marks the Character of a Person, full of Refentment, Choller and Rage, which yet are not all of them enough quite to extinguish Love. The saying of Pliny to Trajan has a Mystery, which renders it as delicate as it is mysterious. Tibi salis tua invisa est, si non sit cum Reipublicæ salute conjuncta. Nihil pro te præter optati, nisi expeditat optantibus. Your Life is hateful to you, if it is not join'd with the Safety of the Common-wealth. Neither do you suffer any one to wish you any Thing, unless it is for the Good of those that wish it. Is not this of Catullus as tender as it is delicate? 'Tis spoken of a Person whom he dearly lov'd.

In folis tu mihi turba locis. Lib. 12.
In desert Places you're to me,
Alone a mighty Company.

What Martial says to a Roman Lady, with whom he was in the Country, seems to have more Life in it.

Romam tu mihi sola facis. Lib. 12.
Thou art alone all Rome to me.

Corneille, who was a perfect Master of the most delicate Passions, and is said to have made the Romans speak like Romans, makes the Widow of Pompey say, upon Cæsar's weeping at the Sight of his bloody Head, and lamenting the Murder of so great a Man;

O Soupirs, ô Respect, ô qu'il est doux de plaindre
Le fort d'un Ennemi, quand il n'est plus à craindre!

Rare Tears and rare Respect, how sweet to grieve
For a Foe's Death, whom we no longer fear.

Cæsar's lamenting is not so sincere as that of a Dove, introduc'd in a little Dialogue in Verfe, between a Passenger and the Bird.

Passenger. Que fais-tu dans ce bois, plaintive tourterelle?

What dost thou do here in this Wood, sweet Dove?

Dove. Je gémis, j'ay perdu ma compagne fidelle.

I mourn, for I have lost my faithful Mate.

Pass.
The ARTS of

Paff. Ne crains-tu point que l'Oifleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle?

Art thou not afraid the Fowle
Will kill thee, as she has been kill'd?

Dove. Si ce ne't luy, ce fera ma douleur.

Grief will, if he does not.

Nothing can be more moving, more natural, more delicate. Lucan has something like it, in what Cornelia, the Widow of Pompey, before-mention'd says;

Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.
'Were shameful of Grief only not to die,
Now thou art dead, my Husband.

Sisgambis, Mother of Darius; dy'd of Grief as soon as she heard of the Death of Alexander, who had treated her not only very respectfully but very tenderly. She threw herself upon the Ground, burst out into a Torrent of Tears, refus'd to see the Light or receive Nourishment; resolv'd not to out-live the Death of that generous Conqueror: Upon which Quintus Curtius has a very delicate Thought, as delicately express'd: Cum sustinuisset post Darium vivere; Alexandro esse superflue erubuit: Having had the Courage to live after Darius was dead, she was ashamed to out-live Alexander.

Of Natural Thoughts.

Natural Thoughts may surprize, elevate, or touch, by Delicacy, Sublimity, or Agreeableness, and yet be vicious, because they are not natural: as those of Crassus were, which we have spoken of before, and which Pere Bouhons made the Model of right thinking. Sententiae Crassitam integrae, tam vera, tam nove, tam sin: pigmentis suoque puerili, Cicero. Thoughts, as has been already hinted, are in Danger of becoming flat and insipid by following Nature too closely: They thus lose the Property which renders them lively and poignant. In Thinking as well as expressing, whatever is poor and dry is distasteful; and if what is natural in a Thought is mean and lan-

guishing,
guilting, or dull and common, it will have no Charms. This is to be avoided, and a Thing may be ordinary without being insipid; as in Sauce, which may be good, and not be made up of Pepper and Salt; and a Mefs of Water-gruel may please some Persons as well as Soop, if their Palates are not vitiated.

By Natural, Father Bouhours means something that is not far fetch'd, something which the Subject it self presents, and, as has been more than once said, which is born of it; a beautiful Simplicity, without Paint and Artifice, as Petronius teaches us: Grandis, & ut ita dicam, pudica Oratio non est maculosa, nec turpida; sed naturalis pulchritudine exurgit. A great, and if I may to say, a modest Eloquence, is not spotted and puffy, but adorn'd with natural Beauty. Quintilian also, Optima minime accepta, & simplicibus atque ab ipsa veritate prosectis similia, Lib. 8. A natural Thought is such as every one might have hit upon, such as seems to be in the Head before it was read, easy to be found out, and puts one to no Expence when we meet with it. It in some manner proceeds less from the Mind of him who thinks, than from the Thing that's spoken of: Nihil videatur fictum, nihil follicitum: Omnia potius a causa quam ab Oratore prosecta credantur, Quintil. Lib. 4. By Natural here is not understood Naif, which is the most agreeable of all the Manners of Thinking, and the most flor'd with Charms. Every Thought that's Naif is natural, but every natural Thought is not Naif. If Naivety is taken in its right Signification; the Grand, the Sublime is not, and cannot be Naif; for Naivety has ever in it something that's little or not very great. Simplicity and Grandure are by no means incompatible, as is remarked elsewhere, but there's a Difference between a certain noble Simplicity and a pure Naivety of Thought: The former excludes Pomp only, the latter excludes even Greatness.

A Natural Thought, in some wife, represents a Stream of Water that runs into a Garden without Pipes, or being forc'd in; or a young Girl that has a fair Complexion, without the White or the Red. The Authors of the Augustan Age, especially Cicero, Virgil, and Ovid, are full of Thoughts of this Kind.

Cicero's Thought on the Cofal's of Ceres and Triptolemus, which Verres could not carry off, on account of their Weight, notwithstanding the strong Desire he had to it, offers
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it self: His pulcritudo periculo, amplitude saluti. Their Beauty brought them into Danger; their Greatness deliver'd them out of it. But what he says on the Death of Crassius is still more natural. He observes at first, that Crassius died before the Troubles that befell the Common-wealth; that he neither saw the Flames of the War in Italy, nor the Banishment of his Son-in-law, nor the Affliction of his Daughter, nor, in fine, the miserable Condition of Rome, dispoil'd and disfigur'd by a long Series of Misfortunes, and then adds; Hi tamen Rempublicam casus consecuti sunt; ut mihi non erepta L. Crasfo, diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur. It seems as if the Gods had not taken away the Life of Crassius, but had made him a Prefent of Death. The Thought is drawn from the Subject it self; there's nothing foreign in it, neither is there any thing flat and insipid; Est enim vitiosum in Sententia, si quid aut subinsulsam est Cicer. de Opt. Gen. Orat.

On doit regretter sa mort,
Mais sans accuser le sort,
De cruauté ni d'envie:
Le siècle est si vicieux,
Paffant, qu'une courte vie
Est un favéur des cieux.

His Death we justly may regret,
And without thinking hard of Fate,
Or laying Envy to its Charge,
Or Cruelty; so vicious is the Age,
That, Passenger, a Life so short,
is a Favour of the Skies.

The same Poet has another Thought on a Father in Affliction for the Death of his Daughter. The Father addresses himself to Heaven thus:

Hâte ma Fin que ta rigueur diffère,
Je hay le Monde & n'y pretens plus rien:
Sur mon tombeau ma fille devroit faire
Ce que je fais maintenant fur le sien.

Hasten the Death thy Rigour has deferr'd,
I hate the World, and nothing in't regard:
My Daughter shou'd upon my Tomb have done,
What at this Time I'm doing on her own.

The
The Sentiments of Evander, Father of Pallas, in Virgil's Æneis, are very natural. Turnus kill'd that gallant Youth in the Heat of the Battel, with his own Hand. The Father says, the Beginnings of his youthful Valour were fatal, that the Gods were deaf to the Prayers of a wretched Father who surviv'd his Son, and was left alone after him, contrary to the Order of Nature. That his Wife was happy in dying before him, and not being reserv'd for so great Affliction: In fine, that it had been more just if Evander had been kill'd instead of Pallas, and the Father's Body had lain there instead of the Son's.

Primitæ juvenis Miserae, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta; & nulli exaudita Deorum
Vota precesque max; tuque, o sanctissima Conjuex,
Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem, &c.

Oh cursed Essay of Arms, disastrous Doom,
Prehide of bloody Fields and Fights to come!
Hard Elements of inauspicious War,
Vain Vows to Heav'n and unavailing Care!
Thrice happy thou, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whose holy Soul the Stroke of Fortune fled:
Precious of Ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the Dreggs of Life, by Fate assign'd:
Beyond the Goal of Nature, I have gone,
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.

As there is no-body who takes more Pleasure in Dryden's Numbers and Fancy than my self, no-body who has a better Opinion of his Mastery in the English Language; so I hope I shall not be accused of Prejudice or Envy when I offer any thing against his Judgment, which was unsettl'd, or against the Truth of his Translations. There's hardly a Sentiment of Virgil but what is flatten'd in this Passage, as appears by the Original, and Segrais's Version, which Dryden had before him, and I perceive us'd it by the first Verse.

Funeste coup d' Essai d'un Prince valoureux.

Ob cursed Essay of Arms.

O ma priere en vain aux Dieux Sourds addressée!
O mere, au moins heureuse en ta mort avancée
Davoir souhait tes jours a mes vives douleurs,
Pour survivre au contraire a de si grands Malheurs,
J'ay force les Delfins.

Ab curst Essay of a young Prince's Valour,
Deaf to my Prayer were all the Gods, ab Mother!
Happy art thou, to have been freed by Death
From my tormenting Griefs, To live in Woe,
I've put a Force upon the Delfinies.

Pere Bouhors does not think the Sentiments of Quintilian, on the Death of his Wife and Children so natural:
Quis enim miki bonus pares ignocat, si studere amplius possum, ac non oderit animi mei primitatem, si quis in me est alius utus vocis quam ut incusem Deos, superbes Omnium meorum? nullam terras despicere providentiam reser? Lib. 6. Proem. "Who that knows what it is to be a Father " wou'd forgive me if I cou'd now apply my self to Stud" y? How can fatherly Affection suffer me to have my " Mind and my Head free enough and strong enough " for that Purpose; or that I should make use of my " Voice for any thing but to accuse the Gods, who have " taken from me all that was dear to me, and made me " an Example, that there is no such Thing as Providence " which governs the World!" He then swears by his Misfortunes, by his Conscience, by the Manes of his eldest Son, whom he calls the Deities of his Grief, that the pro" digious Talents and extraordinary Virtues of that Child made him apprehensive that he should lose him, by reason that 'tis almost always observ'd, what ripens too fast is soon rotten, and that there is a certain, I know not what, jea" lous Delfiny, which disappoints so great Hopes, for fear the Prosperity of Mankind should be carry'd farther than is consistant with a Human State. There may be Sense in all this, but there is not much Nature: See in the Original. Juro per mala mea, per inseliciem conscien" tiam, per illos manes numina doloris mei, hab me in illo sidisse Virtutes ingenii; ut prorsus possit hinc esse tanti fulminis metus. Quod observatum fer. est, celeriis occidere festinatum maturitatem, & esse nescio quam que spes tantas decerpit invidiam, ne videlicet ultra quam homini datum est nostris revehantur. Ibid. Father Bouhors takes notice that Quintilian falls out with the Gods, and is hurry'd on by his Grief to disbelieve a Providence, whereas Evander blames only the too rash Valour of his Son, and complains that the Gods had not heard his Prayers.
I am apt to believe there is too much reflection in the Sentiments of Quintilian, to render them so natural as they should have been; and this Fault is inseparable from even the best of our Tragedies. The Observation that the most hopeful and most lovely Children seldom reach to Years of Maturity, is the most natural Stroke in all this Passage. We meet with it every Day, both in high Life and low, among the Literate and Illiterate, the Wife and the Weak. The Truth is, those good Qualities which are the Foundation of the Parents Hopes, are apt to keep such Children more in their Eye and their Heart, and they miss them sooner and more than they do others.

Racine, in his Iphigenia, makes Agamemnon as angry with the Gods as Quintilian was. The Trouble he was in at the Oracles condemning him to sacrifice his Daughter, occasions his saying to her,

Montrez, en expirant, de qui vous est née:
Faites rougir ces Dieux qui vous ont condamnée.

In Dying, show you're worthy of your Birth;
And make the Gods that have condemned you, blush.

Pere Bouhors's Excuse for Racine does not seem sufficient. Agamemnon might be allow'd to say, on the Stage, what did not become Quintilian to write in his Closet. There's Impiety, and perhaps Weakness in the Thought. The Gods, according to the Pagan Theology, were incapable of doing what they must blush for, when they acted as Gods by their Oracles. This Thought has more of Lee in it than of the Author Racine himself, who is generally judicious and discreet. Dryden has quarrell'd with the Gods almost as much as Lee, and his Maximins and Almanzors kick them about the Stage, as Wildair would Dicky. Nay, his Don Sebastian, which he wrote after the Duke of Buckingham had, in the Rehearsal, diverted the Town above Twenty Years, with his Rants and Similes, calls the Gods to Account for using him otherwise than he would have been used.

Ye cruel Powers!
Take me as you have made me miserable!
You cannot make me Guilty! 'Twas my Fate,
And you made that, not I.
Otway, though a great Master of the natural Way of Thinking, cannot help having a Fling at Heaven.

Tell me why, good Heaven,
Though mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
That fill the happiest Man? Al rather why
Dost thou not form me fordid as my Fate,
Base manded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just Dealing! Nature?

Impious, and consequently unnatural; nothing being more in Nature than the most sublime Idea's of the Justice, Wisdom, and Power of God, nor than Reverence and Awe, when we think or speak of Him. Milton's Decorum, in this Respect, is wonderful. Dryden's Indecencies are also as wonderful on the other hand. In his Poem entitled Eleonora, he speaks of the Omnipotent with a Familiarity which would hardly be decent to a small Mayor of a Corporation.

Heav'n knew he safely might encrease his Poor,
And trust their Sustenance to her so well,
As not to be at Charge of Miracle.

And in his Poem on the Death of King Charles II.

It cost Omnipotence a second Thought.

In which there is just so much Truth and Modesty, as in his Saying of that King,

The Prince who lived to God's own Heart.

Further, on the Death of the Lord Offory, he says,

—— Snatch'd in Manhood's Prime,
B' unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime.

He does not say as Quintilian, that there's no Providence or God at all, but 'tis a wicked Providence, and a criminal God; nay, he positively denies the Almighty's Power, to libel the Petitioners to the King for the Sitting of the Parliament.

God cannot grant so much as they can crave.

Abs. and Ach.

But
But his Divinity was as good as his Prophecy, when he speaks thus of King James II.

I see

The long Retinue of a prosperous Reign,
A Series of successful Tears.

Corneille was very exact in observing Decorum, when he spoke of the Gods; as in Rodogune, where the two Brothers Antiochus and Seleucus complain of that Prince's Cruelty.

Seleucus. Que le Ciel est injuste ! une ame si cruelle,
Meritoit nostre mere, & devoit naistre d'Elle.
Antioch. Plaignons nous fans blaspheme.

Seleucus. Oh ! how unjust is Heaven, a Soul so cruel
Is like our Mother's, she should have been her
Daughter,
Antioch. Let us complain, but let us not blaspheme.

Here I cannot but take Notice of a Couplet of Dryden's in the before-mention'd Poem on King Charles the Second's Death,

Heroes in Heav'ns peculiar Mold are cast:
They and their Poets are not form'd in Haste.

because it seems to be borrow'd from Taylor the Water Poet, who row'd a Wherry on the Thames in Ben Johnson's Time, and whose Works are in Print.

When Heav'n intends to do some mighty Thing,
He makes a Poet, or at least a King.

I leave it to the Reader to judge which is the best Line,

He makes a Poet, or at least a King,
as the Waterman exprest it; or as the Laureat,

They and their Poets are not made in Haste.

In Don Sebastian, Dryden owns that the King did not make Fate, but Almanzor in his Grenada, does make it,

I point you the white Moment of your Fate.
Clitemnestra, in the above-mention'd Iphigenia, tells Achilles, that he is something more than the Gods, with Regard to her Daughter, whom he's bound in Honour to deliver from the Death to which the Gods had condemn'd her.

Ira t'elle des Dieux implorant la justice,
Embrasser Leurs Autels parez pour son supplice?
Elle n'a que vous seul: vous eltes en ces Lieux.
Son Pere, Son epoux, fon Asyle, les Dieux.

Shall she th' Assistance of the God's implore,
Embrace their Altars for her Death adorn'd?
You are her only Succour: In this Place,
Her Father, Spouse, her Refuge, and her Gods.

Father Bouhours is of Opinion that this Saying of Agamemnon, in the same Tragedy, is Nature itself.

Helas, en m' imposant une loi si severe,
Grands Dieux me deviez vous laisser un cœur de Pere?

Great Gods, who doom'd me to this cruel Deed,
Shou'd you have left me still a Father's Heart!

Brutus, who condemn'd his Rebel Sons to Death, cast off all the Sentiments of a Father to perform the Function of Consul, according to Valerius Maxinus, Lib. 5. c. 8. Exuit patrem ut Consulem ageret. Livy, who always thinks naturally, says, on the same Subject, Brutus's condemning his Sons to Death; Qui Spectator erat movendus,
evum ipsum Fortuna exaltem jussit faci. Fortune so order'd it, that he who should not have been suffer'd to assist at the tragical Sight, was himself the Author of it; Florus, who does not think so justly as Livy, imitates him in this Passage: Liberos securi percussit ut plane publicus pares in locum Liberorum adeptasse sibi populum vivéretur. "By cutting his Sons Heads off he seem'd to adopt the People of Rome, and to become Father of his Country." What Voiture writes to the Dutchefs of Longueville on the Death of her Father is as natural: "It was but just that "so heavenly a Person as her self should submit to the "Will of God, from whom having receiv'd all, she "should with Patience suffer him to take something "from her." This is not only natural but well turn'd, and very just. The two following Thoughts out of Virgil and Ovid are extreamly natural. Virgil speaks of two Brothers, who were very like one another.

---

Simil-
Simillima proles
Indifcrcta, fuis gratulque parentibus Error.

So wondrous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Error in their Parent's Eyes:
Grateful Mistake!

Dryden.

Ovid describing the glorious Palace of the Sun, says,

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse fororum.

Among them all, no two appear the same,
Nor differ more than Sisters well became.

A Thought of Lopez de Vega upon Resemblance is fine
and happy; he says, Nature, who delights in Painting,
does not always invent; that she's sometimes weary, and
satisfies her self with copying. The Subject he's upon is
a Spanish Princefs, who attended Alphonso King of Castile,
in his Expedition to Jerusalem, in a Man's Habit, passing
for the Brother of her whom she herself was.

Yva mirando el Rey el rostro hermoso,
Tan semejante a Ilmenia; que a su cuenta
El pincel natural maravilloso,
Canfado alguna vez copia y no inventa.

All Thoughts of which Nature is the Subject, cannot
fail of being natural, let them be ever fo ingenious: Such
is that of Guarini, Author of Pastor Fido.

Vergogna che'n altrui stampi natura
Non fi puo rinegare, che fe tu tenti,
Di cacearla dal cor, fugge nel volto.

We can't with Shame, the Print of Nature part,
Twill in the Face appear, if not the Heart.

In those Thoughts which have a Conformity to natural
Inclinations, Nature will always be most visible: Thus
as the Love of Life is very natural, so is what Achilles
says to Ulysses in Hell.

I had rather be a Villager, a Slave,
To some poor Man who labour'd for his Bread,
Than to reign here sole Monarch of the Dead.
In this Answer of Achilles is understood what (Odys. 11.) Ulysses had said before of his own Misfortunes and Achilles's Happines, who in his Life-time had been ho-
nour'd as a Man equal to the Gods, and was now re-
spected by the Dead, as their King and their Master. Charles IX. King of France, was not of Achilles's Mind, when he said, He had rather die a King than live a Pri-
soner. Solomon, a much wiser Man than either Achilles or Ulysses himself, was not of the French King's Opinion; a living Dog is better than a dead Lion, as is said in Ecclesiastes. The Jesuit we are learning of, imputes the Saying of Charles IX. to his Ambition, which had spoil'd his Judgment but I impute it to his Arrogance and Lust of Power. A Man who cou'd be guilty of so base and barbarous an Act as the Paris Massacre, who could see his Subjects murder'd before his Eyes; nay, those very Subjects whom he had invited thither, as to a Marriage Feast; He who could break through the Laws of God and Man; through Hospitality, Honour, Justice, and de-
light himself with gazing on the slayer'd Innocents in the Agonies of Death, such a Man not worthy of the Name of King, was incapable of that heroic Ambition, for which Death has no Terrors. Another French Writer has a Thought on the same Subject, much more agreea-
ble to Nature: "There's no King who when he is dy-
ing would not be the meanest of his Subjects, and "no Slave so miserable as to be willing to change Con-
ditions with a Monarch, who had but a Minute or two "to live." What Martial says of those that idolize the Antients is very much in Nature.

Miraris veteres Vacerra folos:
Nec laudas nisi mortuos Poetas.
Ignoscas, petimus, Vacerra: tanti
Non eit ut placeam tibi, perire.

None but the Antients you admire,
None but dead Poets Praise;
I do not think 'tis worth the while
To dye for your Applause.

Martial has many Thoughts upon Life, as natural as that:

Si post Fata venit gloria, non propero.

Till
Till after Death, if Glory do's not come,
I'll not make haste to get it.

Jam vicina jubent nos vivere Mausolea:
Cum doceant ipsos posse perire Deos.

Bekold the mighty Monuments,
Rais'd near the City they are Lessons
Which shew us how to live, by shewing
The Gods themselves are not from Death exempted.

By the Gods, he means the Emperors, who were usually deify'd, and has particularly Allusion to Augustus's Tomb.

Martial again.

Non est, crede mihi, sapiens dicere, vivam.
Sera Nimis vita est cæstina, vive hodie.

Trust me, it is not wise to say,
I'll Live; 'twill be too late to Morrow,
Live if thou'ret wise to Day.

He refines upon his own Thought thus.

Hodie, jam vivere, Posthume, sermon est:
Ille sapit, quisquis, Posthume, vixit hæredi.

To Day to live, ev'n that's too late I say.
The Wiseman, Posthumus, liv'd Yesterday.

In my Mind, these Verses of Mr. Prior are all together as natural.

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggled with continual Sorrow,
Renews his Hope and blindly lays
The desp'rate Bet upon to Morrow;
To Morrow comes; 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day like all the former flies,
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To Morrow, till to Night he dies.

This Poem is address'd to Mr. Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax; and the last Stanza of it, is equally pleasant and moral.
We weary'd should bye down in Death,
This Cheat of Life would take no more,
If you thought Fame but empty Breath,
I Phillis, but a perjur'd Whore.

If the one had been freed from Ambition and Politick's,
and the other from Pleasure and Love, they might both
have set a left Value on Life.

Did not Martial take the Thought in his last Epigram from Horace, Ode ix. render'd thus by Mr. Congreave?

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom,
That is not ours which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store,
The next should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more.
So all our Life is but one Instant Now,
Look on each Day you've pass'd,
To be a mighty Treasure won,
And lay each Moment out in Haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.

Mr. Dryden has translated it with less Paraphrase.

To Morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r.
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
Whate'er thou get'st to Day is Gain.

The Marquis de Racan, who had more Genius than Learning, is much admir'd by Pere Bouhours, for his natural Way of thinking, particularly in these two Stanza's of an Ode he address'd to Leonor de Rabutin, Count de Buffy.

Que te fent de chercher les Tempesfes de Mars
Pour mourir tout en vie, &c.

What boots it thee to seek for Death
Amid the Tempest of the War.
Living to rush on certain Fate,
As thou art hurry'd on by Glory?
The Death which flatters thee with Fame,
The Recompence of all thy Toils,  
Is the same Death which with less Trouble,  
By your own Fire-Side you may find.

2.

What boots it those proud Walls to raise,  
Which shew our Folly to the Skies,  
When many a Castle crush'd to Earth  
By its own Weight, have with themselves,  
Bury'd the Names and the Devices  
Of the vain Men who made them?

It is certain, that Expression helps very much to render a  
Thought the more simple, and the more natural; and before I make any Use of Father Bouhous's Examples, I will instance this of Spencer.

And therein sate an old, old Man half blind.

It is not a Picture; it is Nature her self, plain and simple; and every one that reads the Verse, sees the old Man as perfectly as if he was by him. Pere Bouhous's first Example is alike just and pretty. 'Tis written on a fine young Creature, who is too much conceited of her Merit.

Vous avez beau charmer : vous aurez le Destin  
De ces fleurs, si fraiches, si belles  
Qui ne durent qu'un matin :  
Comme elles, vous plaisiez : vous passerez comme Elles.  
In vain you charm : Your Fate will be  
The same with these fair Flowers you see.  
They do but for a Morning last,  
Their Sweets are with the Moment past.  
Your Beauties are like theirs alas!  
You please like Them, like Them you'll pass.

When Eve looks on the Flowers of Eden before her Expulsion, her Reflection upon it is express in the Simplicity of Nature.

Oh, Flowers!  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early Visitation and my last  
At Even, which I bred up with tender Hand,  
From the first opening Bud, and gave you Names;  
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank  
Your Tribes, and water from the Ambrosial Fount?

How bald is the Imitation of this Thought in Dryden's  
State of Innocence!
The Careful Sun, and the Fainting Souls are a Shame to Milton's happy Image and Expression; and I have often wonder'd how it was possible for Mr. Dryden, who had Milton before him, to creep every where thro' his State of Innocence, when Milton is always on the Wing.

Elocution, as Father Bouhours teaches us, adds sometimes to the Beauty of a Thought, by making it still more natural. A handsome well-made Suit of Cloaths is an Ornament, even to a well shap'd Person, and when it fits, shews the Shape to more Advantage. Thus there are Terms so adapted, or rather annex'd to Things that they seem to follow the Thought as Shadow follows the Body. Ut sensibus inhaerere videantur, arque ut Umbra Corpus sequi. Quint. lib. 8. præm. de verbis.

Of Affectation in Thought and Expression.

Affectation is a Defect quite contrary to the natural Character of both Thought and Expression. 'Tis in Eloquence the worst of all Vices, as the same Quintilian informs us, because we avoid others, and seek after this: Omnim in Eloquentia vitiorum pezzimum: nam cetera cim vitentur, hoc petitur. Est autem totum in Elocutione. Ibid. He adds, est autem totum in Elocutione. This Vice is wholly in Elocution. But without Father Bouhours's Help, one might have observ'd that Quintilian himself, is a little out here; for certainly People may as well be affected in their Manner of thinking, as in that of speaking. The learned Jesuit tells us, an Italian had before given Quintilian the Lye on this Article, Questo ultimo è falso perche l'Affectatione consiste anche ne' concetti. The last Part of the Sentence is false, for that Affectation is in the Thought as well as the Expression. An ancient Rhetorician had taught him that Posita autem est nulla affectatio in sententia quidem, ut qui dixit: Centaurus equitans se ipsum, Demetr. Phaler. de Elocut. The Centaur is a Horse riding himself, which is Affectation with a Witness. Virgil says, that Enceladus burnt by Jupiter's Light-
Lightning, vomited Flames thro' the Openings of the Mountains which the Gods had flung upon his Body. Guarini says, That Giant darted such Flames of Rage and Indignation against Heaven, that one cou'd not tell whether the Gods threw their Lightnings at him, or he flung his at the Gods.

La dove sotto a la gran mole Etnea
Non fò fe fulminato o fulminante
Vibra il fiero Gigante.

Contra l nemico ciel fiamme disdegnò.

What Virgil says, is natural; what Guarini, affected. Pliny the Elder is not free from Affectation, in his Saying, that humane Blood, to be reveng'd of Iron, which is its mortal Enemy, and helps very much to spill it, brings Ruft with it. _Aferro sanguis humanus se ulciscitur._ But the Saying of Pliny the younger, of one Licinius a Senator, who had turn'd Rhetorician to get him a Livelihood, is natural; _Seque de Fortuna praefationibus vindicat._ He reveng'd himself on Fortune, by the Speeches he made against her. The Vengeance which the elder Pliny attributes to Man's Blood, is not in Nature. The Blood of Beasts rufts Iron as well as that of Men: But the Vengeance which the degraded Senator took of Fortune, is extremely natural: All unfortunate Men, naturally railing against every Thing, that is the Occasion of their Misfortune. Pliny the elder has more of Nature in his Thoughts than the younger Pliny has; however, the latter thinks very naturally sometimes; but in his Panegyrick, and in his Epifles, he endeavours to be always witty, and that of Consequence leads him out of the Paths of Nature. In that Letter, where he describes one of his Country Houfes, after having said that the Air of the Country, is so good that a Man can hardly dye there; and that by the Appearance of so many old People, you would think you were born an Age or two ago: He adds that his Houfe, as serene as the Skye is, receives those Winds from the Apen-nine, which have nothing in them rude or violent, but are weary and broken by the Way, in coming so far, _Cumque veneris illo, putes alio te seculo natum._ _Accipit abhuc auras quam libet sereno & placido die; non tamen acres & immo-
dicas, sed spatio ipso lassas & infractas._ Lib. 5. Ep. 6. The soft and weak Winds, _non acres sed lassas_, is very far from Simplicity. Their being grown weary by the Way, has some Resemblance with what a French Poet said.
Il se voit pres de Caire une plaine deserte,
Que d' un fable mouvant la Nature a converts
Et qui semble un espace applanis sous les cieux
Pour le seul exercice ou des vents ou des yeux.

Near Cairo lies a Tract of desert Land,
Which Nature cover'd with a moving Sand.
The boundless Plain seems level'd to the Skies
Only to exercise the Winds and Eyes.

There is something more natural in the Description of
a Country House, "which had so vast a Prospect on
"the Sea Side, that the Eye cou'd find no other Limits
" than its own Weakness, which did not suffer it to discern
" what it saw beyond the Bounds that Nature had pre-
"scribed it."  Pierre Bouhours then proceeds to shew the
Difference between a natural Thought, and one that is not
so.

Terence in the Eunuch introduces a young Man, who is
in search after a young Woman with whom he is very much
in Love, and makes him say:

Ubiquem? ubi investigem? quem perconter? quam
inflitam viam?

Incertum sum: una haec spes est; ubi, ubi est, diu ce-
leri non potest.

" Where shall I seek her? Where shall I inquire after
" her? Where shall I tarry for her?
" I am very uncertain; but this is my Hope still, where-
"ever, wherever she is, she can't be long hidden."
—-She was so charming, she must be taken Notice of. No-	hing can be more natural, Tasso is affected when he is up-
on a like Subject; for having said, that the modest Sophro-
nia had in her Retirement stolen herself away from Men's
Eyes, He adds,

Pur guardia offer non puo, che tutto celi
Bo'n degna ch'appatàa e che s'ammiri.
Ne tu il consenti amor; ma la riveli
D'un giovinetto a i cupidi desiri:
Amor, ch'er cieco, hor Argo; hora ce veli
Di benda gli occhi, hora ce gli apri e giri.

No Place is so retir'd as to conceal
Such Beauty which our Adoration claims.
Cupid will to our searching Eyes reveal
The Fires in Her's, which feed his purest Flames.
He's sometimes blind, and sometimes he can see
Like Argus; Oft he's with a Fillet bound:
His Eyes are often from all Bandage free,
And on this Side and that he turns them round.

The Affectation is not in the Impossibility of Beauty's being long conceal'd: That is Terence's Thought; but in saying, Love is sometimes blind and sometimes he can see. That he has oft a Fillet over his Eyes, and often has none that he may look about him. Fairfax has lost this Thought entirely.

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Her House the Heav'n;
For there from Lovers Eyes withdrawn alone
With Virgin Beams this spotless Cynthia shone.
But what avail'd her Resolution chas'd,
Whose soberest Looks were Whestones to Desire?
Nor Love consents that Beauty's Field lies vast.
Her Usage set Olinos's Heart on Fire.
O subtil Love! a thousand Wiles thou hast
By humble Suit, by Service, or by Hire.

The blind Cupid, the Argus, the Bandage, and the Gazing Love are not here, and consequently Pere Boulbours's Criticism is lost in Fairfax's Version.

The learned Jesuit told us that the younger Pliny endeavoured to be witty upon all Things in Season and out of Season. The same may be said of Cowley, not excepting his Mistress, tho' Affectation in Love-Verfes is most inexcusable: Love is the Darling-Child of Nature, and is as much inconsistent with Affectation as Passion is with Simile. In Love-Verfes it is most easily avoided. For let the Heart but speak, and it will carry Infection with it. When the Head is playing Tricks, the Heart of the fair One will ever be insensible; and then a Man may as well crack Jests to a Judge, as a Lover be witty to his Mistress.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling Reverence it doth bend.
Go bid the Stones a Journey up'ward make,
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old Motion prove
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to Love. Cowley.

Which is most natural? This, or what follows out of Hudi-bras.

* P     Quoth
Quoth he to bid me not to love
Is to forbid my Pulse to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to kick up.

Mr. Walsh in some Verses to his Mistress is natural both
in Thought and Expression.

I see Celinda's Cruelty:
I see she loves all Men but me.
I see her Falseness, see her Pride;
I see ten thousand Faults beside:
I see she sticks at nought that's ill:
Yet, oh ye Pow'r's! I love her still.

And this of Mr. Waller:

Go lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and Me.
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee.
How sweet, how fair she seems to be.

How the Reader will like what follows out of Cowley, after
this, I cannot tell.

Indeed I must confess
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not complete till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together joyn.
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste
Till by Love in Heav'n at last
Their Bodies too are plac'd.

For not to insist on the Indecency of confounding Spiritual
Love with corporal, a Lady of Delicacy would think some
Part of the Image a little impure; at least that when the
Poet was so much in Love with her Body, he might have
let her Soul alone. I shall add one Instance more out of
Cowley, and then leave the Rest to the Reader's own In-
quiry.

Thou robb'st my Days of Bus'ness and Delights,
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights;
Ah lovely Thief, what wilt thou do?
What, rob me of Heav'n too!
Thou ev'n my Pray'r's doth from me steal.
And I with wild Idolatry
Begin to God, and end them all in thee.

A Mistress must needs jump out of a Garret Window to come at such a Lover. Yet what Cowley makes Cupid say in another Place, is natural and agreeable in Word and Thought.

*All thy Verse is softer far*
*Than the downy Feathers are*
*Of my Wings or of my Arrows,*
*Of my Mother's Doves and Sparrows.*

As full of Terror as every Idea of the Day of Judgement must be even to the most Devout, I cannot help thinking that the Reader will be far from quaking, when he meets with these Verses of Cowley on that terrible Subject.

*Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crouding come*
*Back to their ancient Home,*
*Some from Earth and some from Seas,*
*Some from Beasts and some from Trees,*
*Some descend from Clouds on high,*
*Some from Metals upward fly;*
*And where th' attending Soul naked and shin'ring stands,*
*Meet, salute, and join their Hands*
*As dispers'd Soldiers.*

Here is Affectation upon Affectation, and all Affectation is Falseness, of which Cowley does not seem to be at all sensible; and it is so far from being a Vice in Thought or Language with most Readers, that it passes off for Beauty, as the Fop passes for a fine Gentleman with most Women that judge like Women. Collier's Essays are full of this Affectation. The Wantonness of the Words also in Cowley leaves his Thought otherwise so dreadful, without the least Dread.

Of all the Moderns Bonarelli, an Italian Poet, Author of a Pastoral call'd Filli di Sciro, is the most affected, tho' not so philosophically as Cowley. Amintas being troubled at Celia's flying from him, always declares upon his missing her, that he will follow her, let her be where she will.

Conosce roUo a i fiori
Ove faran più folti.

By the Flowers will be seen
The sweet Path where she has been.
The ARTS of

ConosceroUlo a l’aure.
Ove faran piu dolce

When I breathe the sweeter Air,
I shall know she has been there.

Da quegli occhi tuo, non so qual luce
Che’n altrui non si vede

Troppa viva risplende: a tanto lume
Non potrai far nascoa.

In your Eyes we see a Light
As the breaking Morning bright,
Light so lovely and so fair
No where’s to be seen but there.

Hide your Beauties where you will
They’ll themselves betray you still.

May not we rank some Verses of Mr. Waller to Sackarissa,
along with these of Bonarelli for Affectation?

Her Presence has such more than humane Grace,
That it can civilize the rudest Place,
And Beauty too, and Order can impart
Where Nature ne’er intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old did Orpheus’s Lyre;
If she sit down, with Tops all towards her bow’d,
They round about her into Arbors crowd.
Or if she walks, in even Ranks they stand
Like some well marshal’d and obsequious Band. 
Amphion so.

But no Poets fall into this Vice of Thinking more than the
Italians; they are always flourishing, and by this, Tasso
is much inferior to Virgil. What Difference is there be-
tween Dido’s parting with Aneas, and Armida’s parting
with Rinaldo? What Dido thinks and says on that Occa-
son, is the Effect of the most tender and the most violent
Love that ever was; whereas Armida hardly thinks or says
a Word that is natural. She begins thus:

Forsennata Gridava. O tu che porti
Teco parte di me, parle ne lasfi;
O prendi l’una, o rendi l’altra, o morte
Dà insieme ad ambe.

O thou who half of me dost take away,
How can the other half behind thee stay?

Or
Or take this with thee, or do that restore,
Or let me breathe this vital Air no more.

Here is too much Art in this. *Pere Boulbours* observes, that the Heart does not explain itself in such a subtle Manner, nor is sincere Passion so playful. *I don't love Beginnings which are much study'd*. Non me delectavit tam curiosum principium, says *Perronius*, especially in the Violence of Passion. The Rest of the Thoughts on the Parting of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* are as affected, two or three only excepted, which are pretty natural. The *Scudiero* or *Scudo* is affected to a Scandal, tho' the Poet had no Need of going so far out of his Way.

Sarò qual più vorrai scudiero o scudo.
Non fia ch'è tua difesa io mi risparmi,
Per queste ten, per questo collo ignudo,
Pria che giungano a te, passeran l'armi.

To thee, my Knight, I'll be, or Squire, or Shield
From Wounds to ward thee in the fighting Field.
When thy lov'd Breast's in Peril from thy foe,
I'll with my Bosom intercept the Blow.

If *Armida* had only said, I'll follow you to the War, and wait on you as your Servant, to bear your Arms, or lead your Horse, toward off Blows from you, or to receive them for you, she would have express'd her Passion in a natural Manner: But *Tasso*, as fine a Genius as he had, was a little like those Coquets, who will use Paint, be they never so handsome without it. *Unumquodque genus, cæmore naturæ
cæstæ pudicæque, fit illuïstrius: cæm fucatur, & prehinitur, fit
præstigiosum*. *Aul. Gell.* Thosc Coquets don't consider, that their using Art spoils Nature, and that they would please more, if they did not strive to please so much. *Mr. Prior* in his Paraphrase on the old Poem, call'd the *Nut-brown Maid*, express'd *Armida*'s Passion much more in the Way of Nature. *Emilia* speaks to Henry.

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish fighting by thy Side.
The' my inferior Strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the Warrior Bow;
With ready Hands I will the Shaft supply,
And joy to see thy Victor Arrows fly.
Touch'd in the Battel by the hostile Reed
Shouldst thou, but Heaven avert it, shou'dst troublest;
There is Nature.

To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair.

Tasso has not only these affected Thoughts in his Gierusalemme, an Epick-Poem; you meet with them in his Amintas, a Pastoral, and one of the finest Pastorals that ever was written, tho' that Kind of Writing admits of it the least. He says, that Love, when he is first born, has but short Wings, and can't fly; and thus a Man knows nothing of his Birth, till he is grown up, and has taken his Flight.

Amor nascente hà corte l'ale, a pena.
Può tenerle e non le spiega a volo.
Per non s'accorge l'huom quand, egli nasce;
E quando huom se n'accorge, è grande, e vola.

The following French Verses are more in Nature. 'Tis a little Dialogue.

A quoi pensiez-vous Climene?
A quoi pensiez-vous d'aimer?
Ne f' aviez-vous pas la peine
Que souffre un cœur qui se laisse enflammer?

What are you thinking of Climene?
What are you thinking of, to love?
Do you not know what Pain a Heart
Which Cupid has inflam'd endures?

Answer.

On n'y pense pas, Silvie,
Quand on commence d'aimer;
Et sans en avoir envie,
En un Moment on se laisse enflammer.

We do not think of it, dear Silvia,
When we begin to love.
And without any such Desire,
We're all at once inflam'd.

Here is plain Nature, a beautiful Simplicity! Let us see whether we can know this same Love again, after Cowley has put another Dress upon it.

I came, I saw, and was undone.
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;
A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart;
A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part.

My
My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The Poison that was enter'd there.

Sappho in the Ode preserved by Longinus, expresses it in a
more violent Manner than Climene, but there is Nature.

From Vein to Vein I feel a subtle Flame,
Where'er I see thee, run through all my Frame:
And as the Transport seizes on my Mind,
I'm dumb, and neither Tongue nor Voice can find.
A Mift of Pleasure o'er my Eyes is spread,
I hear no more, and am to Reason dead;
Pale, breathless, speechless, and expiring Iye,
I burn, I freeze, I tremble, and I dye.

Here is the violent Fit in Climene; the soft Love steals
away Climene's Heart, but he tears out Sappho's; both are
natural tho' different.

Affection, with respect to Thought, according to an
ancient Author, comes generally from the Excess to which
they are carry'd, that is, from too much of the Sublime,
or the Agreeable, or the Delicate, in the three Kinds we
have been speaking of. The first are noble, great, and
sublime Thoughts, the second pretty and agreeable, and
the last fine and delicate. If a Man's Wit is not directed
by Judgment, and kept within the Bounds of Nature, he
immediately runs into Extremes, and overdoes every
Thing; Per Affectionem decris corrupta Sententia, quia
eo ipso dedecoretur quo illam voluit Author ornare. Hoc
Lib. 2. Then Bombaft takes the Place of the Great and
the Sublime; Affection that of the Agreeable; and Deli-
cacy is nothing but meer Subtlety. I don't know what else
to make of Pere Bouhours's Ensurnre, Agreement, and Ra-
finement. The latter especially is better understood, as it
regards Thoughts by the Word Subtlety, than by Nice-
cesss, Refining, or any other Terms in our Lexicography.
We can easily comprehend, that a Thought may become
subtle by studying Delicacy too much, and affected by
labouring to render it more agreeable, and Bombaft by
swelling it up to the Sublime. These Things, well con-
sider'd, would prevent the Errors Writers generally fall
into in those three Kinds of Thinking, and Readers
would not so generally mistake the one for the other, as
we do in England, and as they did in France, till Father
Bouhours set them right in his Maniere de bien penser.

The
The Spectator animadverts judiciously on this Vice of Thought and Expression, No. 38. "The wild Havock " Affectation makes in that Part of the World which " thou'd be the most Polite, is visible wherever we turn " our Eyes; it pushes Men not only into Impertinences in " Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches." He then instances in the Bar and the Bench, and adds as judicious Remarks on the Pulpit.

"It might be born here, but it often ascends the Pul-
"pit it self; and the Declaimer, in that Sacred Place, is " frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the Last " Day it self with so many quaint Phrases, that there is " no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to " sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in " Prayer for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is " to utter, humble himself with so very well turned " Phrases, and mentions his own Unworthines in a Way " so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman " is preserved under the Lowliness of the Preacher."

This Fault does not so often happen in such Sort of Eloquence as in other Kinds, unless it be in the younger Orators: Besides, as it is necessary to have some small Portion of Sense to be a Coxcomb, and without it a Man degenerates into a Blockhead, so Affectation is not often the Companion of Dunness, and which we are in most Danger of in these Cases let the Reader determine.
PART III.

How the Sublime, in the Way of Thinking, become Bombast; the Agreeable, Affectation; and the Delicate, Subtlety.

Bombast. Ere Bouhours has already observ'd, that Thoughts often become bad, by the Author's aiming at too much Wit: That in the Noble Kind, a Thought is vicious when it is carried to an Excess of Grandeur; in the Agreeable Kind, when it has more Agreeableness than it should have; and in the Delicate Kind, when that Delicacy is so fine spun, as to become Subtlety.

These different Kinds of Affectation are, according to Julius Scaliger, Efforts of the Mind above the Subject, and its own Strength; Conatus supra vires & supra rem. We proceed now to Examples.

How the Sublime may become Bombast.

Gratian, one of the greatest Wits of Spain, is not satisfy'd with saying in his Courtier, that a Great Heart
These Thoughts have a Lustre in them which strikes at first, and are evident at Sight. 'Tis more noble in Appearance to have the Heavens for a Covering, than a Heap of Dirt; tho' in Truth 'tis but a chimerial Nobleness. For the Honour of Sepulture arises from the Love and Esteem of our Relations and Friends, who erect Monuments for us; the only Use of which is to cover Carcasses, and preserve their Corps from the Damages of the Weather, and the Cruelty of Beasts, which the Heavens do not do; being equally a Covering to both Beasts and Men, without preserving them in any wise. *Valleius Paterculus* has a Thought on the Death of Pompey, which has more Stateliness in it, than true Greatness. *Hic post tres Consulatus & totidem triumphos, dominumque terrarum Orbem, virtus fuit exitus: in tantum in illo vire a se discordante fortuna, ut cui modo ad Victoriam Terra desuerat, deesse ad sepulturam.* Lib. 2. "Such was the End of Pompey; after three Consulates, and as many Triumphs, or rather after having conquer'd the World, Fortune, with Respect to him, agreed so little with her self, that the Earth, which had not been sufficient for his Victories, did not supply him with a Sepulture." Such Thoughts would have been cry'd out against in *Virgil* or *Livy*, as monstrous Imaginations. They would hardly have been allow'd in *Tacitus*, who makes *Bojocalus* in his *Annals*, and *Galgacus* in his Life of *Agricola*, talk more reasonably and handsomely: *Bojocalus refusing the Lands which the Romans had offer'd him, said, Deesse nobis Terra, in qua vivamus, in qua moriarum non potes.* *Annal 13*. We can't want Land where we live, and where we must dye. And *Galgacus*, jealous of the Liberty of *Britain*, and a declared Enemy to the Roman Power, speaks thus to his Countrymen. *Raptorem Orbis postquam cuncta vestntibus desuere terrae & mare scrutantur. Si Locuples koftis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi: Quos non Orients, non Occidens fatiaverit; soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concipiscunt. Anserre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus Imperium* ;
Imperium; atque ubi solitudinem faciant, pacem appellant. "These Robbers of the World, and Ravagers of the Universe, now the exhausted Land can no more furnish their Rapines, endeavour to rifle the wide Seas and Ocean. When they meet with opulent Enemies, their Cruelty proceeds from Avarice; when with Poor, it rises from Ambition. The East and West, vast as they are, cannot satiate their voracious Minds. They, and They alone, with equal Greediness, grasp at the Riches and Poverty of all Nations. Devastations, Murders, and Extirpations pass with them under the false Names of Empire and Government; and they boast of establishing Peace in those Provinces they have rendered desolate.

Whether Galgacus made this Speech himself, or Tacitus for him, it has in it a Spirit of Liberty, which is the Characteristic of a true Briton; as an abject Slavery is that of the modern French: Of whom, and their absolute Monarch, Dryden said,

Let haughty Pharaoh curse 'th_of such a Reign,
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile Train.

On the Death of Philip IV. King of Spain, an Italian Poet has a Flight above the Pike of Teneriffe. He cries out, Help, Help, as if the World was a Fire, or the Skies were tumbling down upon his Head.

Aita oh cieli! or che vacilla il mondo
Tremate O Mondi! or che cadente è il cielo.

Help Heaven, or else the World will drop in Pieces,
Or the Skies fall and crush the Globe to Atoms.

Thus the Poet begins his Poem, and the End is answerable to the Beginning.

Restò l'Alcide à softener il mondo
Passi l'Atlante à dominar il cielo.

Atlas is gone to reign in Heaven,
But Hercules remains on Earth
To bear the mighty Burden.

Philip
Philip II. is the Atlas, and the Hercules is the last King of Spain, Charles the Ild, who was at that Time an Infant, and as it is said, wrapt up in Wool, and kept in a Box as a Bird in a Net; His Constitution being so weak that he could not bear the Air. Thus we have an Hercules with the Rickets.

D R T D E N in his Poem on King Charles the Second's Death, steals even this Thought, as whimsical as it is in the Italian: The Atlas is the defunct Prince, the Hercules King James, his Brother.

So swift and so surprising was our Fear,
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was near.

I have observ'd among the Flatterers, that let the Prince be ever so much the Reverse of what they speak of him, they are sure to let the Hyperbole stick on something that's least able to bear it. Thus the French King, who never was in a Battle in his Life, is extol'd for his Valour; and after he had destroy'd more Cities and Countries than any Destroyer since Attilas, after he had driven a Million of his good Subjects from their Homes to Banishment and Beggary, his Flatterers cannot say enough of his Justice and Clemency. So Charles the Ild of Spain is a Hercules with a Lyon's Skin, and a Club; and Charles the Ild of England a David, a King after God's own Heart, as Dryden calls him in his Verses upon his Death. These Things are Outrages against Reafon and Truth; but so wild and monstrous, that they give Mirth rather than Disgust.

The learned French Jesuit tells us, 'tis a Fault not only to be grand in little things, but to be too grand in great ones; for true Grandeur ought to have its just Bounds. Whatever exceeds it is out of the Rule of Perfection. We must never suffer our Thoughts to swell, let the Subject be ever so elevated and pompous. Demetrius Phaler, in his Treatise de Eloqu. teaches us, Res omnes accommodat esse rendera sunt, parve quidem exiliter, muge autem magnifice. And Longinus, in nugas quandoque facilium, que grandia sunt, evadunt. Quid enim hac aliud disserimus, quam Jovis insomnia? Nothing is so casy as to fall from the Sublime into trifling; and Longinus calls those vain and puffy Thoughts, the
the *Dreams of Jupiter*. *Martial* is not of the Greek Criticks Opinion. His Thoughts are so frivolous in great Subjects, that they are sometimes shocking.

Par domus est coelo, sed minor est domino.

*Less than its Lord the House, tho' great as Heaven.*

Speaking of *Domitian's Palace*. There is no need of explaining how this Thought becomes *Puffly*; 'tis self-evident, and executes it self much better than any Treaty can. As does this other Thought of *Martial*:

*Esse velis, oro, serus conviva Tonantis*;

*Aut tu si properas, Jupiter, ipse veni.*

*Deser till late to be the Guest of Jove;*

*Or if Jove wants you, let him come to you.*

Does not *Martial* treat *Jupiter* a little unhandsomely to make him come from Heaven to wait on *Domitian*. I have taken Notice that *Dryden* is very apt to err in this Point. He does not only treat Heaven as inferior to the Emperor of the *Romans*; but talks of him as of a small Mechanick. Thus in his Epistle to the Dutchefs of *Ormond*, on her Recovery out of a Fit of Sickness:

*Or Heav'n, which had such Over-coft bestow'd,*

*As scarce it cou'd afford to Flesh and Blood;*

*So lik'd the Frame he would not work anew,*

*To save the Charges of another you.*

Which is equally poor and extravagant. *Lee* is almost every where out of his Wits when he is in a Passion, and makes nothing to knock one God's Head against another, as I have seen a stout Boxer do by two Clowns.

*Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind Room,*

*Or I will blow you off like Dust, avaunt!*

*Madness but meanly represents my Toil!*

*Eternal Discord*

*Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation,*

*Tear my swoln Breast; make way for Fire and* (Tempest;)

*My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,*

*The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart*

*Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Winds,*

*Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.*

*Alexander*
Alexander again,

— Ha, who talks of Heav'n!
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again;
My vital Spirits are all parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

I CANNOT omit here Lee's Description of Madness, the best I ever met with; and who more proper to de-
scribe it than a mad Poet? In Cæsar Borgia:

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell;
Name not a Woman and I shall be well;
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on;
He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
And vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse:
But if you hit the Cause that hurts his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again.

There he is sober, and speaks sensibly of his Subjeét; but how was his Brain when he said in his Alexander,

I'll drown him in the deep Bowl of Hercules,
Make the World drunk; and then like Æolus,
When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll stick my Spear into the reeling Globe
And let it blood.

And in Oedipus:

Know, be it known to the Limits of the World;
Yet farther let it pass yon dazling Roof;
The Mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy.

Lee had without doubt a happy Genius for Tragedy; and where he is in his Senses he is excellent; for which Rea
son one should not be too curious in our Examinations of his Plays. Dryden swells his Thoughts and Expre-
sions almost as much as Lee; and is the more inex-
cusable, for that his is a Study'd Madness, whereas Lee's was natural. Does not his Maximin tell the Gods they were more beholden to him than he was to them?

Keep you your Rain and Sun-shine in your Skies,
And I'll keep back my Oil and Sacrifice.

And
And when he had forgot himself so far as to swear by him, he presently recollects himself:

_But by the Gods! by Maximin I meant._

No Spaniard has written up to this; and yet this was the Sublime of the Stage during all King Charles the Second's Reign. Neither do I think it any Excuse that Dryden knew it to be Bombast and NonSENSE, and sacrificed his Understanding to a Vogue, as Lord Lansdowne represents it:

_Our King return'd, &c._
_The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd Lord;_  
_On the crack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd, _And scarce cou'd speak one reasonable Word._
_Dryden himself, to please a frantick Age, _Was forc'd to let his Judgment stoop to Rage;_ _To a wild Audience he conform'd his Voice, _Comply'd to Custom; but not err'd thro' Choice._
_Deem'd then the People's, not the Writer's Sin, _Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of Maximin._

Somewhat of Maximin we have seen; his Almanzor is still worse if possible:

——— I'll squeeze thee like a Bladder,  
And make thee groan thy self away in Air.

Again,

_There's not a Star of thine dare stay with thee, _I'll whistl' thy tame Fortune after me._

_But it would be a Volume of it self to incert all the bombast Thoughts in Dryden's Almanzors and Maximins: Nor, as I have already observ'd, is his Don Sebastian free from them, though 'twas written many Years after he had been expos'd on the Stage in the Character of Bays for these Enormities. So I cannot say with Lord Lansdown, that he did not err through Choice. I believe both Dryden, and Settle, and Ravenscroft, and Crown, who all wrote Taking Plays, chose the Rants, as Row chose his Rhiming at the End of a Speech for a Clap-Trap, and it seldom fail'd. It gave Mr. Betterton and Mrs. Barry an Opportunity to heighten their Action and their Voice; and the Audience generally apply'd to the
the Poet what was only due to the Actors. The Lord Lansdown, in his Poem upon unnatural Flights, speaks of the Bombast with great Judgment and Eloquence:

Such Vaunts as his, who can with Patience read,
Who thus describes his Hero when he's dead?
In Heat of Action slain, yet scorn to fall,
But still maintains the War, and fights at All.
The noisy Culverin, o'ercharg'd, let fly,
And bursts unaiming in the rended Sky.
Such frantick Flights are like a Madman's Dreams,
And Nature suffers in the wild Extremes.

Of all the Poetical Essays on Criticism, that Poem is the shortest and the best. The Honourable Author had certainly read Perc Bouhours, and improv'd his own Thoughts by that learned Jesuit's, as I have hinted elsewhere. Martial, as Bouhours informs us, should not have flatter'd his Prince at the Expence of him whom the Pagans acknowledged to be the Father of human Race, the King of Kings, who with a Nod made the Earth tremble, whose Thunder had destroy'd the Giants. In a Word, he should not have jested upon Jupiter as he does in another Place:

Nam tibi quod solvat non habet area Jovis:
Jove has not in his Chest enough to pay you.

HORACE never errs against Decorum, with respect either to Reason or Religion. His Understanding was right, and prevented all such Error. He is contented with saying of Augustus, addressing himself to Jupiter,

Tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

To you the Destinies assign
The Care of Cæsar: Next to you
May Cæsar rule the Universe.

Lib. 1. Od. 12.

At the same time that he raises the Grandeur of Augustus, he is careful of that of Jupiter; and it is this Care which a right Understanding will always take in the sublime kind of Thinking. Martial knew nothing of it;
it; and when he flatters Domitian, he makes Jupiter give him the Wall; or at least puts him Check by Jole with him, very far from Horace:

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nee viget quicumque similis aut secundum.

Nothing is greater than himself;
Nothing is like or second to him.

Horace is so religious and so discreet, that he does not equal Men even with the Gods in general, unless there is some Reason for it on the Part of the Gods; or where he says Diomedes is equal to the Gods in Courage, he adds, it was by the Assistance of a Goddess: And thus he gives Pallas the Honour of the divine Valour, which he attributes to a Man:

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina;
Dignè scripserit; aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionem, aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

Who worthily of Mars would write,
In adamantine Armour dight;
Who to Meriones's Fame be just,
When cover'd o'er with Trojan Dust;
Who worthily would write of Diomede,
Whose warlike Actions, by the Aid
Of the immortal Warrior Maid,
Those of the Gods themselves exceed.

MARTIAL does not treat the Gods with too much Ceremony; and he is not the only Author among the Heathens who uses the like Freedom with them. Lucan does not spare them when they lie in his Way. Not only Cato contends with them in his Pharsalia; but Pompey defies their Power when he is dying. However, Marius forgives them for his Misfortunes. Thus he on the one Hand makes nothing of them; and on the other treats them as culpable. The Poet says of Pompey's Looks after his Death:

There Virtue still unchangeable abode,
And scorn'd the Spite of every partial God.

Row, Lib. 8.

And of Marius, in the Second Book, he says,
Proud Carthage in her Ruins he beheld,
Amidst her Ashes' he sat him down,
And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town.
The Genius of the Place, with mutual Hate,
Rear'd its sad Head, and smil'd at Marius Fate.
Each with Delight survey'd their fallen Foe;
And each forgave the Gods that laid the other low.

Both Lucan and Martial, according to Father Bouhous, were fine Wits, who lost themselves sometimes by taking too much Wing; and are not like Sapho, to whom Greece gave the Title of the Tenth Muse, for her Learning and Wit. She had no sooner written of a very valiant Man, that he was equal to the God Mars, than she was sensible of her Error, and corrected it immediately: For rightly judging that the Thing was impossible, she only said, he was the bravest of all Men. Homer's Conscience was not so scrupulous; he says, in so many Words, that Meriones was equal to Mars. But it is his Custom to give Men the Virtues of the Gods, and to give the Gods the Vices of Men; which Pere Bouhous does not take to be the best Thing in his Iliad and Odyssey.

MALHERBE refin'd upon Homer, in calling Henry IV. of France,

Plus Mars que Mars de la Trace.
More Mars than Mars of Thrace.

But a Poet of our Religion, who regards Mars only as the Fable makes him, the God of War, may, without Scruple, not only make a victorious Monarch equal, but superior to him. More Mars is not bolder than less Hercules, which Malherbe uses in some Verses on that King's happy Expedition to Sedan:

Si tes labours, d'ou la France
A tire sa delivrance,
Sont ecrits avecque foi:
Qui sera si ridicule,
Qui ne confess qu'Hercule
Fut moins Hercule que toi?

If thy Labours, which advance
The Welfare and the Peace of France,
Were writ with Truth, all would allow
That Hercules
Himself was less
A Hercules than thou.

TASSO's comparing of the Souldan of Egypt sitting on his Throne in the Middle of his Army, cloth'd with a terrible Majesty, to Jove darting his Thunders, is noble and not extravagant; for the Souldan is only compar'd to an Image of Jupiter darting Thunder:

Appelle forse o Fidia in tal sembiante
Giove formò, ma Giove all'hor tonante.

Apelles thus or Phideas drew great Jove,
Darting his Thunders at the rebell Giants.

What necessarily follows such an Image as this, Jupiter and Thunder, is notre grande monarque. Lewis XIV. who might very well be poetically spoken of as a Jupiter, nay, as above all the Gods: Thus in these Verses, which Pere Bouhours will have to be very witty and reasonable:

Lors qu'a la main il a le cimeterre,
C'est Jupiter qui lance le tonnerre.
Pauvre Hollande, appeaîez son couroux:
Il vaut mieux voir tous les Dieux contre vous,
Que le Roi seul.

When in his Hand his Scimitar he bears,
Like Jove, his Thunder darting, he appears.
Appea'ge his Wrath, poor Hollanders;
Better you'd your Condition be
Were all the Gods your Foes, than only he.

Mr. Prior, in his Imitation of the Second Ode of the Second Book of Horace, has drawn as true a Picture of this French Jupiter as any Apelles could have done:

On Norman Coasts, and Banks of frightened Seine,
Lo the impending Storms begin!
Britannia, safely thro' her Master's Sea,
Flows up her victorious Way:
The French Salmonesus throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer afferts the Main.

He has taken the Thunder out of King Lewis's Hand, and put it into King William's.

R 2
The Christian Poets, who know the Gods of the Heathens to be only Dreams and Chimeras, may treat them how they will: The Pagans are not justifying'd by it, when they make Men equal with their immortal Gods, as they called them. If Longinus blames an ancient Author for calling Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians, what blame do they deserve who degrade Jupiter, by making Man superior or equal to him? Pere Boubours owns that Flattery introduc'd this bombast Way of Thinking and Speaking. In proportion, as the Romans lost their Liberty, and the Cæsars became their Masters, Generosity and good Sense grew corrupted, and Flattery became more base and less reasonable. The French Jesuit acknowledges this, after he had been telling us how his Countrymen had flatter'd the Grand Monarch. Truth forces him to own that the absolute Power of the Roman Emperors destroy'd the Genius of the Roman People, as well as their Liberty. King Charles II. ask'd Vossius what was the Reason that the Greeks and Romans wrote better than the Authors of other Nations; he told him plainly, They were free, and Eloquence never thriv'd under Tyranny. In the Reign of Augustus, when the Liberty of Rome was not quite suppress'd, the Poets and Orators were satisfy'd with dividing the World between Jupiter and Cæsar:

Divisium imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

But in Domitian's Reign, when a servile Spirit had stifled all republican Sentiments, Cæsar was placed above Jupiter.

We have seen that some of the Pagan Wits, as Horace and Sappho, did not allow themselves in making Men equal to the Gods: And Pliny the Younger reproves himself for having said of a Pilot who weather'd a Storm and reach'd his Port, that he came pretty near to the Gods of the Sea. And yet we find that several Christian Orators and Poets have err'd enormously, in giving mortal Men the Attributes of the Divinity, or of heavenly Spirits. A famous Writer in France, in the Time of Richelieu's Ministry, dedicated a Book to him, and makes him little less than a God, by saying, "The Cardinal had deliver'd the Passions from the Trouble which Sin gave them; that he had turn'd them into so many Virtues, and reduc'd them to the Necessity, of
of submitting to the Law of Reason, and not to move
without her Command. That whatever evil Events may
happen to touch him, they would touch Angels were
they mortal. That the People ought to thank Heaven
that he was made a Man and not an Angel, since he
had put the Weaknesses of human Nature to so noble
Employment. That he had learnt of the Angel of
the State to know Mens Intentions, and the Motions
of their Hearts. In fine, that he imitated, in the
Government of France, the Conduct of God in go-
verning the World."

As soon as the Cardinal was dead, this famous Au-
thor suppress'd this flattering Dedication, in the second
Edition of his Book, and dedicated the same Book to
Jesus Christ, to shew publickly that he was ashamed of
those false Thoughts, as well for the Irreligion, as the
Excess which was in them. Indeed, Flattery could not
be push'd farther, unless he had made the Cardinal God
himself. Another French Author told a Prime Minister,
in an Epistle Dedicatory; "No Body had ever seen
his Countenance, without being seiz'd with those ten-
der Fears which made Prophets tremble when God
communicated to them some visible Ray of his Glo-
ry. But as he, whom they durst not approach, in the
Burning Bush, and the Clap of Thunder, came some-
times to them in a gentle Zephir; so the Sweetnefs
of your august Vifage dissipates the little Vapours
that cover its Majesty, and change them into Dew". Sweetly said; and by no lefs a Man than Balzac, who
waited all the Hyperboles of his Rhetorick in favour
of this Minister of State. Voiture, in a Letter to the
fame Balzac, would have stretch'd his Hyperboles too
much, had he not written either in Imitation of that
Writer, or to make a Jefr of his Manner, by mimicking it.
The latter is moft likely, for that Balzac was a little
jealous of Voiture's Reputation, and there was no very
good Understanding between them. "Of the many
fine Things you have faid to my Advantage, all that
I can believe, to flatter my self with, is, that Fort-
tune has given me a Place among your Dreams;
'Tho' I can't fay, but the very Dreams of fo sublime
a Soul as yours, may be too ferior and reasonable to
descend fo low as Me: And I should think my self
too kindly us'd by you, if you had only dreamt that

"you
you lov'd me. For to imagine you cou'd afford me
any Room among those great Thoughts which are
burst in making Distributions of Glory, and are to
be the Reward of all the Virtues in the World. I
have too good an Opinion of your Wit, to conceive it
capable of Meaner's; and I would not that your E-
emies should have that to reproach you with.

I have seen nothing of yours since your Departure,
which does not seem to me to be above what you have
yet done; and by these last Productions, you have
gain'd the Honour of surpassing him who has surpafs'd
all others.

All that are jealous of the Kingdom's Honour, do
no more inform themselves of what the Mareschal de
Crequi is doing. We have more than two Generals
at the Head of Armies, who do not make so much
Noife with Thirty Thousand Men as you do in your
Solitude. If that Law was in Use amongst us, which
permitted the Banishing the most Powerful either in
Authority or Reputation, I believe the publick Envy
would light upon you; and that the Cardinal de
Richlieu would not be in so much Danger as your
self.

This Letter of Voiture to Balzac, has plainly two
Edges; the one to rally Balzac for his Hyperbolical
Way of Writing; the other, to shew he cou'd imitate
it if he did not despise it. Voiture never wrote so when
he follow'd his own Genius. You have him always in
Sight when he seems to be most in the Clouds; as in
what he says of the Duke d'Anguiein's taking Dun-
kirk. "Eloquence, which of little Things can make
great, cannot, with all her Enchantments, rise up to
the Height of your Actions; and what, as to other
Men, he calls Hyperbole, is as to you, but a faint Way
of Thinking and Speaking." 'Tis on such Occasions
as these, that Quintilian allows the boldest Hyperbole
to be rather a Perfection of Discourse, than a Defect.

I am Hyperbole Virtus, cum res ipsa de qua loquendum
est naturalcm modum exessit. Conceditur enim amplius
discere, quia dici quantum est, non potest, meliusque ultra
quam citra sat Oratio. 'Tis plain the Lord Lansdowne
had all this in View in the following Lines.

Hyperbole
Hyperboles so daring and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd;
Above the Clouds, but yet within our Sight,
They mount, with Truth, and make a tow'ring
(Flight)

Presenting Things impossible to View,
They wander through Incredible to True.
Falpoonds thus mixt, like Metals are refin'd,
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind:
Thus Poetry has ample Space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden Regions to explore.

Pere Bouhours observes, That when the Subject
 treated of does in some wise exceed the Limits of na-
tural Valour, such as the Prince of Conde's Conquest of Dunkirk against all human Appearances, himself a young Commander, and the Enemy an old experienced General, with a superior Force: It is then allowable to exceed a little the Limits of Hyperbole, and to say more than you should, because you cannot say so much; and it is better to go beyond, than come short of the Truth. Thus Isocrates being about to describe Xerxes's Irruption into Greece, with an Army of a Million of Men, and a Fleet of 1200 Gallies, says very à propos, Whatever Orator would speak of it to Excess, would still say less than it was.

If Balzac had made use of Hyperboles only on such Occasions as these, his Exaggerations wou'd have been, at least, pardonable, and his Sublime as good as Voiture's. But the Truth is, the one is very different from the other; and if we examine into it a little, we shall find Balzac in the high Tone, tho' his Subject does not deserve it: Whereas Voiture seldom rises, but when his Subject is worthy of Elevation. Indeed, he enters sometimes into the Character of Lydias, who, in the Opinion of Dionysius Halicarnassæus, is, with all his Naivety and Simplicity, somewhat upon the Bombast. Simplex esse mavult quàm cum aliquo periculo Sublimis, nec tam artificium offendit, quàm naturalem veritatem.

De Orat. Antiq. Like those Rivers whose Course is regular, and Waters clear, yet they sometimes overflow. Æquò sublimior & magnificentior in Panegyricis. Judic. de Isocrat. But Voiture's Hyperboles were never of the Kind of those that became frigid by the Excess. Ex superlaticœ
superlatioine sententiae, & ex eo quod fieri nequit, frigidae nata est. Demet. Phaler. de Eloc. Such is that Hyperbole, where it is said of the Rock which the Cyclops threw against Ulysses's Ship, that the Goats graz'd upon it. Malherbe, who is generally just and discreet, offends sometimes in the same Manner, by too much Tumour; or to speak more figuratively, this pure and peaceable River swells on a sudden into a Torrent, which makes great Havock, and falls as from Precipices. 'Tis thus when he compares the Tears of the Queen-Mother, Mary de Medicis, for the Death of Henry II. to the overflowing of the Seine.

L'image de ces pleurs dont la source féconde
Jamais depuis ta mort fes vaisseaux n'a taris,
C'est la Seine en fureur qui déborde fon onde
Sur la quais de Paris.

The Seine when furious, o'er bis Banks he rises,
And on the Keys of Paris rolls his Waves,
Is the true Image of her Tears; whose Source
Since Henry's Death, has never ceas'd to flow.

His Verses on the Repentance of St. Peter, have something in them more violent still than this:

C'est alors que ses cris en tonnerres s'éclatent:
Ses soupirs le font vents qui les chênes combatent;
Et ses pleurs qui tantôt descendoient mollement,
Ressemblent un torrent qui des hautes montagnes
Ravageant & noyant les voisines campagnes,
Veu que tout l'Univers ne soit qu'un élément.

And now his Cries break out in Claps of Thunder,
His Sighs are furious Winds at War with Oaks;
His Tears that sometimes fell in gentle Showers,
Are like a Torrent now, which from the Tops
Of Mountains, waste and drown the Neighb'ring
And into one turns all the Elements. (Country,

MALHERB is not often guilty of such Rants, nor does he often forget himself as he does here, tho' the Sublime may be carried farther in Verse than in Prose; and Poetry admits of bolder Thoughts than Eloquence, but that Boldness ought to have its Bounds, and even the
the Marvellous in an Epick Poem, becomes ridiculous as soon as it exceeds Verisimility.

I know not how it came about, but our Poets in England, when they flatter'd King Charles II. or his Brother, tho' they fly their Fancies as high as they can, yet there is ever something flat in them; and the Lantern in the Tail of their Kite, seems only to have a Snuff in it. Whether it was from the Want of Genins in the one, or of Heroism in the other, I dare not determine: Dryden in his Threnodia Augustalis, a Pindaric upon King Charles's Death, endeavours to rise as high as Heaven, but he falls precipitate as often as he attempts it; nay, he is reduc'd to steal this Hyperbolical Simile from the Italian Poet who wrote on the King of Spain's Death, as is before hinted.

As if great Atlas from his Height,
Should sink beneath his Heavenly Weight,
And with a mighty Flaw the flaming Wall,
As once it shall,
Should gape Immense, and rushing down o'erwhelm
(t'he Nether Ball;

So swift and so surprizing was our Fear,
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was here.

One of the most barefac'd Thefts I ever met with.
Or che vacilla il mondo
Premate O Mondi. Or che cadente il cielo
Resto l'Alcide a softener il mondo
Passè l'Atlante a dominar il cielo.

Pere Bouhours says of it, Fancy could not fly higher; and Pegasus carried away that Poet into imaginary Space, into the Void, or whatever the Mind can imagine beyond Nature and Reafon: Yet this very Thought has Mr. Dryden stolen to complement King Charles. And I wonder why the Lord Lansdown, in that excellent Poem upon unnatural Flights, which can never be too much admired and prais'd, should say of him;

To a wild Audience be conform'd his Voice,
Comply'd to Custom, but not err'd thro' Choice.
Deem then the Peoples, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of Maximin.

That
That Fury spent, in each elabor'ate Piece,
He vies for Fame with antient Rome and Greece.

Father Boukours, to whose Judgment I am satisfy'd his Lordship pays the greatest Deference, must be out in his Opinion of the Italian's Thought, or Dryden had nothing at all of antient Rome and Greece in him, when he committed this Robbery. He must here err out of Choice, or he wou'd not have wander'd so far as Italy for it. In the same Poem, the Threnodia, the Hyperbolical, and the Frigid are all strangely confound'd; as where the Poet speaks of the Peoples Prayers for the King's Recovery.

—Th' innumerable Croud
Of armed Prayers,
Knock'd at the Gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud.

What Image is here but the Rapping of Footmen!

The first well-meaning rude Petitioners,
All for his Life assail'd the Throne; (own.
All would have brib'd the Skies, by offering up his
So great a Throng not Heaven it self could bar,
'Twas almost born by Force, as in the Gyant's War;
The Prayers, at least, for his Reprieve were heard,
His Death, like Hezekiah's, was defer'd.

Here's the Gyant's War and Hezekiah, the Fable
and the Bible in a Breath. If the Prayers were like the
Assaults of the Gyant's, they never reach'd Heaven:
But allowing it had been soften'd by some such Expression, as it is fabled of the Gyants, yet the blending of Scripture-History with the Fabulous, is intolerable; and has not the least Look of Elaborate.

Again, of the two Doctors Short and Hobbes, in the same Poem.

Was never losing Game with better Conduct play'd:
Death never won a Stake with greater Toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a Foil.

Of which I have no clearer Idea, than of another Thought of Mr. Dryden's on Fate.

And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue.
I have said already, and cannot say it too often, that no Man has a better Conception of the Beauty of Mr. Dryden's Language, Verfification, and Imagination, I mean as to the Latter, where his Fancy is in Mid-Air, neither out of Sight, above the Clouds, nor low and flat; in which happy Medium we very often find it. He is the Father of our present Numbers; and as such, deserves Respect, but not Adoration.

Some have thought that the smaller Poems, Elegies, Epitaphs, and the like, are not so scrupulously confin'd to Rules as the greater Poems are; but Pere Bouhous tells us they are, with respect to Thoughts, if the Matter be grave and serious; and nothing can be more serious and grave, than a King in the Agonies of Death: Dryden sacrifices the Honour of King David to his Master's.

That King who liv'd to God's own Heart,  
Yet left severely dy'd than He.

I think we have had enough of that Poem, so we shall proceed as the French Critick does.

Hyperbole and Exaggeration ought to be banish'd from Poetry, when they are not within Bounds. There's an Epigram on the Louvre, which out-does that of Martial on the Palace of Domitian, in Exaggeration.

Quand je voi ce Palais que tout le monde admire;  
Loin de l'admirer, je foupire  
De le voir ainsi limité.  
Quoi, prescrire à mon Prince un lieu qui le resserre!  
Une si grande Majesté  
A besoin de toute la terre.

When this Palace I behold  
Which all the World admire;  
Far from admiring it, I sigh,  
To see it so confin'd.  
What to my Prince a Place so close prescribe,  
In the whole Earth there is not Room.  
For so much Majesty?

Most of the Inscriptions on the Louvre, contain the same Extravagance of Thought.
Nec tales Romæ vidit sibi Jupiter ædes:
Jove ne'er had such a House as this in Rome.
Nec talem coluit Roma superba Jovem.
Rome never worship'd such a Jupiter.
Attoniti tanta molis novitate Nepotes,
Mirati cessment; Regia Solis erat.

Posterity affirm'd
At the Magnificence of this Structure,
Cease to admire it:
'Twas the Palace of the Sun.

Father Boubours is of Opinion, that the following Inscriptions are less Bombast, and less Brilliant; but at the same Time, very Noble.

The First,
Pande fores populis, sublimis Lupara: non est
Terrarum imperio dignior ulla domus.

Open thy Gates, proud Louvre, to the People
Of the World's Empire: There's no House so worthy,
This, according to our Jesuit, favours very much of the
Augustan Age, in the same Proportion as the Owner of
it resembled Augustus.

The next too is as fine.

Quid valeat bello Lodoix centum oppida monstrant.
Monstrat quid valeat pace, vel una domus.

A hundred conquer'd Cities make appear
What Lewis can do in War;
And the World, by this Palace, sees
What he can do in Peace.

Without the Help of Father Boubours, one might have found out, that the Italian Verses on the French King's Buff, done by Cavalier Bernino, and the Cavalier's Answer, are in the vicious Kind of the Sublime.
The Pedestal for the Buff not being made, an Italian Poet had this Fancy come into his Head upon it:

Entrò Bernino in un pensier' profondo,
Per far al Regio bufto un bel sostegno;
E disse, non trovandone alcun degno;
Piccola base à un' tal' Monarca è il mondo.
Bernino studying how to make
For the King's Bust a Pedestal,
Could find none worthy. *The whole World's a Base Too little for so great a Monarch.*

The French Author tells us, Bernino himself return'd this Answer.

Mai mi fovevne quel' pensier' profondo,
Per far di Rè fi grande appoggio degno;
Van farrebbe il pensier', che di foftegno
Non è mefier', a chi fofiene il mondo.

*What need of studying how to make
Ought to fustain fo great a King;
He who supports the World, wants no Support.*

These Verfes were, doubtless, made for Bernino, as well as the following. That Sculptor had carv'd an Equestrian Statue of the King at Rome, the fame which is at Versailles: Upon this a Dialogue was written between the Capitol and Bernino. The Capitol complains that having been always the Place of Triumphs, this new Triumphfer is to be plac'd elsewhere. Bernino replies,

E' vero che il tuo luogo o quello di Trionfanti:
Ma' dove è il gran Luigo, è il Campidoglio.

*True, Thine were all that triumph'd in old Times,
But where Great Lewis is, there's now the Capitol.*

Though this Flattery is in Italian, the Spirit of it came from French Money; and there is something fo miserable in all of it, that nothing can be more grating. If the Flatterers thought such Kings could bear it, they must despife them; and if the Kings thought fuch Flatterers were in earnest, they must look upon them as despicable Wretches. Thus the Givers and the Takers must either not know one another, or act against Knowledge; which reduces them to the most lamentable State of Weaknefs or Ignorance.

If the Admirers of French Panegyrick did but fee one of their Hyperboles put into a coarfer Dreffe, how would they laugh at the Statue to which they bow, instead of an Atlas make a Coloufus of the Grand Monarch, and then fee how it looks:  

*The*
The great Colossus which at Rhode,
Over the spacious Haven strode,
Was but a Dwarf compar'd to thee;
Thy Legs would stride across the Sea;
At Calais one, and one at Dover,
Or were it ten times farther over.

There are few Inscriptions, Mottos, few Poems,
and Harangues on the same Subject; but have Thoughts
in them more extravagant than this is: The World is not
big enough to hold one Lewis: Wherever the other is
'tis the Capitol. And when Westminster-Hall had no
more room for Trophies, the Triumpher carry'd the Ca-
pitol about in the Coach with him. This is all said
with grave Faces; though it will turn the most grave
into the most merry ones. Yet Pere Bouhours vouches
that there is la veritable Grandeur in,

Ma dove è il gran Luigo, è il Campidoglio.

But where great Lewis is, there's now the Capitol.

So it would be, in a poetical Sense, if his Triumphs had
been really greater than those of the Camillus's, the
Fabius's, the Scipio's, the Pompey's, &c. The Thought,
however, is taken from another said of the great Camillus,
that where he was there was Rome. And a French
Poet, speaking of a Roman, refines upon it,

Rome n'est plus dans Rome; elle est toute où je suis.
Rome is no more in Rome, but where I am.

The French Criticks Conscience is a little scrupulous
here, and thinks 'tis too much; but the six following
Verses, which a Bishop of France put under a Bust of
the King's in his Episcopal Palace is not exaggerated in
his Opinion:

Ce Héros, la terreur, l'amour de l'Univers
Avoit des ennemis en cent climats divers:
Leurs efforts n'ont servi qu'à le combler de gloire;
Son nom les fit trembler, son bras les a défait;
Enfin las d'entafler victoire sur victoire,
Maître de leurs destins, il leur donne la paix.

This Hero, the Love and Terror of the World,
Had in a hundred different Climates Foes;
Their Efforts only serv'd to raise his Glory;

They
They trembled at his Name, his Arm defeated them.
Weary, at last, of Conquest upon Conquest,
And Master of their Fate, he gives them Peace.

After all, says Pere Bouhors, one cannot but take kindly what the Italian said of the King, though somewhat in Excess; because it shews what a high Idea Strangers had of our invincible Monarch. But I have other Ideas of him before me, which are much more agreeable to the Truth: The first is by Mr. Addison, the finest Wit of the present Age, with whom France has no Body to name. He is speaking of Britannia, her Fleets and Armies:

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret Dread,
Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head;
And fain her God-like Sons would divine,
By foreign Gold, or by domestick Spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Naffau's Arms defend, and Counsels guide.

Mr. Congreve, another fine Wit, for whom France has no equal, writes thus of King William, whom Boileau had libell'd in his Speech to the French Academy, and of Lewis XIV. whom he had at the same time deify'd.

'Tis in the Birth of the Muse.

Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty Gaul——
At his foreseen Approach the Field forsakes,
His Cities tremble, and his Empire shakes;
His tow'ring Ensigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciously usurp'd the Main.
A gathering Storm he seem'd, which from afar,
Teem'd with a Deluge of destructive War;
Till William's stronger Genius soar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempest drove.

Of this great Monarch's Method to get Victories and Cities we are inform'd by Mr. Prior, in his last mention'd Imitation of Horace:

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargick Sleep, the sad Repose,
In which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly huff'd thee to thy Woes?

Or
The degenerate Isle alludes to the Reigns from the Death of Queen Elizabeth to the Abdication of King James, which Mr. Congreve calls a Series of inglorious Reigns. And Prior has another Fling at them in the same Poem:

See the repenting Isle awakes,
Her vicious Chains the generous Goddes breaks;
The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd.

These Fogs are what Mr. Echard, in his History, calls the Northern Star in one Place, the glorious Sun-shine in another; and Beauty and Luftre from one End of the Period to the other. And when the History of England, during the Reigns of the royal House of Stuart is publish'd, it will be seen that they spake more like Historians than Poets. The Readers now, perhaps, will be able to stand the Fire of a certain Italian Poet, who is going to fire all his Artillery in Honour of Lewis the Great. Father Bouhours, affecting everywhere to give his Examples of Eloquence, by quoting those Pieces where that King is most flatter'd:

Bellicose Provincie, e Rocche horrende
Già de più prodi inciampo,
Un' raggio fol' castaro
De la mente regal, de l'armi un lampo.

Whole Provinces, and dreadful Citadels,
Which had for others been the Work of Years,
With one Reflection of his royal Mind,
One Blaze of his victorious Arms, he conquers.

Again,
A varie ed alte imprese appena intende,
Che all' or veloce al paro
D'ell' Eroico pensier, vien la vittoria:

He of his various and high Acts scarce thinks;
But Victory comes as fast as Thought.

Again,
Son deslin' delle genti i suoi pensieri
Da lui pendono i fati.
His Thoughts are Destinies to Nations,  
And Fate depends on him.

That is, Lewis XIV. is above Jove the Thunderer; for we read in Mr. Dryden's Preface to Virgil, that Mr. Noppe told him Fate was above Jove. However, the Italian Poet and the French Critick do not leave off there:

Egli sa fulminar folo col' tuono;  
Più vince il suo voler che l'altrui guerra.

He knows with his Name only how to thunder;  
And by his Resolutions can do more  
Than other Kings by Arms.

Once more and we have done with the Italian, of whose fullsome Flattery we are heartily both weary and ashamed; yet as gross as it is, it did not rise in the Stomach of Lewis XIV. whose Digestion, as to Panegyric, was like that of an Ostrich:

Eccho in feeno alla Francia or' fon costretti  
Con l'onde pellegrine  
Abbocarsì il Tireno, e l'Oceano.  
La Grecia vantatrice il picciol tratto  
Tentò cavar del suo Corinto in yano,  
Omai Luigi hà tratto  
Mare a mar più lontano  
Quasi sua forza, e suo faper profondo  
Sia migliorar' la simmetria del mondo.  
A te Luigi hà'l Creator serbato.

Lewis, a Shame to Greece, who try'd in vain,  
To cut through Corinth's Isthmus a Canal,  
Has to the Ocean join'd the Tyrrhene Sea,  
To render, by his Wisdom and his Power,  
More perfect still, the Symmetry of the World.  
God, who perceiv'd how useful it could be,  
Lewis, the mighty Task reserv'd for Thee.

Father Boubours owns, that tho' he forgives all this Extravagance in a Poet on the other Side of the Mountains, yet he could hardly forgive it in a French Man. For he adds, the French Genius is of another Temper than the Italian; and they can bear nothing in France but La Veritable Grandeur. Again, True Greatness, and what follows out of one of their most celebrated Au-
The ARTS of thors, is not, in his Opinion, at all Vain-glorious, but truly Great. 'Tis on King Lewis's passing the Rhine: Of which we have heard enough already.

De tant de coups affreux la tempête orageuse
Tient un temps sur les eaux la Fortune douteuse:
Mais Louis d'un regard sçait bientôt la fixer;
Le deſtin à fes yeux n'oscroit balancer.

So loud the Storm, so thick the Tempest grows,
That Fortune scarce to chufe her Party knows,
A while she stands; but when the Lewis views,
She is no longer at a Lost to chufe.
One Glance of his foon turns the doubtful Scale,
And where he looks, she lets the Ballance fall.

Faſher Bouhours excuses the Poet, by saying, he does not mean the Destinies in general depend on the King; he only speaks of the Destiny of the War. The System of his Thought is entirely Poetical, and he might therefore lawfully introduce Fortune. He concludes thus, "And as the Presence of a Prince, so magnanimous as ours, renders the Soldiers invincible, he might say Poetically,

Mais Louis d'un regard sçait bientôt la fixer,
Le deſtin à fes yeux n'oscroit balancer.

One Glance of his foon turns the doubtful Scale,
And where he looks, she lets the Ballance fall.

"As much as if he had faid, As foon as Lewis appeared, the Army was fure of Victory. Is there any "Thing extravagant in this? And was not all Europe, "a Witness of fo furprizing a Truth?" All Europe was agreed in Part of what he faid, that the French Army was fure of Victory if their King was among them; for it is not pretended that he ever undertook an Enterprize in Person, but he was fure of having the Country or City deliver'd to him; and the Soldiers could not fail of Victory. Let us remember what we quoted out of Prior, speaking to this very French Poet, and others,

Against his Will, you chain your frightened King
On rapid Rhine's divided Bed.

And a Line or two before he told us, how we came by all this Panegyrical Sublime.
LOGICK and RHETORICK. 259

In vain you Gallic Muses strive,
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise,
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane.

It is Mr. Prior who says it, the same Mr. Prior,
who, if he had not more Money of the French King than ever Boileau had, made but a sorry Business of it, considering how much it must cost a generous Mind to be ungrateful; and a Lover of Liberty to serve the Interest of the Tyranny he had himself condemned. Monsieur Boileau, in his first Epistle to the King, has a Line or two which is very noble, without the Exaggeration we are treating of; and why could not Father Boubours have inserted it instead of some others.

Fortune and Fame the daring Chief advance,
Rome has her Cæsars, and her Bourbons France.

As there had been many illustrious Warriors of the House of Bourbon, King Lewis might have stood with them, in the Comparison to the Cæsars, without any Offence to Decency and Modesty. Instead of this we have these Verses of the same Poet, which, he tells us, are full of Enthusiasm.

O que le-Ciel soigneux de notre poésie,
Grand Roi, ne nous fit-il plus voisins de l'Asie?
Bientôt victorieux de cent peuples altiers,
Tu nous aurois fourni des rimes à milliers,

He adds in the same Tone,
Quel plaisir de te suivre aux rives Scamandre,
D'y trouver d'Ilios la poétique cendre;
De juger si les Grecs qui brisèrent ses tours,
Furent plus en dix ans que Louis en dix jours.

Would Heaven, in Favour to our Celtick Strains,
Great King, had led thy Arms to Asian Plains;
A Thousand Rhimes had offer'd to our Song,
And Numbers would about the Subject throng:
A Thousand Nations we had soon subdu'd,
And pass'd, with Musick, many a Phrygian Flood.

He adds,

How sweetly would Scamander's Theme employ
The Muse, and how the tuneful Wars of Troy.

S 2  We
We then might have examin'd in our Lays,
If Thou would'st in that Siege have spent ten Days,
Which cost the Greeks as many Years complete,
With Hōfs united, and Confeder'ate Fleet.

As I contented my self with the Translation of Boileau, I shall lose some of the Spirit of the Original. The Thought, as Père Bouffours will have it, is strong, but then it is rea'sonable, because it is not express'd in the Affirmative, as in two other Verses by another Poet, which are very like Boileau's.

Yet the French Critick does not think there is too much Strength in the Thought. For the Gods in the Ilias, are wounded and routed, which puts the Heroes on a Par with them: And Longinus tells us, that Homer did his utmost to make Gods of his Men who were at the Siege of Troy; and Men of his Gods, by giving them those weak and base Passions, from which Great Men are exempted; witness the Battle, where Pluto trembles, and believes he is about to perish, which Boileau has admirably well translated.

L'enfer s'émeut au bruit de Neptune en furie,
Pluton fort de son trône, il pâlit, il s'écrie:
Il a peur que ce Dieu dans cet affreux séjour,
D'un coup de son trident ne fasse entrer le jour,
Et par le centre ouvert de la terre ébranlée,
Ne fasse voir du Stix la rive défolée,
Ne découvre aux vivans cet empire odieux
Abhorré des mortels, & craint même des Dieux.

Hell at the Noise of Neptune's Fury rose,
And Pluto pale and howling left his Throne,
Afraid the God would reach those dire Abodes,
To the World's Center with his Trident strike,
And thro' the gaping Earth admit the Day.
Thus leave the Desart-Shoars of Styx expos'd,
And to the Living shew his hated Realms,
Abhorr'd by Men, and dreaded e'en by Gods.

Ilias I. 20.
I have not always Mr. Pope's Homer by me, or I would have compar'd this Translation of a Passage in him after Boileau, with his Version, after the Original, if it was so, to have seen whether there had been any Thing lost in the French, or, that Rhime was wanting to keep up the Sublime. Tho' Father Bouhours does not quote this Passage as an Example of the Sublime, propos'd for Imitation; yet Longinus introduces it with crying out, How sublime is that where he says,

L'enfer s'émeut, &c. Hell at the Noise, &c.

Tho' it is not directly to the present Purpose, I cannot forbear repeating what Longinus quotes out of the Ilias immediately before it.

What Space a Man can from a lofty Rock,
On the Seas Margin in the Air behold
Th' intrepid Couriers of th' Immortal Gods
Leap at a Bound, &c. Ilias 5.

He measures the Extent of their Leap, says the Greek Critick, by that of the Universe. Who is there, that when he sees the Magnificence of this Hyperbole, does not cry out, If the Horses of the Gods were to have taken a second Leap, there had not been Space enough in the World for them? How many Images still greater than this do we meet with in Milton? Of which we have already given so many Instances that more would be needless. I do not repent me for having said, That Milton's Thoughts are more sublime than Virgil's; that will appear sufficiently, if ever it should come into Dispute: But I ought to have added, that the Subject of the Paradise is so infinitely more sublime than that of the Æneis, 'twas impossible but the Thought and Expression must participate of that Sublimity. The Passage in Homer about Pluto's being afraid of Neptune's laying Hell open to Light, probably put a Thought into a Portuguese Author's Head, who, speaking of a Fort in Japan, said, the Ditch to it was so deep, that the Devils might well be afraid of a War coming upon them, even in Hell. Que parece se abria para ir fazer guerra aos Demonios no Inferno. Which is not to be born with in History, however tolerable it may be in Poetry, as in Petronius.

S 3

---Jam
Jam montibus hauftis
Antra gemunt, & dum varios lapis inventit usus,
Infreni manes coelum sperare jubentur.

So deep for Marble in the Hills they dug,
For Stones of various Use, and various Kinds,
The Shades hop'd soon to see the Light of Heaven.

Lucan is more an Historian than a Poet, in Father Boucicaut's Opinion, which Remark ought not to be objected against him, if he does not refer to his Plan, which is exactly Historical; for as to his Sentiments and Diction, he is every where Poetical.

Dr. Welwood, in his Prefatory Discourse before Rowe's Translation of Lucan, repeats these two Verses, the finest Passage in the Pharsalia.

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, audì
Mensuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

And indeed, there's hardly a finer Passage in Virgil, or any other Clasick. Mr. Rowe translates them thus,

Phœnicians thus, If antiquit Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew,
They first by Sound in various Lines design'd,
Express'd the Meaning of the Thinking Mind;
The Power of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.

Brebeuf has translated them much better.

C'est celle que nous vient cet art ingenieux,
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux,
Et par les traits divers des figures tracées.
Donnez de la Couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.

The Merit of these four Lines ought to have fav'd Brebeuf from that Lash of Boileau.

En tous Lieux cependant la Pharsale approuvé,
Sans crainte de mes Vers va la Tête Levée.

Now in all Places the Pharsale appears
With Head erect'd, nor my Verses Fears.

This shews us that the generous, impartial, discreet Boileau, was capable of so poor a Passion as Jealousy. C'étoit une petite emulation qui avoit fait ainsi parler
The noble Art from Cadmus took its Rise Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes: He first in wondrous Magick Fetters bound The Airy Voice, and stopp'd the flying Sound; The various Figures by his Pencil wrought, Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.

These Verses are Mrs. Molesworth's, Daughter to that Noble Lord, the late Viscount Molesworth, Author of the Account of Denmark, and the admirable Preface to it; in which there reigns a Spirit of Liberty, that render'd the Noble Author truly worthy of the Honour His late Majesty conferr'd on him. When one can find fix better Lines, I will not only say in the Translation of Virgil, but also in that of Homer, one may allow them to be the best Versions, or Imitations in English, and not before.

The four Lines of Brebeuf, made Corneille jealous as well as Boileau; the former translated them himself to ruin Brebeuf's Reputation, and he succeeded as all such ungenerous Designs do succeed. We have mark'd what is Brebeuf's, in the Italick Character.

C'est d'elle que nous vient le fameux Art d'écrire, C'est Art ingénieux de parler sans rien dire, Et par les traits divers que notre main conduit, D'Attacher au Papier la parole qui fuit.

With Dr. Welwood's leave, Mrs. Molesworth's Version, or Imitation, seems as much after Corneille's Translation, as after Brebeuf's. Corneille's fameux Art, is her noble Art; his D'Attacher au papier, is her Fetters bound; his La parole qui fuit, is her flying Sound: But that beautiful Line

Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes, is Brebeuf's. So is that

Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.

Corneille's is the baldest Translation, or Imitation, of them all.
From Cadmus came the noble Art of Writing, Th'ingenious Art to speak and to say nothing: And as our Hand directs, by diverse Strokes, To fix the flying Word to Paper.

In that other Passage of Lucan which the French Critick cites, where he is treating of the Destruction occasioned by the Battle of Pharsalia, the Thought is equally generous and bold.

But if our Fates severely have decreed, No Way but this for Néro to succeed: If only thus our Heroes can be Gods, And Earth must pay for their divine Abodes, If Heavn could not the Thunderer obtain, 'Till Gyants Wars made Room for Jove to reign. 'Tis just, ye Gods, nor ought we to complain.

I must repeat the very Words of Lucan, and we shall then see whether the Translator has given us his Thought.

Jam nihil, O superi, querimur: Scelera ipfa nefasque, Hac Mercede placent. Lib. I.

Of nothing now, ye Gods, we should complain, At this Price, Crimes the most enormous please.

Pliny has a Thought something like it, in his Panegyrick upon Trajan, where he speaks of the Soldiers who had kill'd the Murderers of Domitian, besieging Nerva in his Palace; "Too sure it will be an eternal Blot upon the Age it was acted in: It was a deep and wounding Blow given to the State, to behold the Master and Father of the World, besieg'd, taken, and imprisoned; divested of the Power of Pardoning, of the dearest and sweetest Prerogative of Empire, to be exempt from Constraint in all the Actions of Life; yet if there was no other way for you to undertake the Preservation of the Common-wealth, by governing it, I could almost venture to say, we have not, even by that, paid too dear for the Happiness we enjoy. Si tamen has sola erat ratio que te publicæ salutis gubernaculis admovent: propædest us exilatem, rami furisse. There's nothing here which offends good Manners, which there is in what Lucan
Lucan said; and where the Thought is hardeft, it is softened by I cou'd almost venture to say: Yet Corneille's Thought, where he makes the elder Horace say, after his younger Son had kill'd the three Curatiis, whose Sister was his Daughter-in-Law, and one of whom was to have married his own Daughter, is better than Pliny's, according to Pere Bouhours.

Rome triomphe d'Albe, & c'est affez pour nous:
Tous nos maux à ce prix doivent nous être doux.

Rome triumphs over Alba; that's enough
For us; our Ills should at this Price be sweet.

There is no Swelling in that Sublime; and if, as Longinus teaches us, such Swelling is vicious in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent, what must it be in common Discourse; and can it be avoided too carefully? Hence it is that Gorgias is cen-\sured for calling Vulturs Living Sepulchers. He is the fame who call'd Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians; though Pere Bouhours did not tell us so, Longinus informs us that Gorgias was rally'd for both the one and the other. However, Boileau thinks that Living Sepulchers might have past in Profe. And Pere Bouhours fays Hermogenes, who said the Author deserv'd a Sepulcher himself, is as liable to be rally'd for it as Gorgias, the Thought not being so ridiculous as to provoke Raillery. Valerius Maximus, speaking of Artemisfa, who drank the Ashes of Mafsoli, her Husband, had good Reason to term it a Living Sepulcher, Quod de illo inclyto tumultu loquare cum ipfa Mafioli vivum ac spirants Sepulchrum fieri concupierit? Lib. 4. c. 6. And a great Man in France, having erected a Pyramid of flaming Hearts, for a Maufolcium in honour of Anne of Aujlria, Wife to Lewis XIII. with this Motto in Spanish: Afi Sepultada no es muerta, added these French Verfes:

Passant, ne cherche point dans ce mortel sejour
Anne de l'Univers & la gloire & l'amour
Sous le funefte enclos d'une tombe relante:
Elle eft dans tous les cœurs encore après Sa mort,
Et malgré l'injustice & la rigueur du fort
Dans ces vivans tombeaux cette Reine eft vivante.

Seek
Seek not for Anna, in this mortal Dwelling,
The Love, the Glory of the Universe;
Think not, Oh Passenger, that she's inclos'd
Within the Limits of this dusty Tomb,
Dead, as she seems, she lives in all our Hearts;
She lives, in spite of Fate's unjust Decree,
Within these living Tombs.

MR. Congreve's Conclusion of his Pastoral Poem on the Death of Queen Mary, Confort to King William, who was indeed the Glory and the Love of the Universe, has, in my Mind, a Fiction which is more greatly and beautifully imagin'd:

But see, Menaleas, where a sudden Light
With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my Sight;
And where Pastora lies it spreads around,
Shewing all radiant bright the sacred Ground;
While from her Tomb behold a Flame ascends
Of white Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends!
On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Light
Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light,
Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there, a glorious Star remains.

In a Poem, entitl'd, Triomphes de Louis le Jufle: The Triumphs of Lewis XIII. It should have been added under Mary de Medicis and Cardinal Richlieu; there is something noble enough, excepting where the Poet plays on the Word Tomb, les trombeaux font tombez, which is lost in English; and, consequently, the Critick's Remark upon it:

Ces Rois qui par tant de structures
Qui menaceit encor le ciel de leurs mazures,
Offrent allier par un barbarac orgueil,
La pompe avec la mort, le luxe avec le deuil.
Auffi le temps a fait sur ces mastes hautaines
D'illustres chaffimens des vanitez humaines.
Ces trombeaux font tombez, & ces superbes Rois
Sous leur chute font morses une seconde fois.

Those Kings, who by so many Buildings,
Whose Ruins threaten still the Skies,
Attempted, out of barbarous Pride,
Luxury and Mourning, to unite

And
And pomp with Death. But those huge Heaps
Have felt the Chastisements of Time;
Those Tombs are empty, and the proud Kings
A second Time are dead.

Juvenal has said much better,

That Tombs, as well as Men, are doom’d to perish.
Quandoquidem data sunt ipse quoque fata sepulcris.

Sat. 10.

And Ausonius,

Mors etiam faxis marmoribusque venit.
Nor Stones nor Marble are from Death exempt.

The Thought of a second Death is plainly taken from Boetius:

Quod si putatis longius vitam trahi
Mortalis aura nominis:
Cum fera vos rapiet hoc etiam dies
Jam vos secunda mors manet.

He maintains, that the Reputation of the most famous Romans will one time or other be extinct, and then those great Men will die a second Time.

These four Lines of Mr. Congreve, in an Epitaph on a Father and Son who were bury’d together, have a Nobleness and Simplicity which are preferable to any thing Perc Bouhours has given us on this Subject:

This peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son together lain;
Whose living Virtues shall remain
When they and this are quite decay’d.

I wonder why Father Bouhours dwells so long on this Second Death; I do not see any thing worth taking notice of in any of his Examples. I suppose the Character of the Poets might induce him to it; but as he has not named them, our Curiosity cannot extend so far; and what is there in this, I pray, that’s extraordinary?
’Tis spoken of the Ruin of the Statues of Abel and Cain, among other stately Ruins in Egypt:

Là le frère innocent & le frère assassin
Également caïsses ont une égale fin:
Le temps qu’aucun respect, qu’aucun devoir ne bride,
A fait de tous les deux un second homicide.

The Brother who was slain, and he who slew him,
Equally broken, have an equal End;
And Time, that has regard to none,
That by no Duty is restrain’d,
A second Murder has on both committed.

Father Bouhours prefers the Second Life, in the following Verses, to the Second Murder in those. They are translated from a Greek Epigram upon a Child; who being cast away, was saved by taking hold of his Father’s Corpse, which was floating on the Sea. The Child is made to speak:

Heav’n, taking Pity on my Wreck,
When he beheld my Vessel perish,
Presented me a new one,
To reconduct me safe to Shore;
Yet nothing on the Waves appear’d,
Nor Ship nor Mariner, no Hope
Was left me in my Misery.
After a thousand fruitless Efforts,
I saw dead Members floating near me,
Alas, whose Members but my Father’s!
I knew him, I embrac’d him;
And on his Corpse to Land was safely borne:
Of Winds and Waves the Fury I escap’d.
How dear to me
Should such a Father be,
Who twice has given me Life; by Land
One Time, and once by Sea?

The French Jesuit tells us, he had read some where
that Cornelia, having bury’d the Ashes of Pompey,
which she kept by her instead of her living Husband, it seem’d as if she had lost him again, and was a second time a Widow. Which is the best Thought of all of them; the rest are certainly a little upon the Fustian, as is Lucan sometimes; especially where he would excel most, he there seldom keeps within Bounds, The Truth is, an Author who endeavours to rise high
may easily over do it, it being very hard to stop exactly where he should, as Cicero does, who, according to
Quintilian, never takes too much Wing, but preserves his Judgment even in his Enthusiasm: *Non supra modum elatus Tullius*, Lib. 12. cap. 10. Very far from being like those of whom Longinus speaks. In the Middle of that divine Fury, with which they imagine themselves inflam’d, they trifle and play the Children: *Cum videantur sibi ceu divino correpti & incitati furore, non bacchantur, sed magantur pueriliter.* Our Critick then blames a certain French Author, who has a fine Fancy, and would have made an accomplish’d Poet, had he known how to have temper’d his Heat, which transported him too much sometimes; as in these Verses:

Le Chevalier Chretien, pour aller à la gloire,
A plus d’une carrière, & plus d’une victoire:
En tombant, il s’élève, il triomphe en mourant,
Et prisonnier vainqueur, couronné de sa chaîne,
Il garde à sa vertu la dignité de Reine.

*Christian Knight, to reach the Goal of Glory,
Has more than one Career, more than one Victory;
He rises when he falls, he triumphs when he dies,
He’s Conqueror when a Captive, his Chain’s a Crown;
And to his Virtue he maintains the Dignity of Queen.*

And he makes the Soldan of Egypt say elsewhere in his Poem:

Ces vains & foibles noms d’amis & de parens
Sont du droit des petits, & non du droit des grands.
Un Roi dans sa Couronne a toute sa famille:
Son Etat est son fils, sa grandeur est sa fille,
Et de ses intérêts bornant sa parenté,
Tout seul il est sa race & sa postérité.

*Those vain and idle Names of Friends and Kindred,
Are for the Little Claims, and not the Great.
A King has all his Family in his Crown;
His Kingdom is his Son, his Dignity his Daughter;
And limiting his Kindred to his Interests,
He’s to himself, Posterity, and Race.*

This is swelling a noble Thought till it bursts, and there is no need of making Remarks on such Verses as these:

*His Kingdom is his Son, his Dignity his Daughter;
He’s to himself, Posterity, and Race.*
Or this,

And to his Virtue he maintains the Dignity of Queen.

*TAMERLANE*, in Mr. Rowe's admirable Tragedy, thinks and speaks otherwise:

Thou Brother of my Choice, a Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie; by holy Friendship.
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
My Soul seem'd wanting in his better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet
That waits the Inspiration of its God.

I do not know whether we have yet instanc'd any thing which is more over-strain'd than what follows out of Cowley, where he speaks of the Music of the Woods:

What Prince's Quire of Music can excel
That which within this Shade does dwell;
The whistling Winds add their soft artful Strains,
And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play.
Nature does all this Harmony below
But to our Plants: Art's Music too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe,
The Lute itself, &c.

The Hyperbole, in the following Description of Night, in Dryden's Indian Emperor, has a softning in it which is a good Guard to it:

All things were hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head;
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sleep;
E'en Luft and Envy sleep——

This Description is highly commended by Mr. Rymer, in his Preface to Rapin's Reflections on Poetry; and indeed there is something in it extremely pretty:

The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sleep.

But what a terrible Fall is there from the Mountains
Nod to the little Birds; and what a Start again, from
Sweating Flowers to Luft and Envy sleep. Which has
all the Greatness that can be desir'd in a Thought, as the
the other has all the Agreeableness. If there is a little Confusion in it, we must allow that it is a beautiful one, and like the mixing of the Beauty of the Corinthian Order with the Grandeur of the Dorick.

The Descriptions of Night have given Birth to many great and agreeable Thoughts: As there is something very solemn and awful in its Darkness, there is something very soft and lulling in its Rest and Silence, which naturally produces the Alternative, as in Dryden's Thought. Lee, in his Theodosius, has a Speech upon it, which was in the Mouths of all the Frequenters of the Theatre thirty Years ago:

'Tis Night, dead Night, &c.

But I cannot relish above four Lines of it; as these two in the agreeable Kind:

Nor Breath of Wind now whisper thro' the Trees,
Nor Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas.

And these in the greater:

The Owls forget to scream; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.

The last Verse is over-strain'd, and has an unequal Mixture of Rustian and Flatness, as contrary as they are one to another:

The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink and seem to die.

Ratcliffe says better in Burlesque:

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns.

I cannot but observe on this Subject how helpful our Poets are to one another; especially in the Description of Night, which seems to offer so great a Variety of Ideas as might have prevented so much borrowing: First as it is a Noon.

Cowley,

--- The Moon
Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Dryden,

--- The Night, with silent Pace,
Stood in her Noon---

Lee,
Lee,

Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night’s pale Noon.

Next, as to Nature dying or sleeping:

Otway,

Now all is hush’d, as Nature were retir’d.

Lord Dorset,

In dismal Silence Nature seem’d to sleep.

Lee,

—— Weary Nature lies
So fast as if she never were to rise.

Dryden,

All things were hush’d, as Nature’s self lay dead.

Then as to Breezes, Trees, and Winds:

Otway,

The feeling Air’s at rest, and feels no Noise,
Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds.

Lord Dorset,

No whispering Zephyrus aloft did blow;
Nor warbling Boughs were murmuring below.

Lee,

No Breath of Wind now whispers thro’ the Trees.

Dryden after Virgil,

The Winds no longer whisper thro’ the Woods,
Nor murm’ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods.

I repeat the rest out of Virgil, because it seems to be the Store from whence all the other Descriptions were supply’d:

’Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep and soft Repose;
The Stars in silent Order now’d around,
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the

Ground;
The Flocks and Herds, and party-colour’d Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,
Stretch’d
Stretched on the quiet Earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past Labours of the Day.

Milton, contemplating the Change from Light
to Darkness, thinks not of Flowers and Birds, nor Flocks,
nor Herds, nor Zephyrs, nor Streams; but in the full
Majesty of Epick Poetry says:

Now had Night measur'd, with her shadowy Cone,
Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault.

Is this like,

— When not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere.

The Author is too great to be nam'd; but one may be
more free with Mr. Otway, who begins in the high Tone:

Now the perpetual Motion standing still.

And ends,

— Short Breaths upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds—

I t will be easily seen that I have been oblig'd to turn
over most of our modern Poets and Orators, of any Re-
putation, which gave me an Opportunity of observing
where the Moderns stole or borrow'd one from another;
and though I cannot boast of being so familiarly acquain-
ted with the Ancients, yet I have discover'd from whence
they have taken their Beaux Endroits; and that they
are oblig'd to Antiquity for what is most valuable in
them. I do not infrinate this to lessen the Reputation
which so many of them have worthily acquir'd, but to
shew that several Authors, writing on the same Subject,
will not only light upon the Thoughts of others which
they had read before, without remembering them at that
time, but will sometimes naturally think as the Ancients,
or as others have done. This will indisputably happen to
great Genius's. But, I must needs own, most of the
Moderns, and the English in particular, when they do steal
any thing, do it so bunglingly as to leave the Owner's
Mark upon it; if they struck out that, and put their own
in its Stead, it would be very difficult to discover the

T. Theft.
The ARTS of
Theft. Carneille, Racine, and Boileau, do this the best of any Moderns who commit Robbery on the Ancients, Milton excepted: Mr. Addison is almost equal to them in this Art, in which Mr. Prior and Lord Landsdown are alike excellent; but as to Dryden, and some living Poets and Criticks, it is easy, both in their Prose and Verse, to point out to the Place from whence they took their Poetry and Criticisms. If I have Leisui'e, and it would be acceptable, I may one time or other shew how they have done both, with respect to the Ancients and Moderns, unless, which would be much more useful to the Publick and my self, some abler Pen would undertake it; and I speak this with great Sincerity. It was in the fame Sentiments, with respect to Father Bouhours Maniere de bien penser; and had I perceiv'd any Likelihood that some other Writer would have undertaken him in this Manner, I should, with great Pleasure, have left the Work to him, it being as difficult as it is ungrateful. Poets are so jealous of the Vogue they are in, or they believe they are in, that if you commend them for a hundred things, and censure them but for one only, they will never forgive you, they being all infallible in their own Conceit, excepting such as have other Characters to distinguish themselves by; though it is a very hard Matter even for them to own they could be in the wrong, in which they are strangely mistaken; for the Merit of one or two fine Poems, and perhaps fine Thoughts, are enough to atone for a hundred Slips and Negligences in the heat of Writing. Who is there that does not look upon Sir Richard Blackmore as the Author of one of the finest Poems in our own or any modern Language, I mean Creation? and yet who is there that can say any thing like it of his Arthurs, and several other Epick Poems; in which, however, there are many beautiful Things, both in Thought and Expression. I took this to be a proper Place for so necessary a Digression, we being come to a new Vice in Thinking, Father Bouhours in the next Place shewing us, How agreeable Thoughts may become vicious by being too agreeable.

We have seen how sublime Thoughts may become mean by being made too great; we are now about to see how agreeable Thoughts may become vicious by too much Agreeableness, Excess being a Defect in Beauty.
as well as in Grandeur. Example, as *Père Bouhours* observes, will explain this Matter better than Reasoning.

The first Thoughts he instances in are taken out of a famous Piece, entitl’d, *La Metamorphose des yeux de Phillis changez en Aftres*, written by a Member of the French Academy.

As the Author was look’d upon to be one of the topping Wits of France, his Errors are the more remarkable; and we must take notice, by the way, that the learned Jesuit meddles with no Poets or Orators but such as were in great Repute; and his Reason directed me to take my Examples of the Defects in Writing, as well as the Beauties, from our most famous Authors. Would any one expect a Critick on *Settle, Crown, Darfey, Banks*, &c. some alive some dead, in the poetical Line; or on *Baker, Salmon*, &c. in the Historical? There is Honour in Criticism as well as Gallantry; and as Duels are only for Gentlemen, so Criticks are only for Wits. This *Metamorphosis of Phillis’s Eyes into Stars*, was admired by every one in France, Court, City, and Country; it took as certain Plays and Translations have done in our Times; *Père Bouhours* owns he was charm’d with it when he was young, as Thoufands as well as my self were with *Cowley* thirty Years ago, and as others were charm’d with Mrs. *Phillips* thirty Years before that. *But*, says the Jesuit, *I am come to my self now, and admire nothing in it but the Affection*. He at first fancy’d the Beginning of it to be very pretty:

Beaux ennemis du jour dont les feuillages sombres
Conservent le repos, le silence, & les ombres.

**Fair Enemies of Day, whose gloomy Leafes**
**Preserve Repose, and Silence, and the Shades.**

*Fair Enemies of Day* has nothing of true Beauty in it; besides, a Poet should never shine out all at once. What comes after upon the Oaks in an old Forest pleases as little as *beaux ennemis de jour*, though the Author has given it all the Graces he could think of:

Vieux enfans de la terre, agréables Titans,
Qui jusques dans le ciel, sans crainte du tonnerre,
Allez faire au soliel une innocente guerre.

T 2 Old
Old Children of the Earth, agreeable Titans,
Who, fearless of the Thunder, lift your Heads
To Heav'n, and with the Sun make harmless War.

Agreeable Titans is the same as pretty Gog and sweet Magog; and to make harmless War is as agreeable as the tickling one to Death. Besides, 'tis false to say, tall Trees fear not Thunder; for the taller they are the more they are expos'd to it.

One may add to the French Critick's Remark, that wherever any Thought is over-strain'd in the Sublime, or over-done in the Agreeable, it must necessarily be false; for Truth is always found in that just Medium which is wanting in both. The Description of the Fountain in the Metamorphosis is like that of the Wood:

C'est-là per un cahos agréable & nouveau
Que la terre & le ciel rencontrent dans l'eau;
C'est-là que l'œil souffrant de douces impostures;
Confond tous les objets avecce leurs figures;
C'est-là que sur un arbre il croit voir les poissons,
Qu'il trouve des roseaux auprès des hameçons,
Et que le sens charmé d'une trompeuse idole,
Doute si l'oifseau nage, ou si le poisson vole.

There by a Chaos, agreeable and new,
The Earth and Heav'n in Water meet together;
There the Eye suffering the most sweet Impostures,
Confounds all Objects with their Images;
There Fishes on a Tree, it thinks it sees,
And near the Fish-book finds the wavy Reed.
With a false Figure there the Sense being charm'd,
Doubts whether the Birds swim, or Fishes fly.

Another French Poet, in a Description of a Ship-wreck, caus'd by the Ships being burnt, goes as much out of the way as the Describer of the Fountains:

Soldats & matelots roulez confusément
Par un double malheur périssent doublement;
L'un se brûle dans l'onde, au feu l'autre se noye,
Et tous en même temps de deux morts font la proye.

Soldiers and Seamen with Confusion roul,
And doubly perish by a double Death;
LoGick and Rhetorick. 277

One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire,
And are at once to both the Deaths a Prey.

This Verse,
One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire,
Is pretty near a-kin to

Doubts whether the Birds swim, or Fishes fly.

These Thoughts, at first Sight, glare and please a little; but when you consider them you find it is a false Light, which, like false Guineas, glitter more than the true; but are worth a great deal less.

The four first Verses of the Description of the Fountain have still more of that Glittering and Falseness:

Au milieu de ce bois un liquide cristal,
En tombant d'un rocher forme un large canal,
Qui comme un beau miroir dans sa glace inconstante,
Fait de tous ses voisins la peinture mouvante.

Amid the Wood a liquid Chriftal flows,
Falls from a Rock, and forms a large Canal;
Which, as a Miroir, in its faithful's Surface,
A moving Picture of the Neighbours makes.

An Author should never flourish too much, even on Subjects which admit of Flowers; and a Thought had better be a little cloudy than to be so dazing as this:

Ludere quidem integrum est; verum omni in re habenda est ratio decori. Demet. Phal.

There was a Sonnet on a Miroir, which every one was charm'd with in France in the last Age. The Author was the Count d'Etelan, Nephew to the Mareschal de Baffompierre; and in it is a very odd Mixture of Beauty and Affe&ition. The very first Line lets us into its Character:

Miroir, peintre & portrait, qui donne & qui reçois.

Miroir, Painter, and Picture, who gives and receives.

There is flourishing with a Witness.

Et qui porte en tous lieux avec toi mon image,
Qui peux tous exprimer, excepte le langage,
Et pour être animé n'as besoin que de voix:

T 3  Tu
Tu peux seul me montrer, quand chez toi je me vois,
Toutes mes passions peintes sur mon visage:
Tu fis d’un pas égal mon humeur & mon âge,
Et dans leurs changemens jamais ne te désois.

Les mains d’un artifian au labur obstinées,
D’un pénible travail font en plusieurs années
Un portrait qui ne peut ressembler qu’un instant.
Mais toi, peintre brillant, d’un art inimitable,
Tu fais sans nul effort un ouvrage inconstant
Qui ressemble toujours, & n’est jamais semblable.

And in all Places bears my Image with thee;
Who, except Language, all things can’t express,
And to be animated want’s but Voice.
Thou shew’st me to my self; at thee I view
My various Passions painted on my Face,
My Humour and my Age, with equal Pace
Thou followst; and in their Change art ne’er deceiv’d,
The Artist’s Hand in Labour obstinate,
With painful Toil of many Years may make
A Portrait, for an Instant only, like.
But Thou, with Art inimitable, makest
A changing Piece, bright Painter, without Effort,
Which still resembles, and is never like.

What Father Bouhours approves of in this Sonnet,
is, N’a besoin que de Voix. And to be animated wantest but Voice. Tu peux seul me montrer toutes mes Passions. Thou shew’st me to my self; at thee I view my various Passions. Tu fais sans nul Effort un ouvrage qui ressemble toujours & n’est jamais semblable. Thou makest a Piece without Effort, which still resembles, and is never like. But the Painter and Picture, who gives and receives, the bright Painter offends by too much of the Agreeable, and cannot please a good Taste. The learned Jesuit enters here into the Grammatical Defect, and tells us, it should be qui donnes, & qui portes, who givest and receivest, in the second Person; which is so visible, that I had turn’d it out of the third Person in the Transliteration, before I came to this Remark at the last Reading, and had forgot it in the former; but it must be own’d, that the givest and receivest, the canst and the shewes, the followest and makest, have a Roughness in English, which is equally inelegant, and unharmonious. Indeed, the Thou, and the edst, in the second
second Person, renders it very disagreeable either in Poetry or Eloquence in our Language; tho' it has a Dignity in French as well as Latin, but the Termination in those Tongues is not all Consonants, and rude as in ours. I think this Grammar is the only Grammatical Criticism in all Pere Boubours Book. The Reason I suppose for that, such Remarks are fit Work for Pedants and Pedagogues only, such Errors being Slips and Negligences which Men of Literature could not fall into but by Neglect or Carelessness. Besides, in modern Languages where the Grammar is not settled, as in ours, one very often finds Difference, not only between one Author and another, but between one Author and himself; and all of them Authors of the first Rank. However, I am convinced that such Criticisms are the Excellence of certain Critics, who are distinguished in the several Counties of England, as well as Cambridgeshire and Oxfordshire. The learned Jesuit instructs an Italian Sonnet on a Looking Glass, which, tho' enigmatical and mysterious, is more natural than the French, who, in his Opinion, are not so affected as the Italians in their Way of Thinking.

So una mia cosa la qual non è viva,
E par che viva; se gli vai dinanti,
E se tu scrivi parerà che scriva;
E se tu canti parerà che canti;
E se ti affacci fecho in prospettiva,
Ti dirà i tuoi, diffetti tutti quanti;
E se dègnosco gli homerile volti,
Sparisce anch'ella, e torna se ti volti.

My Picture in the Looking Glass
Has no Life, but seems to live,
When I write, or when I sing,
One would think she wrote and sung.
All my outward Faults she shows;
When I go away she's gone,
And returns when I return.

Pere Boubours thinks this is prettily said, and with good Sense: Non e viva, par che viva, has no Life, but seems to live, is very natural. 'Tis not so with a Thought of Tasso on the Figures engrav'd over the Gate of Amida's Palace.
Manca il parlar, di vivo altro non chiedo;
Ne manca questo ancor, s'agli occhi credi.

For all the Shapes in that rich Metal wrought,
Save Speech, of living Bodies wanted nought.

As Fairfax has translated it, but with great Injury to Tasso.

The Figures were so form'd, they seem'd to live,
They wanted only Speech; nor was'd that
If you cou'd trust your Eyes.

That is, says Father Bouhours, there was so much Motion and Action in the Faces of the Figures, that a Deaf Man, who had Eyes, would have thought he had seen them speak. There's Wit in it, but 'tis not such Wit as we find in Virgil's Description of the Graving on Aeneas's Shield. The two Verses which follow, have a Softening that will serve for an Excuse: They treat of the magnificent Buildings in Egypt, where there was a Representation of Sodom in Flames.

The Porphyry and Marble have the Colour
Of Fire, and seem to Sight to have the Heat.

Cardinal Pallavicini, in the following Thoughts, has more Simplicity than Tasso, in that we last mentioned. The Cardinal is speaking of a great Prelate; La Corte di Roma la quale si gloria di non ammirare cziandio l'ammirabile; è pure ammirò voi giovane se credeva a gli occhi, vecchio se dava fede all'udito. "In his Youth he was admir'd by the Court of Rome, "who glory in not admiring even Things that are "admirable. To look on him, one wou'd take him "for a Youth; to hear him talk, one wou'd think he "was an old Man. So mature and solid were his Diff-

course even in the Flower of his Age.

Being upon the Life in Pictures, and the natural or unnatural Description of it, I cannot keep these Verses of Dryden out of my Head. They begin his Poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind;
True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue;
But smiling, said, she still shall gain the Prize,
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.

The Thought is pretty, but it receives Damage from
the Affectation. She had a Tongue, and Nature never
forgets any Thing. Accidents may intervene to spoil
her Work, which is the most we can make of it. How-
ever, the Thought is so pretty, and so gallant, that I
believe every Reader will forgive what is affected in it.
In what follows, Dryden is much more discreet and na-
tural than the French or the Italian Poets on the same
Subject; Good Painting and Sculpture:

Such are thy Pictures, Kneller, such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will,
Comes out and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her
Thought;

At least, thy Pictures look a Voice, and We
Imagine Sounds deceiv'd to that Degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just we see.

But Dryden had hardly ever a true Thought which he
did not spoil by over-doing it, by dwelling upon it, and
dividing and sub-dividing it, as a Country Parson does
his Text.

Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer in the Strife;
And from their animated Canvas came
Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame;
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a Soul to Clay.

What a Confusion is there! The Figures bolt out
of the Canvas, as they do out of the Scene in Dioclesian,
when the Chairs dance about the Stage. They demand
Sails before they have any Souls to think of them. Pro-
metheus's Man is confounded with Adam, who was the
immediate Workmanship of God; and that Man Ma-
ker of the Fable, drawn like a Maker of Muggs, with
his Dirt and Water about him, one can hardly forgive.

Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought,
Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
WERE not these Lines in Company with those that follow?

Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler Part,
But Titian's Painting is like Virgil's Art.
Thy Genius gives Thee both; where true Design
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join,
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language drest,
Where Lights to Shades descending plays, not strives,
Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.

I know a Poet who would not have us'd the Term
Postures, on this Occasion: He would have said, Altitudes unforc'd, if the Word could have been squeeze'd into the Verse.

Mr. Waller to Vandyke, says very finely and naturally;

Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire:
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Art and Power of a Face.

And when he mentions Prometheus, he plainly infers the Fable so much, that the Hyperbole is warranted by it.

No, for the The best thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his Fire.

But Cowley has out-done Dryden himself and all other Poets, in his Thought of a Picture.

Men thought so much of Flame, by Art was shown,
The Picture's self would fall in Ashes down.

Under the Picture of St. Bruno in his Solitude, painted to the Life, an Italian wrote, Egli è vivo, e parlerrebbe se non osservasse la regola del silenzio. He is alive, and would speak, if it was not against the Rule of Silence. Malherbe has a like Thought on an Image of St. Catharine.

L'Art aussi-bien que la Nature
Eût fait plaindre cette peinture:
Mais il a voulu figurer,
Qu'aux tourmens dont la cause eût belle,
La gloire d'une ame fidelle,
Est de souffrir sans murmurer.
As well as Nature, Art had shown
The living Picture making moan;
But Figures by this just Design,
That torments from a Cause divine,
Are glorious to the suffering Saint,
Who bears the Pain without Complaint.

The Italians delight mightily in the florid Way of Thinking and Speaking. It is certain, that the Manner of a Nation participates of the Climate; and what a lovely one Italy enjoys, Virgil has amply described: Nor is our English Virgil, Mr. Addison, without Beauty, in his Description of that charming Country.

See how the golden Groves around me smile,
Even the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
Bear me some God to Bajas's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green Retreat,
Where Western Gales, &c.

Tho' France is not so fine a Climate as Italy, yet its warm Sun, the Serenity of the Air, its generous Wines, and the Vigour of vegetable Life, keep their Spirits a-float; and that is very apt to run into Foppery and Affectation. I'll engage if any Critick did understand Dutch, and would be at the Pains to read the Poetry and Eloquence in that Language, he might read himself blind, before he would find either Delicacy or Affectation. It must be own'd, we are our selves too far North for the beautiful Productions of the Mind, but the Coldness of our Air is temper'd by the warm Breezes of the Sea that surrounds us: And without the Bombast of the Spaniards, or the Affectation of the Italians and French, we have Writings to boast of, in all Kinds of Thinking, from the Sublime to the Pretty, of which the Antients needed not to have been ashamed; and there will not be wanting Instances of it in this Undertaking.

The Cavalier Marini plants all his Lands with Flowers. There's scarce a Thought of his but is fit for a Garland: As when he says,

The Rose is the Eye of the Spring,
The Ball of Loves Eye,
The Purple of the Valleys,
And the Flower of all Flowers.

L'occhio di primavera,
La pupilla d'Amor,
La porpora de prati,
Il fiore de gli altri fiori.

And that the Nightingal is,
Una voce pennata,
Un suon volante,
Una piuma canora,

A Feather'd Voice.
A Flying Sound.
An Harmonious Feather.

The Stars,
Sacre lampe dorate
Ch'i palchi immensi
Del firmamento ornate.
De l'escue del di chiare facelle.
Specchi de l'universo e di natura.
Fiori immortalali e nati
Ne le campagne amene
De' sempiterni prati.

The golden Lamps of Heaven,
The Flambeaux of the Day's Funeral,
The World and Nature's Mirror,
The Immortal Flowers of the Celestial Plains.

But what need of Quotations out of Marini, who does not pretend to confine himself to Rules, or to make Nature his Guide, as Tasso does in his Aminta, a Pastoral, so very Pastoral, if I may imitate the Translator of Homer, that 'twas said of him, he never went out of the Woods in his Aminta: But we shall see presently 'twas Rus in Urbe; and that his Shepherdeses are not without a Spice of Coquetry. Pere Bouhours assures us, that he is in a thousand Places more agreeable than he should have been: He describes a Shepherdess decked herself out with Flowers; and says, "Sometimes she took a Lilly, sometimes a Rose, and held them up to her Cheeks to compare Colours; and smiled, as if she rejoyn'd in the Victory; and seem'd to tell the Flowers, I have the Better of you; and 'tis not for a Dress that I use you, but to make you ashamed."
This Thought has had its Admirers ever since the Aminta was published, and will have as long as it lives, which probably will be as long as the Italian Language. Is it natural for a Shepherdess to make such Reflections of Nature; a Shepherdess wears them when she would be finer than ordinary, but she does not think of making them ashamed. The Admirers of this Thought would, doubtless, be wonderfully taken with that upon a French Song, An Air which flies with Wings of Honey. Upon a Peacock's Tail; A Field of Feathers. On a Rainbow; The Smile of a weeping Sky. A Bow without Arrows, and which only strikes the Eyes. I don't doubt, but these Thoughts put into soft Numbers, and well chim'd, would pass still for extreme pretty ones. So little is it consider'd, that Metaphors taken from what is most sweet and riant in Nature, (I borrow the Word from the Notes upon Homer) never please if the least Constraint appears in them. The Air, The Peacock, The Rainbow, &c. are too far fetch'd, and made so good, that they are good for nothing.

Cowley, who did not study to be Natural, so much as to be Witty, has a very pretty Allegory about his Muse, which probably he wrote in his Garden at Chertsey, in Surrey; where I have walk'd with much Pleasure, in reflecting that those Walks had been his.

While, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious Tracks pursues,
Does with weak unballad'sd Wings,
About the mossy Brooks and Springs,
About the Trees new blossom'd Heads,
About the Garden's painted Beds;
Like the harmonious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey flee,
And there with humble Sweets content her Industry.
Of Metaphors and Allegories.

Nothing is more agreeable than a Metaphor well pursued, or than a regular Allegory: And nothing is more disagreeable, than a Metaphor spun out too long, or an Allegory too far extended. *Pere Bouhours*, as an Instance of a very happy Allegory, mentions a little Dialogue in Latin, upon the Advancement of Pope *Urban VIII.* to the Pontificate. That Pope's Arms was *Bees*, and *Bees* represent him allegorically. The Dialogue is between a *French Man*, a *Spaniard*, and an *Italian*: The French Man begins, by saying,

\begin{quote}
Gallis mella dabunt, Hispanis spicula figent.
To the French Honey, To the Spaniards Stings.
\end{quote}

The Spaniard answers,

\begin{quote}
Spicula si figent, emorientur Apes.
If the Bees sting, they dye.
\end{quote}

The Italian endeavours to reconcile what they have both said.

\begin{quote}
Mella dabunt cunctis, nulli sua spicula figent:
Spicula nam Princeps figere nescit Apum.
Honey to all they give, and Stings to none,
For never has the King of Bees a Sting.
\end{quote}

This Allegory, as Father *Bouhours* observes, is very just, and kept within Bounds. The Spectator, in his Discourse of Allegories, does not seem to confine them to so little Extent as *Pere Bouhours* does. No. 421. "Allegories, when well cho'en, are like so many Tracks of Light in a Discourse, that make every Thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is plac'd to Advantage, casts a Kind of Glory round it, and darts a Lustre thro' the whole Sentence: These different Kinds of Allusion, are but so many different Manners of Similitude. Perhaps it might be said, that the Difference consists only in the Size and Turn; and that they may please the Imagination, the Likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable." For want of due Care in the Conduct
Conduct of Allegories and Metaphors they very often miscarry, they are either stretch’d too far, or spun out too long, or blown up too much, or not equally pursu’d; they often begin well, and flag or ramble at the End. Lord Lansdown teaches us very well how to manage our Metaphors and Allegories:

As Veils transparent cover, but not hide, Such Metaphors appear, when right apply’d; When, thro’ the Phrase, we plainly see the Sense, Truth, with such obvious Meanings will dispense; The Reader, what is Reason’s Due, believes, Nor can we call that false which not deceives.

Pere Bouchours gives us an Instance of an Allegory, which begins as well as one could wish, and ends as ill. ’Tis taken out of Télli, whom he calls the Horace of the Italians, in the Preface to his Second Volume of Lyric Poems. “These Songs, says he, which I may call the “Daughters of an old Father, and Daughters too that “are not very young themselves, were every Day re- “presenting to me their Age and Time, being tir’d of “dwelling so long in their Father’s House, and impa- “tient to get out of it. Some of them have ventur’d “abroad already; and being more bold and free than “the rest, have thrown themselves into Company, and “gone where they could go; which reflects upon me, “and is a Sort of Disgrace to me; for we do not now “live in an Age when the Erminia’s and Angelica’s “ran up and down the World without bringing Dis- “honour to their Families, or scandalizing any one.” So far is agreeable; but what is to come exceeds Bounds. “I have therefore come to a Resolution to remedy this “Disorder, by marrying them, that is, by having them printed: Ho dunque havuto per bene di rimediare al “disordine, e di sposarle in legittimo matrimonio a i “torchi delle stampe. But knowing that the Poverty of “my Wit might be a Hindrance to their being well “provided for; and considering, besides, that generous “Persons are ever ready to assist poor Damfels that are “in danger of being lost, I pray you, kind Reader, “to give them your Protection out of Charity, and it “will serve instead of a Portion.”

The Marriage, the Poverty, the Portion, is what renders the Allegory vicious: Had it not been so long con-
continu'd, and so over pleasant, it had been good: *Scire oportet quosque in singulis fit progredientium.* Long. Sec. 29. I very often found *Pere Bouhous* copying after *Longinus*; and he does it particularly where he directs us to use softening Terms, when it is convenient to use bold Figures. That is taken from the 26th Chapter of the Treatise of the Sublime; where the Greek Critick says, "Aristotle and Theophrastes, to excuse the Boldness of Metaphors, think it is convenient to soften them, by saying, to say so, if I may so say, if I durst make use of those Terms, to speak a little more boldly." *Longinus* adds, he's of the same Mind: *But*, continues he, *the most natural Remedy against the Abundance and Boldness of Figures, is never to use them, unless 'tis to the Purpose.* The Beginning of *Tefti*'s Allegory was very much to the Purpose, the End of it *Mal a propos,* out of the way. His poetical Daughters were not likely to get Husbands by his turning them into the World; nor would every Reader wed himself to his Book. *But* that is not the chief Defect in his Figure, 'tis the Continuance of it, and the over-doing of it, that makes it defective. He might well enough have said, his latter Poems were Daughters of an old Father; that they were not very young themselves, and were quite tire'd with living at home; that they wanted to see the World, and some of them had already seen it. There he should have stop'd, so far was natural and pleasant; all beyond it is out of Nature and disagreeable. *Cicero* instructs all Poets and Orators what to do in this Case; and others, relating to their Arts, to consider how far they may go, what Measures to go by, and that they are more likely to offend by too much than too little: *In omnibus rebus videndum est quatenus: Esi enim sius cuique modus est, tamen magis offendit nimium quam parum.* Cic. Orat.

*This* Remark will be very useful to English Writers, whose greatest Fault is, if they have hit upon a good Thought they do not care to part with it, but dwell upon it till they have wasted all its Substance. *Dryden* was very apt to offend in this kind; he generally began his Metaphors and Allegories well; but he surfeited you with them before he had done. I have instanc'd in his Poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and in that to *John Dryden*, Esq; Knight of the Shire for Huntington, he does the same, when his Satyr is against Matrimony:
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight;
Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curs'd;
For Men and Women, tho' in one they grow,
Yet first or last return again to two;
He to God's Image, she to his was made,
So farther from the Fount the Stream at random
(stray'd.

Supposing there had been nothing false, I will not say impious, in the insinuating that Adam and Eve were curs'd for their Marriage, though marry'd by God, and not for their Fall; the Allegory naturally ended at the Stream at random stray'd; but he revives it again:

How could he stand, when put to double Pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have ftood, perhaps; but each alone;
Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.

That, perhaps, is a great saving to the Thought; for without it he would have provided for the first Man and the first Woman better than God himself, who, as soon as they were pair'd, blest them, as in Milton. The Angel speaking to Adam:

Male he created thee; but thy Confort
Female for Race; then blest Mankind, and said,
Be fruitful——

King Alphonso, the Astronomer, lamented that he had not had the making of the Planetary World, he found so many Faults in the Creation, which he said he could have mended; but he did not pretend that he could have given to Man a better Soul.

We must now return to our French Critick; and I shall take hold of this Opportunity to let the Reader see how he manag'd his Dialogue; by which he will perceive that we have lost nothing by leaving it out. Pere Bouhours is speaking still of Tefti's marrying his Daughter Poems, which should not have been, adds he, "because the Muses are Virgins. Philanthus reply'd "briskly, perhaps it is because they are Beggars, and "have nothing to bring to their Husbands. Be it as it "will, says Eudoxus, Authors frequently offend against "the Rules of Justice, by extending an agreeable
"Thought too far. And would you think Voiture is sometimes guilty of it, as in his Letter of the Toffing in a Blanket, and even that of the Carp? Indeed, I did not think, says Philanthus, that you would allow Voiture to be ever in the Wrong, and rejoice that you do so in this, for Balzac's Sake. I'm in earnest, reply'd Eudoxus; and Friendship never blinds me so much but that I can see the Defects of my Friends." As this Conversation is of very little Edification to the Reader, I have thrown it out; for in other Places it is still more foreign to the Subject, and serves only to give Philanthus an Opportunity to admire the Quickness and Solidity of Eudoxus's Wit and Judgment; which Eudoxus being Pere Bouhors himself, as I hinted at first, I am satisfy'd there will be no Miss of the Dialogue: The Air of it is entirely French, tho' the Subject is otherwise the best handled as may be, and it is no where better. The Vanity of the Dialogue is as visible in Dr. Eckard's Philanthis, and Timothy against Hobbes; and still more so in Oldifworth's Dialogues, or Timothy the Second: But his Understanding was so poor, that, as willing as he was, he could not say much Good of himself. Collier is outrageous in his own Praise in his Dialogue; as when he says, you are right, you are smart, you have brought your self off well, &c.

Of all ingenious Authors, Bouhors tells us, Seneca is he who knew leaf how to keep his Thoughts within due Bounds: He is always endeavouring to please, and so afraid that a Thought, which is of it self beautiful, will not strike, that he puts it into all the Lights it can be seen in, and sets it off with all the Colours that can render it agreeable; insomuch that one may say of him what his Father said of Montanus, an Orator of their Time: "Habeo hoc Montanus vitium: sententias suas repetendo corrupcit: Dum non est contentus unam rem semel bene dicere, efficit ne bene discerit. Controvers. 5. Lib. 9."

"By repeating the same Thought, and turning it several Ways, he spoils it: Not being contented with having said a good Thing at first, he so manages it, that at last it ceases to be good." Scaurus, a Contemporary of this Montanus, used to call him the Ovid of the Orators; for Ovid knew not how to keep within Compsas, nor to leave off when he had done well: Propter hoc solebat Montanum Scaurus inter Oratores Ovidium
Ovidium vocare: Nam Ovidius nescit quod bene cesse reliquere. Controverf. 5. Lib. 9. Though, according to the same Critick, to know when to have done, is as much an Excellence as to know what to say: 

Aebat Scævus, non minus magnum virtutem esse seire definere, quam seire dicere. Ibid.

This Matter, well study'd and well pursu'd, would have half the Writing and half the Paper that is wafted by Modern Poets and Orators. Sir Samuel Garth shews himself to be Master of this Secret in his Dispensation; so does Mr. Addison in all his Writings; but as to Mr. Cowley he offends to Enormity, by saying more than he needed, and spoils what was well imagin'd and well said, by turning and winding it, and putting it in too many Lights, which is well known to every one that knows Cowley. Dryden seems to have enter'd as far into the Genius of Ovid as any of his Translators. That Genius has more of Equality with his own than Virgil's; and, consequently, his Versions of Ovid are more perfect than those of Virgil. The Relation between their Genius's may probably have some Influence on Mr. Dryden's Manner, which was too diffuse, and ran him often into the Error Pere Bouhours speaks of. The merry Poem, Hudibras, is full of Allegories, which, as laughable as they are, may, for Juftness, serve for an Example to the sublime Writers, Butler almost always keeping within Bounds.

Cardinal Pallavicini says of the same Seneca, whom Father Bouhours cenfures for exceeding Measures: Profumus i suoi concetti con un anatra & con un zibetto che a lungo andare danno in testa: nel principio dilertano, nel processo stancano. "He perfumes his Thoughts with Amber and Civet, which at length gets into the Head, they please in the Beginning, and are very tiresome in the End." There are some Criticks who think otherwise of Seneca, who reckon him more lively, more poignant, and more close than Cicero; whose Style is fuller of Turns, more extensive, broken, without Number, and without Connexion. But it is of Thoughts that Pallavicini and Bouhours are speaking; and in that he is more diffus'd than Cicero. Seneca seems to say more, and Cicero actually says it: The one lengthens out his Thoughts, the other heaps Thought upon Thought. And Cardinal Perron said very justly,
there's more to be learnt in one Page of Cicero than in five or six of Seneca. Examples are needle's; and besides there would be no End of them; all that have read both the one and the other know it, and so will all that shall read them with Attention; and every one cannot but join in with Quintilian, who says of Seneca: "Tis to be wish'd that when Seneca wrote he had "made use of his own Wit and another's Judgment: "Velles eum suo ingenti dixisse, alieno judicio." Quint. lib. 10. cap. 1.

This Page or two cannot but give us an exalted Idea of the Delicacy and Penetration of the Ancients, which few who read them are sensible of; so few, that I question whether there's one in a Hundred of those we call Scholars who ever made this Distinction of themselves. What follows in the maniere de bien penser puts Armies of fine Thoughts to the Rout, and deprives the younger Fry of Orators and Poets of the Cream of their Eloquence. Among those Thoughts that become vicious by being too agreeable, we may reckon all affected Antithesis; as Life and Death, Water and Fire.

FLORUS, speaking of those brave Roman Soldiers who were found dead after the Battle of Tarentum, lying upon their Enemies, their Swords in their Hands, and Threats in their Countenances, says, that the Rage which animated them in the Fight liv'd in Death it self, Et in ipsa morte ira vivebat. It would have been enough, if he had said there remain'd a threatening Air in their Looks, relicte in vultibus mine. He should have stopt there; and Livy would have taken care not to have let such an Expression come from him, that their martial Rage liv'd in Death it self.

A French Poet, describing the Army of St. Lewis landing before Damietta, and the Courage of that King in throwing himself into the Nile, says at first:

Tandis que les premiers disputent le rivage,
Et qu'à force de bras ils s'ouvrent le paffage:
Louis impatient faute de fon vaisseau;

And adds afterwards,

Le beau feu de fon coeur lui fait mépriser l'eau.

While those that landed first dispute the Shoar,
And ope themselves a Way with Strength of Arm,

Lewis,
Louis, impatient, from his Vessel leaps,  
The Fire within his Breast made him despise the (Water.

The Author was a Brother Jesuit, yet Father Boubours would have said, if he had not been afraid of falling into the Error he condemns, that the Fire there, in opposition to the Water, is very cold. We see the Critick had a great Mind to pun, and it should be a Lesson to all Criticks not to be too severe with the Punsters; they don't know how they may be tempted. He contents himself with saying, this playing with Fire and Water is a Grace that is over-strain'd in so serious a Place as that is; which is self-evident; and yet one might fill Volumes with Instances of the like or worse Over-straining in our own Authors, as well as Italian and French. 'Twas impossible for the learned Jesuit to forget the miraculous Passage of the Rhine by Lewis XIV. when Lewis VII. was passing the Nile; and therefore we are put in mind of an admirable Couplet on that Occasion:

Louis les animant du feu de son courage,  
Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage.

Lewis inspires them by his flaming Courage,  
And grieves his Greatness binds him to the Banks.

Mr. Prior, who knew that King better than any other good English Protestant, says, it was not his Greatness, but his Fear which bound him:

Against his Will you chain your frightened King  
On rapid Rhine's divided Bed.

As it is well known how King Lewis came to the Rhine, and how he got away, it would be impertinent to add to Mr. Prior's Account of it. But it is as well known how King William march'd to the Boyne, and how gloriously he return'd. Thus Mr. Addison of his Muse, address'd to that King:

She oft has seen thee pressing on the Foe,  
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;  
But durst not in heroick Strains rejoice,  
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons, drown'd her (Voice.
She saw the Boyne run thick with human Gore,  
And floating Corps ly'd beating on the Shore.  
She saw thee climb the Banks, but try'd in vain  
To trace her hero through the dusty Plain,  
When thro' the thick embattel'd Lines he broke,  
Now plung'd amid the Foes, now lost in Clouds of Smoke.

King William's Greatness lifted him up the Banks of the Boyne, King Lewis's bound him fast to the Borders of the Rhine; that's all the Difference; just as much as between Magnanimity and Pudlammity.

Lopez de Vega, in his Jerufalem Conquedada, makes an Epitaph on the Emperor Frederick, who came to Constantinople with his victorious Army, and was drowned in the River Cydnus as he was bathing himself after Hunting: Upon which says the Spanish Poet,

Naci en tierra, fui fuego, en agua muero.

Born on the Earth, he in the Water dy'd,  
And was himself all Fire.

In the Spectator, No. 62. we have a Touch or two on this very Subject, which will very much enlighten what is said of it by Father Bouhers, who, in the same Spectator, is said to be the most penetrating of the French Critics, "The Passion of Love in its Nature, has been thought to resemble Fire; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage, from the double Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. Cowley observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and, at the same Time, their Power of producing Love in himself, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter, written in Juice of Lemon, by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second Time by Love's Flames: When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distill'd those Drops from the Limbeck: When she is absent, he is beyond Eighty; that is, Thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when Ice is with him. His ambitious Love
"Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards. His happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love the Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoak; when it is oppos’d by Counﬁel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Winds blowing upon it. — I confe$$, I am quite tir’d with repeating so much of it, and yet the Spectator has not half done; nor does he part with it upon ill Terms, giving the Author the Character of having as much true Wit as any Poet that ever wrote. If by Wit, he meant Fancy or Imagination, it is right; Cowley’s Genius was ever fruitful, and would bear on the most barren Ground: But if by true Wit, he meant what he himself says afterwards, that all Thoughts to be beautiful, must be just, and have their Foundation from the Nature of Things; then Cowley had not so much of true Wit as Theocritus, Anacreon, Carullus, Tibullus, Horace, &c. among the Antients; as Voiture, Sarasin, La Fontaine, Waller, Walsh, Prior, &c. among the Moderns. But I have observ’d, that the Spectator, in Opposition to his own Rule, seldom takes Notice of any Beauties which had not been distinguish’d before by others as well as by himself, either in Writing or Conversation. I do not say this in the leaft Diminution of the Merit of that Gentleman as a Poet or Critick. He had as much of it as any Man, but to let the Reader a little into the Art of the Spectator; for if we are not to remark Beauties which have been remark’d before, he has, in a great Measure, engross’d the Market to himself, by transcribing the most beautiful Passages of Milton, and other Poets. Besides, that Art appears visibly, in his Caution as to the Character of Authors, there being no better Way to secure his own valuable one, than by doing Honour to that of others. Thus of Cowley, he says, he was an admirable Poet, bad as much true Thought as any Author that ever wrote, and indeed, all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius; which was Cowley’s Character a ﬂick 60 or 70 Years ago, before Numbers and Veriﬁcation were so well understood as now they are. And it is most certain, that Cowley did not understand Veriﬁcation and Numbers, in the Perfection to which Waller, Dryden, &c. have brought them; and consequently had not that Talent of an extraordinary Genius. The Spectator, as a Critick, is not
not without a Smack of the Character of Lord Plausible as a Gentleman. But I think it is something like a Surgeon, who shou'd tickle his Patient's broken Leg, instead of setting it. For after all I have said of Mr. Cowley's Love and Fire, there is this still to come; Upon the Dying of a Tree, in which he had cut his Loves, he observes, that his written Flames had burnt up, and wither'd the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us, that one burnt like him, for ever dreads the Fire; which, by the way, is as love and vulgar, as it is affected; A burnt Child, his Heart is an Etna, that instead of Vulcan's Shop, incloses Cupid's Forge in it. His endeavours to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun, (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye: Sometimes he is drowned in Fears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea. The very false Thought which Pere Bouhours had just censur'd.

L'un se brulé dans l'onde au feu l'autre se noye.

One's burnt in Waves, another's drown'd in Fire.

I am the longer upon this, because it is very dangerous to recommend Authors who abound in false Wit, tho' they may also abound in true, as Cowley does; as it is to deal with a Banker whose Money is half Counterfeit. A nice Judgment distinguishes the true from the false, but in common Currency the one passest for the other; and he that keeps it by him, is sure to be the Lofer at last. And thus we are come again to Allegory, as also to that of Seneca, speaking of Priamus King of Troy, whose dead Body remain'd unburied. Ille tot Regum parent caret sepulcro Priamus, & flam-má indiget ardente Troja. In Troad. Aft. r. The Father of so many Kings had no Sepulcher, and wanted Fire while Troy was in Flames. Pere Bouhours tells us, this Thought is trop recherché, too far fetchèd; which, I think, is too soft a Term for it. 'Tis false, he wanted
wished not Fire: 'Tis Quibbling in the most serious Matter. A King dead, and a City in Flames. And that is *monstrum horrendum*. Another Poet has almost the same Thought, on the same Subject.

Priamumque in littore truncum
Cui non Troja rosus.

For Priam’s Body breathless on the Shore,
Not flaming Troy would make a Funeral Pile.

This is not however, so extravagant and jejune as that of Seneca. Nothing is more vicious in a Thought, than when it is affected on a melancholy Subject. Passion will not admit of the least Affectation. 'Tis an Emotion of Nature, and spends itself in Thinking. Thus at once fall all our Similes in Tragedies; and the Poets have been told of it a thousand Times.

*So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,*
*Snuff up.*

Rehearsal.

Laugh’d out of Countenance Dryden’s,
*So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,*
*Look up.*

Cong. Gran.

Yet the Poets are still so fond of Similes, that they are perpetually stealing them from one another, to adorn their Tragedies with them. Their Similes, like their Rants, are generally rhim’d; and the Actor, as well as the Poet, delighting himself extremely in being clapt right or wrong, it will be a hard Matter to bring them off from this ill Custom. Motteux wrote a Tragedy, as he call’d it, which, when it was acted, occasioned a Laugh and a Clap, from one End to the other, to the great Satisfaction of the Poet and Player: For a Day or two Motteux hugg’d himself behind the Scenes, and cry’d, *I knew it you’d take;* upon which, Mr. Rowe, who over-heard him, look’d about upon him, and retorted, *D’ye call that Taking?* Ay, certainly; it has been the Way of Taking ever since I knew the Playhouse, and we despair of any better Way for the Future. The English Dramma, if not the English Muse, being almost as much loft, as ever were the Greek and Roman, if I ought to quibble my self when I am imploring others for Quibbling, I cou’d add, our Poets do indeed raise Pity, but it is for themselves, and not for their Heroes and Heroines. Mr. Rowe offends very much in the Matter of Simile; *Mirza,* in the
The ARTS of

the Ambitious Step-Mother, when he had no less in his Head than

To fire the Temple, and then kill the King.

Speaking of his Master's cursing the happy Fraud that caught him, brings in a Lyon to be his Likeness.

Like a Lyon,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dair'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
Till catch'd at length, he bites the Toils that hold
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain. (him,
While the surrounding Swains at Pleasure wound him,
And make his Death their Sport.
Thus Wit still gets the Mastery, &c.

I know not what the Poets cou'd have done, without
the Lyon, the Boar, the Bear, the Bull in the Grand Way of Writing; the Dove, the Nightingal, the Lark in the Agreeable Way; the Fox, the Monkey, the Owl in the Merry Way; the Dragon, the Griffin, and the Vulture in the Terrible. In Lee's Cesar Borgia, Bellamire, is eternal Spring; the blue Heavens, a Cherubim; Paradise, the Land of Love; distilling Balm, and the First Maid, all in one Speech; at the same Time that her Lover says,

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever;
She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me
Even my own Rebel Thoughts.

And as to the Lyon aforefaid, Dryden has him in almost all his Plays and Poems.

Thus as a hungry Lyon, &c.
So when the generous Lyon.
As when the Swains the Lybian Lyon chase.
Thus as a Lyon when he spies.

And an Hundred more in Passion, and out of Passion; with Reason, and without Reason, as it happens; Lightning and Thunder, Storms and Shipwrecks, Seas, Rivers, Floods, and Inundations; Fountains and Streams; the Rose, the Lilly, the Briar, the Oak, the Poplar, the Elm, and the Vine; Day and Night, Morning, Noon, and Evening; Every Wind upon the Compas, and every Star in Heaven, are Part of the Poets Stores, and
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and serve for Simile upon all Occasions; nay, very often upon no Occasion at all. As Mirza, in the Step-Mother, when he is in the very Transports of Desire, and ready for a Rape, begins with a Simile.

Fierce as a tow’ring Falcon from her Height,
I stoop to strike the Prey.

Yet all the while his Soul was in such Agonies, that he cou’d not bear

The fierce convulsive Starts, the raging Flame
That drinks his Blood.

And Orphanes coming to tell him that his Daughter was dead, begins his Message as much in haste as it was with a Simile.

Loud as the roaring Ocean in a Storm.

And Asallas, in Tamerlane, courts Bajazet’s Daughter with Similes.

So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the Spring,
So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner.

And when he’s mad with Love, and hears his Mistress, he cries,

Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,
Not tuneful Nature, not according Spheres,
Not Winds, not murmuring Waters, &c.
Utter such Harmony.

'Tis endless to repeat such Instances: Every Play is cramm’d with them. Otway makes them every where in the greatest Distresses: The Violence of Rage, and the Meltings of Tendernefs, when the Soul is either loft in a Hurricane of Fury, or in sweet Confusions of Love and Joy, and has not Leisure for Reflection, of which Simile is the greatest Effort; and particularly in serious Subjects. Every Thing that is not in Nature, is monstrous. Points are the most Points. unnatural Things in the World; yet what Tancred says on Clorinda’s Tomb, is full of them.

O Saffo amato & honorato tanto
Che d’entro hai le mie fiamme, e fuori il pianto:
Non di morte sei tu; ma di vivaci
Cenere albergo ovo è riposto Amore.
Oh dear and honour'd Marble, thou within
Doft hold my Flames of Love, my Tears without;
Thou shalt not be the Dwelling of the Dead,
But of the living Dust where dwells my Love.

This playful Way of Thinking does not agree with Tears, and a Soul in Grief has not Leisure to be stringing of Points: And what is said of Tancred before, is much more reanable.

Pallido, freddo; muto, e quasi privo
Di movimento el marmo gli occhi affisse:
Al fin sforgando un lagrimoso rivo
In un languido obime proruppe e disse.

Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of Sense deprived,
Upon the Marble grey he fixt his Sight,
Two Streams of Tears were from his Eyes deriv'd,
Thus with a sad alas! began the Knight.

Fairfax.

To do what? Why to say pretty Things; just as decent as it would be for a Chief Mourner at a Funeral, to dance a Jigg with his black Cloak and Weeds. Tasso had much better have made Tancred say nothing, as he did, upon that Knight's discovering the Person whom he had mortally wounded in Fight, to be Clorinda, whose Helmet was taken off from her to be baptiz'd before she dy'd. He then says only,

La vide e la conobbe; e restò senza
E voce e moto. Ah! vista! ah! conoscenza!

With trembling Hands, her Beaver he unty'd,
Which done, he saw, and seeing, knew her Face:
And lost there with his Speech and Moving quite,
Oh woful Knowledge! Oh unhappy Sight!

But as soon as he comes to himself he speaks, and very finely too for a Man in his Condition.

—— O viso che puoi far la morte
Dolce; ma raddolceir non puoi mia forte.

O Face in Death, still sweet and fair,
Thou canst not sweeten yet, my Grief and Care.

Fairfax.

Where
Where is that Simplicity which is the only true Beauty in such Kind of Sentiments: What Tancred says at first is more natural, and pleases more.

Io vivo? io spiro ancora? e gli odioi
Rai miro ancor di questo infausto die!

What! Live I yet? And do I breathe and see
Of this accursed Day the hateful Light.

'Tis with Sancerre in the Princess of Cleves, as with Tancred in the Gierusalemme: His Affliction has more of Nature in it in the Beginning, than in the End. Sancerre is in extreme Grief at the Death of Madame de Tournon, and cries, She is dead, and I will live no longer. There he should have stopp'd; instead of which, he goes on: I am as much griev'd for her Death, as if she had been constant; and as sensible of her Inconstancy, as if she had not been dead: I cannot receive any Comfort, nor can I hate her: Her Loss troubles me more than her Infidelity. I don't think her guilty enough to consent to her Death, and pay to the feign'd Passion she had for me the same Tribute of Grief that would have been due to true Love. All which is much too ingenious for a Man in Sorrow. All Conceit on such Occasions are unseasonable, as Dionysius Halicarnassaeus teaches us, Omnes in re seria verborum deliciae etiam non inepte, intempesisque sunt, & commiserationi plurimum adversantur. In Judic. de Isocr. Can there be a Subject more dreadful than the Plague of Athens, as it is describ'd by Thucydides? Yet Dr. Sprat, late Bishop of Rochester in his Poem upon it mixes Flowers and Graces with Sickness and Death: Speaking of the burning Fevers which consum'd the Infected, he says,

The Woods gave Funeral Piles no more,
The Dead the very Fire devour;
No Place is sacred, and no Tomb,
'Tis now a Privilege to consume.

Then speaking to the Plague.

Carry thy Fury to the Scythian Coasts,
The Northern Wilderness, and Eternal Frosts;
Against those barbarous Crowds thy Arrows whet,
Where Arts and Lazes are Strangers yet,
Where thou may'st kill, and yet the Loss will not

There
There rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,
Murder whole Towns and Families there;
Thy work against those Savage Nations dare,
Those whom Mankind can spare;
Amidst that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,
There thou may'st walk unseen and bold;
There let thy Flames their Empire hold,
Unto the farthest Seas, and Nature's Ends,
Where never Summer's Sun its Beams extends;
Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,
Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,
Where never Ray nor Heat did come,
They will rejoice at such a Doom;
They'll bless thy pestilential Fire,
Though by it they expire;
They'll thank the very Flames with which they do (consume.

We remember when the Plague went farther North
than Scythia, when it left the beautiful City of Dantzick
a Desart. Did the Poles and Ruffes thank the fiery Pestilence that devour'd them? Is it at such Fires that People covet to warm themselves! It will not bear Remark. The Numbers and Sentiments of that Poem are rude and disagreeable, and I wonder that it ever had its Admirers. I have already taken notice that Mr. Rowe, who had an excellent Genius for Tragedy, uses no Conscience in breaking in upon Decorum, with respect to Simile, a Subject I cannot part with till I have explain'd his Art in it a little farther. Rodogune, in his Royal Convert, is a Character of Love and Fury mixt; Aribert refuses to answer her Passion: On the contrary, he owns the Violence of his Love for Ethelinda: Upon which, Rodogune, who has them both in her Power, condemns them to die:

Then take thy Wife, and let both die together.
Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance:
Hence with them, take 'em, drive 'em from my Sight.

Similes. Here's the utmost Violence of Passion, and in the very Agony her Love follows him with her Eyes.

That Look shall be my last.
A fine Stroke, extremally natural, if he had stopt there; but she goes on:

_I feel my Soul, impatient of its Bondage,_  
_Disdaining this unworthy idle Passion,_  
_And struggling to be free. Now, now it shoots,_  
_It towers upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire,_  
_While Love and Aribert, those meeker Names,_  
_Are left, far, far behind, and lost for ever._

This is very plainly said on purpose to introduce the Simile she has the good Luck to think of in the Height of her Transport. And by the Shooting, the _Tow'ring,_ and the _Wing,_ you might foresee it would be an _Eagle._

_So if by Chance the Eagle's noble Offspring,_  
_'Ta'en in the Nest, becomes some Peasant's Prize._

Thus far without Rhime; but the rest of the Verses are tagg'd with it to prepare for a Clap at the End, which it seldom mist, as has been already hinted:

_Compell'd a while, he bears his Cage and Chains,_  
_And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains;_  
_But when his Plumes shoot forth, and Pinions swell,_  
_He quits the Rustick, and his homely Cell,_  
_Breaks from his Bonds, and in the Face of Day,_  
_Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away,_  
_Plays with Jove's Shaft's, and grasps his dreadful_  
_Dwells with immortal Gods, and scorns the World_  

_Now has not all this fine Image any Agreement with_  
_the State of her Mind: If she means that by the _Eagle,_  
_and Aribert by the _Clown, it is all Extravagance, if_  
_not Nonfence; but in Season or out of Season, we must_  
_have the _Wing, the Soaring, the Tow'ring, the Beams,_  
_the immortal Gods, a rant Rhime and a Clap._ This_  
_was one of the Traps that Mr. Roe laid for Claps; the_  
_Exits of the principal Persons in this Play are all tag'd_  
_with Rhime, and there was clapping from one End to_  
_the other, though the Sentiments had seldom any just_  
_Relation to the Subject in those Places at leaft. The_  
_Players never did or ever will mind that; if they are_  
applauded, whether right or wrong, 'tis all one; and_  
probably they do not know when it is right and when it
is wrong; or if they do, their Vanity is superior to their Judgment. The Author of the Tatler, No. 43. has taken some Notice of this: There is nothing so forced and contrain'd as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies, to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is to execute, cast about for a Simile to what he himself is, or the Thing which he is going to act. I can hardly think Mr. Addison wrote that Tatler, there being in it a just Complement upon himself; but what is there isd is very well worth repeating: 

"There is nothing more proper and natural for a Poet, whose Business is to describe, and who is Spectator of one in that Circumstance, when his Mind is working up a great Image, and that the Ideas hurry upon his Imagination; I say, there is nothing so natural for a Poet to relieve and clear himself from the Burthen of Thought at that time, by altering his Conception in Simile and Metaphor. The highest Art of the Mind of Man, is to possess it self with Tranquility in eminent Danger, and to have its Thoughts so free as to act at that time without Perplexity. The ancient Authors have compar'd this sedate Courage to a Rock that remains unmoveable amidst the Rage of Winds and Waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a Similitude, and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully oblig'd to a Lybian Lion, which may give, indeed, very agreeable Terrors to a Description, but is no Compliment to the Person to whom it is apply'd. Eagles, Tygers, and Wolves, are made use of on the same Occasion, and very often with much Beauty; but this is still an Honour done to the Brute rather than the Hero: Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have each of them furnish'd very good Similes in their Time, and made, doubtless, a greater Impress on the Mind of a Heathen than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the sublime Image I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever enter'd into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem call'd The Campaign, where the Simile of a ministring Angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active Courage, engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confusion of Elements, and a Scene of divine Vengeance. Add to all,
that these Lines complement the General and his
Queen at the same time; and have all the natural
Horrors heightened by the Image that was still fresh in
the Mind of every Reader:

'Twas then great Marlboro's mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid;
'Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel, by divine Command,
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land;
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.

The Thought is doubtless very grand; but the Crit-
tick had forgot Milton, when he said, 'tis as great as
ever any was. Read that Passage where the Son of God
drives the fallen Angels out of Heaven:

So spoke the Son, and into Terror chang'd
His Countenance, too severe to be beheld;
And full of Wrath bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry Wings
With dreadful Shade contiguous, and the Orbs
Of his fierce Chariot rou'd as with the Sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a num'rous Host.
He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night; under his burning Wheels
The sad and Pimpyean Sook throughout,
All but the Throne is self of God.

Here one must pause. Intelligence cannot extend it self
equally to the Imagination of the Poet, without Pain
and Resting.

--- Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right Hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their Souls infix'd
Plagues: They, astonished, all Resistance lost,
All Courage; down their idle Weapons drop:
O'er Shields and Helms, and helmed Heads he rode,
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim, prostrate,
That wist'd the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a Shelter from his Ire:
Nor lest on either Side tempestuous fell;
His Arrows, from the four-fold vifag'd Four,
Distinct with Eyes; and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike, with Multitude of Eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every Eye
Glar'd Lightning, and spot forth pernicious Fire.

Mr. Congreve, in his Ode upon the taking of Namur,
has a Thought something like that of Mr. Addison's:

Amidst this Rage, behold where William stands,
Undaunted, undismay'd!
With Face serene dispensing dread Commands,
Which heard with Axe, are with Delight obey'd.
A thousand fiery Deaths around him fly,
And burning Balls his harmless by;
For ev'ry Fire his sacred Head must spare;
Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.

I flatter my self the Reader will be pleas'd to see how the fame Thought imagin'd by two Poets stands
in the fame Light. In Mr. Congreve's Ode before mention'd there is this Image of the Gyants War with Heaven, an Allegory of the Storming of Namur:

— Resembling thus, as far
As Race of Men inferior may,
The fam'd gigantick War,
When those tall Sons of Earth did Heav'n aspire,
A brave but impious Fire!
Uprooting Hills with most stupendous Halt,
To form the high and dreadful Scale.
The Gods with Horror and Amaze lookt down,
Beholding Rocks from their Basis rent
Mountains on Mountains thrown,
With threatening Hurl, that shook th' Ethereal
(Firmament.

Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create,
E'on Jove desponding late;
'Till Mars with all his Force collected stood,
And pour'd whole War on the rebellious Brood; Wha
Who tumbling headlong from the empyreal Skies,
O'er-whelm'd those Hills by which they thought to rise:
Mars on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal Force.

In this Image the Poet takes a great deal of Pains to rise; but the Reader is left behind: Whereas Milton's Muse takes him upon her Wing, and bears him with her to the Skies: As where the Angels encounter Satan and his Crew within the Walls of Heaven:

Rage prompted them, at last, and found them Arms;
Light as the Lightning Glimps they ran, they flew;
From their Foundations, looking to and fro,
They pluckt the seated Hills, with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods; and by the shaggy Tops
Uplifting, bore them in their Hands. Amaze,
Before, and Terror seiz'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them, so dread they saw
The Bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,

Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,
Hurl'd to and fro, with Faculation dire.

As Similes are vicious in all Thoughts of Sorrow or Passion of any Kind, so are Antitheses and Apostrophes: According to Demetrius. Phaler. Lenitari & composition numerosa studere non est hominis commoti, sed ludentis, & potius sequeffentantis. De Elocut. Of this Kind is what Tasso makes Tancred say:

Dunque i vivrò tra memorandi esempi;
Mifero mostro d'infelice amore;
Mifero mostro, a cui fòl pena è degna
De l'immenfa impietà la vita indegna.

A woful Monstor of unhappy Love,
Who still must live least Death his Comfort prove.

Fairfax.

Here all the Criticism of Pere Bouhours is lost; the playing upon the Words degna and indegna agrees not with extream Grief:
A woeful Monster of unhappy Love;
A woeful Monster, who for this curst Deed,
Is only worthy an unworthy Life.

Unworthy and Worthy in English do not play so well together as degna and indegna in the Italian. Tancoed's Apostrophe to his Hands and Eyes are intolerable:

Ahi man timida e lenta, hor che non osi,
Tu che sai tutte del ferir le vie;
Tu ministra di morte empia & infame,
Di questa vita rea troncar lo stame!

A base and coward Hand, why dost thou fear
To cut my Thread of Life, who knowest so well
To cut the Thread of others Lives?

And again,

And ah! you Eyes, as cruel as my Hand,
She gave the deadly Wound, and you behold it.

O di par con la man luci spietate!
Ella le piaghe fe, voi le mirate.

He had said much better before;

Io vivo? io spio ancora? e gli odiosi
Rai miro ancor di questo infausto die!

What, live I yet, and do I breathe and see
Of this accursed Day the hateful Light!

Mr. Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, on the Death of his Mistress who was drown'd, has some pretty Thoughts, which have just as much of Affliction in them as they have of Divinity:

Sweet Stream, that dost with equal Pace
Both thy self fly and thy self chace,
Forbear a while to flow,
And listen to my Woe;
Then go and tell the Sea, that all its Brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;
Inform it that the gentler Dame,
Who was the Life of all my Flame,
Has past the fatal Flood
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His Head was so full of Trouble for the Death of his Mistress, that he has no Room for Simile, Apostrophe, Hyperbole, false Thought, &c. as may be seen by the above Verses, which are very plainly an Imitation of Cowley's Mistress; and an Imitation too of the very worst Part of it, the Affectation. I expect to be cenfur'd by many Lovers of Poetry, for being so free with the Character of the great Cowley, who, as a Wit, deserves that Title; but as a Poet he seems to have loft almost all his Merit in our Time. Dryden tells us, in his Preface to Juvenal, that Cowley copy'd Dr. Donne to a Fault in his Metaphysicks, which his Love Verses abound with:

"It throws, says he, his Mistress infinitely below his Pindaricks. Again, I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous Cowley; where, instead of Turns of Wit, I found Points and Quirks of Epigram, even in the Davideis, a Heroick Poem, which is of an op-posite Nature to those Puerilities; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word or on the Thought." Now that Mirrour of Criticism, Dr. Feltron assures us, that Cowley's Davideis, is as excellent a Poem as the Ilias on Æneas; and I must needs say the Poet and the Critick are very equal: The Davideis being exactly in Comparison with the Æneas, as the Doctor would be to Varro or Quintilian. I have often wonder'd how it came into the Head of that reverend Divine to criticise on others, unless it was from his being so safe himself; for a Man must have very little to do that can find time to examine such Criticisms as his are.

The Prince, in Sir John Denham's Sophy, has an Apostrophe to the Gods, just before his Eyes are burnt out, where he plays upon a Word too:

Can ye behold, ye Gods, a wronged Innocent;
Or seeps your Justice like my Father's Mercy?
Or are you blind, as I must be—

And the King his Father, in the Bitterness of his Sorrow for his Cruelty towards his Son; and in the last Moments of his Life, knowing himself to be dying of Poison, has two or three Similes to the Princes, his Son's Widow:

Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whose Adventures
Are dash'd on Rocks, or swallow'd up in Storms;
Trust all thy Lovers to the Fates; but I,

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Like wasteful Prodigals, have cast away
My Happiness, and with it all Men's Pity.

Yet two or three Lines after his Grief and Despair dis-tract him:

Oh save, save me: Who are those that stand
And seem to threaten me?
Yes, that's my Brother's Ghost, whose Birth-right
Twist me and Empire—

As mad as he is, he's cool enough to think of a Simile.

Like a spreading Cedar,
That grows to hinder some delightful Prospect,
Him I cut down—Next my old Father's Ghost;
Then my enraged Son—I come, I come.

Nay, he dies with a Metaphor in his Mouth:

But sure one Hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my Crimes—

The Prince, his Son, amidst the strong Struggle be-
tween Tenderness and Revenge, when he was about to
murder his little Daughter Fatyma; because his Father
lov'd her, has Simile upon Simile:

Lost like a Ship 'twixt two encounter'ing Tides,
Love that was banish'd hence 'twould fain return,
And force an Entrance; but Revenge,
That's now the Porter of my Soul, is deaf;
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poison.

Mr. Waller, in his Alterations of the Maid's Tragedy,
puts an Allegory into the Mouth of the King, upon his
being sensible of some Wrong he had done:

My Passion's gone, and Reason's in the Throne,
Amaz'd, I see the Mischief's I have done:
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

Which is as deficient in Truth as in Decorum; and
when he goes off in a Transport for his Deliverance;
there's a String of Similes in four or five Lines:

Of all we offer to the Powers above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love;
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isles perfumes:
This sacred Union has préservd the State,
And from all Tempest shall secure our Fate,
Like a well-twisted Cable, holding fast
The anchor'd Vessel, in the loudest Blast.

If this is to be excus'd any how, it is by what the King
fays himself.

His Passion's gone, and Reason's in the Throne.

But Father Boubours will not allow, that Persons in
Affliction, or in the Hour of Death, should be over
witty; their Thoughts should be simple: And he tells
us, he's surpriz'd to read the Last Words of Seneca, in
a little Book bearing that Title: His Sentiments and
Expressions favour much of the Declaimer and Academ-
cian. He is introduce'd, speaking after his Veins were
opened, and he did not bleed freely. "It seems as if
"Nature would keep me alive against my Will, and
"stop the Channels, by which my Life should flow out.
"This Blood, which does not run out at my opened
"Veins, is an Enemy to its Liberty, and much more
"to mine. It comes but Drop by Drop, tho' my De-
"fires push it forward, as if it woud'justifv Nero, and
"shew he is not unjust in spilling it, since it rebels a-
"gainst his Commands.
"The Blood that is with Difficulty stopt in the
"Wounds of others, will not issue out of mine, and
"seems to have an Understanding with Death, by stick-
ing closer to me, as she keeps farther from me.
"This Dagger, which only blushes with the Blood of
"Paulina, as being ashamed of having wounded a Wo-
"man, and often having made the first Openings to no
"Purpoze, shall make the laft with Effect". His Mind
must, indeed, be very much at Ease, to turn and wind
one Thought so many Ways, when his Veins were all
opened to let out Life.

Theopible, in his Pyramus and Thisbe, has this very
Thought of the Dagger.

Ah voici le poignard qui du sang de fon maître
S'eft fouillé lâchement! il en rougit le traître.

Ah see the Dagger with its Master's Blood
Basely defil'd. It blushes like a Traytor.

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In Seneca's Last Words, there is this also, "As insensible as it is, it has Pity on Nero; and seeing him labour under an insatiable Thirst, it opens him Fountains, where he may quench his Cruelty with Blood; which is his common Drink." Pere Bouhours says he is not surpriz'd at Seneca's making Points at his Death. Men dye as they live, and it would be a greater Surprize to him, if the Approach of Death made any Alteration in their Turn of Thought: I must needs say, I should not be at all surpriz'd at it; and there is something so much against Nature in the Losing her very Being, that it might well alter a Man's Manner of Thinking; not from the Serious to the Pleasant, but from the Pleasant to the Serious. However, it is no strange Thing to see People preserve their wonted Serenity, and even Gaiety in their last Hours. We have two Instances of it, in two Martyrs, a Popish one, and a Protestant one; Sir Thomas More, the Popish Martyr, as the Papists term him, in Henry the VIII's Reign; and Dr. Taylor of Hadley, in Queen Mary's. The Knight crack'd Jefts as he was going to the Scaffold, and the Doctor as he was going to the Stake. Sir Thomas More desired the Hangman to take Care of his Beard, for he was to behead him, and not shave him. And Dr. Taylor told the Sheriff, he was deceiv'd, and had deceiv'd many: Being ask'd what he meant, Why, says he, I am a fat jelly Fellow, as you see here, and thought I should have dy'd, and been buried in my own Church-yard at Hadley, to have been a Feast for the Worms there, which have long expected me; but this plump Body of mine being to be burnt, I am deceiv'd in my Grave, and the Worms are deceiv'd in my Carkaf. Though such Sentiments have more Complexion than Reflection in them, yet they are sure Signs of a Calmness of Mind, and that the Distress the Perions are in, have not been able to disturb it.

But of this Kind, nothing is more extraordinary than what Shakespeare and Otway make Sulpitius, a Roman General say in Caisus Marcius, as he's carry'd off wounded, immediately after the utter Ruin of Marcius and his Party; "My Wound is not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-Door, but 'tis deep enough, 'twill serve; "I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this World: A Pox on all mad Men hereafter; if I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph.

Sulpitius
Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
That sent many honest Men to the Grave,
And dy'd like a Fool, when he'd liv'd like a Knave.

I am sensible that Shakespeare's Plays will not bear
Criticism, as to Decency and Decorum; and I should
not have mentioned it, had not Oseray given it his
Passport.

Maistre Adam, the famous Joyner of Nevers, made
Verses, which were commended by Maynard, and the
best Poets of his Time. He has also the Honour of be-
ing quoted by Pere Bouhours, for a Thought a little
like that of Seneca's Dagger. 'Tis on the Princess Ma-
ria's-Beauty.

De honte a fait rougir les roses,
De jaloufie a fait palir les lys.

It makes the Roses blush with Shame,
And the Lillies turn pale with Jealousy.

I have seen a Sonnet of this Maistre Adam's, which
is truly Anacreontick; tho' the Joyner understood no
more of Anacreon, than Taylor the Waterman did of
Homer.

Si la Parque in humaine
Souffroit pour l'Argent,
De Quinzame à Quinzaine,
Comme fait un sergent,
Pour vivre d'avantage,
Je ferrerois du bien,
Mais nargue du Menage,
Puis qu'il ne fert rien.

If there was hope inhuman Death
Wou'd for our Money, spare our Breath
From Week to Week, as we see daily
For Debtors done by Catch-pole Daily;
To bribe him I'd in Coffer lock
All I cou'd scrape, and save a Stock;
But since we know that's not the Drift
Of Death, a Fig say I for Thrift.

As Anacreon has the same Thought, and there had
been no Translations of his Odes when Maistre Adam
wrote, he could not have borrow'd it; which proves what
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what I have said elsewhere, that different Poets, whether they be antient or modern, writing on the same Subjects, will frequently light upon the same Thoughts.

The Author of a Poem, call'd, the Magdelene, who was a Priest, has this Apoftrophe to the Women of the World, in proposing to them the Pattern of the Penitent of St. Baume.

Ne rougirez-vous point de fes pâles Couleurs?

Do you not blush to see her look so wan?

Which puts me in Mind of a jolly Fellow's Defiance of the Rising Sun, after he and his Company had been all Night a Toping.

And make him blush to see us look so red.

An Italian Preacher said of a she Saint, whose Beauty had kindled impure Desires, and who disfigur'd herself to cure the Evil she had been the Caufe of; If the Fairness of her Face could blacken the Soul of her Brethren, her Blood would make them blush for Shame.

How the Delicacy of Thought may become Vicious by being too Delicate.

VITIUM est ubique quod nimium est, says Quintilian, Too much is a Vice in all Things, and Delicacy has its Bounds, as well as Greatness or Agreeableness. By refining upon a Thought to make it the more Fine, it often degenerates into Subtlety, which is the Vice of Delicacy. Father Boukours calls it an exquisite Affectation, not Fineness, but Refining; in short, he does not know what to call it: Les termes manquent pour exprimer des choses si subtiles, & si abstraites. Terms are wanting to express Things, which are so subtle and abstrait, they are scarce conceivable, and cannot be explained but by Example. This is, indeed, a Thread very finely spun, and consequently so apt to break, that it must be touch'd with very tender Fingers. There are several Ways of turning the Delicacy of Thought into Subtlety, as will be seen in the French Critick's Instances; particularly this of a French Poet, on the Roof of the before-mentioned St. Baume, which is very moit, and continually dropping.
Where the Words are as affected as the Thoughts, 'tis a hard Matter to turn them out of one Language into another, and preserve the Affectation. We shall find it difficult to do it in the following Epigram, made by a Poet we have more than once quoted: After having said of Rome, that proud City, there is nothing left of her, but her Ruins, in which there is something august and threatening; he adds,

Vicit ut hæc mundum, nisi eft se vincere; vicit
A se non victum, ne quid in Orbe forset.

As fhe the World has conquer'd, she would now Conquer her felf: Her felf she now has conquer'd,
That there might nothing in the World remain Which has not been her Conquest.

He wou'd fay, the Masters of the World turn'd their Arms againft themselves, and that Rome was destroy'd by Romans; if he had faid that only, it had been right. The Refinement is in the Reflection, that Rome is conquer'd, that there might be nothing that she had not made her Conquest.

As Engli$h Authors do not very well understand what this Delicacy of Thought is, and if they have any Thing of it, come by it by Chance; so we shall not have many Examples from them, upon the Subject Father Bouhours is treating of. For I cannot think any one will accuse the following Lines of Mr. Rowe's of too much Delicacy. He is speaking of the Battle of Ramelles.

See where, at once, Ramellies' noble Field,
Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield:

See where, at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprize.

At once the wide extended Battles move,
At once they joyn, at once their Fate they prove.

Mr. Rowe has out-done Mr. Wailer in the Use of at once, which repeated so often, wou'd have murder'd the
the finest Thought that Imagination cou’d have produc’d.
The learned Jesuit has discover’d in Pliny’s Panegyric
upon Trajan, a great deal of Refinement which is in-
fected with Subtlety, and renders the Sentiments vicious.
As where he speaks of the Death of Nerva, after he had
adopted Trajan. Nervas dii celo vindicaverant, ne
quid post illud divinum & immortale factum, mortale
carceret. Deberit quiique maximo operi hanc veneratio-
nem, ut novissimum esset, authoremque ejus statim con-
secrandum: Ut quandoque inter posteros quereretur; an
“from the World, for fear that after having done so
“divine an Action, he should do any Thing human.
“So great a Work as that, ought to be the laft;
“and the Man who was the Author of it, should have
“taken his Place in Heaven soon after it, as he did;
“that Posterity might enquire, Whether he was not al-
“ready a God when he did it? This Imagination is
very subtle, but there’s too much of it; and it is plainly
one of those Quintessential Places, that made Voiture
value Pliny’s Panegyric not so much as a Dish of Pot-
tage at Balzac, which the Master of the House had in-
vented.

The Comparison is somewhat course for so fine a
Wit as Voiture, but he was upon Raillery; and amidst
his Pleasantry, could not help shewing his Dillike of this
Panegyric. Some Persons may wonder how Voiture
cou’d dis-relish an Oration, in which there are so many
shining Places: But his Reason was doubtless, that it glar’d
instead of shining; that it is too brilliant; and he there-
fore lov’d a plain Dish of Pottage better: As much as to
say, he preferr’d a Mess of Water Gruel to a Soop. Bal-
zac’s Pottage being, as Father Bouhors supposeth, what
we call Milk Pottage, or Water Gruel. And Voiture, lo-
ving Plainness and Simplicity in every Thing, could not
approve of the Subtlety in the Panegyric, any more than
of Haufgours in Soop: Yet that Oration is not to be en-
tirely condemned. There are many fine Things in it
which Cicero himself needed not to have been ashamed
of; tho’ in many Places Pliny is too refin’d, too poet-
nant, and his Panegyric has not the Relish of the Au-
gustan Age, of which Kind is the Thought upon Tra-
jan’s Love of the People. Pro nobis ipsis haec quot
summa votorum, ut nos sic amarent Di?, quomodo tu.

Quid
Quid felicius nobis, quibus non jam illud optandum est, ut nos diligat Princeps, sed Dii quemadmodum Princeps. Civitas religionibus dedita semperque Deorum indulgentiam pie merita, nihilque felicitati sua putat adscripsi, nisi ut Dii Cesarem imitentur. "We have nothing to pray for more for our Happiness, than that the Gods would love us, as you do. What Men are so happy as we, who have not to desire that our Prince wou'd love us, but that the Gods wou'd love us as our Prince does. This City, as religious as it is, and which has, by its Piety, merited the Good-Will of the Gods, believes nothing can render it more fortunate, than their imitating the Emperor."

Here is a little more Delicacy than there should be, and Père Bouhours adds, if the Reader does not perceive it of himself, he does not know how to explain it to him. It is much easier to be imagin'd than express'd. When profane Authors subtilize too much, 'tis generally at the Expence of their Deities. Lucan does it every where: His Imagination was naturally violent, very apt to swell, and sometimes to burst, when the Gods are brought into a Thought: As in the Paffage we have already quoted.

Solatia fati
Carthago, Mariusque tuli, pariterque Cadentes
Ignovere Diis.

There in the lone unpeopled Desart Field,
Proud Carthage, in her Ruins, be beheld; Amidst her Ashes pleas'd, he sat him down, And joy'd in the Destruction of the Town.
The Genius of the Place with mutual Hate,
Rear'd its sad Head, and snail'd at Marius' Fate; Each with Delight survey the fallen Foe, And each forgave the Gods that brought them low.

I repeat this Quotation as Father Bouhours has done, not only to shew how Lucan has made the Gods culpable, and in a State to need Forgiveness, but also to give an Instance of Mr. Rowe's copious Version; for it may be express'd;

Carthage and Marius mutual Comfort took Each in the other's Fall, and each alike Forgave the Gods.
The Lord Rochester, in the Tragedy of Valentinian, goes beyond Lucan, in subtilizing at the Expence of the Gods; yet, sure he is not to be reckon'd among the profane Authors. Maximus speaks,

Gods, would you be ador'd for doing Good,  
Or only fear'd for proving Mischiefous;  
How would you have your Mercy understood?  
You, who decree each seeming Chance below,  
So great in Power, were you as good in Will,  
How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?  
Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,  
Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame?

Dryden, of all the Poets that ever wrote, makes most free with the Gods. He seems to be pleas'd when he has an Opportunity to fall upon them, and he does it without Ceremony.

In his All for Love, he gives them Advice to behave better.

Be just Heaven! Such Vertue punish'd thus,  
Will make us think that Chance rules all above;  
And shuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots  
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

He reasons the Case with them in more Places than one,  
and shews them wherein they are deficient in Justice, Mercy, and even common Sense.

Eternal Deities,  
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,  
What is the Race of human Kind your Care,  
Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are;  
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate,  
Them to pursue their Pleasures you create:  
We, bound by harder Laws, &c.

Pal. & Arcite.

And in his Spanish Fryar, he expostulates the Matter with them more surly.

Good Heavens, why gave you me  
A Monarch's Soul,  
And crusted it with such Plebeian Clay?  
Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,  
And such a Span to grasp them? Sure my Lot,  
By some o'er hafty Angel was misplac'd  
In Fate's Eternal Volume.
As a Bookseller in a Shop might clap an Ogilby's Homer on the Shelf, instead of Mr. Pope's; or any other egregious Blunder might be committed. Foreign Poets, as much Papists as they are, do seldom err so flagrantly as the English, who, however, have otherwise demeaned themselves as very good Churchmen; I mean, in the modern Sense only. Otway was a Minister's Son, and had a regular Education at Cambridge; yet he is often at Dagger's drawing with the Deities:

_Tell me why, good Heav'n!_  
_Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,  
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,  
That fill the happiest Man!__

_Is this just Dealing? as before._

A very hard Case truly, that he might not be as wicked as he pleas'd without being accountable to good Heaven for it. Dryden is sometimes in a better Humour with the Gods, and allows that they do know more than he does: As in Tyrannick Love.

*(found,)*

_Thus with short Plummetts Heaven's deep Will we  
The vast Alys's where humane Wit is drown'd._

And borrowing from himself in Oedipus:

*(Plummet,)*

_But Man, vain Man, would with this short-lin'd  
Fathom the vast Alys's of heavenly Justice._

_The Author of the Critical Letter in the Guardian,  
says Dryden is generally wrong in his Sentiments, as  
has been remark'd elsewhere. He really seems to have  
no Regard to the J ustness of Thought, and to let his  
fruitful Imagination rove at random, either not knowing  
when it was just or unjust, or not regarding it; or think-  
ing his Reader would either not know or not regard it.  
Mr. Row is much more discreet in his Way of Think-  
ing; yet he can't help giving into the same Weakness  
sometimes; as where Mirza says, in the Ambitious  
Step-Mother, speaking to the Princes of Persia:  

_Such Juno was, except alone those Tears,  
When upon Ida's Top she charm'd the God;  
Made him forget the Business of the World,  
And lay aside his Providence, t' employ..._
The whole Divinity upon her Beauty;  
And sure 'twas worth the while.

Here too the Persian shews himself to be wonderfully well acquainted with the Gods, the Goddesses, the History and Country of Greece. I have already spoken of this Fault in modern Tragedies; it is so apparently one, and so easily amended, that I wonder it prevail'd so much as it did in all of them: And I take Notice of it here again, to shew that it is common with the Poets to commit this double Fault, to confound Systems of Religion, and to bully or rally the Gods at the same time.

A Roman Historian has much such a Thought as that of Lucan about Marius, only he does not bring Heaven into it. After having said that Marius suffer'd all the Inconveniencies of poor Life in a Cottage, among the Ruins of Carthage; he adds, that the Roman looking upon Carthage, and Carthage upon the Roman, it might serve for a sort of Consolation to both of them. If that is not Subtlety 'tis something very like it; but a Poet had more Pretence to make use of the Term than an Historian, who ought to be more natural and more simple. I could name an English History which is full of Refinement, especially in the Characters, wherein there's hardly any thing that is so simple and natural as History requires, according to Father Bouhours; will any one say that there are not all the evident Signs of Study and Art, both in the Thought and Expression? There is Beauty, 'tis true, but it is that Beauty which is owing to Paint, and not to Complexion: It is florid and shining, like Art; but it is not plain and charming, like Nature. In Mr. Echard's History there is not much Refinement, and, indeed, there could not be; for there is not a Sentiment of the Historian's, from King Cassivelan to King James, which has the least Delicacy in it; the Author did not know what was meant by it, at least, when he wrote the History: And if at any time there is Simplicity in his History, it is not that which Father Bouhours compares to the Manner of a Country Girl of good Sense; but that of a Country Girl without it; of which Instances enough have been given elsewhere.

In the Thought of the Historian about Marius, the learned Jesuit observes, that the Author might have imagin'd
imagin’d the Roman to have taken Consolation at the Sight of Carthage in Ruins, without adding that Carthage took Comfort in the Fall of Marius. That Turn is more than was necessary, and is what he means by Refinement and Subtlety. What Plutarch tells us of the same Marius is delicate, without Subtlety or Refinement: A Roman Praetor, who was Governor of Lybia, having sent an Express to Marius, forbidding him to set Foot within his Province, Marius reply’d to the Meflage: Tell Sextilius thou faw’ft Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage. Which is said to warn him of the Inconstancy of Fortune; that by the Deftruction of so mighty a City, he might learn to fear a like dreadful Change in his own Condition; which not being said but understood, makes the Delicacy of the Thought.

LIIV and Salut do not offend in Delicacy, by Refinement, as Tacitus does; and they are therefore prefer’d to him by the Criticks. He was a great Politician, and had a great deal of Wit and good Sense; but in my Author’s Judgment he was not an excellent Historian. I have upon this often reflected, that a Politician must necessarily be a bad History Writer, there being nothing more contrary to the Simplicity of Nature than those Maxims of Art by which Politicians govern themselves in both Thoughts and Actions. In Tacitus’s Annals there is neither that Simplicity nor that Perspicuity which are requisite in History; he reasons too much on Events, and rather guesses at the Intentions of Princes than discovers them; he does not relate Things as they happened, but as he would have had them happen. In a Word, his Reflections are too fine, and not enough within Verisimilitude. An ingenious Writer is now upon a Version of Tacitus; it is to be hoped he is as well acquainted with him as Father Bouchous; that he has discovered, and will direct us to it, where the Annalist is out of Nature and Verisimilitude, where his Reflections are too fine, where he only guesses at Things, and where he reasons too much of Events. It is to be hoped, I say, that we shall know all this from him, if he knows it himself; and if he does not, it were to be wished he had pitch’d upon some other Historian. I remember an Observation made in Conversation by the Translator, that the Duke of Rochfaucault’s Manner, in his Memoirs, resembled that of Tacitus’s in his Annals; and the
Company were of his Mind; for they could not believe but a Man who could translate a Book must needs understand the Manner of the Author as well as he who wrote it; but he was opposed by a Gentleman then present. I have met with a Passage very a propos, in a Treatise, entitl'd, Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature; by which I understood that the Translator had taken his Observation from Amelot de la Houffay, who translated Tacitus into French: Je ne sçaie pour quoi M. Amelot de la Houffay qui a mis la main a cette Edition & en a brodé les Marge de lieux communes, compare Mons. de la Rochfaucault a Corneille Tacite. Jamais Auteurs au Monde ne furent moins reffemblez, ni pour le Stile, ni pour la maniere de traiter l'Histoire. Si M. de Rochfaucault eut imité quelqu'un ancien illustre, il faut que ce soit Sallust. "I can't imagine why M. Amelot de la Houffaye, who was the Publisher of the Duke de Rochfaucault's Memoirs, and interlac'd it with Material Notes, should compare that Duke to Cornelius Tacitus; never were two Authors so little like one another, both as to Stile and Manner. If the Duke de Rochfaucault imitated any ancient Historian, it was Sallust." Which shews us, at least, that the Gentleman who oppos'd the Translator in this Observation, was as well acquainted as himself with the Manner and Stile of the Original. An Instance of Tacitus's refining too much is what follows: Ne Tiberium quidem caritate, aut Reipublicae cura sucesseorem afitum; sed quoniam arrogantiam sevijamque ejus introverserit, comparatione determina sibi gloriam quasi visisse. Augustus preferred Tiberius to Agrippa and Germanicus, only for his Glory's Sake; that by comparing his Arrogancy and Cruelty with the Clemency and Moderation of his Predecessor, the one might serve as a Shade to the Luster of the other. Father Bouthoors thinks this is doing an Injustice to the Memory of Augustus, and making him think otherwise than he did. As in this Passage also: Primores civitatis scripserat plerosque invisos sibi, sed jactantia gloriaque ad posteros. He named those of the principal Citizens of Rome, whom he hated most, among his Heirs, out of Vanity, and to leave a good Name to Pofferity. Whereas probably it was out of a Principle of Goodness and Humanity, and to shew he bore them no ill Will when he went out of the World. A Sentiment
ment becoming not only the Generosity of a Roman, but the Piety and Charity of a Christian. Tacitus is not the only Historian who subtilises too much; several modern Writers of History have fallen into the same Error by imitating him. One of his Apes, as Pere Bouhours calls him, made no Scruple to say of the Duke of Wurtemberg: "That he lov'd to do Mischief only for the Pleasure of doing it. That he hated the Rank of a Sovereign in all things, except the Power of doing ill with Impunity." And of a Bishop of Utrecht, of the last House of Burgundy, he said, "That he despis'd those who prais'd Chastity, as much as those who kept it; and that the only Way to his Palace was by publick Fornication." Where did the Author meet with such Memoirs? Who told him that there was no Way to the Episcopal Palace but by Whoredom? Could he be furnish'd with such fine Ideas by any thing but his own Imagination? or with such as the following, concerning Queen Katherine de Medicis, the Duke of Anjou, and the Prince of Conde? where he says, on occasion of a Quarrel between the two Princes: That the Prince of Conde hated the Duke of Anjou to as great a Degree of Excess, as if he had not at the same time drained his Aversion by redoubling his Hatred to the Queen. Which is starched and affected to the last Degree; more even than what Megara, in Seneca, says, in the Height of her Indignation against the Murderer of her Family, and the Ufurper of her Kingdom:

Patrem abstulisti, regna, germanos, larem,
Patrion: Quid ultra est? Una res superest mibi,
Fratre ac parente carior, regno & lare,
Odium tui: Quod esses cum populo; mibi
Commune doleo: Pars quota ex isto mea est.

Herc. Fur.

"After having lost all, she comforted her self in some wife for her Losses, by the Pleasure she took in hating him. That her Hatred was dearer to her than her Family, her Crown, and her Country. That one Thing only troubled her; which was, that the People also hated him; because she would fain have all the Hatred that was born to so cruel and hateful a Tyrant, collected within her own Breast." All the Makers of political or moral Reflections do not resemble
The ARTS of

 semble the Duke de Rochfaucault, in those he has given the World full of Delicacy and good Sense. However, with Father Bouhours's Leave, one may venture to affirm, that most of his moral Reflections are really common Thoughts turned after a new Manner, and express'd in Terms that strike more than what we are daily used to. Most political Reflections are somwhat visionary; and one may apply the Italian Proverb to them: Chi troppo Vaffiglia, la fcarevaza. There are the Malvezzi's and the Ceriziers, who sophisticate their Thoughts, and will tell you, that those who have Recourse to the Sword which Justice holds in one Hand, seldom take hold of the Ballance she holds in the other; that Beauty is the most powerful and the most weak Enemy Man has; that she wants only a Look to conquer, and that not to look on her is to triumph over her. One cannot say these Thoughts are not just and witty; but there's too much of it; too much Shew and too little Substance, like Blades of Swords or Knives which are filed down almost to Nothing; or little Pieces of Ivory that lose their Confinence by too much Delicacy. Such an Author as this would say of a Lady he attempted to praise, That the most odd Grimaces have an inexpressible Grace with them, when she counterfeit those that make them. The terrible Graces in Homer, and the fair Horror in Tasso, have past; but the agreeable Grimaces will never be passible; and to make them, or counterfeit those that do so, is equally disagreeable: Homerus in ludendo maiorem truculentiam praefertim, ac primus etiam dicitur horrendes veneres repetisse. Demet. Phaler. de Elcuit. The agreeable Grimace is a new Whim: And 'tis of such sort of Thoughts the Italian says, Questo a bizar- mente pensato. There is something noble and fierce in Homer's Cyclops, which pleases; and Tasso's Camp is a like fair and formidable Sight:

Bello in fì bella vista anco d'Horrore.

But what sort of Grimace must it be to please? That of Grinning had all this Agreeable in it, when the Fellows grin'd for a Hat. After this Rate, Bullock and Penkymen must be the two most agreeable Persons of the Age, and Yawning the finest Poffure a Lady can put her Face into. You laugh at the Grimaces of Scaramouch and Harlequin; but it is not that you are pleased with them.
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them. There is a Laugh of Contempt as well as Pleasure; and what Sight is more contemptible than that of good Features distorted, and a Man’s Visage made to mimic a Monkey’s. Those poor Creatures who abase their Maker’s Image thus on the Stage, are pity’d by all reasonable Persons; as lewd Women who prostitute themselves for a Piece of Silver, and sometimes lefts. Scarron, the first Husband of Madam Maintenon, said much better of a Spanish Lady: That no Body ever drest so well as she; and the least Pin, stuck by her Finger, had a particular Charm in it. This is natural, at least; but the agreeable Grimace is monstrous; yet how often is it made the Entertainment of the rural Quality; not to say the Urbane, though by the Reception that Eftcourt and others met with, one may doubt whether it is not a Diversion to them too? The Mimes of old, who could represent all human Passions to the Life, by their Looks only, and could move the like Passions in others, were always suppress’d in the best Times of the Roman Government, though that Government was Pagan; and the Mimes were much greater Masters of their Art, than our modern Harlequins and Scaramouches, who sacrifice their Character of Men to that of Apes; and of tolerable humane Figures become sorry Monkeys. Boys, and the Rabble, may be diverted with such Entertainments; but they are below the Dignity of humane Nature, and must be shocking to Persons who have the least Sense of it. The Encouragement that Grimace had from the Town two or three Winters ago, is a melancholy Instance of the Degeneracy of the Age, and a sad Omen, among many others, of our running back to Barbarism. It is too plain, our Poetry of all Kinds, our Language, and every thing that concerns polite Literature, are going down apace. The Poets make Verses without Genius, and our Orators make Speeches without Eloquence. What this will come to in the next Age may be guess’d at, by comparing Catullus and Martial, Cicero and Pliny; tho’ it is to be fear’d that our Fall will be faster than was that of the Romans, as to what regards Poetry and Eloquence. I think it is a general Observation, that no Language ever recover’d it self after it began to decline. The English Tongue was very much refin’d in Queen Elizabeth’s Reign; and in the next Age receiv’d as much
much polishing as perhaps it was capable of; after which, can we expect better for our Tongue than what befel the Roman; and the Criticks will hardly allow it to have retain'd its Perfection above a hundred Years. The Productions which we see daily offer'd to the World, are Proofs that our Language is at its Crisis, if not past it. I fell into this Digression all at once, and unawares; but I hope it will not be tiresome. Father Bouhours takes a great Part of the Subtlety, in the Thoughts of modern Writers, to arise from their endeavouring to refine upon the Ancients: Costar has observe'd that Bion makes the Loves only to weep over the Tomb of Adonis; and Pindar is contented with making the Muses mourn over that of Achilles; but Sannazarinus has shut up the Loves in the Tomb of his Maximilla:

Hoc sub marmore Maximilla clausa est,
Quá cum frigiduli jacent Amores.

And Guarini has bury'd the Muses with his Mistress:

Piange Parnasso e piangerian le Muse:
Mâ qui teco for; elle e morte e chiuse.

Parnassus and the Muses would have wept,
But that they dy'd when she did.

Another Italian Poet does not only bury the Graces and the Muses; but Apollo, their Father, too:

E vedove le Gratie, orbe le Muse
Parcan pur col lor padre in tomba chiuse.

The Graces, Muses, and their Father, Phœbus,
Seem to be bury'd with her.

Seem to be bury'd, softens it a little; and 'tis well the Poet did so; for his own Poetry would have fared the worse for it, if he, in effect, had shut them all up in the same Tomb. What great Damage would it have been to his Brother Poets, had there been no Graces, no Muses, and no Apollo left in the World? Could we have born with the Loss of them, as well as with that of the Smiles and the Sports, which a learned Man has shut up with the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Muses, in the Tomb of Voiture:
Etruscae veneres, Camœnae Iberæ,
Hermes Gallicus, & Latina Siren;
Rufus, delicæ, Dicacitates,
Lufus, ingenium, joci, lepores,
Et quidquid fuit elegantiarum;
Quo Veccturius hoc jacent sepulcro.

The Tuscan Loves, the Spanish Muses,
The Gallick Hermes, the Latin Siren,
The Laughs, the Joys, fine Rallieries,
The Sports, the Turns of Wit, the Jests,
The Graces; and, to sum up all,
Whatever was in Eloquence,
In Voiture's Tomb is bury'd.

One may perceive Pere Bouhons was highly pleas'd with Voiture's Wit and Manner, which, indeed, were as agreable as could be, and rais'd the Jealousy of Boileau, who not only endeavour'd to outdo him in his Way, by the Letter to the Duke de Vivonne from the Elysian Fields, in Imitation of his Manner; but also fell upon him in his Art of Poetry; for the following Verses refer to Voiture:

Je hais ces vaines Auteurs, dont la Muse forcee
M'entretient de ses feux toujours froide & glacee,
Qui s'affligent par Art, & fous de sens radis,
S'erigent pour rimer en amoreuse transis.

I shall make bold with Sir William Soam's and Dryden's Translation, though 'twill appear to be short of the Original:

I hate those luke-warm Authors, whose forc'd Fire,
In a cold Syle describe a hot Desire;
That figh by Rule, and raging in cold Blood,
Their sluggish Muse whipt to an am'rous Mood.

Here is the Judgment of a very great Critick, contrary to that of as great a Critick as himself, Pere Bouhons, who, p. 356. says, Voiture, si je ne me trompe esloit naturel en tout. Voiture, if I am not mistaken, follow'd Nature in every thing. Nay, Boileau himself, in his Letter to Perrault on their Reconciliation, confesses that Voiture's Elegies are wonderfully charming; yet what he writes against him refers particularly to the

Elegy.
Elegy. Nor was he contented with attacking him once, he does it again in the same Poem:

Leurs transports les plus doux ne sont que phrases
Ils ne savent jamais que se charger de chaînes,
Que benir leur Martyre, adorer leur Prison,
Et faire quereller le Sens & la Raison.

Their feign'd Transports appear but flat and vain,
They always sigh, and always hug their Chain,
Adore their Prison, and their Sufferings blest,
Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.

That he means Voiture is confirm'd by what we read in the Nouveau Recueil des Epigrammatistes & il continue ainsi sa Critique qui destine Voiture d'une manière a ne le pouvoir meconnaitre. He marks Voiture out so plainly that one can't be mistaken in him. Thus we see that Jealousy in Fame, as well as in Love, debases the most generous Mind, and makes him say and do Things which subject him to our Pity, if it does not expose him to our Indignation. Father Boubours, having in this Place bury'd Voiture very handsomely, we shall meet with him no more in this Treatise of his.

The learned Man, who made the Latin Epitaph for Voiture, in all probability, took the Hint from Martial, who says of a Comedian of his Time, that all the Jests, all the Pleasantries, and all the Diversions of the Stage were bury'd with him. This is exactly like Martial and the Italian Poets, of whom their Father, Petrarch, speaking of the Death of his visionary Mistress, Laura, says,

Nel tuo partir, parti del mondo amore
E cortesia.

When she departed, gentle Love
And Courtesy departed with her.

All alike false. The Graces, the Muses, the Smiles, the Jests, live still, as well as Love and Courtesy, notwithstanding the Poets bury'd them in Epitaphs. The Poet who wrote that for Voiture's Tomb wrote another for Scarron's, which is very pretty:
Deliciæ procerum, tota notissimus aula
Venerat ad Stygiis Scaro facetus aquas.
Solvuntur risu maëstissima turba silentum.
Hic Jocus & Lusus; hic lacruant Veneres.

When Scarron went to ‘other World,
The Dead there at his coming laught;
But since his Death the Sports and Smiles
Do nothing in this World but sweep.

This Thought, taken according to the Divinity of
Parnassus, is natural, as it is extremely delicate. I was
a little surpriz’d to meet with an Instance of Refine-
ment and Subtlety in a Thought of St. Austin’s; for
having not read much of the Fathers, I always took it
for granted that there was nothing in their Writings but
Piety and Simplicity; whereas the Passage Pere Bou-
hours cites out of St. Austin’s Confession, is as subtle
and affected as any we have met with in Martial or the
Italian Poets. He is speaking of the Death of a Friend
whom he dearly lov’d; and having said he wonder’d how
other Mortals could live, since the Man he had lov’d as
a Person who was not to die, was dead; and he won-
der’d still more that he liv’d himself, his Friend, who
was another himself, being dead: He adds, “Twas
very well said of my Friend, that he was my other
Half; for I felt that my Soul and his was but one
Soul in two Bodies; and on his Account it is that I
abhor Life; because I would not live by halves. On
the same Account also it is that I fear’d to die, lest
he, whom I lov’d so well, should entirely die.” Ideo
mithi horrori etat vita, quia nolebam dimidius vivere;
& ideò fortè mori metuebam, ne totus ille moreretur,
quem multum amaveram. I should as soon have thought
that St. Austin could have danc’d a Jigg, as that he
could have had so much Subtlety and Refinement in a
Sentiment. Father Bouhours seems to believe he bor-
row’d part of it from Horace, where he calls Virgil the
Half of his Soul:

Et serves animae dimidium meæ.

Dryden has translated it,

And save the better Part of me
From perishing with him at Sea,

Horace,
Horace, in another Place, gave St. Austin a Hint for Part of his Thought, where he says to Mecenas:

Ah, te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera?
Nec carus æque, nec superflus
Integer.

If cruel Death should force you from me,
You, who are one Part of my Soul;
How should I with the other live,
Not lov’d as now, and not entire?

St. Austin has spoilt this Thought of Horace by refining upon it; but sometimes a Thought may be improv’d with Refinement, as that of Horace where he says,

Post equitem sedet atra cura.
Care always rides behind him.

Which Boileau has very well improv’d without Subtlety, in his Epistle to Monf. de Guilleragues:

Un sou rempli d’erreurs que le trouble accompagne,
Et malade à la ville ainsi qu’à la campagne,
En vain montez à cheval pour tromper ton ennui;
Le chagrin monté en croupe, & galope avec lui.

In vain a mad Man, full of Errors, journs
The Care that follows him where-e’er he runs.
In Town ’tis with him, in the lonely Shade
His Heart’s still sick, and loaded is his Head:
In vain be from his Horse Relief would find;
Care mounts as fast as he, and rides behind.

The French Critick thinks the French has something in it more lively and beautiful than the Latin. But Horace, in another Place, makes Care embark with the Seamen, and run after Horsemen faster than Stags or Winds; which last Thought he says is full of Vivacity:

Scandit æratas vitiofa naves
Cura: Nec turmas equitum relinquit
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Thus
Thus render'd into English by Mr. John Hughes:

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds, that thro' the Skies
Thick driving Snows, and gather'd Tempefts bear,
Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies.
Climbs the tall Vessels painted Sides,
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field;
But with the marching Horsemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes
(all Places yield.

Few Authors are capable of improving a Thought of the Antients; their Sentiments have that Height of Perfection, that there's no Room left for adding any Thing; yet some were of Opinion in France, that Maynard had improv'd a Thought of Lucan's, in the ninth Book, on Cornelia's Mourning for the Death of Pompey.

Perfruitur lacrymis, & amat pro conjuge Iustum.

Still with fresh Tears the living Grief would feed,
And fondly loves it in her Husband's Stead.

Rowe.

Maynard turns it thus, on a Father's mourning for the Death of his Daughter.

Qui me console, excite ma colère,
Et le repos est un bien que je crains:
Mon deuil me plaìt, & me doit toujours plaìre;
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.

Who comforts me, my Wrath excites
I fear from Rest to find Relief;
In Grief alone my Soul delights,
And always should delight in Grief.
For Her, alas! who now is dead,
My living Grief must stand in Stead.

BOUHOUR S says he has not improv'd, but only translated, or paraphras'd it, without adding any Thing new; and juftly observes, that it is very difficult to heighten the Beauty of a Thought which was beautiful before; as Aristotle tells us that antient Author did who improv'd the Saying of another. Fair Persons carry Letters of Recommendation in their Foreheads. Thus these Letters are written with Nature's own Hand, and are legible in all Nations. 'Tis dangerous to endeavour to
to have more Wit than those that have most. This leads directly to Refinement, unless great Care be taken: But those Wits that subtilize, need only follow their Genius to take Flight, and lose themselves in their own Thoughts. Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley are sufficient Instances of this Vice in our Language: The Latter, as has been hinted, copy'd the Former in his Faults; and it seems strange to me, that after Suckling and Waller had written, whose Genius's were so fine and just, Mr. Cowley should imitate Dr. Donne; in whom there's hardly any Thing that's agreeable, or one Stroke which has any Likeness to Nature: Two or three Examples will serve to shew his Manner; as this of his falling in Love.

Love swallows us but never chases,
By him, as by Chain-Shot, whole Ranks do dye,
He is the Tyrant Pike, and see the Frye.
If 'twere not so what did become
Of my Heart when I first saw Thee?
I brought a Heart into the Room,
But from the Room I carry'd none with me.
If it had gone to Thee I know,
Mine would have taught thine Heart to show
More Pity unto me. But Love alas!
As one first Blow did shiver it as Glafs.

But what follows is still more extraordinary. 'Tis on Love too, the most natural Subject which can be thought of.

Our two Souls therefore which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A Breach, but an Expansion,
Like Gold to airy Thinnes beefat.
If they be two, they are two so,
As stiff twin Compasses are two,
Thy Soul, the first Foot, makes no shew
To move, but doth if another do.
And tho' it in the Center sit,
Yet when the other far doth come,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes Home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like t'other Foot, obliquely run,
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Thy Firmness makes my Circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.

What Woman's Heart in the World could stand out  
against such an Attack as this, after she once understood  
how to handle a Pair of Compasses? Both Donne and  
Cowley were Men of Learning, and must consequently  
have read the Antients over and over. They could nev-  
er learn this from them, but owe all the Extravagance  
in it to their own Genius's. I have elsewhere taken  
Notice of Boileau's imitating the Wits of antient Greece  
and Rome in his Writings, and paraphrasing upon their  
Thoughts, without pretending to make them better  
than he found them. 'Tis very well if he preserves the  
Spirit that was in the Greek and Latin in his own Lan-  
guage; and this he does very often, as may be seen  
by the Citations out of the antient Authors, in the lat-  	err Editions of his Works, compar'd with his Verses  
which are taken from them. He sometimes borrows  
from Virgil's most serius Poems, what he makes use of  
in his Satyrs; as particularly this Passage in the Fourth  
of the Æneis.

Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus Auctor,  
Perfide sed Buris genuit te cantibus harrens  
Caucasus. Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.  
Nor ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger  
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:  
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche,  
Caucasè dans ses flancs, te forma d'un Rochè:  
Une Tigresse affreufe, en quelque Antre ecarté  
Te sit, avec son laïe, sucer sa Cruauté.

Thy Father never was a Paris Baker,  
Nor Thou the Blood of Gervais the Clock-maker;  
Thy Mother never was a Coachman's Bride,  
Form'd of a Rock in Caucasus's Side,  
Or a Fell Tygrees in some horrid Case,  
Thee with her Milk, her cruel Nature gave.

Sir John Denham translates Virgil thus, and, I  
think, better than Dryden.

Thy Mother was no Goddes, nor thy Stock  
From Dardanus, but in some horrid Rock,  
Perfidious Wretch! rough Caucasus Thee bred,  
And with their Milk, Hyrcanian Tygers fed.

STRADA,
STRADA, in his Wars of Flanders, after having told us, that the Cannon carried away the Legs of some of the Soldiers, the Heads of others, and Arms and Shoulders in Abundance; that their Members so carry'd away wounded their Companions which were dying, as one may say, by the Hands of their own People and their Friends: He adds, Dimidiato corpore pugnabunt,居室superflites, ac peremptae partis uliores, some were cut in two by Chain-Shot, and fought with half their Bodies; and thus out-living themselves, revenged that Part of their Bodies which they had lost. Such a Description as this is hardly sufferable in the Amadis's, and Don Quixot's, and is scandalous in serious History; How much more natural is that of Widdrington in Chevy Chace, whom the Poet allows to be

--- In doleful Dumps, / 
Yet when his Legs were both cut off; 
He fought upon his Stumps.

Which he might very well be suppos'd to do, allowing him a little of the Courage of the Saracen in Tasso, who threaten'd the Christians after he was dead.

E morto anco minaccia.

But for one half of a Body to fight after the other is lost, and to revenge the Loss of it, is not Subtlety properly, but NonSENSe; and hardly worth Criticism, were it not for the Character of the Author. Of the many fine Things in the Ballad of Chevy Chace, I wonder this should be omitted by the Author of Spectator, No. 70. which is a Comment upon it; and he endeavours to shew how the Old English Poet has remin'd upon the Latin, even the Prince of the Latin Poets, in Earl Douglas's last Words, and other Places:

Lord Piercy sees my fall. 

The Spectator acknowledges that Turnus does not dye in so Heroick a Manner.

--- Vicisti & Victum 
Ausonii videre. 

The Latian Chiefs have seen me beg my Life; Thine is the Conquest.
And again,

*The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day.*

As in Horace,

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.—

But, after all, I am apt to believe that the Old English Poet took his Thoughts from Nature only, and as they were born of the Subject, Virgil being little studied, and less imitated at the Time he wrote, which was in that of Chaucer, or not long after.

It has been more than once remark'd, that Tasso is very apt to go too far in his Way of Thinking, as he does where Tancred says to his Hand,

*Paffa pur questo petto, e fieri scempi
Col ferro tuo cruel fa del mio core :
Ma forse ufata a fatti atroci & empi
Stimi pietà dar morte al mio dolore.*

Thus very well render'd by Fairfax.

*Pierce through this Bosom, and my cruel Heart
In Pieces cleave, break ev'ry String and Vein ;
But Thou to Slaughters vile which used Art,
Think'st it were Pity thus to ease my Pain.*

Or the same Kind is Tasso's Thought upon Tancred's Supposition that Clorinda's Body might be devour'd by wild Beasts.

*Honorata per me tomba, e felice
Ovunque sia, s'esser con lor mi lice.*

Fairfax again,

*But if some Beast did from the Hills descend,
And on her tender Bowels made his Feast,
Let that fell Monster me in Pieces rend,
And deep entomb me in his hollow Chest :
For where she bury'd is, there shall I have
A stately Tomb, a rich and costly Grave.*

As passionate as this Thought seems to be, there's more Subtlety in it than Passion; and Tasso is full of such Sort of Sentiments. In the following one the Refinement is so visible, that it cannot escape one: He is speaking
speaking of the Combat between Tancred and Clorinda, in which the Combatants gave each other such deep and wide Wounds, that if the Soul did not issue out at them, it was retain'd by Rage.

E se la vita
Non esce, sdegno tien la al petto unita.

Fairfax,

And if weak Life did in their Bosoms lie,
They liv'd because they both disdain'd to die.

Tasso has a Thought quite contrary to this; speaking of a Saracen, who, fighting valiantly to the last Gasp, was so wounded all over, that his Body seem'd but one Wound:

E fatto è il corpo suo sola una piaga.

After which he said,

La vita nò, mà la virtù sostenta
Quel cadavero indonito, e feroce.

'Twas Valour, and not Life sustain'd
That Corpse untameable and fierce.

Is not all this too fine, and too far fetch'd, as well as what was said of a brave Grecian, who dy'd standing upright. His Body stuck full of Arrows at the Battle of Marathon, stood erect after he was dead, supported by those Arrows. 'Tis in a Declamation of Daniel Heinsius, put into the Mouth of the Father of Callimachus, which abounds with lively Strokes; but the Affectation in it is exquisite from the Beginning to the End.

" There's Room to doubt," says Callimachus's Father,
" Whether my Son conquer'd in Dying, or dy'd in Conquering. Death did not interrupt his Victory,
" but he continu'd it: He supported all Asia, and is not fallen. He is dead, but he dy'd erect. Why didn't thou give him, Nature, so heavenly a Mind, or a mortal Body? He cou'd not fall, he could not be conquer'd, but was compell'd to dye. He did not quit his Body, but his Body quitted him. He is the first who yielded to Nature at the same Time that he triumph'd over her. He is the first whom Death has not overthrown; who gave Proofs of his Valour after he was dead; and by his Death, extended the Glory and
Logick and Rhetorick.

and Duration of his Life. I know not whether I ought to demand a Mausoleum for him, or to refuse it. Would to Heaven, Callimachus, thou couldst talk after thy Death, as well as thou couldst conquer! Then wouldst thou doubtless express thy self thus: Instead of a Monument, Oh Athenians, I demand that you have me Immortal in your Memory. I should be asham'd to be buried among the other Dead, some of whom fell before they dy'd, and none remain'd upright after they were slain. Whoever you be, do not touch me, leave you be more cruel than the Enemy who could indeed kill me, but cou'd not throw me down, nor make me change Place. Let no Body raise a Statue for me; this Corpse is sufficient: Let none prepare a Trophy, this Carcass is one. But why, Oh Hands, did you fight no longer? Were you afraid it would be thought that you had not fought? Posterity will as soon believe a dead Man might fight, as that he did, not fall down. Sure this is subtilizing with a Witness, but the most witty, according to Pere Bouhours, that one can meet with; and it has charm'd many an ingenious Man, who cou'd not take any Thing to be Witty, that was only Natural: Such an one must be delighted beyond Measure with such a Chain of Paradoxes, and to see Truth and Falsity so many Ways confounded. We have been taught by the learned Jesuit, that the Anthologia, a Collection of Greek Epigrams, has as much Simplicity and Naivety in it, as any Collection whatever. I had forgot what Mr. Dryden had said of it in the Preface to Juvenal; but I have in several Places remembred, that he frequently offends himself, against Simplicity, and most of all in his Tragedies, which ought to be the Reverse of Affectation. I find now that he was not so well taught in the Vices of Eloquence, as the French were by Bouhours; and was not sensible that Naivety and Simplicity are the most charming of all the Beauties which adorn either Thought or Expression; for as full of these Beauties as is the Anthologia, he assures us, 'tis one of the worst Books of Poetry which was ever published. Having confess'd that Tasso is full of Points of Epigrams and Witticisms, and ought to forfeit his Character as an Heroick Poet on that Account; he condemns all who were guilty of the like Fault, to be turn'd down from.
from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Fleckno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. It must be own'd, that the learned Jefuit allows there are several Poems in that Collection, wherein one finds too much Subtlety and Refinement; but I am satisfy'd that was not the Fault which funk them so in Mr. Dryden's Judgment. If the Refinement and Subtlety had been what he took Offence at, the Simplicity and Naivety must have pleas'd him, and he wou'd not have plac'd the Anthologia at the very Bottom of all Poetry. I can't say, I was forry to meet with such a Confirmation of the Opinion I had of the Liberty he gave himself in Thinking, but I was forry so fine a Genius should have been so little careful to correct it.

BOUHOURS confines the Refinement and Subtlety of the Authors of the Anthologia chiefly to Physicians and Mifers. The Latter can hardly be dealt with too roughly, the Vice is so detestable, as it is an Enemy to Society, that one can hardly help speaking of them without Indignation, which will of Course make one say too much. But as it is the Abuse of Physick only, which has expos'd Physicians to the Raillery of the Poets, so when they subtilize too much in it, they are to be condemned. As where 'tis said in the Anthologia, that a Man, who before was in a good State of Health, dy'd suddenly, upon dreaming only that he had seen the Physician Hermocrates. That was going too far, it cou'd not kill him to dream that he saw him, whatever it might have done to have really seen him. A covetous Man hang'd himself for dreaming that he had spent some Money. There was no great Loss of him indeed, and if all the Mifers we know had the same Dreams with the same Effects, we need not go into Mourning about it. That other covetous Man who wou'd not hang himself, because the Rope was too dear, is much more reasonable, for it was not a Dream.

The poor Man and the Misr, in Horace, talk more in Reason and Nature, according to their different Characters. The poor Man is in Dispair, and wants a Rope to hang himself, but he has not Money to buy it.

Cum deert egeni Æs, laquei pretium.
The Miser being sick, and wanting a Cordial, which would have cost three Pence, cries out,

Eheu! quid refert Morbo aut furtis percamne Rapinis.

Wretch that I am, what matters if I perish
By Sickness, or the Rapine of these Robbers.

No Subject has given more Occasion to the Poets and Makers of Romances, to subtilize and refine in their Way of Thinking, than the Eyes of their Heroines; They have said all the silly Things which could come into their Imaginations; and that too when they talk'd seriously. A Spanish Poet in Praise of black Eyes, says, they were in Mourning for those they had kill'd. If I do not differ from Father Bouhours in any Thing, it would be in this, which seems to me to be Nonsense, and not Subtlety; as I said on another Occasion.

Unos ojos negros vi
T dixe los viendo negros:
Ojos cargados de luto
Sin duda que tienen muertos.

And for grey Eyes, they are cloth'd in Grey, as Children at Funerals.

Como ninos de intiero
De azul se visten.

How whimsical and foolish is this? And that of another Spanish Poet, who having an Enemy which he wanted to get rid of, asks a Lady to lend him her Eyes to kill him,

Ennz dame tus ojos
Por una noche;
Porque quiero con ellos
Matar un hombre.

In a Book entitled, L'Histoire des Grands Visirs, the Author says, the Eyes of the Sultana were so bright and lively, that one cou'd not tell what Colour they were of. And in another, call'd the Conquisto de Granato, the Eyes of Elvira are said to have so much Fire and Lustre, that the Stars themselves are beautiful only in as much as they resemble them.
Art of Occhi appo cui tanto son belle,
Quanto simili a lor sono le stelle.

Eyes are generally compar’d to Stars, and have so much the more Beauty, by how much they resemble them: But here the Stars are not beautiful, but in Proportion, as they resemble the Eyes of the Princess of Granada. The same Thought, as extravagant as it is, may be found in Tefii, and almost in the same Terms.

Adorarò nel sole e nelle stelle
Gli occhi, che del mio cor sono il focile:
Quello è vago dirò, queste son belle;
Sol perché hauran sembianza a voi simile.

Here’s a Robbery committed on Tefii, but the Reader thinking to have got a Diamond, finds a Piece of Glass only. Mr. Rowe, in the Ambitious Step-Mother, goes as far as any of them upon Eyes.

Thy Eyes which could the Sun’s bright Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.

Lord Rochester, in Valentinian, makes them to be Fire and Water at the same Time.

Who knows how Eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears, and Flames of Love.

See in his Theodosius,
As fair as Winter-Star, or Summer’s Setting-Sun.

Mr. Waller thinks sometimes like Tefii and the Spanish Poet, in his Verses to the Lady Carlisle in Mourning.

When from black Clouds no Part of Sky is clear,
But just so much as let’s the Sun appear;
Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
Those fable Vestments, and that bright Aspect.

It has been already observ’d, that Christian Poets, when they make bold with Heathen Deities, do not concern Religion in it, for that they do not believe their Existence, so much as even the Visions of a Dream: And therefore Mr. Waller’s Gallantry has no Impiety in it, when he is speaking of Sacharissa’s Eyes as she lay asleep.
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More proud than Phœbus of his Throne of Gold,
Is the soft God those softer Limbs to hold;
Nor wou'd exchange with Jove to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the Pow'r to close those Eyes.

Nor is there too much Subtlety or Refinement where he
speaks of Queen Henrietta Maria:

So happy 'tis you move in such a Sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful Fear,
In humane Breasts might qualify that Fire,
Which, kindled by those Eyes, had flamed higher
Than when the scorched World like Hazard run,
By the Approach of the ill-guided Sun.

But I am afraid the same gallant Poet has over-shot him-
self in the following Thought on the same Subject. He
addresses himself to the Sun:

Stay, Phœbus, stay,
The World to which you fly so fast,
Conveying Day
From us to them, can pay your Haste
With no such Object, and salute your Rife
With no such Wonder as de Mornay's Eyes.

So far the Gallantry of it may make the Thought
passable; but the next Stanza is what Father Boubours
calls Refinement and Subtlety:

Well does this prove
The Error of those antique Books,
Which made you move
About the World; her charming Looks
Would fix your Beams, and make it even Day,
Did not the roiling Earth snatch her away.

Here is the Copernican System prov'd by the Position
of the Lady's two bright Eyes; and sure every one will
easily perceive that this is over-doing it. Tosti, the Ita-
lian Poet just nam'd, says of a young Knight of Majorca,
taken by an Algerine Pirate, and plac'd by him as a
Labourer in his Garden by the Sea Side:

E più de gl' occhi al lampo
Ch' all'opre della man fiorir fa il campo.

Z 3 The
The Brightness of the Gard'ner's Eyes,
More help'd the Flowers and Plants to rise,
Than the Labour of his Hands.

The Author of the New Idylls in French, thinks like Tosti:

Les beaux yeux de Nais d'un feuil de leurs rayons
Rendent aux fleurs l'éclat, la verdure aux gazons.

A Look of Nais's bright Eyes will make
Their Beauty Flowers, and Grass its Greenness take.

The Eyes of another Shepherdesse are not confin'd to
the setting Hearts on fire:

Ils brisent l'herbe encor, mettent les fleurs en poudre,
Brillent comme un éclair, & brûlent comme un
(foudre.

They scorch the Grass, the Flowers to Powder turn,
Like Lightning glare, and like the Thunder burn.

Father Bouhours tells us, that these Thoughts,
though frivolous and overstrain'd, are not so subtle as
the Spanish Poet, Gratian, on Elvira's Eyes; and, be-
sides, are not so blamable in an Idyll, or Eclogue, as in
an Heroick Poem. We will therefore look on the fol-
lowing Verses, written on a Garden in the North, to
be of the Eclogue or Idyll Kind:

What Charm is this, that in the midst of Snow,
Of Storms and Blasts, the noblest Fruits do grow!
Melons on Beds of Ice are taught to bear,
And Strangers to the Sun, yet ripen here.
On frozen Ground the swiftest Flowers arise,
Unseen by any Light but Flavia's Eyes;
Where e'er she treads, beneath the Charmer's Feet,
The Rose, the Jefmin, and the Lillies meet;
Where e'er she looks, behold some sudden Birth.
Adorns the Trees, and fructifies the Earth.

I leave to the Reader to determine, whether there is
not as much Subtlety in these Verses as in Tosti's of
the young Knight of Majorca, or Gratian of Elvira's
Eyes. As to the Point, whether Subtlety is a Vice in
Sentiments, I shall not undertake it; Father Bouhours
has prov'd that it is; and then this Thought of the
Northern
Northern Lady is infected with it. However, this does not hinder the Poem's being a charming one. Indeed, 'tis not for want of Wit that Poets refine and subtilize those that do it have rather too much than too little; and what is said of this Beauty of the North, in the next Verses, is a Proof of it:

*In midst of Mountains, and unfruitful Ground,*  
*As rich an Eden as the first is found,*  
*In this new Paradise she reigns in State,*  
*With sovereign Pride, disdainful of a Mate;*  
*Like the first Charmer fair, but not so frail,*  
*Against whose Virtue all Temptations fail:*  
*Beneath whose Beams that scorch us from her Eyes,*  
*Her snowy Bosom still unmelted lies.*  
*Love from her Lips spreads all his Odours round,*  
*But bears on Ice, and springs from frozen Ground.*  
*So cold the Clime that can such Wonders bear,*  
*The Garden seems an Emblem of the Fair.*

Equally gallant and beautiful; and it is with Pride, as I am an Englishman, that I quote Verses in our Language, which may vie, for Elegance and Beauty, with any ancient and foreign. I do not quote such as have any Blemish of Thought, in Disparagement of the Merit of the Author, but to shew the Unhappiness of our greatest Genius's, in not cultivating their Judgment as much as their Wit. We may very well believe that some of them knew better; but observing that the Generality of Readers,

*Both the great Vulgar and the Small,*

took Things in the Lump, and made no Distinction in the Way of Thinking; they fell in with the popular Taste; and, if they pleas'd, did not matter on what Terms.

If such Subtlety is not tolerable in Love Verses, which may be as wanton as consists with Decency and Innocence, how must it look in History, than which nothing should be more grave, except the Charges of our Judges? It must needs be ridiculous in all serious Narrations, where nothing is just but what is simple and natural. Who can help laughing, as Pere Boucours observes, when in reading a Spanish Historian's Description of the Queen of Spain's Entry into Madrid, he meets
meets with this Passage: *Iba su Magestad, tan bela que solo se excedia a si misma; dando con la serenidad de su rostro vida a los prados, y vigor a las plantas.* "Twas in the Month of January that the Queen made her Entry; and there was so much Serenity in her Contenance as gave Life to the Meadows and Strength to the Plants. We English have not the Vivacity of the Spanish and Italian Historians, or we should have had enough of such Sentiments as these in two or three late Histories. The Authors have shown their good Will to Amplification and Exaggeration, which are the Refinement and Subtlety of History. I will not say there is Subtlety in what Archbishop Echard says was said by Archbishops Upper to the King, on the Execution of the Earl of Strafford: *I have seen many die, but never saw so white a Soul return to its Maker.* If to see a Soul, and to distinguish the Colour of it, is not Subtilifying, *Peer Bouwours* has given us no Instances of it. Of this Kind is what the same Historian tells us by Archbishop Laud, on the same Earl's Sufferings: *His main Misfortunes were owing to the publick Envy of the Nobility, and his serving a mild and gracious Prince, who knew not how to be made great.* I am willing to be a little the longer on this Article, because it lets us into the Character of our late Histories more than any thing. We remember how Father Bouwours fell upon Tacitus for Subtilifying, that is, making Guesses at the Springs of Action, farther than was warranted by the Actions themselves. Thus Mr. Echard on the Earl of Strafford still: *Thus fell the tall Cedar of the Wood, the greatest Subject in Power, not less in Wisdom, and little less in Fortune, at that Time, in the three Kingdoms; who could well remember the Time when he led the People, who afterwards pursu'd him to his Ruin. His Authority and Station may be compared to the earthy Mounds, or Sea-Banks, which being swept away by a Storm, leave all the Inland to be drown'd by popular Tumult. He was so formidable to the Scotch, that he fell a Sacrifice more to their Fear than to their Revenge.* If there's any Subtlety like this in all Tacitus, I must look out for some better Critick than Bouwours to be my Instructer. That learned Jesuit would not allow Tacitus to be an excellent Historian, purely on account of his refining and subtilifying;
Lifying; and if we allow our late Historians to be excellent, it must be chiefly on that very Account; for I dare say there is not one Character in any of their Histories which is not made up of Subtlety and Refinement. I might extend the Instance of the Earl of Stratford out of Echard; but what is said is more than sufficient to explain Father Boucours's Lesson. In the Memorials left us by Whitlock, Rushworth, and others, we meet with plain Facts; and by those Facts it appears that it was the Grievances of King Charles the First's Government which rais'd those Discontents that ended in a Civil War: The Subtilisers tell us No. And when they come to particular Persons we have other Reasons for their Discontentment. As of the Earl of Bedford: He was a wise Man, and of a large Fortune; and only design'd to advance himself and his Friends at Court. Of the Lord Say: No Man valued himself more on his Family, or had greater Ambition to advance it. He had great Parts, and much convers'd with Books; but from his Infancy had suck'd in an implacable Malice against the Church. He was a profes'd Enemy to the most eminent Churchmen; and got great Credit by being committed to Prison at York. Of the Lord Kimbolton: Having marry'd the Earl of Warwick's Daughter, he totally estrang'd himself from Court, and clos'd in with the Lord Say. His Father adopt'd him into the Puritan Party, and enter'd the other Son into the Popish Religion; so that one might never fail of an Interest in Times of Extremity. His Generosity caus'd him to live above the narrow Allowance made him by his wary Father, who often bewail'd his Son's being engag'd in the Fraternity of the new Reformers; yet at this time he found the Benefit of being screen'd by his sole Interest, from that Infirmity which run through his whole Life, of refusing nothing that was given him. There was no Man a greater Confident of the Discontented Party than he; and none to whom the whole Mass of their Designs, as well those in Embrio as those in full Form, was more entirely communicated. "The Earl of Bed-"ford, the Lord Viscount Say, and the Lord Kimbol-"ton, says Mr. Echard after the Earl of Clarendon, were the principal Agents in the House of Peers. They "were chiefly rely'd on, and without Reserve trusted "by those who were to manage all in the House of "Com-
The AR TS of

"Commons; and to raise that Spirit, which upon all Occasions was to inflame the Lords, or might by any Means increase their Party. By their Artifices and Application to the popular Humour of the Earl of Essex, they prevail'd and got full Possession of him." The Author of these subtle Reflections makes himself not only acquainted with the very Souls of the Earl of Bedford, and the Lords Say and Kimbolton, so deeply as to have seen the Embrio as well as the Birth of their Designs. He saw their Commission from the Leaders of the House of Commons, that it was without Reserve, He was intimate with the Spirit which those Leaders rais'd in the Lower House of Parliament; and knew that they did not apply to the Earl of Essex as a powerful Lord and a good Soldier, but as he was a vain Man and lov'd Popularity. So far is this Refinement carry'd, that the Historian tells us, he had never been a Soldier had not King James put Hardships upon him, in favour of Car, Earl of Somerset, which occasion'd his going to Holland to learn the Use of Arms. Can any thing be more refin'd and subtle, or, rather, more extravagant and incredible? Did the Earl of Essex foresee there would be a Civil War in King James's pacifick Reign? Somerset died before that King; and it was four Years after he was dead that the Earl of Essex accompany'd Sir Horatio Vere into the Palatinate, to join those who are called the Bohemian Rebels in Mr. Echard's History, p. 396. and who were indeed the faithful Subjects of our present most gracious Sovereign's Royal Great-Grandfather. Add to this, that the Earl of Essex, at his Return to England, was well with the Court, and intrusted by King Charles I. with the Command of his Army against the Scots, in which Service he behav'd so well, that the Archdeacon speaks much in Praise of his Fidelity, p. 473. He had committed no false Step, either in Council or Action; was discharged in the Crowd without Ceremony, and refus'd the Rangership of Needwood-Forrest, which lying at his Door would have infinitely gratify'd him. Yet when afterwards he accepted of a Commission from the two Houses of Parliament, to be their General, the Archdeacon, or the Historian from whom he borrows it, tells us that he went to Holland to learn the Art of War, on purpose to requite the Indignity offer'd him by Car, Earl of Somerset,
Somerset, in ridding him of a very ill Wife. The Truth is, the Earl of Essex, his Father and Grandfather, Paternal and Maternal, were what they call'd Puritans; and he was bred up in the generous Principles of English Liberty, Spiritual and Temporal, which naturally drew him in to take Part with those Persons who asserted it. Thus the Subtlety and Refinement in Echard's History, or the History from whence he took it, is at once both false in Fact and in Sentiment; and nothing would be more easy than to fill Volumes with the like Observations out of our late Histories. It will, indeed, be commonly found, that Historians, who subtilise so upon Sentiments, are no more careful of the Truth of their Facts, than of the Simplicity of their Thought and Expression; they are for shewing every where, and pleasing the Side they are lifted in, who will give them in return all the Vogue they can. This Observation had been more a propos in another Work; but is not here an unpardonable Disregard, considering Father Bouhours is so severe upon Tacitus, for saying only, Augustus preferred Tiberius to Agrippa and Germanicus for his Glory's Sake only, &c. as before cited. He would not allow of Tacitus's diving deeper into the Bosom of Augustus than he was permitted to do by the Course of the Events. As Augustus might have a good Opinion of Tiberius's Value and Policy, or might be prevail'd upon by the Importunity of his Wife Livia, Mother to Tiberius, and not by a Jealousy that Agrippa's or Germanicus's Glory would eclipse his own. So the Earl of Essex might be inclin'd to fall in with the Parliament Party, out of an Opinion of the Justice of their Cause, or through the Perfwasion of his best beloved Friends; and not out of Vanity, or a popular Humour. This is going beyond what the Fact gave occasion for, and is that vicious Refinement and Subtlety so much cenfur'd by Pere Bouhours, some of which, if the Reader expects to find in almost every Page of our late Histories, he will not be disappointed. But we must go back to the Poets, who are most guilty of subtilising and refining: The next we find committing this Fault is Tasso again, in the Sixteenth Book of the Gierusalemme, where Rinaldo and Armida are describ'd together in amorous Dilliance, just before his Friends find him out; he holding a Mirror to her;
Deh poi che fdegni me; com'egli è vago,
Mirar tu almen poteffi il proprio volto:
Ch'el guardo tuo, ch'altrove non è pago,
Gioirrebbe felice in se rivolto.

Fairfax,

*And if thou me disdain'st, yet be content,*
*At least so to behold thy lovely Hue,*
*That while thereon thy Looks are fixt and bent,*
*Thy happy Eyes themselves may see and view.*

Again,

*Non puó specchio ritrar si dolce image:*
*Nè in picciol vetro è un paradiso accolto.*
*Speccio t'è degno il cielo, e ne le stelle*
*Puoi riguardar le tue fambianze belle.*

Fairfax,

*So rare a Shape no Christal can present,*
*No Glass contain that Heaven of Beauties true;*
*Oh let the Skies thy worthy Mirror be,*
*And in clear Stars thy Shape and Image see.*

Can any thing have less Reason and Solidity in it?
But Father *Boubours* thinks the following Thought is
Refinement in Perfection. 'Tis at their falling out be-
fore he leaves her:

Tempo fu ch'io ti chiesi e pace e vita;
Dolce hor faria con morte ufcir di pianti:
Ma non la chiedo a te; che non è cosa,
Ch'essendo dono tuo non sia odiosa.

Fairfax,

*Time was, that of thee Love and Life I pray'd;*
*Let Death now end my Love, my Life, my Shame;*
*Yet let not thy false Hand bereave this Breath;*
*For if it were thy Gift, hateful were Death.*

Armida's Reflection is a little too delicate; and yet
*ler*Cervantes, Author of *Don Quixot*, refines upon
*Tasso*, where he makes a Man in Despair, weary of
*Life, speak thus:

Ven muerte tan escondida,
Que no te sienta venir;
Come quickly, Death, at my Request;
But do not Notice of it give,
For fear I should be so much pleas'd
To die, as when thou'rt come, to live.

Father Bouhours has already given us an Instance
of St. Austin's Subtlety of Thought; and he further ob-
serves, that the Writers of Pieces of Devotion are not
free from this Vice in thinking; though one may well
imagine that such devout Authors are really what the
French call Faux Devots, Hypocrites. If their Heart
was engag'd, their Tongue would answer to it with
Plainness and Simplicity; and what he instances out of
a Spanish Priest's Works, proves what he had just said
before; that from Delicacy to Refinement, is but a short
Step; and from Refinement to Nonsense a Step still
shorter. The Spaniards Words are: Dios mio si me
dieran ser tambien dios; no se que me biziera, o reusarlo
porque no tuvieras igual, o aceptarlo por amarte como
mieres. "Oh, my God, if I were to be made a God
"I know not what I should do, whether I should refuse
"it, that thou may'rt have no Equal, or accept it to
"love thee as thou deserv'ft to be belov'd." Bouhours
might very well think, that such Stuff as this could not
be the Breathings of the Holy Spirit. These Thoughts are
what the French term Penfées alambiquées, Thoughts
which have past through the Limbeck; but all Authors
do not leave them in the Still, when they are subtili-
sing, till the Spirit is evaporated, as is done here. The
Italians are so much given to this Limbeeking, that one
of their Writers compos'd a Treatise, Della distilazione
del cervello. And among the French, the great Balzac
is charg'd with limbeeking his Thoughts too much.
Our learned Jesuit is of opinion, that it is impossible
to subtilise in Prose more than he has done. Of a little
Wood, that was somewhat dark, he said, No more Light
ter'd into it than was necessary for it not to be Night.
Is not this Refinement? and this too, of another Writer,
not much better: "They pass'd by a great Forrest, the
"Tops of whose Trees were so lofty, so tufted, and so
"close, that the Sun at Noon-Day gave no more Light
"than was just necessary to guide them through it."

Balzac
Balzac seems fond of this Thought, for he has it in more Places than one: You read in his Letters, I have no more Life than is necessary for me not to be dead. And again, The greatest Part of the Women in France have no more Beauty than is necessary for them not to be ugly. I have often been of that Opinion, upon Sight of the handsomest French Women I have met with in England; but then I check'd my self for Partiality to my Country Women, and doubted not but the French Ladies had their Share of Beauty. I find the French Ladies at Paris, and those at London, are much the fame, just handsom enough not to be said to be ugly; as Balzac, who frequented the Houses of the greatest and fairest Ladies in France, very freely confesses. This Way of turning a Thought wou'd not be disagreeable, if it was manag'd with Discretion, as Voiture does it in his Letter to Cardinal de la Valette; "The Sun sets in a blew and gold Cloud, and gives no more Rays than are necessary for a sweet and agreeable Light". There's nothing strain'd in that, but in what follows, taken out of a Speech made to Lewis XIV. by a Member of the French Academy, there seems to me to be more Subtlety than Pere Bouhous admits. "The first Clap of the Thunders with which you are arm'd, fell upon a proud City, whose Pride nothing could humble; and as haughty as she was, upon her having brav'd the united Efforts of two famous Captains, she resifted you no more than was necessary for you to take her by Storm". Of what Metal that Monarch's Engines were made when he in Perfon took Tours by Storm, is too well known to be explain'd here. The learned Critick allows, that a Perfon in great Affliction may say, I have just as much Reason as is necessary to be sensible of my Misfortune; but it wou'd be Refined-ment were it turn'd thus, I have no more Reason than is necessary for me to know that I have none at all. Balzac says of a little Man, "He never grew but at his Hair's End: And of himself, If the Stone he was afraid of was a Diamond, or the Philosopher's Stone, 'twou'd be no Ease to him in his Distemper". That's most certain, but then the Distemper has so little Relation to the Philosopher's Stone, or to a Diamond, that he has over-strain'd the Thought. Pere Bouhous informs us, that he's full of the like Imaginations, and refers
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refers to a Critick on his Work, publish'd under the Name of Philarchus. His Barbon, or Dr. Grey-Beard, is Subtlely all over: Every Thought passes through the Still, and many of them are out of Reason, and even Probability. His Design is to render Dr. Barbon ridiculous, by exposing him under the Character of an extravagant Pedant; and he needed not have form'd a Phantom which never was, and never cou'd be according as he imagines it. The Orator of Cicero, the Prince of Xenophon, the Courtier of Castiglione, are only Imaginary; but the Imagination is taken from Nature. The Orator, the Prince, the Courtier, are painted to the Life; and the Great Masters to whom we owe those Pictures, have not gone beyond what's natural in their Characters, though they have not carried Things to Perfection.

BALZAC might have painted a perfect Pedant, such an one as Wycherley said of B. M. A Blockhead with Greek and Latin. He might have made him a Fool if he wou'd, by his over-acting the Scholar; but his Picture should have been more agreeable to the Idea we have of those Visionaries in Learning. The first Strokes of his Portrait, are what exceed Imagination, and are compleatly Subtle. " As soon as Barbon came " from the College, where he learnt to argue, he began " with giving the Lye in Form, to his Father and Mo-" ther, and to contradict them, even when they were " of his Opinion, for fear he should be thought to be " of Theirs". With Pere Boubours' Leave, it is only the Father and the Mother here which makes it ex-ceed Imagination: Nothing being more common than this sort of Behaviour in those that have learnt the Forms of Argument at the College, and throw themselves too rash into the World. " He fancy'd he should, in every " Thing, keep at a Distance from Common Sense, be-" cause nothing should be sought after but what is rare. " The Word Common disguisted him so much with that " of Sense, that he resolved from thenceforth to have " no more to do with it". I cannot help differing in this from my Original, Pere Boubours; this is as much in the Raillery Kind, tho' in a grave Tone, as any Thing Voiture has said in a gay one: His Objection, as to the Perverfeness of an opinionated Academick, is not un-natural, and there are certain Virtuosi, who have a Con-tempt
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tempt for Common Sense, without the Decorations it receives from Science. 'Tis very strange so penetrating a Critick as our Jesuit, should not have observ'd it; but he was blinded, perhaps, by his Partiality to his own College-Education, or by his Preference of Voiture's Manner to Balzac's.

I DARE not judge for the Reader, and therefore must repeat what he says for himself. This is of the Quin
telligence of Refinement. A Man of Wit, who thinks natur-
ally, would have said, that Barbon thought no Body had Common Sense but himself, which would have taken it from him in a finer Way than by saying, he re-
solv'd to have no more to do with it. There is not the Salt, according as I relish it in this Turn, as there is in Balzac's; and as his Barbon is a Satyr on Pedantry, the more biting the better, within the Rules of Truth and Decency. He proceeds with Balzac's Doctor, "The " Sick think of nothing, be it ever so monstrous, the " Truth of which he does not assure them of by Oath : " He was going to change his Name and Country, and " to give out that he was descended from Aristotle in " a direct Line. Which I do not take to be so subtle as " it is silly, nor is the rest much better. He is so in " Love with all sorts of Antiquity, that he'll never " wear any new Cloaths. He has the Great of the " last Age on his Gown; and the Dirt of the Days of " Francis the First. He would be apt to think he had " chang'd his Sex, if he should go after the Fashion. This may be term'd over-Training, but the Ideas are too low, and too common, to deserve the Censure of Refinement and Subtlety. Great Men, when they are fond of a Thought, love no more to part with it than others, and it is hardly possible to dwell upon it long without starving it. Pere Bouhours owns, that all the Thoughts in Barbon do not smell so much as those do of the Limbeck; that some are Natural enough, and not an ill Representation of those Scholars whom Moliere speaks of.

Un Sot scouant est Sot, plus qu'un Sot ignorant.

No Fool so great as a learned Fool.

As for Example, "Barbon thinks that is most " beautiful in Science, which is most incredible, and " makes no Use of his Speech, but to be understood of" no
To Men,

Oh am I'll Hum, "my I'his Juftice I
Thus Is I Maids Will and

* Image 0x0 to 311x525 *

Dr. Burnet of the Charter-house, in his Answ er to Warren, has a short, but very just Description of a Pend ant: This Wit, it may be, you'll say is downright Clownery. The Truth is, when I observ'd the Courte- nes of his Rapartees, and of that sort of Wit wherein he dealt most, it often rais'd in my Mind, whether I wou'd or no, the Idea of a Pedant, of one that had seen little of the World, and thought himself much witter and wiser than others wou'd take him to be.

MOLIERE does not always keep within Veri- simility in his Comedies: To say nothing of the Pre- ciouses Ridicules, nor the Misanthrope, does not he over-do it in the L’Avar e, where Harpagon says, after he is robb’d, 'Tis done, I can do nothing, I shall dye, I am dead, I am bury’d; Is there no Body that will take me up again, by restoring me my Money, or telling me who has it? I’ll go to the Judge, I’ll have all my House rack’d, Maids, Men, Sons, Daughters, and me my self also. This Thought is more naturally turn’d by Shadwell in the Mis er, which he took from Moliere’s L’Avar e.

GOLDINGHAM, "I have loft my Money, my Life, my Blood, my Entrails, my Heart, my Vitals; I dye, I am dead, I am buried; Will no Body save my Life, and help me to it? Oh I am mad, what say you, will you? Hum, alas! I am mad, there’s no Body. Oh my Money! my Soul! Justice! Ju- stice! I will hang all the Town. If Isabella has a Hand in it, I will hang her, I will beg the Help of Constables, Beadles, Church-Wardens, Sergeants, Ju- A a " stices,
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"Slices, Mayor, Aldermen, Gibbet, Gallows, and Hangman. I will hang my Son and Daughter if they be guilty; and if I find not my Money, I will hang my self." When I came to this Passage of Pere Bours, it set me a trembling, to think what would become of most of our taking Comedies, if they were try'd by such a Judge as he, and to be condemned for over-doing it. I will not say the Wildairs, and Quixots, but the Poplings, and Foppingtons. This is a String not to be touch'd, after the Town has laid out so much Money upon them. Mr. Congreve has offended the leaf in this Kind: His Discretion and Judgment guard-ed against it. The Hint of the Plain-Dealer, was taken from the Misanthrope of Moliere; and the learned Jesuit charges that Comedy with the Fault we are treating of, going beyond Bounds in Sentiments of Delicacy and Wit. If he had seen and understood the Plain-Dealer, I doubt not but he would have said it was a little infected by the Misanthrope. What Moliere says of the Mifer elsewhere, is very natural: "I can see no Body but who gives me Suspicions, and every one I meet, looks like a Robber. I'll hang all the World, and if I do not find my Money, I'll hang my self after-wards. Good Heaven, Who can one trust after this? Here comes the Subtlety. One can no more swear for any Thing; and I shall hereafter think no-thing less than that I shall rob my self." It is very plain this Subtlety generally ends in Nonsense: A Man can't rob himself, and Grimace is no Excuse for Im-possibilities. What Cladpate says in Epsom-Wells, is very natural to his Character, one that prefers Horses, Dogs, Ale, and a Commission of Peace, to all the refin'd Pleasures of the Town. Oh what shall I do, Oh mis-e- rable Man, Oh my poor dapple Mare, I love her so I could go into Mourning for her. Monf. St. Evremont understood English enough to be diverted with that Comedy, which is a Mafter-Piece in Humour, and the Characters are almost every where to their Nature. Moliere, in his Femmes Scavantes, goes sometimes be-yond it. Philaminte and Armande may rejoice at the Sight of Vadius, because he understands Greek; but it is not probable that they should turn away their Maid Martine, because she had committed a Fault in Gram-mar. It had been sufficient if they had scour'd her for
It, as a Maid is chid for using a Word condemn'd by Vaugelas; tho', perhaps, the Pit would not have been satisfy'd so well, as with the turning her away. So Father Bouhours tells us of the French Pit, and certainly the English Pit is not more judicious. The Audiences are generally pleas'd most, with what is most extravagant: The Rants and Similies in Tragedy, the Farce and Buffonry in Comedy. A Roman Wit complain'd of old, that the Audience wanted the Bears at the End of his Comedy, as we have had dancing Dogs, Ladder Dances, Tumblers, Harlequins, &c. at the End of our Comedies. The Design of Comedy, is to make People laugh; and as its Pictures are seen at a Distance, the Figures should be larger than the Life, as in the Perspective of Painting and Sculpture; but they should not be monstrous. Aesop, and the Lord Burghley, are represented as Hump-back'd, but their Hump should not rise a Foot or two above their Heads. Having mention- ed that Corporal Satyr, I am tempted to take Notice of the Cruelty, as well as Indecency, turning Bodily Infirmities into Ridicule. I shou'd have been very much shock'd at the Mirth which has been thrown away on a modern Figure of that Kind, if the Owner of it had not seen an Example himself, by making a Jest not only of such Infirmities, which 'tis in no one's Power to prevent, but even of the very Sicken's which he had himself been the Occasion of. Writers of Comedy are very apt to over-do and over-strain, in Complacency to the Judgment of their Audience; of whom the greatest Part could not find out the Jest, if it was within Nature. They must understand Delicacy, and the just Bounds of Wit, to relish natural Beauties. But they can see the Jest of a Muff as big as a Barrel; of a Steinkirk, as large as a Towel; and if Thoughts are stretch'd in Proportion, they will mistake the Extravagance for Humour, or Wit; or both, and the Writer acquire the Reputation of an excellent Poet; as I knew a Play-wright of Vogue about twenty Years ago, who, however, knew no more of Poetry, than Tompion the Watch-maker. The Applause, and sometimes the Profit that's got by humouring an Audience in their false Taste, has tempt- ed very great Genius's to make a Sacrifice of their Judgment. Racine was one of the most judicious and dif- creet Poets of the last Age; the Sentiments of his Aus-
The ARTS of dromedary and Iphigenia, are extremely natural and delicate, according to Pere Bouhous, yet in his Comedy of the Plaideurs, he does not always keep to Delicacy and Nature: Car il faut pour le peuple des traits bien marquez & qui frapent fortement d’abord. The Strokes must be well mark’d out to please the People, and must strike strongly at first. In other polite Writings, which are not intended for the People, some of whom can better judge of Sir Isaac Newton’s Philosophy, than of Father Bouhous’s Criticisms: All Wit, all Delicacy, must be Natural, to please good Judges. 'Tis that learned Jesuit’s Opinion, Comedy will not please the greatest Part of Spectators, without a little Extravagance; and the best Writers of it have added to the Weakness of the Originals, to render their Pictures the more distasteful.—The Instances of this Kind in our Comick Poets are innumerable. The best of them have studied Humour with great Exactness, but have been too negligent of Nature. In Shadwell’s Comedies, Nature and Humour seem to be happily imitated. In Mr. Congreve’s, they very seldom exceed their Bounds. In Sir John Vanbrugh’s, whether he does not or does exceed them, there’s an Air and Vivacity in his Plays, which is always diverting and agreeable: But as this is not our present Subject, we must digress no farther.
PART IV.

Thoughts ought to be Plain, Clear, and Intelligible.

All Thoughts, in the Works of the Ingenious, ought not only to be True, in Proportion to their Subject, to be Noble without Bombast, Agreeable without Affectation, and Delicate without Subtlety. They should be also plain, clear, and intelligible. Without that, the Sublime and the Marvellous are ridiculous. The fame may be said of the Agreeable, and the Delicate; or rather, they can never be met with, where the Author is not to be understood. Nothing can be truly pleasing that is not intelligible, unless we will except an Italian Opera to an Audience entirely English. Quintilian informs us, that Perfpicuity is the principal Part of Eloquence: Prima est Eloquentiae Virtus, Perfpicuitas. When Cicero commends Crassus for his right Thinking, it is strange he takes no Notice of Plainness and Clearness; without which, all Thoughts are useless and contemptible. He, doubtless, would have it taken for granted, that they could not want a Property so essential to make them just and beautiful; for a Thought is only an Image which the Mind forms in itself, which Image must be clearly and plainly represented, or its loses its very Essence, and becomes no Image.
Image at all. Obscurity therefore is to be avoided as the greatest Vice in Eloquence; and indeed, it will always be found, that the most eloquent Orators are the most clear and perspicuous, as Quintilian observ'd of the Antients, Plerumque accidit, ut faciiliora sint ad intelligendum, & lucidiora multo, que a Doctissimo quoque dicuntur. The Spectator, No. 291. says, There is not a Greek or Latin Critick who has not been, even in the Stile of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Eloquence and Delicacy of his Native Tongue. Aristotle, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appear'd in the World. It is the same among the Moderns, and Dr. Tillotson's, and Mr. Addison's Works, which are the politest in our Language, are also the most plain and intelligible. There was an Essay publish'd by no less a Man than a Lord Treasurer, about fifteen Years ago, which treated of Credit; and as the Subject concern'd every One's Interest, which all Men seem to be very ready and willing to understand, 'twas unhappy for that Great Author to fall egregiously into the Vice we are speaking of. Credit has neither Quantity nor Quality, Whereness nor Whennes, Site or Habit. Again, It is the essential Shadow of something that is not; and yet this admirable Politician was so sensible of the Necessity of being intelligible in all manner of Writings, that he tells us, it behov'd him to lay down every Thing exceeding plain. This Orator, for his fine Speaking, or much Speaking, got to be Speaker to a most auguft Assembly. And one may see by this Specimen, how fit he was for the Employment. He took upon him especially that of Protector of the British Academy, created for refining and improving our Language, and confer'd upon him by Swift the Projector of the ingenious Scheme. I shall not digress, if I add here a Panygyric on that same Lord Treasurer, which is extremely deficient in Perspicuity; but if it were intelligible, it would have been one of the best Poems that ever were written upon him.

Hail! Bright Assertor of our Free-born State, 
Active, tho' still, like our approaching Fate, 
Rousing the Spirit of our Lethargick Isle, 
Ling'ring beneath a most destructive Smile.

Eager
Eager of Right, Britannia undeceiv'd,
Yea glorious Anna's perfect Ease retriev'd.

There's nothing to be understood here but what you find out by the Initials, the H. A. R. L. &c. They were written by a Staff Officer in the Army, on a Staff Officer in the State; and are, on that Account, very fit to be made an Example: As is what follows, to Mr. Congreve, before the Old Batchelor, by Mr. Higgens:

When Dryden, dying, shall the World deceive,
Whom we Immortal as his Works believe.

Tho', perhaps, some may think this is rather False than Unintelligible.

Very just is the Spectator's Observation, that Want of Perspicuity, generally proceeds from Want of Method both in Thought and Expression. Where it arises from Want of Sense, 'tis then Dulness, and below Criticism. Some do not know how to methodize their Thoughts, and these, the same Author tells us, have the Dispenary's barren Superfluity of Words. Others have not Patience to put them in Order, but express them as fast as they are conceiv'd; and their Expressions will always participate of the Confusion of their Thought, which naturally begets Obscurity.

The Antients themselves are not without their Obstructures; and Father Boubours owns, few Persons understand them, without the Help of Interpreters; which, I believe, is true: Tho' I seldom meet with any raw Academicks, who do not pretend to understand them as well as they were understood when they were written; but one may doubt whether their Pretence is just, by their almost always varying in their Interpretations. A Thought may be obscure of it self, and their Antiquity is no Excuse for it; but if it arises from Historical Circumstances, the Antients are not accountable for our not knowing their History. They wrote for their own Age, not for ours. They often allude to Things, the Memory of which is lost, and we can know nothing of them. Commentators do sometimes guess at the Meaning, but for the most Part make their Author say what they will. They do, as it were, put him to the Torture as a Criminal, to make him speak as they would have him. The Comedies, Satyrs, Epigrams, and all Poems of the Antients, which have Reference to the
Manners of the Times, and the Characters of particular Persons, must needs be obscure in many Places. And how the Commentators explain the Difficulties which arise by it, one may learn by a few Notes on the Satyrs of Juvenal and Persius, which I choose to make use of, because they have the least Pedantry in them, of any that have been borrow'd or stolen by our Translators, from the Comments upon their Authors.

Juvenal, Sat. 2.

Or Syllas' Pupils Syllas' Rules decline.

The Commentators are not willing to leave us in the Dark upon this Passage, and the Note is,

If these Pupils were not Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus; They were Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus.

For his Pupils could be no other than a Triumvirate.

With those polluted Priests at last shall join.

The Commentator, from no other Authority than his own Guess, tells us of what College those polluted Priests were: A new College to celebrate a Festival to Minerva the Goddess of Chastity. The Priests of all the old Colleges were not guilty of any such Pollutions, not even those of Bacchus. Such Discoveries as these are extremely edifying.

Sat. 12.

The speeding Blow of some Uncommon Hand.

This Uncommon Hand, Grandis Minister, is the chief Pontiff, according to some Interpretations; or a fat Journeyman Butcher, according to others; call'd Grandis, not from his Quality, but his Bulk. Should not we be very much to blame, to charge the Antients with Obscurity in such Matters with which we cannot but be very well acquainted.

Persius, Sat. 1.

Shoud'cry up Labeo's Stuff, and cry me down.

Dryden says, the Commentators confess, that this Labeo is no where mention'd, but in this Satyr of Persius; yet Caubon has found out that his Name was Atticus Labeo, and that he made a foolish Translation of
of Homer. His Authority for it, is another Commentator elder than himself; and by this Means, tho' he is no where else mentioned, we know what is meant by Laboe's Stuff. The very Expression sufficiently explains the Matter, and that it related to some wretched Translation, or Undertaking which had been cry'd up, and was soon buried in eternal Oblivion, while Persius, it seems, whose Works are Immortal, wanted very much of the Translator's Vogue.

'Tis nothing— I can bear
That Paltry Scribblers have the Publick Ear,
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up Laboe's Stuff, and cry me down,

'Tis needless to repeat more Instances of such kind of Obscurities and Comments. All modern Writings, Comedy, Satyrs, Epigrams, Dialogues, and the like, which have Allusion to the present Times and Manners, will be as obscure to Posterity, as those of Antiquity are to us. Who can read Hudibras now without a Comment? Or indeed, who can comment upon him in some Places, better than upon Persius? As in Canto II.

When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members Quarrel to espouse.

A n hundred Years hence, a Commentator may object against these Six Members, and prove it to be an Error of the Transcriber, for Five Members; as in Sir John Denham, pag. 63.

To the Five Members of the Honourable House of Commons.

We come in the Rear, to present our Follies
To Pym, Stroud, Haletter, Hampden, and Hollis.

But this Comment falling into the Hands of some Critick better vers'd in History, he will observe, that Sir John Denham refers only to the Members who were of the House of Commons, and were Five only; but Butler includes the sixth Member, the Lord Kimbolton, who was call'd up to the House of Lords, during the Life of his Father, the Earl of Manchester. These are Obscurities which the Writers are not to be blam'd for, and are unavoidable, unless Authors would write Annotations
Did I for this bring in the Scot?
For 'tis no Secret, now the Plot
Was Say's and mine together;
Did I for this return again,
And spend a Winter there in vain,
Once more 't invite them hither?

Will not the Commentators be puzzled to find out
who this I was? The Lord Say is named in History,
as one who held Intelligence with the Scots, when they
enter'd England with an Army, in 1640. But who was
this I? Sir John Denham does not mention it; yet that
future Critick will, after much Study, discover that it
was Mr. Hampden, by

Did I for this return again?

Mr. Hampden went to Scotland with King Charles I.
after Peace was made with the Scots: And farther it
is said in another Stanza,

Did I for this your County bring?

He was Knight of the Shire for the County of Bucks.
Will not there be some Difficulty in these two Verses
of Dryden's, before Mr. Congreve's Double Dealer.

But now not I, but Poetry is curst,
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.

The Lines before it are worth repeating, for that they
shew us compleatly what a good Opinion he had of
himself, as well as of Mr. Congreve.

Oh that your Brows my Laurel had sustain'd,
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd;
The Father had descend'd for the Son,
For only you are lineal to the Throne:
Thus when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his Room arose.
But now not I ———

Which alludes plainly to the Poet Laureat's Place,
which he left for Difaffection to the Government, and
Tom Shadwell succeeded him. This was his Tom the
First, upon whose Death Nahum Tate was made Poet
Laureat; and there has not been a Tom in that Place ever.
ever since: What will the Commentators do then for this *Tom the Second*? Why, if they consult Chamberlain's *Present State of England*, they will find that John Dryden was Historiographer as well as Poet; that Tom Shadwell held both the Places, and Tom Rimer succeeded him as Historiographer: Thus he became *Tom the Second* after Dryden in one Place, tho' not in both. These Obscurities will not be so easily clear'd up, when the *Present State*, the History of England, and other Contemporary Histories are as much forgotten, as it is to be fear'd they will be an hundred Years hence. 

Pere Bouhours gives us a like Example out of a famous French Poet, and the Criticism will be lost if we don't repeat the Original. "Tis taken out of a Satyr, which kind of Poetry is most liable to such Obscurity; because it treats, or should treat of the present Manners. The Author is describing a Feast;

Sur tout certain habilieur a la gueule a affamé,
Qui vint à ce festin conduit par la fumée,
Et qui s'est dit Profés dans l'Ordre des Costeaux,
A fait, en bien mangeant, l'éloge des morceaux.

His Place a gluttonous Romancer took,
Invited thither by the Chimney's Smoak,
Who of the Order of Costeaux profèt,
Eat much, and as he eat, still prais'd the Feast.

I have often thought, says the French Critick, that the Commentators wou'd be hard put to it, by the *Order of the Costeaux*. They will find no such Order in Ecclesiastical History, and will therefore correct it to the *Order of Cîteaux*, which they do find, not knowing that when the *Satirist* wrote, there was a Club of Hard- Drinkers, who had their Wine from the Vineyards on a certain Hill or *Côteau*; From whence they were call'd the *Order of the Costeaux*.

Pere Bouhours thinks there are many Corrections of ancient Authors which have no better Foundation than this, with respect to the Terms; but as to the Thought, he says, there is not the like Agreement between this Amendment and the Commentators, there being no manner of relation between Men who love nothing but Gluttony and Topping, and Men that have renounced the World, and are only preparing for Eternity, as he insinuates of the Brethren of the *Order of Cîteaux*.
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In the Satyr upon Man, Alexander is compar'd to a Court Fool:

Ce fougueux l'Angely, qui de sang alteré,
Maître du monde entier, s'y trouvait trop ferre.

That furious l'Angely, whose Thirst of Blood
Was never quench'd; and who the World subdued,
Lord of the Whole, yet thought himself confin'd.

We know who that l'Angely was, says Father Bours; and if it becomes obscure hereafter, the Author is not to be blam'd for it. Angely was a Fool belonging to the Court, brought thither out of Flanders by the Prince of Conde; and the Poet compares Alexander to him on Account of the Madness or Folly of his Ambition. Such Obscurities as these are not what Father Bours means; nor such as come from an ill ordering of the Words, from double Meaning, or barbarous Expression. He refers to the Obscurity which is in the very Thought; and he compares it to those dark Nights, or thick Mists, which hinder all Sight, let a Man have ever so good Eyes, and let the Object be ever so near. 'Tis not very common to find such Obscurity in the Works of the Ingenious; however, there are some which are not free from it, as particularly a Funeral Oration pronounced at the Obsequies of Lewis XIII. the French King, in the Holy Chapel at Paris, by the Priest of the Chapel. The King died on Ascension Day, and the Preacher took for his Text Ascendit super occasionem; upon which he began his Oration thus:

"How then, great Son of our Monarchs, are you weary in the Midst of your glorious Race? are you already setting, and from so great Height of Glory precipitated into an eternal Swoon? No, no, bright Star, you rise by being cast down, and your Elevation is measur'd by your Fall. Why, ye Funeral Pomp, do you disguise his Triumphs?"

We must here insert the Original; for the Nonsense is hardly to be translated:

Si ma Sainte Chapelle est ardente, elle n'éclairera qu'en feux de joie; ce sera dans les évidentes démonstrations où je reproduirai notre Monarque tout auguste, parce qu'il a été tout humble, & hautement relevé dans Dieu par une servitude couronnée, pour n'avoir point échappé à couronnes qui ne lui fussent affligeantes. "If my holy Chapel is a Fire, the Place will be only Bonfires: It will be evident
evident Demonstrations wherein I shall again produce our Monarch always august, because he was all Humility, and highly rais'd in God by a crown'd Servitude, that there might be no Crown which was not subject to him. The Orator was one of the most eminent Ecclesiasticks of his Time, yet what can be more unintelligible? The French express this kind of Nonsense by the Term Phebus; in which Figure, if we may so call it, there must be an Appearance of Light glimmering over the Obscurity, a Semblance of Meaning without any real Sense; whereas in the Galimatias, the Obscurity is compleat. The Phebus is so term'd, from that Appearance of Light, which is very often so little, that the Thought is so obscure as not to be understood; and when the Phebus and the Galimatias come together, there's nothing to be met with but Glimmerings and Darknesses. The Galimatias, in plain English, is Nonsense; for the Phebus we have no Term, but we have the Thing in several notable Productions of the Mind, especially Speeches, Harangues, and the Flower of English Oratory, Addresses to the Throne, where the Orator glitters with flaming Words and Turns without Meaning, or but with very little. Pere Bouhours gives us an Infance of the mixing the Galimatias and the Phebus, as in the Saying of a Spaniʃh Panegyrist, The Sun seems to make his Course round the Throne of our Kings in making it round the World, for their Crown is his Zodiac upon Earth. The Author of the Prince Illustre, abounds with the like Mixture of these two Figures: He presents his Hero with a most glorious Picture, which, says he, "Was never spread upon Canvas, which was made as soon as design'd, whose Colours were his Sweat temper'd with the Blood of his Enemies, whose Sword was his Pencil, his Courage his Painter, his Desires his Designs, and himself his Original." The Preacher in the before-mentioned Funeral Oration, added, The Man in the King wou'd what he could, the King in the Man cou'd what he wou'd, and the Strength of the one was the Weakness of the other. Here's Nonsense with an Appearance of Sense, which is the Phebus of the French. This Appearance consists in a Construction, That as a King, and as a Man, he acted correspondent to each Quality. Having prais'd that Monarch for being insensible of every Thing
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Thing which flatters the Sense, he cries out, " Oh Roy-
" al Abstinence of Pleasures! Oh Sun born in Abysses!
" Oh Plenitude in the Vacuum, Manna in the Deserts!
" A dry Fleece all over wet, a wet Fleece all over dry:
" A dry Body where Pleasures may be drown'd: A Bo-
" dy temper'd and imbru'd with the Confolations of a
" rigid Austerity! Again, Go mighty Soul, a Guest
" worthy of so rich a Palace. Of Matter as base as
" that of Animals, you made one as pure as that of the
" Stars: As it is Unchangeable by your Vigour, it is
" Immortal by your Rewards. And you, ye sacred
" Ailhes, the Remains of so chaste a Torch, Of all the
" Solemnities of these Obsequies, I have only for you an
" anticipated Translation, which, without stirring from
" the Place, from the Tomb, places you in the Cradle,
" and from the West, carries you to the East. I do not
" commit you to the Dust, as we Europeans do; nor to
" the Waters, as the Barbarians; nor to the Air in a
" Chryftal, as the Egyptians; nor to the Fire, as the
" Romans. I lay you up in the Bosom of Providence,
" which designs to enclofe the Globe of my Star, and
" the Chariot of his Triumphs, whose finest Solemnity
" shall be the Device of Lewis the Just. Ascendit
" Super Occasum.

P E R E Bouhous remarks, that it is hard to tell
which prevails most here, the Galimatias, or the Pho-
" bus; for nothing can be more shining or less clear.

I don't know whether the Reader will place this
Thought and Expression of Dr. Felton on the Classicks,
to the Galimatias, or the Phoebus; If the Rules had
not been given, we had been troubled with much fewer
Writers. Which seems to me to include an Obscurity
as well in the Expression as the Thought: And so this of
Dryden, in his Poem on Oliver Cromwell.

As if the Confident of Nature saw
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

Whether it was out of Haste or Negligence, or whatever
else was the Occasion; but Dryden is often obscure in his
Plays and Poems. Tho'f two noted Lines in his Hind
and Panther, are of this bad Kind.

He's doom'd to Death, tho' fated not to dye.

Yet there may be an Interpretation which clears it of
the
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the Obscurity, notwithstanding the Criticism of the Lord Hallifax and Prior, in the Country Mouse. Doom and Fate are not here the same Thing; Doom is condemn. A Criminal on whom Sentence is pass'd, may be said to have receiv'd his Doom, to be doom'd to Death; but a Reprieve and Pardon proves that he was fated not to dye. The next Line is not so easily clear'd of the Obscure.

And follows Fate, which does too fast pursue.
The Galimatias there is very visible, and I question whether what follows in the Translation of Homer, is not somewhat a-kin to it.

Slow rolls the Chariot o'er the following Tide.
The next Verses are certainly of the same Species.

When the Gr's pray they both request and grant.

Rival Ladies.

So soon o'ercast with Absence in the Morn.
Poets have often run into this Obscurity for the sake of Measure or Rhime. Had it not been for the Measure, wou'd the Translator of Homer have said,

If Chance a swelling Brook his Passage stay,

Eyes the rough Waves.

The rough Waves of a Brook are either not very intelligible, or they are very ridiculous. The rough Waves of the River Brent hardly deserve to be ey'd by Women and Children; but the Waves of a Brook, which a Boy can leap over, wou'd never have been thought of by the Translator, if Brook had not been a Monosyllable, and River a Difyllable; for tho' 'tis a Brook in the Verfe, 'tis a River in his Note; and the rough Waves of a River one has a just Conception of. The Rhime has done as much Mischief this Way as the Metre. Dryden would not have said Phalaris' Cow, instead of Bull, if it had not been for the Rhime low: There would be no End of it, should one multiply Inftances of this Kind. I shall only add one more, a Verfe in a Poem of the Lord Hallifax.

To every Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd.

Thunder being hurl'd from the Heavens, or Pieces of Rocks down Precipices, Darts and Lances being hurl'd in
in Combat we all understand; but as to Ships being hurl'd along the Sea by a fair Wind, is not so easily understood, and must be made use of purely for that it rhim'd to World. I have already mentioned a Passage out of Dr. Felton, the Meaning of which was very much overcast, so as to be almost lost in a Cloud; and what follows out of Collier's Effays is not at all clearer. The Brain has an unpromising Aspect; nor is the next Passage of this much better, If a Man gives me a foresê Box on the Ear, I may love the Hand, tho' I don't like the Blow. The Author very frequently darkens his Meaning by the Affestation: He could neck a Passion at a Stroke, and lay it a-leep. Again, Man may act an Excellency for the Satisfaction of Significancy. Again, the Keenness and Vigour of a Man's Senses seem to make them more liable to be disoblige'd. Sometimes the Galimatias arises from the Confusion which is produced by a Huddle of Metaphors, as in this of Collier; It may be, we shall sift the Gentleman to the Bran, and make him run the Gantlet before he gets clear. This Gentleman is first Meal, then Bran, and then a Foot Soldier; To be always pouring in Oil, is the Way to over-set the Flame, and extinguish the Lamp. If you lay a Country constantly under Water, you must spoil the Soil. This may be plac'd under the shining Figure Phæbus, where Nonsense, tho' one of the Spirits of Darkness, appears, like an Angel of Light; what follows is still more glaring, It may be the Falling of Drunkennesse is imperceptible in the single Instance, 'twill rise in the Sun. To go always a little out of the Way, makes a strange Mistake upon the Progress: A Grain will grow to a Burthen by Addition; To be always dipping an Estate, is the Way to turn Beggar: A Drop that's perpetually falling will make a Stone give way. This Thought is sparkling in Appearance, but examin'd, you will find it so full of Turnings and Windings that it becomes a mere Labyrinth.

COLLIER's Effays are full of the like Examples of glittering Confusion, or Phæbus's Figure, which, I doubt not, has been the Admiration of Sophs, Under-Graduates, and Judges of the same Rank, from Quintilian's Time, to Father Boubours. They will glean up the best Thoughts. They will draw off the Spirit of an Argument. When the Mine has been work'd by such Hands.
The Nonsense which comes from a Word is not the Subject of the French Jesuits Criticism, as this of an honourable English Poet:

A royal Vest Prince Vortimer had on,
Which from the naked Piets his Father won.

This has occasion'd a great deal of Raillery, though there is not so much Reason for it as some have imagin'd; but the Thought lay so open, by the Vest and the Naked, that a blind Critick must have stumbled upon it. The two following Verses of the same honourable Poet is a perfect Galimatias Nonsense, without the least Ray of Light to gild the Obscurity:

But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies,
To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.

The Poets, in their Love-Fits, have produc'd Phæbus upon Phæbus, Nonsense that shines every where, but with the Light of a Glow-Worm, which vanishes when you come near it:

—'Tis gone,
And Bellamira, with eternal Spring,
Drest in blue Heavens, and breathing vernal Sweets,
Dropt like a Cherubim.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

Lee, it may be said, was mad, and his Brain too much distemper'd for sound Thinking: But what was Shakespear?

Oh give me Remeo, and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
That all the World will grow in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun.

Again,
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
The Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.

But this Subject will not bear Remark; the Confusion which arises from Passion is very intelligible to such as have been sensible of it, as Dryden observes:

Bb

Imper-
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Imperfect Sounds
And Nonsense shall be Eloquence in Love.

Sir Harry Sheers, in a Sonnet he wrote for Southern, joins Softness and Nonsense very prettily:

Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts and Wings,
Her Eye-brows Cupid's Bow,
Her silken Hair the silver Strings.

And one might fill Volumes with Instances of this Kind out of our Poets Amorous and Gallant. The Nonsense that is occasion'd by the Expression only, is not generally so obscure as that which is originally in the Thought; as when a fam'd Lord-Keeper said in his Speech: The Sea is our brazen Wall, Rushw. p. 1115. Every one understands the Sea is as good a Fortification to us as a Wall of Brass. But what did Sir Edward Turner mean, in that elegant Speech of his, where he said: As the Sun exhales the Vapours from the Earth, and then sends them down in Showers of Plenty, so our Obedience and Affection to your Majesty are return'd upon our Heads in Peace. I have often seen Faction and Sedition compared to Vapours; but Affection and Obedience are not sure in any Comparison with the Exhalations from Boggs and Marshes; though the Speech-making Knight was perhaps more in the Right than he intended; for the superlative Loyalty of those Times, the Sacrifices made in other Speeches to arbitrary Power, like the Addresses of Abhorrence afterwards, and the Oxford Decree, may be said justly to be Vapours exhal'd from the Marshes and Boggs of Obedience without Reserve, of Superstition and Bigotry. Archdeacon Echard is captivated with this Elegance. The Obscurity in the following Stanza of an Ode on King William is entirely in the Thought:

The great first Mover which revolvs the Sky,
With its ineffable Rapidity,
Moves not more Orbs round this terrestrial Ball,
More thwarting various Motions forces with its own,
Than Spight of different Motives be alone,
Can unite Opposites to follow at his Call.

The Words glitter; but the Thought is a mere Chaos. In translating Examples out of Pesc Boubours, the Reader is not to expect Sense, when he is to be taught by
Logick and Rhetorick: 371

by Nonfence. The next Instance is taken from the Letters of l'Abbe de St. Cyran, a Writer of great Eminence in his Time, the Minority of Louis XIV. "Esteeeming every where of great Importance, I do not say the Omissions, but the leaf Intermissions of Friendship, whether in Words or Actions; and not being of Opinion with those that think the Contemplatives have the Advantage of others in the Exercise of the Virtues, having always loved Action more than Word, and Word more than Meditation, and solitary Conversation in Friendship, I may say, however, with Assurance, that I have not fail'd on this Occasion, and that the Cause of my Dilatoriness will be as agreeable to you as a Letter written with more Diligence; the more for that desiring once for all, to tell you with Expression equal to the Bottom of my Thought, after what Manner I pretend to have given my self to you, I have done contrary to those excellent Painters who are at the Pains to lower their Imagination, not being able to raise mine to the Point where my Acknowledgment would lodge it. From hence it is, that in the Debate between my Heart and my Understanding, whose Conceptions do not come up to its Movements, I chose rather to be silent a while, in expectation of the Assistance of those fine Spirits which help to the forming of high Imaginations, than by endeavouring to say something, to say it with Diminution, and to the Prejudice of the Fountain of my Passions, in which it is only lawful when they are begot by true Love, to have a Sort of Ambition without fear of Reproach." I shall content my self with this Quotation out of Monfieur de S. Cyran. Perc Bouhors has more of this Nonfense; but we have too much of it of our own Growth to need any Importation from France. When Authors endeavour to shine every where, they very often run into the Figure Phæbus; of which one may say as the Poet:

Like Clouds, whose fleecy Skirts are gilt with Gold.

Epistles Dedicatory are full of these gilt Clouds, for which the Patron often parts with his pure Gold. Sermons, especially from young Declaimers, do sometimes abound with them, as well as publick Speeches, Charges, and the like; the Latter in an especial Manner, when
the Declaimer ventures out of his Road, and is not contented with the Form that is set him. The Opera is of a Nature not to be supported without this Figure; everything there is Shew, and there is no more need of Sense than there is of Philosophy. Otway, in his Dedication of the Orphan to the Dutchess of York, labours very hard to gather Flowers and Graces for his Garland. The Description of so rare Virtues as yours ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a Hand. The Features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hastily Dashing will but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural as must want false Lights to set it off. If false Lights are unnatural, they would be of little Service to set off what was before out of Nature. To the Dutchess of Portsmouth, before Venice Preserv'd, he says, Your Grace has given me so large a Theme, and laid so very vast a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it. One would think now that one should be digging under Ground almost to the Center to find out this very vast Foundation; but instead of that we must call for a Telescope or a Quadrant to take the Altitude of it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write I want a Scale of Thought to comprehend the Height of it. Again, You call'd me from the Rear of Fortune and plac'd me in the Shone.

One would have expected that he had been remov'd from the Rear of Fortune to the Front; but it is to the Shone. Notice has been elsewhere taken of the Absurdity of Similes in the Height of Passion, to which very often the Phæbus is added, as by Southern, in his Play call'd the Disappointment:

---Oh may Heaven in Thunder send
A general Pardon to the sinning World,
That every Heart may feel what mine does now.

Besides the sending a Pardon by Thunder, which generally goes on the Errands of Vengeance, he adds a Simile:

Alphonso comes, like Nature's God he shows
In a May Morning thro' the golden Boughs,
Crown'd with the rosy Beauties of the Spring.

Here is something that shines and smiles; but what it means is no Way communicated to us. Dr. Burnet of
of the Charter-House, in his Answer to one Warren, who excepted against his Theory, quotes a Passage out of that Warren, which makes a very exemplary Galimatias: Hermus, Caifer, Menander and Caius, Nile and its Mud, Piscennius Niger, who contended with Septimus Verus for the Empire, and reprimanded his Soldiers for bankering after Wine. Du Val, an ingenious French Writer, and Cleopatra and her admired Antony, have all a sweet Agreement one with another; and are an admirable Instance of that reverend Author's Ability to cope with the Matter of the Charter-House, one of the most eloquent Writers in any modern Language: The same excellent Critick and Divine, in his Exception to the Theory, speaking of the Great Deep, by which is understood the Receptacle of the Waters before the Flood, expresses himself thus: But though these Caverns be called Deepes, we must not take them for profound Places that went down into the Earth, below the common Surface of it; on the contrary, they were situate above it. Thus he makes the World to stand upon its Head like a Tumbler: The Deep is above Ground, and the Surface under it. This is a Galimatias, rather of Irish than of French Growth; and we see that Philosophy is infected, as well as Poetry and Oratory; and as plain as Mr. Warren's Philosophical Nonsense is, he is so fond of it that he has it over again, and affirms, that by the Tops of the Mountains in Scripture, we must understand the Bottoms of the Mountains. To the Galimatias he joins the Bombait, in an Harangue in Praise of the Clouds: Sometimes they mount up and fly afoft, as if they forgot or disdained the Meaneness of their Origin. Sometimes again they sink and stoop too low, as if they repented of their former proud Aspirings, and did remorseful humble Penance, for their high Presumption. And though I may not say they weep to expiate their Arrogance, or kiss the Earth with bedewed Cheeks, in token of their Penitence; yet they often prostrate in the Dutt, and sweep the lowest Grounds of all with their misty foggy Trains." Dr. Burnet's Raillery, in his Animadversions on this learned Divine's Exceptions, is perfectly pleasant and fine, and deserves to be imitated by all who have Genius and Occasion.
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THIS Harangue about the Clouds and Rains, says he, is pursued for fourteen or fifteen Pages; and with Submission to better Judgments, I take it to be a Country Sermon about the Usefulness of Rain. I was drawn into this Digression by his Idea of Country Sermons, and the very great Pertinence observ'd in the Choice of the Subjects, it being exactly conformable to my Conceptions of most of them; but I durst not have express'd it without a Warrant from one of the greatest Doctors of our Church. Is not this a very happy Expression of the same Author, Warren, as to the Creation of Water, that it broke out of the Womb of Nothing? In a celebrated Poem printed about thirty Years ago, were these Verses:

Then Time had first a Name, by firm Decree,
Appointed Lord of all Futurity;
Within whose spacious Womb.

People were very much surpriz'd at the Womb of Lord Time; and it is near akin to the Womb of Nothing; but the ingenious Author corrected it afterwards:

Within whose ample Bosom.

Such Slips as Womb of Time do not proceed from the Perplexity of the Author's Mind, or the Deficiency of his Understanding; but from Negligence and Over-sight. They are what Horace recommends to the Candour of the Reader, when there are Beauties in the Poem to make amends for them:

---Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis, Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse.

The Expression will very often betray the Ignorance of the Author in the Thought; as when the Reverend Mr. Laurence, in the Preface to his Book of Gardening, says, The Subject of Philosophy is pretty; or that Euclid is a very facetious Person. How the Prettiness of Philosophy can be made appear, is no more conceivable than the Philosopher Mr. Warren's Saying of Dr. Burnet's Theory, that his Argument was indirecly, consequentially, and reducively of blasphemous Importance. Which
Which corresponds with his Description of the Creation: The Embossings of Mountains, the Enamelling of Iffer Seas, the Open-Work of the vast Ocean, and the fret-Work of the Rocks. Where both Thought and Expression bear Relation to the Galimatias and Phæbus, 'tis the more inexcusable, for that in philosophical and controversial Matters, Peripetacy is principally necessary. It will be seen that I affect to take my Examples from Authors who were well esteem'd, both by the Publick and themselves: and so many offer in their Writings, that one might easily fill a Library with Books upon the Subject Nonsense which shines, and Nonsense which does not shine, Nonsense in the Thought, and Nonsense in the Expression; sometimes the one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both together, where the Obscurity is natural and involuntary, not such as Wilmot, Earl of Rochefort's Speech, when he perforated Alexander Bendo, the High-German Doctor, or Italian Quack; nor the merry Harangue made by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to amuse the House of Lords, and give time to increase a negative Vote against the Bill for establishing arbitrary Power in King Charles the Second's Reign. In the Lord Rochefort's there was a Meaning conceal'd; in the Duke of Buckingham's no Meaning at all; but he gave it a Cast and an Air of Sense, which had the Effect he intended.

I am satisfy'd the Instances I could take out of the Addresses which have been made to the Throne in England will be thought too mean, or I might produce much of the Obscure and Unintelligible in the Zeal and Loyalty of our Countrymen, especially in the Reigns of King Charles and King James II. 'Tis very hard that those Examples should be thought to have too much Mean-ness in them, when they were drawn up by the most learned, most eloquent, and most able of the Clergy, as will be generally allow'd. Thus in the following Description of the Dissenting Ministers: Those canting Pretenders to Conscience and Purity, the charming Crocodiles of a new Babel, who are ravenous Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing. Which was sign'd by a whole County. The charming Crocodiles being ravenous Wolves is nothing; but when the new Babel is added to it, the Confusion is as great as at the old One, and deserves Remark, as coming from a Quarter that wanted not the Assistance of...
both our Universities: As doth what follows, being an
Effect of the good Sense, Divinity, Logick, and Rhetorick
of the Honourable Society of the Inner-Temple:
Since the Birth of our Saviour nothing of more general
Benefit hath happen'd, than the Discovery of this
damnable Presbyterian Plot; nor can we hope to make
right Use of our Saviour's Birth, unless we do from the
Bottom of our Breasts abhor and detest it, &c. I will
mention the Eloquence of but one more Address to the
Throne; and I am provok'd to it by the Simpance
there is between the Abilities of the Orators of the
Place in those Days and in these: They would involve
your Majesty's three Kingdoms in a Perpetuity of
Blood and miserable Distractions, had not the All-seeing
Power timely detected them; and by a seasonable Sa-
crifice, the Fire at Newmarket, led you thence, as did
that Cloud and Pillar the Children of Israel out of
Egypt; otherwise must our only Isaac, the King and the
Duke of York, have been offer'd up to the Emulation of
execrable Villains, &c. What a Jest must it have been to
Foreigners, if any of 'em had understood our Language,
to read those fine Orations with which the State-Papers
were cram'd; and to have an Account how most graciously
so much Fustian and Nonsense were receiv'd? They must
have taken them as a Sample of the English Genius,
of our Logick and Rhetorick; for People generally
make Presents of the very best they have to their Princes.
If I had taken Notice of this when I spoke of Bombast,
I might have very much swell'd the Bulk of this Book
by that Article; and it would have been made very
plain, that small Genius's, by affecting to be florid,
become perplex'd. This Perplexity is the Reverse of
Perispiciuity; and the best turn'd Periods in the World,
without Meaning, are like Consonants without Vowels.
Yet I could cite Passages out of many declamatory and
rhetorical Performances, which have past current as ex-
cellent and beautiful, with no more Meaning in them
than Marrow in a Skeleton, 'To descend to the lower
Order of Speakers and Writers, would be to throw our
selves into a Wood, out of which there is no Passage.
To mean is an Effect of Thinking; and when we con-
sider how very few People there are who can really
think, for if they think not justly they think not at all,
we shall not be surpris'd when we meet with Perplexity
and
and Nonsense. I have instanced several Passages of this
out of French Divines, after Pere Bouhours; and how
easy would it be to match them with others of the fame
Kind, out of the Works of English Preachers! Dr.
Echard, in his Contempt of the Clergy, has some plea-
sant Instances; as this: Omnifopotent All, thou art Only
because thou art All, and because thou only art; as for
us we are not; because we seem to be, and only seem to
be, because we are not. This is Galimatias with a Witness.
I have mention’d the Flourishing of a Spanish Priest on
the King of Spain’s being the Zodiac, of the Earth;
which is not so bad as the Saying of an English Preacher,
that the Mercy of God in sending our Saviour was a
Zodiacal Mercy, a Mercy truly Zodiacal; for Christ al-
ways keeps within the Tropicks, “He goes not out of
the Pale of the Church; but yet he is not always at
the same Distance from a true Christian, sometimes
he withdraws himself into the Apogeum of Doubt,
Sorrow and Despair; but then he comes again into the
Perigeum of Joy, Content, and Assurance: But as for
Heathens and Unbelievers, they are all Arfick and An-
tartick Reprobates. We have in the first Part observ’d
what was said by a Spanish Author of St. Xavier and
the Sign Cancer in a Poem; which, however, is more
passable than the Saying of one of our own Divines in a
Sermon, where the Twelve Signs are made so many
Proofs of our Saviour’s coming to our Redemption; and
having past through Aries, and Taurus, and Gemini,
confirm’d by several Texts of Scripture, he breaks out,
What need I speak of Cancer, when the Psalmist says
so plainly; What ailed thee, ob thou Sea, that thou
fleddest, though I ordain that thou wast driven back?
And how would some Theatrical Orators be able to
justify their Actions in the Pulpit, by the Laws of Ora-
tory, and the Practice of Pagan Orators, had they heard
another Reverend Divine advising his Auditory, That
when they are teaching they should not move too much;
for that is to be carry’d to and fro with every Wind of
Doctrine? What follows, taken out of a Sermon preach’d
at St. Mary’s in Cambridge, has something of the
Phæbus, but more of the Pun: As God hath DEALT
to every Man a Measure of Faith, Men should play their
CARDS above-board, that is, avoid all Difsembling,
not pocket Cards, but improve their Gifts and Graces,
follow
The AKT of follow Suit, wear the Surplice, and conform in Ceremonies. The Subject and the Simile agree very well. These are Phæbus's, which were produc'd by the Preachers Fondness of Metaphors; and there is enough of 'em in Dr. Echard's pleafant Letter to R. L. In his Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy, he rallies Mr. Hobbç for falling into a Philosophical Phæbus; and instead of faying in these plain Terms, as the Areśtote-
lians do, that Sense is a Knowledge occasion'd by some outward thing, that Colour is the Object of the Eye, and Sound the Object of the Ear. He declaims, "All "Conception proceeds from the Action of the Thing "it self whereof it is the Conception; and when the "Action is preffent the Conception it produceth is called "Sense, and the Thing by whose Action the fame is "produced is called the Object of the Sense. By "Sight we have a Conception of Colour, which is all "the Notice and Knowledge the Object imparteth to "us of its Nature by the Eye. And by Hearing we "have a Conception called Sound, which is all the "Knowledge we have of the Quality of the Object "from the Ear." The Abundance of Words here occa-
sions the Perplexity; and there is nothing more likely to occasion it than such an Abundance. Where that great Philosopher, Hobbes, does not fo abound with Words, his Conceptions are not fo clearly express'd as one would expect in the Writings of a Perfon who de-
pended entirely on human Reason; as in this: The Abience or Destruction of Things once imagin'd, doth not cause the Abience or Destruction of the Imagination it self." In which, if there is any Meaning at all, it is no more than this: That though the Palace of White-
ball is burnt, it does not hinder my remembring that it once stood there: Which is extreamly philosophical and edifying. Much of the fame Kind will be found in the Doctor's Dialogues, which I chose to make ufe of on account of the Character of Hobbes, as well abroad as at home. The Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, praiscs him for the very Quality which Dr. Echard thinks him deficient in:

In other Authors, tho' the Sense be good, "Tis not sometimes fo eas'ly understood.
That Jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd,
Some Words should be left out, and some explain'd:
So that in search of Sense we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a Way;
But here bright Eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected Style,
As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art,
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in;
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As smooth as Woman and as strong as Man.

As thus, in that Philosopher's clear Way: A Man is either by or for himself a Man, call'd a real Man; or he is a Man for another, call'd a fictitious Man. Again, Liberty is Absence of all Impediments to Actions that are not. Again, When two Parties disagree about a Matter of Right, it is a Law of Nature that they should leave it to the Determination of a Third, which Third must not be One of the Two. One cannot say this is so perplex'd as not to leave Room for us to find out what is meant by it: But the making a Third out of the two is not surely,

The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art.

Should we look into the Works of the smaller Philosophers, we should find hardly any thing else but Galimatias; they seem, like the Oracles of old, to make Obscurity the Excellence of their Axioms: Not that they do it so much out of Design to keep their Science a Mystery, as out of the Confusion of Thought and Insufficiency of Expression. Such Obscurity passeth for Learning with the Ignorant; and the less People understand of these Authors the more profound they reckon their Knowledge. These's and Exercises are full of the like Galimatias and Phæbus's, not out of Affection so much as Ignorance; though to affect Learning and Knowledge above a Man's Capacity, is the surest Way to be puzled in Thinking; and, consequently, to fall into the Vice which Pere Bouchers is exposing. There are no Writers so apt to be guilty of this as your Metaphysicians, who spin their Thread so very fine that it breaks with the least Touch. Pere Malbranche would supply
supply us with Examples of this Nature; but we have a Malbranche of our own, Mr. John Norris of Bewer
ton, whose Phæbus's shine out in every Page: As thus, The immediate Objects of our Understandings are the di-
vine Ideas, the omniform Presence of God partially ex-
hibited. Again, The simple Essence of Things is nothing else but the divine Essence it self consider'd with his Connotation as variously representative of Things, and as variously imitable or participable by them. Real.

No doubt but those that admired this Divine's rational and rhetorical Way of Writing understood this and the like Passages, as well as the Writer; but being none of his Favourites, we were not trusted with the Key to them. It must be own'd there is no great Loss in the Miss of his Meaning; for where we find it, 'tis as that of a Riddle or an Enigma. Yet this doughty Author must set up for an Answerer to Mr. Lock's Essay of Humane Understanding; tempted to it, per-

haps, by the great Reputation which he must needs ac-

quire by his Treatise, call'd, A Murnival of Knaves, or Whiggism burlesqu'd out of Countenance. Which in-

struets us, that this Metaphysical Divine, Casuist, and Poet, had Pam in his hand as often as Pere Mal-

branche.

Maynard wrote on another such intelligible Writer in France:

Charles, nos plus rares esprits
Ne fauroient lire tes écrits
Sans consulter Muret ou Lipsé.
Ton Phébus s'explique si bien,
Que tes volumes ne font rien
Qu'une éternelle Apocalypse.

Friend Charles, when we thy Writings read,
We Lipsius or Muretus need;
Our quickest Heads would be perplex'd,
Without a Comment on thy Text:
In where'er Page the Reader dips,
'Tis all a meer Apocalypse,

Father Bouhors tells us the Satyre of Maynard is not just here; for by the Help of Muretus and Lipsius we may understand the Authors they comment upon; but can never understand the Obscurity and Perplexity.
of certain modern Writers, who do not really understand themselves what they write, though they think they do, as far as they are capable of Thinking; for as Thought must be just and true to be good, it will not be pretended that very many are capable of thinking justly and truly in ingenious Subjects. This Obscurity and Perplexity are mostly to be met with in those elaborate Pieces which the Master of the Charter-House calls Country Sermons; and they are the more excusable there, because the Auditory is generally less capable of judging than the Declaimer is of Thinking. Father Boubours observes, that we sometimes think of Things which we cannot express clearly for want of proper Terms. The Thought is either above the Expression, or so mingled and so delicate, that it is not to be explained but imperfectly; though in the Diana of Monte-Mayor it is said, when a Person knows how to express a Thought well, he does not think so well as he expresses it: Quien tambien sabe desir lo que siente, no debe sentirlo tambien como lo dice. Indeed Terms are not often wanting for Expression when the Thought is of itself clear; and a sure Sign that it wants Clearness is its Want of Words. The famous French Bishop, Camus, being in Spain when Lopez de Vega, the famous Spanish Poet was living, ask’d him the Meaning of a Sonnet of his; Lopez read it again and again, and then own’d freely he did not understand it himself. Upon which Pere Boukours remarks, that the Spanish Wits are so apt to be obscure, that it is not taken notice of by Spanish Readers. If they soar into the Clouds, they are, perhaps, the more admir’d. Several Spaniards have confess’d that they do not understand their Poet, Gongora; and probably he acquir’d the Surname of Marvelous, on account of his not being intelligible; in so much that to say a thing that is very obscure in Spanish, they have a Proverb, Es escuro como las soledades de Gongora. These Soledades were two Poems of Gongora’s on Solitude; and the Obscurity in them was greater than that in his other Poems. Gratian, Author of the Courrier, is cenfur’d for the same Defect; he sometimes affects to hide himself in his Book call’d the Courtier, translated into English from the French, by Mr. Savage; and it must be a hopeful Translation that is taken from a Translation of an Original which was not intelligible to
his own Countrymen, at least, in several Places; for in some he is allow'd to be excellent; and in those the English Translator has very often reduc'd them to the Incomprehensibility of the rest which are not comprehensible. The French Critick allows, that an Author may excel in some Passages, and yet be obscure in others; either by too much Subtlety, or too great Haute and Negligence: But the Obscurity of Mr. Savage's Gratian was so remarkable, that Don Juan de Lastanofa acknowledges he was not clear, and that his Stile was too curtail'd and too enigmatical. 'Tis true his Admirers say he affected it, that his Sentiments and Stile might be the more agreeable to the Sublimity of his Subject. That he did not intend to accommodate himself to the Vulgar; but as Aristotle chose to be obscure to please Alexander, who would have no Body understand his Writings but himself; so Gratian was willing to instruct Men of Quality only, and leave the common People to be instructed by such as write clearly and intelligibly. Quintilian speaks of such a kind of Pedant who taught his Scholars to be obscure, and often cry'd, That's excellent, I don't understand one Word of it. This extraordinary Quality was the Merit of Mr. John Norris of Bemerton, who probably affected it in his Metaphysical Poems; but in his Controversy one may suspect that he understood himself no more than his Readers did. I need not enter into Particulars; one may justly say of his Works what Maynard said of a French Writer's:

In whate'er Page the Reader dips,
'Tis all a meer Apocalypse.

I have before me a vast Variety of Obscurity, Unintelligibility, and Contradiction, in English Authors, both in Prose and Verfe. I have mention'd a Passage or two out of a Translation, which I would say the Translator thinks as infallible as the Pope, if it was not a Jingle on the Name; and this out of a Translation which claims the same Infallibility, is not more intelligible:

While I new Tracts explore
With flying Sails, and coast along the Shoar.

Dryd. Georg.
To sail into the wide Ocean in Discovery of new Tracts, and to coast all the while along the Shore in Sight of Land, is of that Sort of Obscurity which arises from Contradiction; and Dryden's Works are by no Means free from it. I shall have frequent Occasion elsewhere to speak of the late excellent Version of Virgil's two first Georgicks compar'd with Dryden's; which in the Comparison appears to be no Translation at all; and that the Translator had no Conception, in many Places, of the Subject, which the Original treated of; especially where he puts the Winter Season before the Vintage. And what his Meaning is here is not easily come at:

Nor poisonous Acorite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is when known refus'd.

And the same may be said of many such Couplets, as is judicially observ'd by the learned and elegant Translator of the late Translation, who one may see was Master of the Subject, and from whom the Lovers of Letters and Poetry hope a Version of the other two Georgicks; and hope, with some Impatience, that the Obscurities which abound in Dryden's Translation may be expos'd, and those dark Places be enlightened by the same Learning and Judgment which succeeded so well in the two Georgicks already publish'd:

So soon o'ercast with Absence in the Morn,
Is an Obscurity of Dryden's, which is a Twin to Nonsense; and many of the same Kind are to be met with in his Plays and Poems. One cannot but be a little surpriz'd that such a loose Way of thinking should pass so currently among the Wits of his Time, for the sake of the Language and Verification; The Nonsense in good Language, like a Blockhead in good Cloaths, renders it more apparent and ridiculous.

To return to Pere Boubours: He is very angry with the French Translator of Gracian's Courtier, for falling on his Dialogues d'Ariste & de Eugene; wherein Ariste says Gracian is obscure; for which the Translator rallies the learned Jesuit; who, however, has got the Advantage of him in the Controversy, by a Confession of his Antagonist in the Preface to the Version of the Spanish Book, where he owns, "That Gracian is ab-

stracted, unintelligible, and, consequently, not to

" be
be translated. That all who have read him give him
to a Friend, who told him he was about translating
"El Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudentia;" The Ma-
manual Oracle, and the Art of Prudence. 'Tis a bold
Undertaking, Sir, to attempt a Version of a Spanish
Book, which the Spaniards themselves do not under-
stand." Upon this Pere Boubours charges the Tran-
slator with contradicting himself, in confessing that
Gracian is unintelligible, and not to be translated, at
the same time that he endeavours to ridicule Arioste for
saying he was incomprehensible. His Words are: If
Gracian is incomprehensible, and does not understand
himself, how is it that he has good Sense, which the
Critick allows? But Pere Boubours allows that an
Author, who is obscure in certain Places, may be clear
and happy in others; which is so plain, that the Ridic-
ule turns all on the French Translator of Gracian for
objecting against it. And the Jesuit adds, the Plea-
fantry of it is, that the Translator piques himself on his
Penetration, when he does not himself understand the
Author he translates. He owns in his Preface before
mention'd, That Gracian's Language is a sort of Cypher,
but an intelligent Person may decypher it, without the
Help of a Conjurer. Though it must be confess'd he
has more than once left the Cypher standing in his Ver-

The Spanish Author, speaking of the Mind, ex-
presses himself thus: Es este el atributo Rey; y au-
quien no crey en contra el, fue de lefa magestad. The
Translator decyphers this Passage thus: L'esprit est le
Roy des attribus; & par consequent chaque offense qu'on
lui fait est un crime de leze-majeste. " The Mind is
the King of Attributes; and, consequently, every
"Offence against the Mind is High-Treason." Gra-
cian and his Translator are as hard to be decypher'd as
the Hieroglyphicks on Egyptian Monuments. Again,
the Author says, speaking of Diffimulation: Sacra-
mentar una voluntad sera soberania. The Translator
terms it thus: Que de la volonté fait faire un Sacrament,
est souverain de soi-même. " He who knows how to
make a Sacrament of his Will is his own Sovereign." This is
very fine both in Spanish and French, and the
Nonsense well dres'd in both Languages: What can one
make of the King of Attributes? What of making a
Sacrament
Sacrament of one's Will, as the French Man renders it. The Spaniard writes, El attributo Rey, which, with the help of a little Conjuring, may be interpreted, [That the Mind is the sovereign Perfection of Man. And by Sacramentar una voluntad, one might imagine he meant, to conceal the Motions of the Heart, and render it a Mystery to others, as is the Eucharist: But to go so far out of the Way for such a small Portion of Sense, was not worth our while, and much less Father Bonhours ; who says, the Translator of Gratian is like Lipsius, who, endeavouring to explain certain dark Passages of Tacitus, made them still darker, and shew'd the World that he did not very well understand them himself: And the French Translator is further like Lipsius, in that he apologizes for the Obscurity of his Original. They both tell us, that their Author wrote not for the People, but only for Princes, Ministers of State, and Men of Wit; and that it is not their Fault if they are not understood, but the Fault of the Readers. However the Mischief of it is, that neither Princes, Ministers of State, nor Men of Wit can find out the Meaning of the obscure Places in Tacitus and Gratian, any more than other Readers. The Truth is, others are as good Judges, as Princes, Ministers of State, and those that are call'd Wits, of what is Sense, and what is NonSENSE. And it is the Out-side only which distinguishes them from the rest of Mankind. Princes, and Ministers of State, have more Opportunities of knowing Men and Affairs, but as to Reason and Wit, others have as many; and if they have more EASE and Leisure, and the same Portion of Understanding, more Opportunities of forming a right Judgment. The Great, it's true, are apt to give themselves the Airs which their Flatterers teach them, and to treat the rest of Mankind as if they were as much below them in the Qualities of the Mind, as in those of Rank and Fortune. But there's something Pleasant in this Imagination, and those they despise do very often perceive the RIDICULUM of those Airs, which turns upon valuing one's self on Qualities one has not, by the Merit of those that one has. These Reflections might be carry'd much further, and probably the Digression would be excus'd, had we Room for it. The French Critick rallies the French Translator of Gratian, for his Frenchifying the Spanish Terms, when he speaks of the

King.
The ARTS of

King, Lewis the XIVth. And it must be own'd the Spanifb Tongue abounding in Augmentatives, was admirably well adapted to the Gust that Monarch had for the groeft Flatteries, where the Panegyric was swell'd in Thought and Expression, till it were ready to burst. The Translator calls him Roy Roy, King King; Maistre Roy, The Master King; The Grand Tout, The Great All; The non plus outre de la Royante, The ne plus ultra of Royalty. Thus the Vice Chancellor of Navarre stil'd him, L'avant-Victorieux, The Van-Conqueror; and began his Eulogy Ma Plume en Vair, My Pen in the Air; Homer has a King more a King than others; and Marot, A King more a King than ever any that wore a Crown: And another Poet, A King truly a King. But a King King was never heard of before Lewis the XIVth; and he might as well have said, a Parrot Parrot. In a Word, adds the Jefuit, there are some Things in Gratian so dark, so abstradted, and so contrary to the Character of the Antients, that 'tis not so agreeable for a Man of a good Taste to be much delighted with him. The Reflexions in the Manual Oracle are unnatural, and very often chimerical; almost always so obscure, that one can make nothing of them, especially in the Translation. If so, in the French Version, which was done by a Man of Learning, what had Work must the English Translation be, which was done by a Man who did not pretend to more Learning than the Generality of his Readers, and who, I believe, was not sensible from the Beginning of the Book to the End, that there was any more Obscurity in it than he was wont to meet with in other Books which he translated, where when the Senfe did not presently reach him, he put in what came first into his Head, which was not so well stor'd as to afford such Supplies any way equal to his Originals!

'Tis strange that there should be Authors who take a Pride in this Obscurity, but it is so true, that Quintilian remembers us of some of them; Perusit jam multis ista perflasio, ut id jam demum elegantur atque exquisitè dictum patent, quod interpretandum sit. There are many Writers who fancy they are admir'd for saying Things so as they may not be understood, and do not think there's Wit in that which does not want interpreting. Such is the Example Pere Bouhours produces,
L'enfer est le centre des damnés comme les ténèbres sont le
centre de ceux qui fuient la lumière. C'est là où la lumière
de Dieu les incommode le moins, où les reproches de leur
conscience sont moins vifs, où leur orgueil est moins con-
fondus; ainsi ce leur est une espèce de soulagement que de
s'y précipiter. " Hell is the Center of the Damn'd,
" as Darkness is the Center of those that fly the Light.
" There the Light of the Lord incommodes them
" less, and the Upbraidings of their Conscience are
" not so piercing, and their Pride is in less Confusion.
" Thus it is a sort of Consolation for them to be flung
" into it". The Divinity of this is suitable to the
Sense. It was said by an eminent Author in France,
and Father Bouhours may well say he does not under-
stand what he means by it, The Light of the Lord,
which shines inwardly on the Damn'd in the midst of
Darkness, makes them more sensible of the Loss of
God's Presence; and one can't conceive how Hell was
made for the Consolation of the Wicked. The same
Author writes elsewhere, " The Soul is born down by
" its own Weight to Despair. The Center of corrupt
" Nature is Rage and Hell; and separate the Soul from
" Objects, and reduce it to a Condition of thinking on
" nothing but it self, it will at once sink down into
" Hell". These Proofs of Things are incomprehensi-
ble: If Despair, Rage, and Hell are the Center of
corrupt Nature, Man could never be at Rest but in De-
spair, in Rage, and in the Torments of the Damn'd;
as a Stone is never at Rest but in its Center. Nor is
what follows more comprehensible: To separate a Soul
from Objects, and reduce it to a Condition of thinking on
nothing but it self, It will sink at once down into
Hell; which borders very much on the Galimatias be-
fore spoken of. As does the Thought of an Italian, a-
gainst measuring the Size of the Understanding by that
of the Head, Non sanno, che la mente è il centro del
Capo: e il centro non cresce per la grandezza del Cir-
colo. The Understanding is the Center of the Head,
and the Center is not enteras'd by the Extent of the
Circle. We are as well furnish'd with Obscurit in
English Authors as the French are, and need not have
recourse to Father Bouhours for Examples. I shall con-
tent my self therefore with one more, Si les amities
des Grands ne se détruisent pas d'ordinaire par les mêmes
dégres.
The ARTS of

degrez qu'elles ont été formées; elles cessent quelquesfois
par un rapport affez juste de la cause qui les a fait naître
avec le penchant de ceux qui deviennent inconstant.

" If the Friendships of the Great are not commonly de-
stroy'd by the fame Degrees by which they were
form'd, they sometimes cease by a just Affinity be-
tween the Cause that created them, and the Inclina-
tion of those that become inconstant". This Nonsense
comes from the greatest and most famous Philosophers
and Historians, and is more excusable in Philosophers
than Historians. Aristotle, the Father of Philosophy,
is obscure enough, and some are apt to think the Se-
crets of Nature require a little Mystery; but 'tis in-
tolerable in Historians, according to Pere Bouhours, and
Common Sense; it being extremely pleasant for an Au-
thor to pretend to tell Facts, and speak so mysteriously,
that the Reader shall not know his Meaning. Aristotle
is to be admir'd where he is understood, but where he
is unintelligible, he ceases to deserve our Admiration.
Socrates, after having read a Treatise of Heraclitus's,
full of Obscurities, past a very handsom Censure upon
it, saying, he was very fine where he understood him,
and he doubted not he was the fame where he did not
understand him: This was that Heraclitus who bid
his Disciples Hide their Thoughts and speak only by
Enigma's, for fear of being understood by the Vulgar.
Pere Bouhours continues, Every Writer, whether Histori-
an or Philosopher, Orator or Poet does not deserve to
be read when he is not intelligible, but makes a My-
stery of his Thought. We should do by them as by
those Women who wear Masks in the Streets, or muffle
themselves up in their Hoods, let them go by and not
so much as look at them. This regards such as affect
to be mysterious, for a little Mystery contributes, when
'tis unaffected, to the Delicacy of a Thought, as has
been already observ'd. Such Mystery leaves Room for
the Light to enter, and is not like a Mask, or thick
Vail, which covers all the Face; it is as a transparent
Gauze, thro' which one sees and knows the Object
with Pleasure; whereas when a Writer studies to be
mysterious, and to puzzle his Readers, they will be in
the wrong to give themselves any Trouble about him,
for his Thoughts will seldom be a Reward for their Pains.
Costar is accus'd of Obscurity, where he says, Voiture
disputoit
Logick and Rhetorick. 389

Disputoit la gloire de bien écrire aux illustres des Nations étrangières, & contraiognit l'écho du Parnasse en un temps qu'il n'étoit plus que pierre, d'avoir autant de passion pour son rare mérite, qu'il en avoit, lors qu'il étoit nymphè pour la beauté du jeune Narcisse. "Voiture disputed the Glory of Writing with the most illustrious of Foreign Nations, and compell'd the "Eccho of Parnassus at a Time when he was nothing "but Stone, to have as great a Passion for his extraor-"dinary Merit, as when he was a Nymph, he had for "the Beauty of young Narcisse". The Thought is not clear, to say no worse of it, and the Eccho of Parnassus having a Passion for Voiture's Merit, though a Stone only, is as little intelligible; as that Eccho not answering the Voice of Thunder, teaches us, that what the Gods do, cannot be express by Men. A Writer of the last Reign had this Thought, in praise of Cardinal Richlieu, L'écho qui ne répondant point à la voix du Tonnerre, nous apprend que ce que les Dieux font, ne scouroit être ex-primé par les Hommes. Costar, in a Letter to a Friend, has a Thought which is much prettier, There is something in your Letter, which, I believe, would be very fine, if you and I understood it. "Il y a dans "votre Lettre une chose qui seroit, je crois, fort belles; "si nous l'entendions vous et moi. Balzac, continues he, speaking of Virtue's being its own Reward, says, La gloire n'est pas tant une lumière étrangère qui vient de dehors aux actions heroïques, qu'une réflexion de la pro-pre lumière de ses actions, & un éclair qui leur est renvoyé par les objets qui l'ont receü d'elles. Here's a great deal of Light, but very little Clearness, and there must not be more Meaning expected in the Translation, than in the original French of Balzac; Glory is not so much a Foreign Light which proceeds from the outside of Heroick Actions, as the Reflection of the proper Light of those Actions, and a Luster which is sent them back from the Objects that receu'd them. I endeavour to be as literal as possible, and must preverse the Nonfenfe as well as the Sense of Pere Boubours's Quotations. Sal-lust expresseth himself with great Perspicuity, Majorum gloria posteris quasi lumen est, neque bona eorum, neque mala in occulto patitur. "The Glory of Ancestors is "as a Light which shews their Descendants, their good "and bad Qualities.
The ARTS of
Poets who pretend to speak the Language of the Gods, are not always to be understood by Men, witness the following Verses upon Cardinal Richelieu.

Je scay que les travaux de mille beaux Esprits,
Pour s'immortaliser ont fait une peinture,
Qui montre à l'Univers que ta gloire est un prix
Pour qui le Ciel dispute avecque la Nature.

I know the Labour of a Thousand Wits,
To immortalise Thee have made a Picture
That shows the World thy Glory is a Prize
Which Heaven disputes with Nature.

The Verses Pere Bouhours quotes out of an Heroick Poem are much of the same Value. The Subject is very rich and beautiful Armour.

L'étoffe & l'artifice y disputoient du prix;
Les diamans mêlez avecque les rubis
S'y montroient à leur flamme, & vive & mutuelle,
Ou toujours en amour, ou toujours en querelle.

The Stuff and Art dispute the Prize,
The Diamonds with the Rubies mix'd,
Shew by their lively and their mutual Flame
That always they're in Love, or always quarrelling.

'Tis hard to tell which is clearest, The Prize which Heaven disputes with Nature: Or, the Diamonds mix'd with Rubies always in Love, or always quarrelling. The French Poets have very often fallen into Nonsense by Exaggerations in their Flattery. But Lewis the XIVth was not so delicate in that Affair as to leave the Poets without Reward, tho' the Panegyrick was without Sense. Fathers Bouhours quotes some Verses upon the King's Marriage at the Conclusion of the Pyrenean Treaty, which are not over clear.

Le Destin consentoit que Madrid fût en poudre:
Pour complaire à l'Infante il contredit les Cieux:
Des mains de Jupiter il arache la foudre;
Et desarme les Rois, les Peuples, & les Dieux.

The Fates consent Madrid shou'd be in Dust,
And contradicts the Skies to please the Infanta;
They snatch the Thunder from the Hands of Jove,
And Kings, and People, and the Gods disarm.
Proper Incense this for the Altar of the Grand Lewis.
The Poem begins thus,

Braves, reposez-vous à l'ombre des lauriers,
Le Grand Louis consent que vous preniez haleine.

Brave Soldiers rest beneath the Shade of Laurels,
Great Lewis gives you Time to breathe.

The learned Jesuit, as I have observ’d more than once, takes his Examples of Obscurities from Authors of great Vogue, as was the Dramatick Poet who wrote these Verses.

Ce départ cependant m'arrache un aveu tendre,
Et dont mon cœur confus d'un silence difcret,
En soupirant tout bas m'avait fait un secret.

Let this Departure forc’d from me a tender Confession,
And of which my Heart confounded with a discreet (Silence,

By Sighing softly, made a Secret to me.

Pere Bouhours tells us, that a Portuguese Orator, in an Historical Discourse on the Birth-Day of the most serene Queen of Portugal, express'd himself in this Manner; Si un Prince se fie à son sujet, on peut dire qu’un cœur se fie à un autre cœur: mais quand l’Epoux se fie à son Epouse, il ne faut pas dire qu’un cœur se fie à un autre cœur, mais qu’un cœur se fie à lui-même. When a Prince confides in his Subjects, we may say “that one Heart confides in another; but when a Husband confides in his Wife, we must not say one Heart confides in another; but that one Heart confides in it self”: Or, the half of a Heart, adds the famous Portuguese Orator, puts Confidence with more Safety in the other half of it self. A very whimsical Thought, according to Pere Bouhours; but that of one of the Antients, mention’d by Demetrius Phalereus, has still more of the Whimsy in it: A Centaur rides a Horse back upon himself. This out-does The Heart’s confiding in it self; and one half putting Confidence in another; and a Heart’s sighing softly, to make a Secret of its Paffion to it self; which are all very notable Galimatias, or in plain English, exquisite Nonsonce. And even Malherbe, who is commend’d for good Sense and Perspicuity, sleeps sometimes as well as Homer, if Pere Bouhours.
Boubours judges rightly, as in these Verses of his Ode
to the Duke de Ballegarde.

C'est aux magnanimes exemples,
Qui sous la banière de Mars
Sont faits au milieu des hazards,
Qu'il appartient d'avoir des temples.
Et c'est avec ces couleurs
Que l'histoire de nos malheurs
Marquera si bien ta mémoire,
Que tous les siècles à venir
N'auront point de nuit assez noire
Pour en cacher le souvenir.

"Tis to those magnanimous Examples,
Which under the Banner of Mars,
Are made in the midst of Perils,
That Temples ought to be built.
And 'tis with these Colours
That the History of our Misfortunes
Will mark thy Memory so well,
That in all future Ages
There shall not be Night black enough
To hide the Remembrance of it.

What can one make of Examples to which Temples ought
to be built? and which are made in the midst of Perils?
what Colour does the Poet speak of? 'tis not easily to be
conceiv'd; nor the Meaning of the following Verses
by the same Author Malherbe,

Ce n'est pas en mes vers qu'une Amante abusée
Des appas enchantants d'un parjure Thésée,
Après l'honneur robb'd de sa pudicité,
Lais'sée ingratement en un bord solitaire,
Fait de tous les assauts que la rage peut faire,
Une fidèle preuve à l'infidélité.

Sing not in my Verse an injur'd Fair,
Betray'd by Thesius's bewitching Charms;
Of Honour robb'd, and of her Modesty,
Abandon'd on a solitary Coast,
Who makes of all the Assaulits that Rage can make
A faithful Proof to Infidelity.

The Jesuit informs us, that most Readers thought
they understood the two last Lines because they run
smoothly,
smoothly, and have an Appearance of Sense, which the foregoing Verses do not want. He owns he does not understand All the Assaults that Rage can make; nor Faithful Proof to Infidelity. In excuse of the Author, 'tis said, he was very young when he wrote them; and that, as Longinus says of Homer's old Age, It was the old Age of Homer, so one may say of Malherbe's Youth, that it was the Youth of Malherbe, in whose Writings if any Slips were made, the Beauties more than atton'd for them; but Pere Boulbours will not admit of any Excuse for Obscurity. He insists upon it that no Writing, or Poem is worth any Thing, if it is not clear, at least those Places where Clearness is wanting. A French Sonnet, entitled, l'Avorton, The Abortive Birth, has fine Thoughts in it, tho' they are not all without some Obscurity.

Toi qui meurs avant que de naître,
Assiéblage confus de l'être & du néant;
Triste avorton, informe enfant,
Rebut du néant & de l'être;
Toi que l'amour fit par un crime,
Et que l'honneur défit par un crime à ton tour,
Futée ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeste victime.
Laisse moi calmer mon ennui;
Et du fond du néant où tu rentres aujourd'hui,
Ne trouble point l'horreur dont ma faute est suivie.
Deux tyrans opposés ont décidé ton sort:
L'amour, malgré l'honneur, te fit donner la vie,
L'honneur, malgré l'amour, te fait donner la mort.

Thou who dyedst before thou wert born,
Confus'd Conjuncture of Being, and of Nothing:
Thou poor Abortive Birth, Thou Child unform'd,
Refuse of Nothing and of Being;
Thou that wert criminally made by Love,
And criminally art unmade by Honour;
Love's fatal Work,
And Honour's fatal Victim.
Ah let me quiet my unquiet Soul,
And from the Depth of Nothing,
To which Thou art now returning,
Trouble not the Horror that attends my Fault.

To
Two opposite Tyrants have decided thy Fate,
Love, spite of Honour gave thee Life,
And Honour, spite of Love has given thee Death.

Pere Boubours informs us, that the first Line,

Toy qui meurs avant que de naitre,
Thou who dyedst before thou wert born,

has something Marvellous as well as Natural in it; that

the Thoughts in the two last Verses

L'amour malgré l'honneur, te fit donner la vie;
L'honneur, malgré l'amour, te fait donner la mort.

are very just, if not too just, at least in the Playing upon

Love and Honour, Life and Death.

But the confused Conjunction of Being and Nothing, is
not so clear as one could wish, no more than Refuse of
Nothing and of Being, which has been said to be too
strong to be clear: Though the learned Jesuit is of
Opinion, that such sort of Strength is a great Vice in
Sentiment and Expression, and he learnt it from Quintilian.

Nam tumidos & corruptos & tinnulos, & quocumque alio cacozelico genere peccantes, certum habeo non vitium, sed ininfirmitatis vitio laborare; ut corpora non robore, sed valetudine infantur. Minds that are
tumid are like swoln Bodies, and have more Weakness
than Strength: Tho' their Appearance is Healthy and
Thriving, yet in Reality they are Sick and Languishing;
than which nothing can be more true.

Mountains and Wilds intractably abrupt,
is swoln like a Dropfy, and waftes away to nothing when it
is examin'd. To this Criticism Father Boubours adds one
upon Grammar: The Poet says tu rentre, for tu rentres.
The sin rentres was not so commodious for the Verse, and
the Commodiousness of the Verse and Rhime have led
our English Poets into worse Faults of Grammar, and
sometimes of Sense. No Man took more Liberty of this
Kind than Mr. Dryden, who knew very well how faultly
he was in it; but he had no Regard to the Capacity
and Judgment of his Readers. He chang'd Phalaris's
Bull into Phalaris's Cow, for the sake of the Rhime

Low,
Logick and Rhetorick.

Low, as I have elsewhere observ'd; and as to Grammar, he has set an Example to succeeding Poets, to change the Person, the Number, and the Tense, as it serv'd the Turn best for the Harmony, and sometimes for the Length of the Verse, or for the Tag at the End of it, or even for the Initial Letter, as the H's in High, Hæmus, Hilly, in Dryden's Translation of Virgil's Second Georgicks.

Or lift me High to Hæmus' Hilly Crown.

When in Truth Virgil is speaking of the Vallies of Hæmus;

——Gelidis in Vallibus Hæmi.

Ye Vales, ye cooling Groves where Hæmus reigns.

as it is much better rendred in the last Version of Virgil's Husbandry, where, and in the excellent Notes, one may see how easy it is for the best Poets to fall into Error thro' Carelessness or Haste: As in the other Line of Dryden's Version.

Or in the Vale of Tempe lay me down.

which is not indeed obscure, the Sense being very plain and homely; but there is not a Word in Virgil of Tempe, or of laying him down there: And the above learned Translator in his Essay on the Georgicks, observes, nothing can be more wretched than this Version of Dryden's.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

The Senate had just decreed Augustus divine Honours, and it wou'd have been a wonderful Compliment on the Emperor, if the Decree he had accepted of had been presented by Madmen: But Dryden here sinks his great Original Virgil, into the Character of a miserable Libeller against the Liberty of his Country. He steals from his own vile Reflections on the Parliament in several of his Lampoons, particularly his Absalom and Achitophel, the Medal, the Hind and Panther, &c. and makes the most judicious, discreet, and delicate Poet that ever wrote, express himself as insolently and lewdly as himself was wont to do on the like Occasions.

Father
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Father Bouhours in the next Place touches a little on Solecisms, telling us, that a certain French Author, in a very serious Discourse, call'd Irregular Buildings, Solecisms in Stone, and Romances, Puppet Shews in Paper, an Apophthegm, the White Pepper of Fiction, and the Ladies long Train, The Hyperboles of Cloth; Thoughts mean, burlesque, and enigmatical, indeed not worth mentioning, tho' taken out of a Discourse that had its Admirers. Men who conceal their Meaning thus, should never write, as Maynard directs.

Mon ami, chasse bien loin
Cette noire Rhetorique:
Tes ouvrages ont besoin
D'un devin qui les explique.
Si ton esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense;
Di-moi qui peut t'empêcher
De te servir du Silence.

Prithee, Friend, let's have no more
Of this cloudy Rhetorick,
Thy Works require a Conjurer,
Their Meaning to explain;
If when thou finelly thinkest
Thy Wit will hide it from us,
Tell me what binders Thee
From keeping Silence?

This Reflection, Gravity is a Mystery of the Body,
invented to hide the Defects of the Mind. " La gravité
" est un mystère du corps inventé pour cacher les défauts
" de l'esprit", is very delicate, and yet it is not without
a little Obscurity. Mystery of the Body seems to be
too mysterious: The Eloquence of the Body passes very
well, in considering the Action of the Orator, as the
Duke de Rockefoucault has it. Il y a une Eloquence dans
les yeux & dans l'air de la personne qui ne persuade pas
moins que celle de parole. There's an Eloquence in the
Eyes and Air of a Person, which are as persuasive as
his Words.

The Obscurity Pere Bouhours treats of, is frequent-
ly occasion'd by the Mind's being itself obscure, and not
seeing Things in their proper Light: When its Notions
are not clear, Thoughts will not have Clearness; nor
will the Words be more clear. Obscurity may arise from
a Thought's being far fetch'd, or from the Use of a Metaphor or Comparison that has no Relation to it. The Solecisms in Stone are obscure, for that there is a very great Distance between a Solecism and a Building.

Several Metaphors heap'd one upon another, have also a very ill Effect; and what Quintilian said of Discourse, may be said of Thought. "Ut modicus atque opportunus translationis usus illustrat orationem; ita frequens obscurat, continuus vero in allegoria et enigma exit." As a Metaphor renders a Discourse clear when 'tis us'd a propos, so it obscures it when 'tis too frequent, and becomes an Enigma if continually repeated. The Reason of it is, that so many Foreign Images being mingled together, cause Confusion in the Mind of the Reader or Hearer. Two Metaphors that are not in the same Kind being joyn'd, lessens something of the Clearness of Thought. There was a learned Lady in France, who, endeavouring to explain what Taste Taste is in Wit, defin'd it thus: "La goût est une harmonie, un accord de l'esprit & de la raison." Taste is "a Harmony, or an Agreement of Wit and Reason." Which tho' very delicately thought, in Pere Bouhours's Opinion, and tho' both true and solid in the main, yet it does not at first seem to be very clear; and the little Obscurity that's in it, comes from the Huddle of two Metaphors: Harmony is a Metaphor, as well as Taste; and the Two are of a different Kind: How little is this Delicacy understood by English Writers and Readers? The heaping or huddling of Metaphors, is generally taken for the Beauty of Amplification. When they come from Preachers or publick Orators, they are reckon'd extremely fine; and I question whether there are three Criticks in England that wou'd be shock'd at them. Collier was entirely ignorant of this Defect in Thought and Expression: He seems to value himself upon the Art of stringing Metaphors, as Sxan did Puns. His Essays are cram'd with them, and yet those very Essays are the Admiration of Academicks, Gentlemen, Ladies, and others that think like them. Let us run over a String or two; To be always pouring in Oil, is the Way to overheat the Flame, and extinguish the Lamp. If you lay a Country constantly under Water, you must spoil the Soil. I fancy we shall sift the Gentleman to the Bran, and make him run the Gantlet before he gets clear. They will
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will glean up the best Thoughts; They will draw off the Spirit of the Argument, when the Mine is work'd by such Hands. A Grain will grow to a Burthen by Addition. To be always dipping an Estate, is the Way to turn Beggar. A Drop that's perpetually peeling, will make a Stone give way. There's no End of this Huddle in his Essays: Here are Oil and Flame, Water and Earth, in one short Sentence, doing the same Business. In another, Brain and Gantlet; in a Third, the Gleaner, the Distiller, and the Miner all at work together; and a Volume might be written on Collier's Faults of this Kind, which, however, have never had the least Notice taken of them. There is an Instance in him of Thoughts being obscure by the Obscurity of the Mind, and the first Conception of it, and the Expression cannot but be infected by it; To act an Excellence for the Satisfaction of Significance. A Man's Head must be clearer than the Author's was, to make any thing of the Thought and Expression, more than that it is the Quintessence of Affectation; How did that Writer conceive this Sentiment, A Prince made but a lean Figure in Comparison with an Epistle, Essay on Theft? 'Tis the very Image of Prince Prettyman and the Spanish Fryar, and falls naturally into Burlesque by the Quaintness of the Expression, as well as the Extravagance of Thought. Collier's Stile is extremely vicious, by his affecting to heap Metaphors one upon another, and to think and speak out of the common Road. It would be easy to produce many Instances of Obscurity out of the Lord Shaftsbury's fine Charact'risticks, and they are the more obscure, the more they wander from the Path that has been trodden; but there are so many beautiful, as well as uncommon Thoughts in them, that it were ungenerous to distinguish the Places that are not equally enlighten'd. The Author of the Religion of Nature delineated, is not free from Obscurity, and he falls into it, by endeavouring always to strike out something new; and it is not very strange, that Travellers, who avoid the beaten Track, should lose their Way.

The next Passage in Pere Bouhours, is another Definition of Taste. Le goût, dit l'Auteur de la Lettre, est un sentiment naturel qui tient à l'âme, et qui est indépendant de toutes les sciences qu'on peut acquérir; Le goût n'est autre chose qu'un certain rapport qui se trouve entre l'espris
The learned Jesuit takes this Description to be just and fine, and explains to us the Meaning of the Duke de Rochefoucault, in his Moral Reflections. Taste comes more from Judgment than Wit: "Le bon goût vient plus du jugement que l'esprit." The fame noble Author says, Quand notre mérite baisse, notre goût baisse aussi. "When our Merit sinks, our Taste sinks "also"; which is not so clear as it should be, tho' it has pass'd currently as a Thought extremely delicate, and the Difficulty in it, is the Author’s curtailing the Sense in the Expression as well as Sentiment. Brevity is apt to run into Obscurity, according to Horace, I aim to be short, and I become obscure. "Pere Bouhours informs us, that Writers strangle and stifle their Thoughts, by binding them too close together; for Thoughts that are pent up and want Room, become perplex’d and confus’d; and may be compar’d to a Map, where Rivers, Hills, Cities and Towns are plac’d so thick together, that there is not Room for them to stand in. Thucydides had no greater Fault than affect- Brevity, ed Brevity, which if vicious, in Writing, is much more so in History: And this Fault is what we cannot charge the History of the Rebellion with, nor Ecbard’s Histories, where there’s Room enough for ten times the Number of Facts, when the Superfluity of Words is taken away. Cicero accus’d Thucydides of too much Conciseness, and that his Brevity renders him somewhat obscure, to which his subtilizing not a little contributes: Horum concisi et sententiae, interdim etiam non satis aperte cum brevitate, tum nimio acuminé. Our English Historians do not deserve Censure so much for being short, as for being tedious; and the Tranlator of
of Tacitus must have had a very hard Task of it, if what Pere Boubours says is true: Tacite est obscur, parce qu'il ramassé souvent sa pensee en si peu de mots, qu'a peine peur-on deviner ce qu'il veut dire. " The Caufe of Tacitus's Obscurity, is his collecting his Thoughts together in so few Words, that one can hardly guess at his Meaning". Mortal Man, who cannot, like Angels, be communicative without Words, should not be sparing of them, on Pretence of rendering a Sentiment the stronger; for we shall, by so doing, run great Danger of becoming obscure; a Fault laid to the Charge of Sallust, by Seneca and Quintilian. The former says, Sallust in his Time pass'd off curtall'd and obscure Thoughts. Sallustio vigente, amputate sententiae, & obscura veritas fuere pro cultu. And Quintilian, That Sallust's Brevity is to be avoided, be affecting a concise and broken way of Writing. Vitanda illa Sallustiana brevitas, & abruptum feronis genus. Yet how often do we hear this Sallust cry'd up by modern Criticks, as more Eloquent even than Cicero. Tis certain, Brevity, when there's nothing wanting in Sense and Expression, is very laudable; as the contrary is so absurd and ridiculous, that Butler could not help rallying it in his Hudibras.

For Brevity is very good,
If 'tis or 'tis not understood.
And I often suspect when I hear a Man declaiming in praise of Brevity, that he either wants Words, or knows not how to use them well. Sallust is generally a Pattern to all Writers for Brevity, when he is not too sparing of his Words, when he makes use of enough, for he has never more than enough; and Quintilian speaks in his Praise, Est pulcherrima brevitas, cum plura paucis complectimur, quale illud Sallustii est, Merid最后armes corpore ingenti perinde armatus: hoc male imitantes sequitur obscuritas. Where Sallust says, Merid最后armes was arm'd with his huge Bulk: Quintilian terms it a most beautiful Brevity, which if ill imitated, as it is very likely to be by modern Imitators, will lead Writers into Obscurity.

TASSO was no ill Imitator of Sallust in this Verse.
E di fine armi, e di se stesso armato.
Arm'd with himself as well as with his Shield.

Which
Which he certainly took from Sallust, and is most happily imitated or stolen, since Pere Bouhours will have it so: But then he acknowledges that the Moderns have stolen from Tasso, more than the Latter stole from the Antients; and he mentions this Passage, speaking of the River Po's Rapidity at its Mouth, and its throwing itself into the Sea with Violence, as if it would wage War with the Sea, and not pay its Tribute.

--- E pare
Che guerra porti, e non tributo al mare.

A French Poet has the same Thought on another River:

--- Le Tigre écumeux & bruyant
Se poursuivant toujours, & toujours se fuyant;
De sa foudreuse course étonne son rivage,
Et porte pour tribut à la mer un orage.

The foamy Tygre roaring as he rolls,
Pursuing still himself, and flying still,
With his rough Waves astonishes his Banks,
And for a Tribute bear the Sea a Storm.

The Theft is visible, and all the Difference between the Italian Poet and the French, is, that Tasso's Thought is much more just than the French Poet's: For Tribute and War have some Agreement, or rather some Opposition, and the Sense of Tasso is fine. A rapid River is an Enemy that carries War to the Sea, and not a Subject that brings Tribute; whereas there is no Agreement between Storm and Tribute. This Tribute is Metaphorical, and in the Stile of Metaphor, what Tribute some may say agrees better with the Sea than a Storm? But War being often made to compel the paying Tribute, the Thought looks clearer in the Italian than in the French.

Le poursuivant toujours, & toujours se fuyant,
is stolen, but inverted by Dean Sprat, late Bishop of Rochester, in some juvenile Verses of his on his Mistresses;

Sweet Stream that dost with equal Pace,
Both thy self fly, and thy self chace.

After all, continues Father Bouhours, to say much in little, and many Things in few Words, is one of the greatest Excellencies in Writing, if the Author makes him-
The ARTS of

self intelligible, which is the main Difficulty; and the chief Secret is to manage it, that the Clearness of a Thought may not lose the Force of it, nor the Force the Clearness: However there are certain Writers whose Ideas are so confusion'd, that tho' they are not short, they are still obscure. The Sense is lost in a Crowd of Words, and a Man who says too much, is often as little understood, as he who does not say enough.

A Thought that has two Faces is never clear; we can't tell in what Sense to take it, and are in doubt whether 'tis true or false. Tacitus has many such Thoughts as these; and that wherein he touches on the Christians setting Fire to Rome, is of the same Kind, Haud perinde in crimen incendii quam odio generis humani convitit sunt. "They were no less convicted of the Burning "the City, than of the Hatred of Mankind". One cannot tell here, according to Père Bouhours, whether he means the Hatred the Christians bore to Mankind, or the Hatred that Mankind bore the Christians. The Fact in this Case took off the Equivocal in the Expression, it being very well known Mankind hated the Christians for the Singularity of their Religion and Manners; and it was as well known, that the Christians did not hate Mankind; but it may be taken either way as Tacitus expresses it. The End of Martial's Epigram on the Death of Cicero and Pompey, contains a doubtful Thought; the Sense of which is not presently determined, nor the Truth nor Falsity of it.

Antoni tamen est pejor quàm causa Photini,
Hic facinus domino praefitit, ille sibi.

Anthony's Crime was worse than that of Photinus,
Photinus was a Rogue to serve his Master,
But Anthony to serve himself.

Martial's Decision of this Case has embarrass'd the Thought; for he who is a Rogue for his Master, commits, perhaps, a greater Crime than he who is a Rogue for himself: Those who are Criminal to serve their own Interest, are hurry'd on by Self-Love and other violent Passions, which lessen the Heinousness of the Crime; whereas those who are Criminal to serve the Passions of another Person, are more deliberately so, and consequent-ly more malicious. And thus the Proposition in the Point of the Epigram is not clear.

Thoughts
Thoughts are also obscure when they are main’d, and the Sense is not compleat; and when they are monstrous, and have something in them which at once magnifies and deforms them: They are then like imperfect or mutilated Statues, which give but a confus’d, or, perhaps, no Idea of the Things they represent. Father Bouhors takes the Liberty to charge Tertullian, one of the famous Fathers of the Church, with Obscurity; which, if he had not been so great a Bigot, he might have term’d Nonsence. Mortuus est Dei Filius: credibile est, quia ineptum est; & sepultus, resurrexit: certum est, quia impossibile est. ‘Tis in his Treatise De Carne Christi; Of Christ’s Flesh: And is said to prove the Truth of the Christian Mysteries; but surely the learned Heathen must be very much scandaliz’d at such Proof: The Son of God is dead: ‘Tis credible, because ‘tis foolish: He was buried, and is risen: ‘Tis certain, because ‘tis impossible. This Thought and Expreflion is monstrous and inforrnous, and at Sight appears false, extravagant, and inconceivable. The French Jesuit tells us, to explain Tertullian, that the Son of God being the Effect of infinite Charity, and not within the Rules of human Prudence, which counts it foolish to sacrifice the Innocent for the Guilty, nothing renders this Mystery more worthy of our Faith, than that it is so little accommodated to human Reason. Again, The Resurrection exceeds all the Strength of Nature, and could only be the Work of divine Power; That ‘tis certain this God-Man took upon himself a new Life, because it was impossible to rise naturally. But he owns these Thoughts do not say what the Author would have said, or say it so obfcurly that they are not to be understood without a great deal of Reflection. In fine, such Thoughts as these are so hollow and deep, that they may be compar’d to Abysses, whose Depth makes one giddy to look into them, as Cicero teaches; Preceps quædam, & cum idcirco obscura, quia peracuta, cum rapida & celeritate Cæcata oratio. Gombaud has hit the Character of such Thinkers in these Verses on a certain Poet.

Ta Mufe en chiméres seconde,
Et fort confuse en ses propos,
Pensant représenter le monde,
A représenté le cahos.
The Muse abounding in Chimera's,
And in her Flight entangled,
Thinking to represent the World
The Chaos has represented.

Father Boulbours then censures a French Author, for condemning another as obscure, in Terms full of Obscurity. "C'est une chose bien glorieufe pour la vérité, de trouver dans les propres combats qu'on lui livre une preuve du pouvoir dont elle doit jouir dans le monde. Toutes les extravagances auxquelles le cœur humain s'est abandonné en matière de Religion, ayant eu pour fondement une première vérité dont chacun s'est fait une idée selon son caprice. This is Galimatias in the highest Degree: I have often thought to content my self in such Cases with inserting the Quotation only, without attempting to translate it; it being as hard a Matter to do Justice to Nonsense as to Sense in Translation: But I must do my Endeavour; and it is very likely, where the Original is Nonsense, it may be improv'd in the Version.

"Tis a glorious Thing for Truth, says the French Author, to find a Proof of the Power she ought to enjoy in the World, even in the Combats she meets with. All the Extravagancies to which the Heart of Man is abandon'd in the Matter of Religion, being founded on a first Truth of which every one conceives an Idea, according to his Caprice." A famous Italian Writer blaming Lucretius for being obscure, is himself obscure. "Lucrezio, con l'oscurità dello stile poetico non solo veste il corpo della sentenza, ma spesso il viso: e la veste del viso non è tanto fregio che adorni, quanto maschera che nasconda. Lucretius covers with the Obscurity of his poetical Stile, not only the Body, but also the Face of the Thought, and that which covers the Face, is not so much a Dress to adorn it, as a Mask to hide it. The Reverend Divine*, who animadverted on Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, is extremely unhappy in this Way of Writing, falling often into the Errors of which he accuses the Doctor; and always blundering, when he attempts to charge him with Blunders. The ingenious Authors who set up for Answerers, are very liable to commit this Error, for being generally blinded by Envy, Jealousy, Prejudice,
Prejudice, Pride and Passion; they seldom fail of falling into the Ditch they were digging for others. Those that deal in Controversy, especially Bigots who are overheated with false Zeal, seldom fail also of charging their Antagonists with the Faults of which they are themselves guilty.

A Platonick Philosopher speaking of studying in the Morning, for that the Head is then clearest, expres'd himself in French thus, *Les fantomas du matin imprimés dans la plus belle fleur des esprits se presentent distinctement au miroir de l'ame, ou il se fait d'admirables Réflexions de ces premières Idées qui sont les formes du vrai.* "The Phantoms of the Morning imprinted in the fairest Flower of the Mind, present themselves distinctly to the Looking-Glass of the Soul, where admirable Reflections are made of those first Ideas which are the Forms of Truth." True it is, the Philosophers are as guilty of this Obscurity as any Writers whatever; they generally affect the Character of profound and mysterious, which consequently leads them to Perplexity and Obscurity: But these Depths are so far from making the hardest Head giddy, that they cause Veneration; and the sage Authors are esteem'd for their Profundity and Unintelligibleness. However, if any of their Admirers happen to be undeceived, the Pleasure they find in coming at the Truth, is infinitely greater than that of the Error with which they were so much delighted. Fools indeed, like their Predecessor mention'd by Horace, may fancy they are still at the Opera, hearing Sifaces and Camillas, when they are by their own dull Fire's Side; and if they are undeceived by the Remedies which their Friends give them, may exclaim against them, for depriving them of the Pleasures of Delusion.

*Pol me occidisti, amici; Non servasti, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,*

*Et demptus per vim mentis gravissimus error.*


*HORACE*, in his Epistle, *De Arte Poetica*, teaches us to avoid being pleas'd with Things that ought not to give Pleasure to reasonable Minds; such as soft trifling Verses, and harmonious Nonsense.
We have Instances enough of this Kind in our late Versifiers.

—-— Wits whose Numbers glide along
So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song,
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the Heart, but to the Ear:
Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are, at least, most musically dull;
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And bush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As smoothest Speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a Ground.

Wycherly to Pope.

Every one knows that Mr. Wycherly never piqu'd himself on fine Versification, and this Satyr upon it might be well expected from his Wit: But can any one believe that Wycherly turn'd these Verses himself.

So smooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song,
And write not to the Heart, but to the Ear,
And bush the heavy Hearers into Sleep.

He cou'd no more turn those Verses, than the famous Couplet in Cooper's Hill, which rais'd a just Suspicion, that his Friend, to whom he pretends to write, and whose Verses are as smooth as Dryden's, did, like the Fops in Farces, write the Letter to himself; and then the following Lines are extremely modest.

Young, yet judicious, in your Verse are found
Art strengthening Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.

And again,

But Wit and Judgment joyn at once in you.

And fo to the End of the Epistle.

Father Boubours, drawing to the End of his Dialogue, makes his Pupil, Philanthus, acknowledge that he is undeceiv'd, as to the Judgment he was to make of the Works of the Ingenious, wherein the Glaring and the Perplexity past upon him for Beauty and Depth. He
He says now, ingenious Thoughts are like Diamonds, whose Worth is reckon’d by their Solidity, and not their Lustre. He also brings Quintilian into the Question: *Falluntur plurimum, qui vitiosum & corruptum dicendi genus, quod aut verborum licentia resultat, aut inanibus locis baccatur, aut casaris, si leviter excutiantur, flosculis nitet, aut precipita pro sublimibus babet, aut specie libertatis infantis, magis existimant popolare atque plausible.* Which may be thus render’d: "Thofe Readers are miserably deceiv’d in their Judgment of Eloquence, who take that to be reasonable and plausible which is corrupt and vicious, puerile and trifling, which observes no Decorum in Expression and Thought, which swells in those Places where Swelling is least requir’d, and confounds the Sublime with the Furious, the Beautiful with the Florid; and pretending to a free Air, grows wanton even to Folly." Father Bouhons congratulates his Pupil on the Lights he had receiv’d from him; and that now he wou’d no more prefer Seneca’s Points to Cicero’s good Sense, nor Tasso’s Tinsel to Virgil’s Gold. He then reminds him of his Lessons in the Art of right Thinking: "That Truth is the Soul of a Thought; that Grandeur, Agreeableness, Delicacy, are Ornaments only; that nothing can be fine that is not natural; and that there is a great deal of Difference between Colour which comes from the Blood, and that which is the Effect of Paint, between a jolly and a bloated Complexion, between Grace and Affectation: As in Quintilian," *Ornatus virilis fortis & sanctus sit: nec effeminatam levitatem, nec fuco eminenter colorem amet, sanguine & viribus niteat.* He further reminds him, that Refinement is the worst of all Affectations, and that Subtlety should be avoided in the Way of Thinking, as well as in the Way of the World. He adds, as there is a certain Rudeness in a Man’s telling his Steps and walking on his Toes, a Primness which shews the Want of good Breeding and Manners; so Refinement and Affectation shew a Want of Wit and good Sense, which would make up in Form what it wants in Power. Nothing is more opposite to true Delicacy than over-doing it, and crouding too many Things and Words into a Thought; the great Art being not to say all on some Subjects, ra-
ther to touch on them than dwell upon them; and in a
Word, to leave as much to the Reader’s Thought as you
express in your own, according to Demetrius Phaler.
Quaedam non prolata, majora videntur & potius in suf-
picione relieta. Monsieur Segrais, in the Preface to his
fine Version of Virgil, exposes the Weakness of these
Poets, who think they reach the Height of Perfection if
they have left nothing in their Works for their Readers
to think after them. This Observation is useful in Con-
versation; when a Man says all that is to be said on a
Subject, the Company are cloy’d, and lose the Relish he
intended; but if he leaves something for them to ima-
gine themselves, it awakens them, and gives them the
Pleasure of their own Discovery; which is a Delicacy a
little too refin’d for the Manner of the English, though
it is in the main as just and reasonable as it is delicate;
Man is naturally in Love with his own Productions, a
Sort of Creation which is very flattering to the Mind,
that the best Judges have observ’d that the surest Way
to please is not to say and to think what may be thought
and said, but to make way for others to think and to say.
An Author should only open the Reader’s Mind and
give it room to act, he will then attribute what it pro-
duces to his own Genius and Capacity, though it is
really owing to the Author’s Dexterity, in giving him an
Opportunity to make Reflections on the Images he ex-
poses, which Reflections he applies wholly to his own
Understanding, and accordingly takes the Merit to him-
self: Thus Demetrius before mention’d, Nonnulla re-
linguenda auditori quae suo morte colligat. When a
Writer says all that may be said, he not only deprives
the Reader of the Pleasure of his own Production, but
raises in him a Kind of Indignation for having a Ditrust
of his Ability; according to the same Demetrius: Qui
omnia exponit auditori ut nullâ mente praddito, similis
ei est qui auditorem improbat atque contenit. There
is no Mind so humble but it is mortify’d when it has any
Suspicion that ’tis render’d contemptible by its Humi-
ity, and none so diffident of its own Ability as to be
willing to have it despis’d by another. These Observa-
tions, of both Ancients and Moderns, are admirable,
and teach us more, as to the Delicacy of Thought, than
any thing which ever yet appear’d in our Language.
The learned Jesuit returns again to Obscurity, and reminds Philanthus that nothing can be more vicious in Thought than to be obscure; and that what is not intelligible is not ingenious. Quintilian informs us, "That the less Wit an Author has, he is the more fond of shewing it, as short Men stretch themselves up on their Feet, and Cowards threaten hardest. In a Word, that a Writer is the more obscure in proportion as he wants Sense, and as his Taste is bad." Quo quisque ingenio minus valet, hoc se magis attollere & dilatare conatur; ut flatur breves, in digitos eriguntur, & plura informi minantur. Erit ergo obscurior etiam quo quisque deterior. Again, Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta; ut in animum ratio tanquam sol in oculos, etiamsi in eam non intendatur, occurrat. Quare non ut intelligere posset, sed ne omnino posset non intelligere, curandum. Quintil. "A Thought ought to be so clear that Readers or Hearers may understand it without Study; it should enter into their Minds as Light does into their Eyes, without Reflection; and the Aim of him who thinks should be not to make his Thought understood, but such as could not but be understood." Here end the Dialogues between Eugene and Philanthus, on the Way of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious, without considering the Purity of Language, or Exactness of Stile, though, as Philanthus observes, it signifies nothing to think well, and write or speak ill. Dionysius Halicar. is his Master. Nulla utilitas cogitationis praecipue est, si ei quis pulchre locutionis non addiderit ornamentum. "The finest Thoughts are of no use without the Ornament of Speech." Though nothing is more extravagant and Senseless than a vain Sound of Words, tho' the most sweet and best chosen: They must be supported by solid Thoughts and good Sense, or they are empty Air. Quid est enim tam furiosum quam verborum vel optimorum sonitus inanis, nulla subjecta sententia? Pere Bouhours advices all that would be Authors, in Prose or Verse, to read the best Writers of the Augustan Age, and those Moderns that come up nearest to them: He directs them also to have always before their Eyes several Persons as Witnesses, and even as Judges of their Thoughts. Will this please such an one? Would Patru have lik'd this? In England let them say, Would
Would this pass with Walsh or Maynwearing. They were not Advocates as Patron; but we have no Lawyer of Patron's Eloquence to supply his Place here, unless we may put my Lord Somers in his Stead, who doubtless understood these Things as well as Cardinal Richlieu, whom the French Critick introduces as a Master of the Art of right Thinking in the Works of the Ingenious. So just was his Difcernment, that he was not satisfy'd with what was pretty; he was for what was fine and good, which are above pretty, and said of a famous Writer of his Time, that he wrote not to the Soul but to the Fancy and the Ears; and that the Judgment he shew'd, with respect to the Choice and Disposition of Words, left him often with respect to Thought. This is the Hero whom Bouhous recommends to his French Authors; when they have occasion of noble Thoughts they should always have him in their Minds, and then nothing mean would offer to them, nothing but what is great and sublime.

To form sublime Images, our Poets need only remember, or read, the glorious Actions of the Duke of Marlborough, which have more of the Hero in them than all the Heroes of the latter Ages; and they would, I doubt, find the Subject too grand for them. We have not met with any Images yet equal to his Victories, to his sedate Course and rapid Conquests. For agreeable and delicate Thoughts Pere Bouhous prefers Voiture, Sarazin, and St. Evremont, especially St. Evremont. "What we have of him, says the learned Jesuit, shews a fine Genius, who makes every thing he treats of appear equally solid and beautiful." For clear Thoughts he names Coeffeteau, who, according to Vaugelas, thought so clearly that Galimatias was as incompatible with his Wit as Darkness is with Light. Contrary to this are these Authors, who, according to Quintilian, have a Disgust for what is natural, and seek not after what will adorn Truth, but what will paint it. Quibus sordent omnia que natura dictavit: qui non ornamenta querunt, sed lenocinia. "Nothing proper and simple pleases them, and nothing seems delicate to them which another might have thought; who borrow bold and metaphorical Figures from bad Poets, and never think they are witty but when others have need of a great deal of Wit to understand them."
Logic and Rhetorick. 417

Quid quod nihil proprium placet, dum parum creditur disertum quod & alius dixisset? a corruptissimo quoque Poetarum figuras, seu translationes mutuamur; tum demum ingeniosis scilicet si ad intelligendos nos opus sit ingenio. I will not say there is a great deal of Wit necessary to understand the following Lines of the present Poet Laureat, on the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Oudenard, but there seems to be some Obscurity both in the Thought and Expression:

Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys,
Fly swifT, yet Conquest swifter flies before,
So flash the Lightnings e're the Thunders roar;
Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim.

Conquest may very well be compar'd to Lightning; but that Victory should out-fly the Victor, and conquer for him before he comes, is a little unintelligible Victory waiting on the Hero, is what our Ancestors met with, and her perching on the Victor's Plume; but never of her flying before him. As to Paths proclaiming a March, it is, I think, as inconceivable as this Couplet quoted by Villers, Duke of Buckingham, out of a Play written by a Person of Quality.

But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies,
To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.

I have read the Blaze of Fame elsewhere:

Like the cool English, who approach their Fate
With Axe, and gravely first with Death debate;
They kindle slowly; but when once on fire,
Burn on, and in the Blaze of Fame expire.

Nat. Lee.

Yalden says,

The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear.
And it is extreamly metaphorical, but not without Darkness, the Subject he writes upon. The World is taken for the Earth, or the People its Inhabitants; but the Globe is generally taken for Land and Sea. However, a good Stock of Intelligence may find out Light in it, as Waller has it, of some Nonsense.

As Light can no way but by Light appear,
He must bring Sense that understands it here.
The ARTS of

I won't say there is Nonsense in the following Verses of Talden's; but sure I am there is too much Sense in it:

Thus Archimedes, in his cristal Sphere,
Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer;
While the large Globe moves round with long Delay,
His beauteous Orbs in nimble Circles play:
This seem'd the nobler Labour of the two,
Great was the Sphere above, but fine below.

'Tis comparing the Whirl of a Jack to the Velocity of Mercury, the nimblest of the Planets, and the Harmony of the Creation to an Orrery. This is very grave; what follows is of the tragical Kind: Dr. Sprat, late Bishop of Rochester, speaking to a River in which his Mistress was drown'd, would make the most melancholy Reader laugh:

Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled Breast;
And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,
These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.

Never did any River stop to hear such Complaints from a Lover, who in the Excess of his Grief has Leisure to heap Metaphor upon Metaphor. A most honourable Poet having said,

Justice must tame, whom Mercy cannot win.

Adds,

This Winter fixes the unstable Sea,
And teaches reslief's Water Constancy.

Which is so opposite to Truth, that if it is not Nonsense it must abound with Obscurity; as does this Line of the same illustrious Author, speaking of King Charles the Second's Restoration:

In Conquests mild he came from Exile kind.

Conquest and Exile do not much enlighten one another; but that Monarch having been beaten in every Battle he fought, it may be called, a Battle renders the Conquests extremely obscure. Another excellent Poet flatters the Memory of Charles the Second, and complements his Brother, King James, thus,
Logick and Rhetorick. 413

Wrapped like Elijah up to Heavn in Fire,
In feverish Flame the Monarch does expire;
His royal Mantle is great James's Share,
At once his Kingdom's and his Virtue's Heir;
So the' in Flames the burning Phoenix dies,
Another still does from those Flames arise,
And Kings immortal arc, as those above the Skies.

'Tis very merry to read these Academicks Encomiums on the Virtues of King Charles the Second. As again,

Ally'd to Charles in Virtues as in Blood.

And again the Poet's Prayer for King James:

On him, ye Pow'rs, all Charles's Virtues shed.

The Obscurity of this consists in the historical Falshood, the Character of that Prince being the very Reverse of Virtue: But the Poets, as well as the Historians, had no Conscience when they flatter'd those two Princes and their Minions. The very sober Mr. Cowley does not stick at complimenting the Royalists upon their beating the Parliamentarians every where: He bids the latter,

Go now, your silly Calumnies repeat,
And make all Papists whom you cannot beat;
Let the World know some way with whom you are.
And vote 'em Turks when they o'erthrow you next.

But of all the Galimatias which we have yet met with, there is none in my Mind which comes up to this Couplet of our Poet Laureat, in a Poem address'd to his present Majesty, whose sacred Character he has endeavour'd to draw with a very unequal Pen:

Thy Virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloom'd with a Confinity to Vice.

Two Verses which have as much of the Ridiculum and Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together. To say that a great Prince's royal Virtues shine peculiarly nice, is like saying the Sun in its Meridian looks very prettily. When a Miss at a Boarding-School, in the Bloom and Beauty of Youth, has her Sunday Gown on, fine and clean Linnen, Mecklin Pinners, rich Ribbons, and all set out to the best Advantage by a good Dresser,
it may be said the lines peculiarly nice; but for a great King, in the Glory of Majesty and Virtue so to shine, is an Expression that has more Poverty and Affectation in it than the worst of that Kind which we find in Father Bouhous. But what to make of the next Line,

*Ungloom’d, with a Confinity to Vice.*

Is more than our Skill reaches to, as much as it is improv’d by conversing with the *French* Critick. To ungloom a thing, is some of that Sort of Nonsense which so perfectly confounds all Ideas that there is no distinct one left in the Mind. Besides that, it is not *English*; for all our best Lexicographers allow of no Word like it, but the Adjective *Gloomy*, or the Substantive *Gloominess*; one can have no Conception of unglooming a Thing, since the Laureat will have it so, which was not gloom’d before; and how he will come off then I cannot tell. The Word *Confinity*, in the same Verse, is no more *English* than ungloom’d: We have *confines* in the Plural, but nothing else, except the Verb to *confine*; which will not do the Poet’s Business. However, ’tis granted that Poets are permitted to coin Words, when there are none in our Tongue which express their Thought; but then those Words must have a Being and Sense, in some Language or other; which the Poet Laureat’s have not, unless it will be pretended that *Tertullian* makes use of the Word *Confinitas* instead of *Vicinitas*; and so *Confinity* might have pass’d, though false Coin, had it not been for its Vicinity to ungloom’d:

*But if you write of Things abstruse and new,*

*Words of your own inventing may be us’d;*

Says the Lord Roscommon after Horace. But the Praise of royal Virtue is no new Thing, it is as old as Poetry, which seems to be invented on purpose. And when the Translator of Homer tells us the Field of Battle was *en-sanguin’d*, though there is nothing less abstruse and new than bloody Plains, speaking of War, yet he has here spoil’d two good Languages, *English* and *French*, to adorn his Poetry with an *out of the way* Word. The nearest Word in French to it is *Sanguinaire*, or blood-thirsty; and there is no other Foundation for this new Invention of his. *His deathful Plains* is much better; *his Infarr’d*, speaking of Gems; *his Fountful*, speaking of
of such a Place as Highgate-Hill, are passible; for they
have a Being and Sense in good English, and are well
compounded; so are his Lengthsfuls, Moveless, and the
like; but as to his silver Tong, it is as bad as Sir
Harry Sheers’s, Her fliken Hairs are silver Strings; and
a great deal worse than the silver Inkborn of School-
Boys. This Critick falls very severely upon Pere Ra-
pin, in his Notes on Homer, that very Rapin of whom
Dryden said, in his Preface to his State of Innocence,
He alone is sufficient, were all other Criticks lost, to teach
a-new the Art of Writing. By which we learn that
either Dryden or Pope did not understand Father Rapin,
or knew not how to set a Value upon his Merit. Be-
sides ensanguin’d, we have Picturesque, Riant, Fierte,
Compartemens, Traits, &c. without the least Nece-
sity for it, as good English all as are his political Principles
and Religion. The Affectation is as ridiculous as it is
vicious; and so indeed is all use of French Words,
when we have English to express our selves. My good
Friend, Dr. Drake, fell upon me when we did not
understand one another so well, as we did afterwards, for
using the Word Naiveté, which is best understood by
Simplicity in English; but as I have elsewhere observ’d,
neither Simplicity nor Naturalness, otherwise no good
Word, do express it. Dryden’s Preface to Rival Ladies
fays, I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words of
other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a
Necessity; but so long as some affect to speak, there will
not want those who will have the Boldness to write
them. And no Man was bolder in this even than Dry-
den himself, if we may believe Mr. Rowe, who wrote
the following Verses in a Poem which he sent to the
Press, and afterwards recall’d it, to eraze them before the
Poem was printed, out of which I copy’d what fol-
lows:

Wit and the Laws had both the same ill Fate,
And partial Tyrants sway’d in either State;
Ill-natur’d Censure would be sure to blame
An alien Wit of independant Fame;
While Bays grown old, and harden’d in Offence,
Was suffer’d to write on in spite of Sense;
Backt by his Friends, the Invader brought along
A Crew of foreign Words into our Tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English Song;
Still the prevailing Faction prop't his Throne,
And to four Volumes let his Plays run on.

What Mr. Rowe takes Notice of here, backt by his
Friends, an alien Wit, the prevailing Faction, to support
Dryden and some of the favourite contemporary
Poets, was actually true; there were Cabals at great
Mens Houses, where these Poets used to read their
Poems and Plays, and pre-engage the Vote and Interest
of those noble Persons in their Favour; without such
a Pre-engagement 'twas hardly possible for an Author to
pass in the World; and in return for it, the Dedications
were stuffed with the most fulsome Praifes; Mecenas's
were made as fast as Knights at a Lord-Mayor's Feast,
and the Poets, who engross'd their good Graces, had
both the Fame and the Fortune. I could enter into
Particulars of both Patrons and Authors, and convince
the Reader, by those Particulars, that I knew both the
Men and the Things; but since some of those Mecenas's,
and some of those Authors, did not want Merit, as well
as Fortune and Fame, 'twill be ungenerous to make more
than we have done of this Foible.

The Translator of Homer does not always shine so peculiarly nice as in those fine French Words before men-
tion'd: He sometimes is very homely in his Expression
and Sentiment; as when he speaks of his Hero as of a
Hog'shead of Ale, and instead of describing him as a Poet,
tells us he will gage him like an Exegetic. This delicate Author has written a rhiming Essay on
Criticism, and made himself merry with his Brethren,
in a notable Treatise call'd the Art of Sinking, to
which he and his Partner, S——t, have contributed
more than all the rest of their Contemporary Writers, if
Trifling and Grimace are not in the high Parts of Wri-
ting. Besides, this Sinking is contrary to the Prophecy
of the Laureat, who, in the same Poem, wherein is
that admirable Distich before mention'd, thus vents his
Inspiration:

To Albion, thou, if Poets can presage,
Shalt give another sweeter Chasick Age.
He prophesies that his own Poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Tibullus, and Ovid's; but we have little Hope of the Accomplishment of it, from the Poems he has lately publish'd; and the putting the Laurel upon his Head for writing such Verses and such Prophecies, will give Futurity a very lively Idea of the Judgment and Justice of those that bestow'd it upon him.

If we had more Leisurę and Compass, we might have given Hundreds of Instances of obscure and false Thoughts, out of the choicest Poems in the most famous Miscellaneies; but here are enough to let the Reader see that the Vices in Expression and Language are alike common in all Writings, Prose and Verse, Ancient and Modern, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English, whose Authors are not, however, so apt to fall into Affectation as the Italian and French; and their Writings are as masterly and perfect as the most perfect and most masterly of the most polite Writers of other Nations. In the sublime Way, Dr. Sprat, and Dr. Burnet of the Charter-house, in Prose; and Milton in Verse; are equally eminent; in the Polite and Natural, Dr. Tillotson and Mr. Addison; in the Agreeable, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Prior; in the Delicate, all of these in their several Kinds; and many more might be added, were there occasion. It is to be fear'd we must content our selves with what we have, and that we shall have few or no Supplies from the Genius, Judgment, and Taste of the present and coming Age, for which one cannot help having a Concern, though we foresee but a small Part of the Degeneracy which future Writers and Readers will certainly fall into. Indeed we are rather precipitating our selves than falling into it. What a Precipice is it, from Lock's Human Understanding to Swift's Lilliput, and Profundity! What another, from the Plain Dealer, or Love for Love, to Harlequin and the Beggars Opera! Had we stumbled only on a Trip to the Jubilee, or a Lady's Visiting-Day, there might have been some Hopes of rising again; but we sink now like Ships laden with Lead, and must despair of ever recovering the Height from which we are fallen. It has been observ'd of the Genius of the Romans, that 'twas like what is said of the Oak, a hundred Years in growing, a hundred Years in perfection, and a hundred Years in decaying. Our Genius was not a hundred Years in growing, reckon-
The ARTS of, &c.

ing from Spencer to Milton; it might be said to be a hundred Years in perfection, from Walker's first Poems to Addison's last; but from Tonson's Miscellanies to Pope's, from Sir William Temple to his Chaplain Swift, is a melancholy Prospect of the Precipitation which Posterity is threaten'd with, both in Wit and Language: 'Tis too well known that the Generality of Readers had rather be amus'd than instructed; and therefore sober and ingenious Writers have invented pleasant Fables to joyn Instruction with Amusement: But for Authors to tell frivolous Tales, purely for telling sake, to collect Trifles by Volumes, to deal by their Readers as fond Mothers do by their Children, and give them Toys and Gewgaws instead of Lessons useful for Life, is wicked, if done with Design to corrupt their Understandings; and, if done with no Design, idle and impertinent, unbecoming the Character of a Man, and much less that of a Divine and a Dignitary. He makes no Conscience of putting off adulterated Wit for true, though it is, perhaps, a greater Cheat than passing Counters for Guineas, or Wood's Copper Money for Gold. What better can be expected from a Man, who having devoted himself to the Service of the holy Altar, turns it into a Mountebank's Stage, and plays himself the Merry-Andrew upon it, as in the Tale of a Tub? The sacred Mysteries of the Christian Religion have not escap'd his Drollery; what Hope then that Sense and Wit will have better Treatment from him? True Wit instructs at the same time that it pleases; but that which is false is the Mirth only of Fools; and that S—r's is every where false, will appear by holding it up to Father Bouhours's Light. What greater Debasement can happen to Mankind, than to have their Understandings reduc'd to the Condition of Infants and Idiots, to be delighted with Rattles and Bawbles, and to like only what they laugh at. If their Shape was metamorphos'd into that of Monkeys, the Dignity of human Nature would not be more debas'd by it. Laughter will doubtless always be agreeable to sensible and well-natur'd People; but it is that Laughter which is excited by Pleasantry without Buffoonry; and whether a Man no bigger than a Pin's Head, and another as big as a Mountain, is not the Contrast of a Buffoon, I leave to the Reader to determine.
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