

is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

IT is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion, or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Tasting. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smokers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

THE slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit: They can expect distant Things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passion or keen Appetite to any Thing. To Men addicted to Delights, Business is an Interruption; to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him; if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do.* T



N^o 223. Saturday, November 15.

*O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam.
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ!*

Phæd.

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those Multitudes of ancient Writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider Time as an immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are intirely swallowed up, many very much flattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into Pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common Wreck; but the Number of the last is very small.

Appa

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

AMONG the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Criticks who were conversant with her Works when they were intire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyicks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderness and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

AN inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calamities to this poetical Lady. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily*, in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

THERE was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no
the

the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

AFTER having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received. The Reader will find in it that pathetick Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the Ode he has here translated. This Ode in the Greek (besides those Beauties observed by Madam *Dacier*) has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the *English*. I must farther add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the Manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to VENUS.

I.

O Venus, Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III. Thou

III.

*Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,
How'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bower they winged their Way?
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.*

IV.

*The Birds dismiss (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?*

V.

*What Frenzy in my Bosom raged,
And by what Cure to be asswaged?
What gentle Youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful Toils secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?*

VI.

*Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.*

VII.

*Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief,
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart desires.*

MADAM *Dacier* observes, there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. This Ode was preserved by an eminent Greek Critick, who inserted it