

‘ which I hope will be serviceable to you, since as you
 ‘ are silent your self you are most open to the Insults of
 ‘ the Noisy.

I am, S I R, &c. W. B.

‘ I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an Im-
 ‘ provement in this Instrument, there will be a particu-
 ‘ lar Note, which I call a Hush-Note; and this is to be
 ‘ made use of against a long Story, Swearing, Obscene-
 ‘ ness, and the like. T



N^o 229. Thursday, November 22.

——— *Spirat adhuc amor,
 Vivuntque commissi calores
 Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.*

Hor.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the Trunk of a Statue which has lost the Arms, Legs, and Head; but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which Reason this maimed Statue is still called *Michael Angelo's School*.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper, is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

WHATEVER might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties

ties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original: The first is a Translation by *Catullus*, the second by Monsieur *Boileau*, and the last by a Gentleman whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

*Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
 Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
 Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
 Spectat, & audit
 Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
 Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
 Lesbia adspexi, nihil est super mi
 Quod loquar amens.
 Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
 Flamma dimanat, sonitu suapte
 Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
 Lumina nocte.*

MY learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is printed in *Roman Letter*; and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanza's are rendred almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick Ode*. I cannot imagine for what Reason *Madam Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved intire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

THE second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur *Boileau*.

*Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
 Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
 Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
 Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égalser?*
 Je

*Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tôt que je te vois :
Et dans les doux transports, où s'égare mon ame,
Je ne scaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.*

*Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vue,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;
Et passe, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.*

THE Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment, I shall, in the last Place, present my Reader with the *English* Translation.

I.

*Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.*

II.

*'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport lost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost :*

III.

*My Bosom glow'd ; the subtile Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame ;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darknes hung ;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.*

IV.

*In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd ;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.*

IN

INSTEAD of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the Preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

LONGINUS has observed that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken Occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-Law, and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings. *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-sick Prince, when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject. C



Friday.