



The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Martinus Scriblerus Περὶ Βαθοῦς, or the Art of sinking in Poertry

Nutzungsbedingungen

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M. M. O. R. 1727
and as I beg to be admitted to the
to we warn the publick, to take particular
of all such as mention any indelicat Part
the appearance of this Work as I have not
only involved in the Guilt

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

O R,

Of the ART of

SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HELPI BAOTZ

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

CHAP. I

HELPI BAOTZ

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have compiled and digested the Art of ancient
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our every-day method of Writing, both in the
Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of
their judgments, do so infinitely excel the best An-
cients.

Nevertheless - too true it is, that while a plain
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between the Greeks, and us, make use of the word
Alitudo, which implies equally height and depth.
The latter considering with us, shall first how ma-
ny words are necessary to express the same sense.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Π Ε Ρ Ι Β Α Θ Ο Υ Σ.

C H A P. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of ancient Poesy, there hath not arisen among us one person so publick-spirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is universally known, that our every-way industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their *ὕψος*, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our *βάθος*, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make use of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering with no small grief, how many promising Genius's of this age are wandering (as

I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poesy!

When I consider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprize: The one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meager inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular System of Laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these Mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable Majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors the Master of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great Critics; since their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obey'd only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) tho' it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into Their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this Treatise.

For we shall see in the course of this work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally necessary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differ'd *toto caelo* from us.

C H A P. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular, of the present Age.

THE Taste of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the Sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in such productions, and in such

images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence: and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish Gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more chimerical to write for Posterity, of whose Taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose Applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt et delectare Poetæ.

Their true design is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: From whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* Taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Relish in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less nice than our ancestors. If an Art is to be estimated by its suc-

cess, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheless, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius's of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

C H A P. III.

The Necessity of the Bathos, physically considered.

Furthermore, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any

human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *Nascimur Poetæ.* Therefore is the Desire of Writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the "Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the "Brain," and the Person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and against the Ministry: Nay, I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the most innocent composition of a Minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the sin-

gle authority of that ^aHorace? Why should the golden Mean, and quintessence of all Virtues, be deemed so offensive in this Art? or Coolness or Mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a Man, and so detestable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these Writers with those great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacit  de pesanteur*, or (as an English Author calls it) an "Alacrity of sinking;" and who by strength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Necessity of Rules to these lesser Genius's, as well as the Usefulness of them to the greater.

C H A P. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making Dikes, as in raising Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his sight,

^a *Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, etc.*

Hor. P.

and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a Genius is requisite; yet the Rules of Art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongst the lowest of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in Art to his assistance. It is with the Bathos as with small Beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are ineffimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer use of

Man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a solution, why common Sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern Critics and Authors.

C H A P. V.

Of the true Genius for the Profund, and by what it is constituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit, and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*. His business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to consider himself as a Grottesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect

them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himself. And since the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprizing*; our author shall produce the *Credible*, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the *Surprizing*, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern Plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and, at the same time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality*.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and Magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-

barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For Example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle.

c *The Skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a Tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

d *The Ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.*

c Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

d P. 14.

N. B. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition revised. P.

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Universe, present to his imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's "Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers and sky-rockets.

^e *Glorious Illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.*

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

^f *Look down, blest'd saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.*

^e P. 50. ^f A. Philips on the Death of Queen Mary.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

^g *Thus have I seen in Araby the blest'd,
A Phaenix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.*

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

First he is a PAINTER.

^h *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight.*

Now he is a CHEMIST.

ⁱ *Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his light'ning, and distils his rain.*

Now he is a WRESTLER.

^k *Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.*

^g Anon. ^h Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
ⁱ Blackm. Pf. civ. p. 263. ^k Page 75.

NOW a RECRUITING OFFICER.

¹ For clouds, the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.

NOW a peaceable GUARANTEE.

^m In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

ⁿ Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

^o Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

Then a FULLER.

^p th' exhaling reeks that secret rise,
Born on rebounding sun-beams thro' the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, 'till they
grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

^q Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

¹ P. 170. ^m P. 70. ⁿ P. 61. ^o P. 181. ^p P. 18.
^q P. 174.

A BUTLER.

^r *He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.*

And a BAKER.

^s *God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.*

C H A P. VI.

Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each.

I Doubt not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for

^r P. 131.^s Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218.

others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring. And seldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal Genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious Genius's under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes*: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.
2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.
3. The *Ostridges* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very fast*. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.
4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.
5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.
6. The *Porpoises* are unweildy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief *Characteristicks* of the *Bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Island.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiariz-

ing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The Physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (tho' some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Trriticalness or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low Expression: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the Thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

** She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless
dame!*

To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:

* Anon.

*Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected than the Diction of these verses? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

*" Venus beheld her, 'midst her croud of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves.*

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chace, who (saith the Poet)

*Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itself,

** None but Himself can be his Parallel.*

Unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that Master of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

*This is the greatest Elephant in the world, except
Himself.*

† Idem.

* Theobald, Double Falshood.

However our next instance is certainly an original : Speaking of a beautiful infant,

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.*

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid ; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him ; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a circle of Critics,

*Thus Phæbus thro' the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid Monsters rises into day.*

What a peculiarity is here of invention ? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations : In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals : much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters : There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that ? with a boldness peculiar

to these daring genius's, what he found not monsters, he made so.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Profund, consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are *obvious*, therefore not *astonishing* or peculiar. But those that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity*; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For Choice and Distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "He washed his feet in butter," (a circumstance some Poets would

have softened, or past over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great Genius.

^y *With teats distended with their milky store,
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.*

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

^z *In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some deeply red and others faintly blue.*

Could the most minute Dutch-painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

^a *His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoaking plain,
And knots of scarlet ribbond deck his mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-players:

^b *They brandish high in air their threating staves,
Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves.
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.*

^y Blackm. Job, p. 133.

^z Pr. Arth. p. 89.

^a Anon.

^b Pr. Arth. p. 197.

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole life at Wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel!

Periphrase is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couch'd, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprize when he finds it.

The Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

c *A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

Here is a waving sea of heads, which by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

d *Nature's Confectioner,
Whose suckets are moist alchemy:
The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.*

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

e *Little Syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.*

c Job, p. 78. *d* Cleveland. *e* A. Philips to Cuzzona.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that fung finely ?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a Thought; it is the Spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast Romance, and the substance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the size of a primmer.

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our age ?

f Canst thou set forth th' ethereal mines on high,
Which the refulgent ore of light supply?
Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civth Psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

g The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their flight
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

f Job, p. 108.

g P. 267.

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent purfy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

C H A P. IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E---n of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; How would Sir Richard have said this? Do I express myself as simply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sub-*

lime : Yet is not this a paradox? As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghil. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious Circumstance or Periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those Figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit.
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eruētans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.*

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British Poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic*.

^b *Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, complain,
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground.*

Horace, in search of the Sublime, struck his head against the Stars ⁱ; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into *Ætna*. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections, or Blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the style of *Shakespear*; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.

And sundry poems in imitation of *Milton*, where with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, embroidered was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any

^b Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

ⁱ *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions*: But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind*, (and sure it is a better design to promote *sleep* than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiats* of Poesy, of the *Cool*, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods used by our authors in managing the *Passions*. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the use of *Wit* in expressing passion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes* on such occasions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent *Transports*.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that, to move Anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a silly pas-

tion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

C H A P. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And first of the variegating, confounding, and reversing Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *Abuse of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures must be so turn'd, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful Cast of Head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible to enumerate all such Figures; but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Classes.

- I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reversing Tropes and Figures.
- II. The Magnifying, and
- III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman Names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Master of this will say,

Mow the Beard,

Shave the Grass,

Pin the Plank,

Nail my Sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of Causes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, etc.

Lac'd in her^f Cofins new appear'd the bride,

A^g Bubble-boy and^h Tompion at her side,

And with an air divine herⁱ Colmar ply'd:

^f Stays.

^g Tweezer-case.

^h Watch.

ⁱ Fan.

*Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart^k Toupee.*

THE SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists, in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *Pretty-face* and *Pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *Snotty-nose* and *Draggle-tail*. Or of Accidents for Persons; as a Lawyer is called *Split-cause*, a Taylor *Prick-louse*, etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *Sword-man*, a *Gown-man*, a *T-m-T--d-man*; a *White-Staff*, a *Turn-key*, etc.

THE APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

¹ *The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

^k A sort of Perriwig: All words in use in this present Year 1727. P.

¹ Lee Alex.

^m *Tho' he (as said) may Riches gorge, the Spoil
Painful in massy Vomit shall recoil,
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own Ordure, cast with scorn away.*

The Second, that, whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negotiation, follow it in this manner.

ⁿ *The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confederacy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy for peace;
His plighted faith the Crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.*

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

^o *Envoys and Agents, who by my command
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom commissions I have given,
To manage there the interests of heaven:
Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name:
Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,
Make it plain, direct and broad;*

^m Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.

^o Blackm. Isa. c. xl.

ⁿ Job, p. 22.

*For I in person will my people head ;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r.*

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank

I. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this sort is the following :

^p *The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sickning sunbeams drown.*

What a noble Confusion ? clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning ! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

^q *Thy head shall rise, tho' buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.*

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head ?

^r *Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.*

^p Pr. Arthur, p. 37.
p. 157.

^q Job, p. 107.

^r Pr. Arthur,

Quære, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the *Jargon* such as the following.

^s *Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And Desolation lye for ever waste.*

^t *Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone.*

But for Variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN, where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split; As this of Mr. Dennis^w,

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;
or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted^x,

*Behold the Virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd by the Sky.*

To which thou may'st add,

*To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.*

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW, whereby Contraries and Oppositions are ballanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these, on a lady who

^s Job, p. 89.

^t T. Cook, Poems.

^w Poems 1693, p. 13. ^x Welsted, Poems, Acon and Lavin.

made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her cloaths.

^y *While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

^z *Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

His eyes so bright

^a *Let in the object and let out the light.*

^b *The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

The^c Fairies and their Queen

In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

^d *All nature felt a reverential shock,*

The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.

CHAPTER XI.

The Figures continued: Of the Magnifying and Diminishing Figures.

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time: His Thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that Dark-

^y Waller. ^z Steel on Queen Mary. ^a Quarles.
^b Lee, Alex. ^c Phil. Past. ^d Black. Job, p. 176.

ness is an essential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief Figure of this sort is,

I. The HYPERBOLE, or Impossible.

For instance, of a Lion;

*^e He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wond'rous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.*

Of a Lady at Dinner.

*The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.*

Of the same.

*Th' ^f obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.*

Of a Bull-baiting.

*^g Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly,
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.*

Of a Scene of Misery.

*^h Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe those hundred eyes.*

^e Vet. Aut.

^a Anon.

^f Theob. Double Falshood.

^g Blackm.

And that modest request of two absent lovers:

*Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.*

2. The PERIPHRAISIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

ⁱ *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.*

III. The third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British Arms.

^k *Under the Tropicks is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.*

On a Warrior.

^l *And thou Dalhouffy the great God of War,
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.*

ⁱ Anon.

^k Wall.

^l Anon.

On the Valour of the English.

^m *Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its steddy course,
Nor Alps nor Pyrenæns keep it out,
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.*

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous. A surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea,

ⁿ *His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary---with age, or grey with sudden fear.*

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

^m Denn. on Namur.
^e Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

[?] Blackm. Job, p. 197.

◦ *Now the resisted flames and firey store,*
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted Ore. }
Sometimes they bear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.

2. The VULGAR,

is also a Species of the *Diminishing*: By this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

^p *The mighty Staffa threw a massy spear,*
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, fung thro' the air.

A Man raging with grief to a Mastiff Dog:

^q *I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,*
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity:

Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest Master in this way: Hear how he fondles, like a meer stammerer.

^r *Little Charm of placid mien,*
Miniature of beauty's queen,

◦ Pr. Arthur. p. 157. ^p Pr. Arthur. ^q Job, p. 41.

^r Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona.

*Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurfeling see.*

*When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.*

*When again the lambkins play,
Pretty Sportlings full of May.*

*Then the neck so white and round,
(Little Neck with brillants bound.)*

*And thy Gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind) etc.*

*Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest be of happy men, etc.*

and the rest of those excellent Lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

** Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep!*

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

** That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!*

To die, and leave poor Colinet behind?

And yet,---Why blame I her?---

With no less simplicity does he suppose that

* Philips's Pastorals.

* Ibid.

shepherdesse tear their hair and beat their breasts,
at their own deaths :

^v *Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with disbevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.*

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most
beautiful instances :

^v *Alh silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)*

^z *To the grave Senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)*

^a *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majesty.)*

^b *Happy merry as a king,
Sipping dew, you sip, and sing.*

*The Noise returning with returning Light,
What did it?*

^c *Dispers'd the Silence, and dispell'd the Night.*

You easily perceive the Nothingness of every se-
cond Verse.

^d *The glories of proud London to survey,
The Sun himself shall rise---by break of day.*

^v Ibid. ^x Ibid. ^y Ibid. ^z Phil. on Q. Mary.

^a Ibid. ^b T. Cook, on a Grasshopper. ^c Anon.

^d Autor Vet.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

*Tb' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cbear my lone solitude with joyous gladness.*

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

*° All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.
The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remembered thee,
† O Sion, Sion, lovely name.*

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

*‡ The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies and support of wars.
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.*

° T. Cook, Poems.

† Ibid.

‡ Camp.

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

^h Break thro' the billows, and---divide the main
In smoother numbers, and---in softer verse.

ⁱ Divide--and part --the sever'd World--in two.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated modern Poems.

C H A P. XII.

Of Expression, and the several Sorts of Style of the present Age.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it becomes vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*. ^k Sometimes the wrong Case;

^h *Tonf. Misc.* 12^o vol. iv. p. 291. 4th Edit. ⁱ *Ibid.* vol. vi. p. 121.

^k *Ti. Hom.* ll. i.

And who more fit to sooth the God than thee? instead of thou: And rather than say, Thetis saw Achilles weep, she heard him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things; first, in the *Choice of low Words*: secondly, in the *sober and orderly way of ranging them*. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this talent, in-somuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my last cited author, who, tho' otherwise by no means of our rank, seem'd once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

^l *If not, a prize I will myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.*

^m *full of Days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see.*

ⁿ *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.*

^o *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.*

^p *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be.*

^l Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11.

ⁿ Idem. p. 19.

^o P. 34.

^m Idem, p. 17.

^p P. 38.

Or these of the same hand.

^a *I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.*

Sometimes a single *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship set on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

^r *And his scorch'd ribs the hot Contagion fry'd.*

And in that description of a World in ruins,

^s *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the might Crack.*

So also in these,

^t *Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink,
Come, from the fields and wild abodes--to drink.*

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

^v *He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the Forest and the Garden trees.*

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*, which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanicks for your expression. If you describe the garment of an an-

^a Tonsf. Misc. 12^o vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit. ^r Pr. Arthur, p. 151. ^s Tonsf. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119. ^t Job, 263.
^v Id. Job, 264.

gel, say that his ^x *Linen* was *finely spun*, and *bleached on the happy Plains*. ^y Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers*, and, if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

^z *Fresh Troops of Pains, and regimented Woes*.

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we shall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

I. The FLORID Style,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers which are the *Lowest* of vegetables are most *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following Poëie :

^a *The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand
kisses,*

^x Prince Arthur, p. 19.

^y Ibid. p. 339.

^z Job, p. 86.

^a Behn's Poems, p. 2.

*As if the willing branches strove
To beautify and shade the grove,----*

which indeed most branches do.) But this is still
excelled by our Laureat,

^b *Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant platanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer.

^c *His Robe of State is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless Train of lustre spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory made,
With Pearl celestial, and with Gems inlaid :
Whence Floods of joy, and Seas of splendor flow,
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.*

2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the
low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature.
Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*,
and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein
to be diligently studied: In Verse Mr. *Cibber's*
Prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so con-
spicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing*
and *Adapting to the Taste of the Times* the works

^p Guardian, 12^o 127.

^c Blackm. Pl. civ.

of the *Antients*. This we rightly phrase *Doing* them into English, and *Making* them English; two expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-House Politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Apgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipsnap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

^d See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable Chariot do surround,
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er the melancholy
round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

^e While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Cham-
paign
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.

^d Amb. Philips,

^e Pr. Arthur, p. 16.

(whence we also learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

† *He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid Regiments does keep,
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea ;
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of
Sand.*

Of two Armies on the Point of engaging.

‡ *Yon' armies are the Cards which both must play ;
At least come off a Saver if you may :
Throw boldly at the Sum the Gods have set ;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.*

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the *first Quality* ; and by the encouragement of the *Ladies*, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progress and Conquests may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris*, and are every where known by the *same Marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or

† Blackm. Pf. civ. p. 261.

‡ Lee, Sophon.

women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say *** and *** *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis.* ****
* * * * *

And *selling of Bargains*, and *double Entendre*, and *Κελευσμοσ* and *Ὀλδφιελδισμοσ*, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL Style,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakers of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

^h Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sun-beams stole away. }
}

Of an easy Death.

ⁱ When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the Grave, his Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

^k Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and
passes by.

^h Blackm. Job, p. 26.

ⁱ Ibid. p. 23.

^k Denn.

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

^l *The sparkling flames raise water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the
while.*

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous Visibility: When both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong* one. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

*For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?-----*

See who is there?

^m *Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.-----*

^l Anon. Tons. Misc. Part vi. p. 224. ^m Temp.

Shut the Door.

*The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.----*

Bring my Cloaths.

*Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,
To Man himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,
But would not give me Cloaths.-----*

Light the Fire.

*Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' rude breath.----*

Snuff the Candle.

*Yon' Luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.*

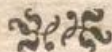
Open the Letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.---

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

*Apply thine engine to the spongy door,
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.*

Theob. Double Falshood.



C H A P. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the
Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of mo-

modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: To this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipsis* or Speech by half words, of Ministers and Politicians, the *Aposiopesis* of Courtiers, the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whisperers and Backbiters, and the *Anadiplosis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water,

and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Beargarden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch, at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be reple-

nished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestioned Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.

C H A P. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyrics, or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works, as *Speed* and

Dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our Productions none is so short-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a *short Way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric*: Every man is *honourable*, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a Man is the

more rich, the less he spends. All great Ministers, without either private or oeconomical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Posts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, just by paying *Publick Interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Successes*. They have by their Office, a right to a share of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; besides they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own Ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Dishonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief rule is the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphosed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellow-

ship; Corruption into Patriotism; and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain, the less a Man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he has?

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that who so loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his share in *publick Praise and Honour*. Therefore the truly publick spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

C H A P. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a professed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of story which afford most scope for *long Descriptions*: Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leisure: Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can use: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *Spirits* from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: When you cannot extricate

your Hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit.*----

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightning and Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*: mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your Tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish*. Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If such a Description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in

Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.

C H A P. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most Undaunted Mr. Colly Cibber; of whom let it be

known, when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors, and to all the Succession of our Successors, that to this present Day they continue to *Out-do* even their own *Out-doings*: And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brushed off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a *Co-temporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest Critics and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a Project signed with their Names, and dated the 2^d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is propos'd, That the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. That a spacious Building be erected at the Public expence, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of Children and Nurses to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometri-

cal paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerſet-Houſe* may not be demolished, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be waſted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all Projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readieſt manner convey thoſe eminent Perſonages from Courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by Curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to ſee their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets*; out of whom *Six* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was published) ſhall be elected to manage the af-

fairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being, may be always one. The Head or President over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Island.

5. The *Male-Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The *Actresses* are to make their beds, and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a *Library* to consist of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the *Council of Six* to sit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* shall determine the Dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require a decision by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Counsel of Six* in some conspicuous situation in the Theatre, where after the manner usually practised by composers in musick, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In consequence of these Signs the whole audience

shall be required to *clap* or *biss*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd?

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the publick expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the son of a *Critic*.

10. If it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit Murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood

of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *Debt*, it is proposed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy poultry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or Critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

11. The forementioned Scheme in its several regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives, a *very little* will be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of *Thunder* and *Lightning*, but *Paint*, *Diet-drinks*, *Spitting-pots*, and all other *Necessaries of Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first view seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great

Officers of state) this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

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