LONGUS.*

———

Whenever the Ancients were about to commence any important undertaking, they were extremely attentive to the omens which preceded it; and if any disagreeable sight, or any painful sound, obtruded itself, they desisted from their attempts, and waited for a more propitious opportunity.

Plutarch[1] tells us, that on one occasion the election of the Consuls at Rome was set aside, because some rats had been heard to squeak during the time of polling. Now, although a rat is an odious animal, this seems to be going a little too far; for, if that principle were introduced into our law of Parliament, and if all returns were to be set aside, whenever a rat had taken a part in the election, it is quite clear that no Representatives would ever be duly chosen, and that we should linger out a wretched state of untaxed existence, in a most deplorable destitution of distress-warrants, and utterly abandoned by excisemen and collectors.

But happily there is no reason to apprehend that we shall ever be given up to such a frightful solitude, this delicacy of the Romans being only a piece of religious superstition, and we are now, as is sufficiently obvious, quite free from superstitions of every kind.

It may be worth while, notwithstanding, to consider how far the attention paid by the Ancients to omens is worthy of imitation, not on superstitious grounds, for in this age any revival of superstition must be quite hopeless, but be-

* Author: Thomas Jefferson Hogg / Transcribed and annotated by Serena Baiesi and Franca Dellarosa.

cause in all things first impressions are of no small importance: to some men they are every thing; to all men, they are much.

As for example, in the study of Greek, who can say that his zeal is not somewhat abated by the recollection of what were his feelings when he was first introduced to what is called a great Grecian? He had been doubtless often told, that of all studies this is the most important: "Above all things, Greek!" had often been inculcated, and he naturally expected to see in such a character somewhat of the original brightness of what, he had been assured, was above all things bright.

And what did he see? A great Grecian.[2] A voluminous wig clotted with powder and pomatum, surmounting a pimpled and greasy face, which expressed all that is disgusting in grossness, sullen in tyranny, and despicable in servile meanness; whilst it hung brooding over a rusty black coat and waistcoat, of a more barbarous structure than is commonly deemed consistent even with those barbarian vestments, the apparel of a stomach strutting out with the bold projection of an Alderman's, but wanting that generous sweep of flowing outline;—to say nothing of the wide buckled shoes, the grey stockings, and the breeches begrimed with snuff.

And when he tarried with the Grecian, and found him vulgar in mind, brutal in manners; for ever wallowing in the base sensualities of inordinate eating; always muzzy in a middle state, with too little temperance to keep sober, and with too little spirit to get drunk outright;—when he found that he was a man, who never touched upon the substantial beauties of the language, but dwelt in the quantities of doubtful vowels, in the diversities of unsettled dialects, and in the various readings of unimportant words:

and that even this was not for the purpose of teaching, but in order to insnare; that he might at any moment find a pretext to cut his victim to shreds with the rod, and thus appease the malignity of his mind and the crudities of his stomach; —since it is under a Government so truly paternal that the first impressions are received, the wonder is, not that so little relish for this language in general remains, but that it is ever any thing else than an object of abhorrence;—it almost seems as if it was in revenge for our sufferings in this branch of education, that we are so nearly unanimous in endeavouring to retain under the legitimate sway of the Turks the descendents of the great Grecians, the prototypes of those, by whose hands we smarted in the days of our boyhood.

Be this as it may, we are too apt to forget that we owe to Greece the invention of all things; of all that is great, of all that is good, of all that is lovely, of all that is agreeable; and, amongst other agreeable things, of novels.

The first Greek novel[3] was written in the time of Alexander the Great;[4] it has perished, and all we know of it is, that it was of the marvellous cast. This was followed by several of what may be called the French school,[5] of a warm complexion; they are now no more, and all that remains besides their names is the tradition that, like some others of that school, they were a little too warm.

Then sprung up a great crop of erotic or amatory writers, who flourished, as is conjectured, in the fifth century of the Christian æra; of whose works some have been published, some have been lost, and others still remain in MSS. in public libraries. "*Seges eroticorum, seculi quinti, partim edita, partim deperdita, partim e bibliothecis adhuc expromenda.*"[6] The prince of these is Longus,[7] who has deservedly gained the title of "*Suavissimus*,"[8] the sweetest of writers; he is a more

pure and simple sophist than any of the rest, but he is still a sophist.

There are perhaps no books in the world of any merit less read, than "Longus the Sophist's four Books of Pastorals concerning Daphnis and Chloe."[9] It would be a humourous, but by no means a light penance, if the penitent were enjoined to wander about the land, until he could find some one to absolve him, who was acquainted with these four books. A certain scholar, who was, as sometimes happens, much admired by his own university in his day, and by no one else at any other time, upon being asked if he had read Longus, answered: "Longus! O yes, Longus. I know Longus; he wrote a book in queer, crampt, crabbed Greek. I know Longus."[10] The penitent himself, however foot-sore, could hardly satisfy his conscience with absolution pronounced in this form, at least if he had read one sentence of our author.

A learned man resembles the unlearned in nothing more (although the likeness is in many respects very striking) than in his unwillingness to say, I know nothing about the matter, even when this may be said without at all violating the truth.

In order to keep up this resemblance, some learned men have written that the *Pastoralia*, which are manifest prose, are in verse: and the editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica, by dividing the title of the book, have made it into two works: they teach us, that "Longus is the author of a book entitled *Pæmenica*, or Pastorals, and a romance, containing the loves of Daphnis and Chloe." A book-making trick, which we should hardly have looked for in the editors of an Encyclopedia.

In palliation of these, and of many other mistakes, which might be enumerated, it may be alleged that the book is

very scarce; that, although it may be met with in public libraries, it is rarely to be found in private hands. One, who affected the singularity of being the possessor of a copy, sought for it in vain in the catalogues of, at least, ten or twelve of the principal booksellers in London: one of them, however, it must be owned, had the book in his catalogue, although not in his library. An edition, printed at Leipsic in 1777, was at last procured,[11] which shewed that this dearth prevailed as well on the Continent as in England; for the editor, M. B. G. L. Boden, a learned Professor of Poetry, complains that he had long been desirous to publish this book himself, but had sought in vain for a copy for that purpose: he tells us, that he formed that wish, because for a long period of time it had been recommended again and again to the common admiration of mankind by many learned men, whom he names. "*Liber communi admirationi sat diu a Politianis, Muretis, Barthiis, Scaligeris, Trilleris, Christiis, Hereliis, etiam atque etiam commendatus.*"[12]

From this scarcity we should hardly have supposed that there are nine or ten different editions in existence; but of some of them a small number of copies were printed; others were in an expensive form, and therefore probably their sale was very limited. A splendid edition published at Paris,[13] with plates from designs by the Duke of Orleans,[14] was of course expensive, and besides a few copies only were struck off.

The sight of a dear friend, who has been unexpectedly rescued from death, is delightful to the eyes, and the narrative of his escape is above all things interesting. Where shall we find more dear, more faithful friends, than the Greek writers? How many of them have perished miserably, even in sight of land (like some of their worshippers, who also carried away with them too large a portion of that scanty

remnant of virtue, which as yet remained to our poverty) and to what frightful hazards have most of the survivors been exposed, before the art of printing brought salvation to letters.

On this account few curiosities are more agreeable than the *editio princeps*[15] of a Greek book. The first edition of Longus is extremely scarce.[16] It is a small thin quarto, printed at Florence, in 1598, or, as it is expressed in the title-page, and, as far as respects the numerals, somewhat quaintly, "*Florentiæ, apud Philippum Junctam* MDIIC." As is commonly the case with these primitive productions, its simplicity is uncorrupted by the impurities of a Latin translation, and it has only a few notes at the end, and a short dedicatory preface by Raphael Columbanius. The prefaces of first editions must always be read with interest, as they contain a public acknowledgment of that superior excellence in the author, which induced some meritorious persons, always at a considerable expense, and too often with a great loss, to secure to us, by means of the press, the perpetual possession of inestimable treasures. It may be worth while, therefore, to hear what reasons Columbanius has to offer for saving the life of the sweetest of writers; they are these: "Having myself attentively read the Pastorals of Longus, and having also persuaded several learned men to read them, the author seemed so delightful to all of us, as well on account of the purity and elegance of his language, as of the gaiety of his subject, that we could not help thinking we should be guilty of no small offence, if we did not all in our power to prevent such a work remaining any longer in concealment: more especially as I well knew that many scholars were most anxious that it should be published."[17]

"Quæ cum diligenter legissem, et cum doctis sanè viris lectionem illam communicâssem, ita nobis arridere cæpit hic auctor,

tum ob sermonis puritatem atque elegantiam, tum ob materiæ festivitatem, ut prope facinus nos admissuros fuisse duxerimus si (quantum in nobis esset) hujusmodi opus diutius in tenebris delitesceret: præser tim, cum scirem illud a studiosis vehementer desiderari."

Another specimen of the editions, of which only a limited number of copies were printed, is a neat little volume in 12mo., equally undefiled by Latin or disfigured by notes, the pages of which are ruled with bright red lines, like a Prayer-book or Testament.[18] The benevolent reader is addressed in a short preface by Lud. Dutens, who ungenerously printed at Paris, in 1776, only 200 copies, but generously distributed 100 of these to his private friends.

Another of the expensive class is a quarto, beautifully printed at Parma, in the luscious types of Bodoni.[19]

There is an old translation into English,[20] and one more modern (London, 1804, 12mo.) by Mr. Le Grice;[21] the old French translation by Amyot,[22] is much esteemed; and there are two, or three, into Italian.[23]

Some elegant examples from Longus are introduced in "A Grammar of the Greek Tongue on a New Plan,"[24] which Mr. Jones has contrived to make an amusing book, although a grammar; and he has also contrived, which is no common merit in a grammar, to be abused by the Quarterly Review,[25] the rule of right, by which we, the people of England, at present form our taste and our morals; together with some little assistance from certain Annual Journals and Daily Annals; for by such congruous names these great masters of language designate their oracular volumes.

Of many of the ancients but little is known; of Longus literally nothing; even Bayle,[26] who can tell us every thing about every body, can tell us nothing about him. It is highly creditable to the Sophist, that we find nothing about

himself in his book; this savours of honest antiquity, when a man, who undertook to write of Daphnis and Chloe, could keep faith, and actually write of them and of them only; whereas we moderns discourse about ourselves, our wives, our digestion, our own narrow notions concerning politics or religion,—about any thing, in short, but our subject.

Nor do any of his contemporaries, if he ever had any, which is by no means clear, give us any account of him: from this general silence (unless we suppose that he inhabited the world alone, in which case he could not do any great mischief) we may infer with tolerable certainty, that he must have been an excellent man; because we may be sure that his neighbours would not have proclaimed his virtues, or have been so unneighbourly as to have kept silence respecting his faults, or even his weaknesses, if he had any.

But commentators must needs comment upon every thing; they can permit nothing to rest in peace, not even the me[27] mory of the dead. There is one incredible thing,—more i[28] credible than all that is contained in Palæphatus, who wrote a book expressly concerning incredible things,—[29]and that is, the indefatigable industry with which these men have brought together, for the sole purpose of blocking up the paths to knowledge, huge masses of rubbish, in comparison with which the pyramids of Egypt shrink into insignificance.

Let us hear, in a few words, what Peter Moll, a Doctor of Laws and a Professor of Greek, narrates at some length in an edition of Longus, published by himself, in 1660, with some of these learned notes:[30] and it is no very aggravated instance of one of the incursions of those barbarians, by which the republic of letters has taken so much detriment.

He boasts that, after much research, he has been so fortu-

nate as to make the three following valuable discoveries:—First, that *Longus* is a Latin word, and that the Romans used to call a man, who happened to be taller than his neighbours, not only *Longurio* (which Dr. Ainsworth translates "a long gangrel, a tall, long, slim fellow,"[31]) but that they would sometimes even call such a person *Longus*. Secondly, that one John Funck says, that in the year U. C. 749, there was at Rome a consul named Longus, and that he, for any thing that appears to the contrary, was a very tall man.[32] Thirdly and lastly, that in the times of Arcadius and Honorius there lived somewhere in Egypt four brothers, all monks, who were severally called Longus, as John Funck sees no reason to doubt, on account of the unusual procerity of their bodies.[33]

It is easy to imagine, that a truly learned man may, with his wife's permission, have a son; but it is not so easy to believe that a truly learned man can ever have a fortune to leave to that son: let him, however, as the next best thing, leave him on his death-bed this piece of advice:—"Never, my dear Boy, never read a note on any pretence whatever."

It would be very desirable to give some idea of the *Pastoralia*, if it were possible for a curious person to get an idea of a work of the least merit or originality in any other way than by reading it himself. What is this work?—It is a Pastoral Romance. What is it like?—It is like the Aminta of Tasso,[34] the Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre,[35] the tales of shepherds which Cervantes has scattered about in his Don Quixote:[36] but it is different from all these; it is much better. How is it better?—The reader will like it better.

Why we like one thing better than another, has not yet been discovered; let us therefore read the books we like best, and do the things we like best; at least for the present, until some of our Scotch friends find out the why and

the wherefore, which they assure us they are in a fair way for doing.

It can never be supposed, that what is called an argument will give any idea of a book; besides, whenever a new play makes its appearance, the newspapers next morning hang out its skeleton; if however any one's taste be so incurably anatomical, that he is not satiated by the shocking frequency of these chirurgical exhibitions, but must have a dry preparation, let him instantly repair to Mr. Dunlop's History of Fiction,[37] where he will find the story stripped most carefully of its integuments.

There can be no great harm in arranging, as in a play, the names and characters of the several personages who appear in the course of the novel: it will be much shorter than an abstract of the story, which the reader will in some degree be enabled to make out for himself, and he will find it a more amusing course than the rigid mode of drying an argument. The bill of the supposed play is as follows:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MEN.

Lamon, a goatherd, the adoptive father of Daphnis.
Daphnis.
Dryas, a shepherd, the adoptive father of Chloe.
Dorco, a herdsman, a suitor of Chloe.
Philetas, an old herdsman.
Bryaxis, a Methymnæan general.
Hippasus, a Mitylenæan general.
Dionysophanes, the landlord and master of Lamon, and the real father of Daphnis.
Eudromus, a servant of Dionysophanes.
Lampis, a suitor of Chloe.
Astylus, son of Dionysophanes.
Gnatho, a parasite, the companion of Astylus.
Megacles, the real father of Chloe.

THE WOMEN.

Chloe.
Lycænium, (the young wife of an old husbandman) who takes an active part in the education of Daphnis.
Clearista, the wife of Dionysophanes, and mother of Daphnis.
Myrtale, the wife of Lamon.
Rhode, the wife of Megacles, and mother of Chloe.
Nape, the wife of Dryas.
Pan, the Nymphs, Tyrian Pirates, Shepherds, Suitors of Chloe, and Mithynæan Youths.

The Scene is at Mitylene, and in the adjoining country in the Island of Lesbos.

The most grave objection that has been brought against Longus, is that of Peter Daniel Huet,[38] Bishop of Avranches, who asserts that this work is so indecent, that the man who can read it without blushing must of necessity be a cynic. "*Opus alioqui tam obscænum est, ut qui sine rubore legat, eum Cynicum esse necesse est*."[39] What kind of a cynic or what kind of a philosopher a French bishop may be, it is not easy to guess: but bishops in all countries are such an ingenuous, shamefaced race, that there are, notwithstanding, many good books which they are not much inclined to read.

Others of the great and good, or what is precisely the same thing, of those who are the best paid for loudly proclaiming that they belong to those distinguished orders, have spoken of it with abhorrence, and called it filthy—no doubt with perfect sincerity; as a Scotch lady once affirmed, that she abhorred "the filthy practice of smearing the body all over with fresh spring-water."

The work being professedly erotic, and treating solely of love, it is a little unreasonable to expect from an ancient, that he should cautiously abstain from uttering a single syllable on that subject: had he been a modern, the case, to be sure, would have been widely different.

The 10th and 11th chapters of the 3rd Book, "*quand il fait commettre à Daphnis une infidelitè par ignorance*"[40] (to adopt a happy French expression) many persons will doubtless think themselves obliged to censure. But the fault, after all, lies in the very objectionable mode which Nature has adopted for continuing the species: had the world been created in a highly civilized age like the present, we cannot doubt that these things would have been placed upon a much better footing. We should, in that case, be as happy as many of the early Christians were, who, in the days of their apologist, Minucius Felix,[41] as he informs us, enjoyed a perpetual virginity, "*virginitate perpetuâ fruuntur;*"[42] and shewed therein as much good taste as a gentleman connected with the administration exhibited, "who always *enjoyed* a bad state of health," as the late lamented Lord Londonderry,[43] in imitation perhaps of this very passage, classically observed.

Another objection, more difficult to answer, is brought by Bayle, who complains that Chloe is too free of her kisses, "*la Bergere de Longus accorde des baisers trop promptement*."[44] The objection that "there was too much kissing in it," was once made to that truly German Pastoral, the Death of Abel,[45] by an ingenious young Quaker—[46](may the Society of Friends pardon the incautious expression!)—by an ingenious young person, who was at that period of life when, if he had not been a Quaker, he might without impropriety have been called young. This undue promptitude must indeed be exceedingly offensive, if it can displease even Protestant Dissenters,[47] who are uniformly remarkable for their erotic propensities.

But there is yet another objection made by the same Huet, which is a greater fault than the former: "*Pejus etiam vitium est*," says the Right Reverend Bishop;[48] it is

much worse than that cynical indecency which made the good father blush in such a distressing manner. What can this be? What but the perverse and preposterous conduct of the story, which absurdly begins with the infancy of the hero and heroine, and cannot stop at their marriage, but goes on and on, to tell about their children and their old age. "*Pejus etiam vitium est perversa et præpostera operis æconomia. A Pastorum cunabulis ineptè orditur, et vix in eorum nuptiis desinit: ad eorum usque liberos, imo et senectutem suâ narratione*[49] *progreditur*."[50] Upon which Bayle jeeringly remarks, "*C'est sortir entierement du vrai caractere de cette espèce d'écrits. Il les faut finir au jour des noces, et se taire sur les suites du marriage. Une heroïne de Roman grosse et accouchèe est un ètrange personnage*."[51]

This is certainly an abomination; but is it true? Is the conduct of the story so perverse and preposterous? Does it begin so absurdly with the cradles and infancy of the parties? The author proposes to tell the history of two foundlings:— is it very unreasonable then to find them first? Is not this rather a very legitimate application of the old rule, "first catch your hare?"[52] In two short chapters (the work consists of 98) he despatches the infancy, he gets rid of the cradles, which are so odious to the Bishop; and in the very last chapter of the work the lovers are married. Their living to a great age, or having any children, is merely mentioned incidentally. That the accusation of the superior indecency of the book is as unfounded as the greater crime of the preposterous conduct of the story, will be easily divined after this specimen of ecclesiastical criticism.

It will perhaps be asked, are not the erotic writers in a bad taste? Are they not full of absurdit is?[53] In literature, as in the arts, there are a few works, perhaps some half dozen, in which there is not any thing that we wish to be otherwise

than it is; and we are uniformly delighted and surprised to find that every part is, not only as it ought to be, but far better than we could possibly have imagined. The middle class consists of productions, some passages of which afford us great pleasure, whilst others displease; although in general we cannot tell how to remedy what we feel is offensive or not satisfactory. The lowest class, where we find few or no beauties, and perpetual faults which we are certain we could never have committed, and could easily remedy, ought to be forthwith remitted to our friend the trunk-maker.

It is not pretended that any of the erotic writers, even Longus himself, are to be placed with the immortals, who occupy the first rank; but they certainly all deserve a high station amongst the heroes in the second; for few books afford the reader greater pleasure, and their faults, which it cannot be dissembled are many, most commonly are such as we are sensible do exist, but cannot clearly see how to rectify.

We must bear in mind likewise, that they treat chiefly of love, which is a delicate subject; for making love, it should seem, is not a mere mechanical operation, like making hay. The spectator is rarely satisfied when he sees it made on the stage, even by those who are esteemed by the best judges as artists in their line. It has been conjectured, that this is because every man has a way of his own which he considers the most perfect, and is therefore very intolerant on this subject. But is not Longus in a bad taste? Let us first agree in what kind of taste this little ode is written:—

"Voi, freschi venticelli,
Spirate dolcemente;
Voi, limpidi ruscelli,
Scorrete soavemente;
Voi, delicati fiori,

Intorno a lei crescete;
Voi, ninfe, e voi, pastori,
Taciti il pie movete;
In questa valle ombrosa
La mia Filli riposa."[54]

To give a clear idea of the peculiar style of the erotic writers, which is artificial but yet very agreeable, by any general description, is impossible; to enter into minute details, and to say that the structure of the sentence is governed by the principle of assigning this place to the adjective and that to the verb, and that a period usually consists of so many members, arranged according to such and such rules, would be insufferably tedious, and would most probably fail of attaining the end proposed. As peculiarities consist altogether in manner, they can only be seized by actual observation.

In return for the pleasure derived from works of fancy, and indeed from almost all our amusements, we must make some pretty liberal concessions: we must bear with a great deal that is unnatural; we must tolerate many absurdities, acquiesce in improbabilities, and sometimes even concede what is impossible; we must allow a certain distance to the juggler, and permit him to be inaccessible on the rear, and strongly entrenched on the flanks; we must be content to view the perspective of a painting from one point only; to consider a motionless statue as a flying Mercury;[55] to suppose that the hero of an opera is soliloquizing in a perfect solitude, although every word gives præternatural activity to the elbows of fifty fiddlers; and, in spite of ourselves, to feel drowsy during the ballet, in sympathy with the heroine, who, by a fiction of the theatre, sleeps soundly in a hornpipe.

If the reader should think the demands of Longus rather

high, he must remember that his fare is good; and although some articles may at first seem extravagant, when he becomes a little accustomed to his ways, he will find that on the whole he is not unreasonable.

It has always been usual, in giving an account of any author in an unknown tongue, to offer, by way of specimen, some translations. This is a cruel practice; but cruel as it is, it must be complied with. If the merit of a work is supposed to be comprehended in a thousand particulars, nine hundred and ninety-nine and three quarters of these will always consist in the peculiar manner of the writer, which of course cannot be translated. What is called a free translation, when it is not a cloak for ignorance, is an attempt to improve upon the thing translated, and is consequently high treason against the author, for which the literary reputation of the translator ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Every one who is not hardened in his doings into English, will, when compelled to translate, throw himself upon the reader's mercy, and cry, "I have been literal." As a Form of Prayer for persons in that unhappy situation has never been drawn up, the following is submitted to their consideration at least, until a more approved one is substituted by authority:—

"Gentle Reader, I have brought this delicate piece of workmanship into England out of Greece, by long journies over bad roads. True it is, that the finest parts have been shaken off, and are altogether lost; that the sharp edges are worn and broken; that the masterly joinings are gaping through shocks and joltings; that the colours have faded and changed; and that the exquisite polish has every where disappeared: this is but too true, as you perceive; but such as it remains, it is the very identical piece which I received at Athens. I have made no judicious alterations; not one

improvement: I have neither painted, gilded, nor varnished. Leave me to lament over this involuntary havoc, and spare your reproaches."

The 3d and 4th Chapters of the 2d Book have been selected as the most proper to make an example of: they are as follows:—

Chap. 3.—"An old man came to them, clothed with a frock, shod with sandals, furnished with a scrip, and that scrip an old one. He sat down beside them, and spoke thus:—"I am, my children, the old man Philetas; I, who have many times sung to these nymphs, who have many times piped to that Pan, who have led many a herd of oxen by my music alone. I come to you, to relate what I have seen, to tell what I have heard. I have a garden, the work of my own hands, which I have cultivated ever since I ceased to tend the flocks on account of old age. It produces, according to each season, whatever the seasons bear: in spring, roses, lilies, the hyacinth, and both the violets; in summer, poppies, pears, and all kinds of apples; now, grapes, and figs, and pomegranates, and green myrtle-berries. In this garden flocks of birds assemble in the morning; some to feed, some to sing; for it is overspreading and shady, and watered by three fountains: if the hedge were taken away, it would seem to be a wood. When I went into the garden yesterday about noon, I saw a boy under the pomegranate-trees and myrtles, carrying pomegranates and myrtle-berries; he was fair as milk, and golden-haired as fire, and fresh as one lately bathed; he was naked, he was alone, and he was sporting as if he had been plucking fruit in his own garden. I hastened towards him to lay hold of him, fearing lest in his rudeness he should break the myrtles and the pomegranate-trees. But he escaped me lightly and easily—sometimes running under the rose-bushes, some-

times hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge.[56]

"Often have I had much trouble in pursuing sucking kids, often have I toiled in running after new-born calves; but this was an ever-varying and unattainable labour. Being weary, for I am old, and resting upon my staff (watching him meanwhile that he might not escape) I enquired to whom of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by gathering fruit in another man's garden? He made no answer, but, standing beside me, he smiled softly, and pelted me with myrtle-berries. I know not how it was, but he soothed me so that I could no longer be angry. I implored him therefore to come within reach, and to fear nothing; and I swore by the myrtles, that I would let him go, that I would give him apples and pomegranates, and would permit him always to gather the fruit and pluck the flowers, if I could obtain from him one single kiss. At this he laughed heartily, and said in a voice, such as no swallow, no nightingale, no swan (a bird as long-lived as myself) could utter—

'It is no trouble to me to kiss you, Philetas, for I desire to be kissed even more than you desire to be young: but pray consider, would this favour be suitable to your years? For your old age would be of no avail to deter you from following me, after you had gotten one kiss. I am difficult to be overtaken by a hawk, and by an eagle and by any bird that is swifter even than these. I am not a child; and although I seem to be a child, yet am I older than Saturn, than all Time itself. I knew you, when in early youth you used to feed a wide-spreading herd in yonder marsh, when you loved Amaryllis: but you did not see me, although I used to stand close by the girl. However, I gave her to you, and now your sons are good herdsmen and good husbandmen. At present I tend Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have

brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden and please myself with the flowers and plants, and I bathe in these fountains. On this account the flowers and plants are beautiful, for they are watered from my baths. See now whether any one of your plants is broken, whether any fruit has been gathered, whether any flower-root has been trodden down, whether any fountain is troubled. And I say farewell to the only one of men, who in his old age has seen this child!' With these words he sprang like a young nightingale upon the myrtles, and passing from branch to branch, he crept through the leaves up to the top. I saw his wings upon his shoulders, and I saw a little bow between the wings and the shoulders; and then I saw no longer either them or him.

"Unless I have borne these gray hairs in vain, and unless as I grow older I become more foolish, you are dedicated to Love, and Love has the care of you."

Chap. 4.—"They were quite delighted, as if they had heard a fable, not a history; and they inquired, 'What is Love, whether a boy or a bird, and what power has he?' Philetas answered: 'My Children, Love is a god, young and beautiful and winged; he therefore delights in youth, follows after beauty, and gives wings to the soul. And he has more power than Jove. He governs the elements; he governs the stars; he governs his peers the Gods. You have not so much power over the goats and sheep. The flowers are all the work of Love; these plants are his productions. Through his influence the rivers flow and the winds breathe. I remember a bull overcome by love, and he bellowed as if he had been stung by a gad-fly; and a he-goat enamoured of a she-goat, and he followed her every where.

" 'Even I have been young, and I was in love with Amaryllis. I remembered not food, I sought not after drink, I

took no sleep. My soul grieved; my heart palpitated; my body was chilled. I cried as if beaten; I was silent as if dead. I threw myself into the rivers as if burning. I called upon Pan to help me, for he loved Pitys: I blessed the echo for repeating after me the name of Amaryllis: I broke my reeds, for they could charm my oxen but could not bring Amaryllis.

" 'There is no cure for Love, that is either to be drunken, or to be swallowed, or to be uttered in incantations, except only a kiss, an embrace, and —— unrestrained caresses.' "

EDITORIAL NOTES

[1] Plutarch (c. 46CE- c.120), Greek biographer and essayist. Among his numerous writings, *The Parallel Lives* stands out as particularly influential; it features biographical accounts of Greek and Roman military leaders, orators, and politicians, organized in pairs for comparative analysis.

[2] For a nuanced discussion of the recurring "Orientalist renderings of Greece" as a "debased version of Hellenes" emerging in European writings in the period, as exemplified in the subsequent two paragraphs, see Grammatikos 2019 (21).

[3] The origins of what is now referred to as the Greek novel or romance remain blurred. During the first century CE, large works of prose fiction composed in Greek started to emerge, typically dealing with erotic themes and featuring made-up characters and situations. These works show clear connections with the *Odyssey* and tales from Herodotus. The typical storyline involves a recurring theme where a boy and girl meet, fall in love, face separation due to unfortunate circumstances, and ultimately reunite.

[4] Alexander the Great (356-23 BCE), king of Macedonia (336-23 BCE) and the most legendary military leader in the classic world. The time reference appears to be incongruous.

[5] Reference untraced.

[6] The sentence is the Latin original text for the previous lines. The reference, however, is untraced.

[7] Longus (flourished between the 2nd and the 3rd centuries CE), Greek writer, commonly referred to as "the Sophist" and author of the pastoral romance *Daphnis and Chloe*. No details of his life are known, except that he appears to have lived on the island of Lesbos.

[8] *Suavissimus* (Latin): most pleasant. Epithet assigned to prominent writers.

[9] *Daphnis and Chloe,* Longus's work, composed between the 2nd and 3rd centuries CE, considered the first pastoral prose romance and one of the most popular of the Greek erotic romances in Western culture. The plot of *Daphnis and Chloe* revolves around the figures of two foundlings who fall in love but are then separated only to reunite at the end. The full text is available online at the Loeb Classical Library.

[10] Reference untraced.

[11] Longus, *Longi Pastoralium de Daphnide et Chloe*, Io. Friderici Iunii, ed. M.B.G.L. Boden, Leipsic, 1777.

[12] Latin source text for the previous passage.

[13] Longus, *Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé*, trans. Jacques Amyot, Quillau, Paris, 1718.

[14] The Parisian edition of 1718 contains 28 plates engraved by Philippe D'Orleans (1674-1723), Duke of Orleans and regent of France (1715-23).

[15] *editio princeps* (Latin): first printed edition of a work previously circulating in manuscript.

[16] Longus, *Longi Pastoralium de Daphnide et Chloë*, ed. Raphael Columbanius, Philippum Iunctam, Florence, 1598.

[17] The English translation precedes the Latin version of the passage. Longus, *Longi Pastoralium de Daphnide et Chloë*, ed. Raphael Columbanius, Philippum Iunctam, Florence, 1598, pp. II-III.

[18] Longus, *Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé*, ed. Lud. Dutens, trans. Jacques Amyot, Bouillon, Paris, 1776.

[19] Longus, *Gli Amori Pastorali di Dafni e di Cloe*, trans. Annibal Caro, Bodoni, Parma, 1786.

[20] Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*, trans. Angell Daye, R. Walde-Grave, London, 1587.

[21] Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*, trans. Charles Valentine Le Grice, T. Vigurs, London, 1803.

[22] Longus, *Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé,* trans. Jacques Amyot, Vincent Sertenas, 1559.

[23] Longus, *Gli Amori Pastorali di Dafni e Cloe*, trans. Annibal Caro, Forni, Bologna, 1573; Longus, *Gli Amori Innocenti di Dafni e della Cloe*, trans. Giovanni Battista Manzini, Giacomo Monti, Bologna, 1643.

[24] John Jones, *A Grammar of the Greek Tongue, on a New Plan*, Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme, and Brown, London, 1815.

[25] *Quarterly Review*, English literary and political periodical first printed in London in 1809.

[26] Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), French philosopher, historian, literary critic, journalist, and encyclopaedist. His most significant work is the *Historical and Critical Dictionary* (*Dictionnaire historique et critique*) (1697).

[27] *me mory*: *me-mory*, hyphen missing, likely faded, in the copy-text.

[28] *i credible*: *in-credible*, the letter "n" is partially faded and the hyphen is not visible in the copy-text.

[29] Palaephatus (flourished 4th century BCE), Greek mythographer. His most important work is *On Incredible Things* (*Peri apistōn*).

[30] Longus, *Longi Pastoralium de Daphnide et Chloe*, ed. Petrus Moll, Joannis Arcerii, Franeker, 1660.

[31] Robert Ainsworth, James Ross, *An Abridgement of Ainsworth's Dictionary*, G. Cowie & Co., London, 1822. See the definitions of *Longurio* as: "A gangrel"; "One slender and tall"; "A slim fellow"; "A tall gangrel fellow".

[32] Untraced reference.

[33] Longus, *Longi Pastoralium de Daphnide et Chloe*, ed. Petrus Moll, Joannis Arcerii, Franeker, 1660, Notes, p. 1.

[34] Torquato Tasso (1544-95), one of the most significant Italian poets of the late Renaissance period, and the author of the epic poem *Jerusalem Delivered* (*Gerusalemme liberata*, 1581). He composed *L'Aminta*, a pastoral drama, in 1573. This 'favola boschereccia' was performed at the court of Ferrara in the same year and then published in 1580.

[35] Jacques-Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (1737-1814), French writer and botanist. His novel *Paul et Virginie* (1788) was a sensation across Europe. It is set in Mauritius, and is described in the authorial preface as a special kind of pastoral, because of its exotic setting.

[36] Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616), Spanish writer. His masterpiece, the novel *Don Quixote* (1605-1615), is a classic of Western literature.

[37] John Dunlop (1785-1842), *The History of Fiction: Being a Critical Account of the Most Celebrated Prose Works of Fiction from the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Age*, 3 vols. (London: Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown, 1814), which appears to have been a key source in the making of the essay. The section devoted to Longus and his *Daphnis and Chloe* is located in volume 1; a bio-bibliographical note on Longus is included in Appendix 4 (Cf. Dunlop 1816, 2nd ed., 1:56-75; 479-80).

[38] Pierre-Daniel Huet (1630-1721), French scholar, philosopher and bishop of Avranches (1692-99).

[39] Latin original of the previous sentence. See Pierre-Daniel Huet, *Liber de Origine Fabularum Romanensium* (The Hague: Arnout Leers, 1682), 67.

[40] Pierre-Daniel Huet, *Traité de l'Origine des Romans,* Septième Ed. (Paris: George Gallet, 1693), 106.

[41] Marcus Minucius Felix (?- c. 250), Roman lawyer and one among the first Christian Apologists to write in Latin.

[42] Marcus Minucius Felix, *Octavius*, (Rotterdam: Jan Daniel Beman, 1743), 332.

[43] Robert Stewart (1769-1822), 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, title created in 1816 for Lord Castlereagh, a member of Parliament and British foreign secretary who committed suicide in August 1822. He was a long-standing target of Hunt and his circle. On Castlereagh's death, see Hunt's "Preface", *The Liberal*, vol. 1:ix.

[44] Pierre Bayle, *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* (1697), vol. 9 (Paris: Desoer, 1820), 352.

[45] *The Death of Abel* (*Der Tod Abels*) (1758), an epic poem written by the Swiss author Salomon Gessner (1730-88) which revolves around the biblical characters of Cain and Abel.

[46] Quaker, name assigned to the members of the Religious Society of Friends (also named "Friends Church"), a Protestant Christian group founded in mid-seventeenth-century England and known for its tradition of anti-war commitment. The key tenets of the movement include the central role of the Holy Spirit and advocation for a priesthood of all believers. The reference is untraced.

[47] Dissenters, Protestants who do not follow the doctrines and practices of the Church of England.

[48] Huet 1682, 66-67.

[49] *narratione*: the letter "t" is partially effaced in the copy-text.

[50] Huet 1682, 66-67.

[51] Bayle 1820, 355. Trans. "which is transgressing the rules of this kind of writing. They ought to wind up on the wedding-day, and say nothing of the consequences of marriage. The heroine of a romance, with a big-belly, or lying-in, is a strange image." Bayle, *The Dictionary Historical and Critical of Mr. Peter Bayle*, vol. 3, trans. Pierre des Maizeaux, J. J. and P. Knapton, D. Midwinter, J. Brotherton and 27 others (London, 1734), 866.

[52] A warning against overconfidence, this proverbial expression has been believed to have been used either in *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy* (1747) by Mrs Glasse or in *Book of Household Management* (1851) by Mrs. Beeton. It is in fact a misquotation, while a similar expression has a much earlier source, the medieval Latin treatise *De legibus et consuetudinibus Angliae*, attributed to the lawyer Henry of Bratton. See *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, 2nd ed., 223.

[53] *absurdit is*: misprint for *absurdities*.

[54] Tommaso Crudeli (1703-45), "Canzonetta", collected in *Raccolta di poesie del Dottor Tommaso Crudeli. Dedicata all'Illustrissimo Signor Orazio Mann, Ministro in Toscana di S. M. Britannica appresso Sua Maestà Cesarea*. In Napoli, Con Licenza de' Superiori, MDCCXLVI, 55. It translates a stanza from the *Sixth Pastoral* by Ambrose Phillips (1675?-1749), in *Pastorals* (1710): "Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow; | Shield her, ye Trees; ye Flowers around her grow; | Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by; | My Love, in yonder Vale asleep does lye."

[55] Mercury, Roman god of shopkeepers, merchants, thieves and tricksters.

[56] Cf. Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe*, bk. II.