THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE

A SATIRICAL POEM
IN DIALOGUE.
WITH NOTES.

PART THE FOURTH AND LAST.

THE THIRD EDITION.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.]
ACCOUNT OF LITERATURE

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REPORT

IN MEDICINE

WITH...
THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:
A SATIRICAL POEM
IN DIALOGUE.
WITH NOTES.

Oud' alacscopin eixe xee ayw Ewosichbaw'
Kai gaes d' thauvazaw yato Ptolemonyte Mavatite,
T'wv ep' akrotatik xovg'v Saim yllpesos
Thevixin, evthn yar evaineto pase mev Ida,
Faineto de Priaio polis, kai ynes Acharw
Autika d' e' ores katebpaato pauvalorentos.
TRIS mev oraxaw' inw, TO DE TETRAPON iketo tekmow
Aigas, evthia de bi klwta dawmata BENVESI LIMNHS
Xevasa marasprofota tetevwhati, afbina aiev.

Hom. II. 13. v. 10.

Mathias, Thomas James

PART THE FOURTH AND LAST.

THE THIRD EDITION.
REVISED AND CORRECTED WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, No. 81, PALL MALL.

1797.
Lately Published (price 1s. 6d.) A New Edition of

The IMPERIAL EPISTLE from KIEN LONO, Emperor of China, to GEORGE the Third, King of Great Britain, &c. &c. in the Year 1794. Transmitted from the Emperor, and presented to his Britannick Majesty by his Excellency the Right Hon. George Earl Macartney, of the Kingdom of Ireland, K.B. Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, in the Years 1792, 1793, 1794. Translated into English Verse from the Original Chinese Poetry. With notes by various Persons of Eminence and Distinction, and by the Translator.

Ignotum Rutulis Carmen caeloque Latino
Fingimus, et Finem egressi Legemque priorum.

N. B. It is thought proper to mention, that THE IMPERIAL EPISTLE is not a burlesque Poem in any sense of the word. But it is a Poem built upon the circumstances of the times, delineating the Characters of the Statesmen of Great Britain, with satire, pleasantry, or with praise; and exhibiting a picture of Europe at the period of its date. The whole is as the title implies conveyed under Chinese imagery and allusions, illustrated by references to original Writers, consistent with its Plan and Subject.

Printed for T. Becket, Pall-Mall.

ERRATUM.

In the Preface to the Third Part of the P. of L. page 8. 1. 2. from the bottom, for "sufficient," read "insufficient."
ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE FOURTH AND LAST PART

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

L'ombra sua torna ch'era dipartita! Dante.

"Hear his speech, but say thou nought."
"But one word more:—"
"He will not be commanded!"

Macbeth.

JUNE 1797.

As I have now brought my Poem to the conclusion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, respectful to offer some considerations to the public, for whose use it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was proposed, except the adherence to the principles of just composition and a general observation of the finished models of classical literature be considered as such. In the Preface to the First Part I said, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the public welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and subject of Satire I expressed clearly and fully in the Advertisement to the Second Part, and under the influence and impression of those sentiments (a) I wrote the Poem. In my introduction to the Third Part, feeling the importance of my subject in its various branches, I asserted that, "Literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which, I am fully persuaded, all civilized States must ultimately be supported or overthrown." I am now more

NOTE.

(a) Αλλας καθές, Αυτός ἄκοιμης. Such is the condition of a Satirist.
more and more deeply impressed with this truth, if we consider the nature, variety and extent of the word, Literature. If we are no longer in an age of ignorance, and information is not partially distributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of social life. All learning has an index, and every science it's abridgment. I am scarcely able to name any man whom I consider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look exclusively for learned authors in the usual place, in the retreats of academic erudition and in the seats of religion. Our peasantry now read the Rights of Man on mountains and moors and by the way side; and shepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught no other comparison. Our unsexed female writers now instruct or confuse us and themselves in the labyrinth of politics, or turn us wild with Gallic frenzy.

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar and too important to be passed over in a general apprehension. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A legislator in our own parliament, a member of the House of Commons of Great Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion, and the good manners of the country, has neither scrupled nor blushed to depict and to publish to the world the arts of lewd and systematic seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, style, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "The Monk." (b) And one of our public theatres has allured the public attention still more to this

\[ NOTE. \]

"(b) "The Monk, a Romance in 3 volumes, by M. Lewis, Esq. M.P." printed for Bell, Oxford Street. At first I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and some of the public papers hinted it. But I have been solemnly and repeatedly assured that it is the writing and publication of M. Lewis, Esq. Member of Parliament. It is sufficient for me to point out Chap. 7. of Vol. 2. As a composition the work would have been better, if the offensive
this novel, by a scenic representation of an Episode in it, not wholly uninteresting. "O Proceres, Censure o

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sive and scandalous passages had been omitted, and it is disgraced by a diablerie and nonsense fitted only to frighten children in the nursery. I believe this 7th Chap. of Vol. 2, is actionable at Common Law. Edmund Curl in the first year of George II. was prosecuted by the Attorney General (Sir Philip Yorke afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obscene books. The Attorney General set forth the several obscene passages, and concluded, that it was an offence against the King's peace. The defendant was found guilty and set in the pillory.* See Str. 788. 1 Barnardist 29. We know the proceedings against the book, entitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," by John Cleland. To the passages of obscenity, (which certainly I shall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis has added blasphemy against the Scriptures; if the following passage may be considered as such. "He (the Monk) examined the book which she (Antonia) had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. It was THE BIBLE. 'How,' said the Prior to himself, 'Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant?' But upon further inspection he found that Elvira (the mother of Antonia) had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while she admired the beauties of the sacred writings, was convinced, that unrestricted.

**NOTE ON THE NOTE.**

- The indictment (in Mich. Term G. II. begins thus: "Edmund Curl, Existenti hominiquis et sceleratus negueri machi-nars et intendens bonos mores subditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos adneguitiam inducere, quandam obscenum libellum ini- lat," &c. &c. — See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777. Ed. 1782. In two or three days after the point had been solemnly argued, and the judges had given their respective opinions, Sir J. Strange observes, "They gave it as their unanimous opinion, that this was a temporal offence." And they declared also that if the famous case of the Queen against Read (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged (by them) they should rule it otherwise; i.e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion.—The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Fortescue, Reynolds, and Probyn.
opus est, an Haruspice nobis?" I consider this as a new species of legislative or state-parricide. What is it to the

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"stricted, no reading more improper could be permitted a young woman. Many of the narratives can only tend to excite ideas; the worst calculated for a female breast; everything is called roundly and plainly by its own name; and the animals of a brothel would scarcely furnish a greater choice of indecent expressions. Yet this is the book which young women are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of children, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which they had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently inculcate the first rudiments of vice, and give the first alarm to the still sleeping passions." Of this Elvira was so fully convinced, that she would have preferred putting into her daughter's hands Amadis de Gaul, or the Valiant Champion Tirante the White; and would sooner have authorised her studying the lewd exploits of Don Ga-lor, or the lascivious jokes of the Damzel Plazer de mi vida," (p. 247, 248.) &c. I state only what is printed. It is for others to read it and to judge. The falshood of this passage is not more gross than its impiety. In the case of Thomas Woolston, in the 2d. of George II. for blasphemous discourses against our Saviour's miracles, when arrest of judgment was moved, Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not suffer it to be debated, whether to write against Christianity in general (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but in general) was not an offence punishable in the temporal Courts of Common Law. Woolston was imprisoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance for his good behaviour during life. Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the time. The case of the King against Annet, when the Hon. Charles Yorke, was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blasphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer," tending, among other points, to ridicule, traduce and discredit the Holy Scriptures, is well known to the profession. The punishment was uncommonly severe. Whether the passage I have quoted in a popular novel, has not a tendency to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the yon-

* Juv. Sat. 24
the kingdom at large, or what is it to all those whose
office it is to maintain truth, and to instruct the rising
abilities and hope of England, that the author of it is
a very young man? That forsooth he is a man of ge-
nius and fancy? So much the worse. That there are
very poetical descriptions of castles and abbeys in this
novel? So much the worse again, the novel is more
alluring on that account. Is this a time to poison the
waters of our land in their springs and fountains? Are
we to add incitement to incitement and corrup-
tion to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be,
a return to virtuous action and to regulated life?
Who knows the age of this author? I presume, very
few. Who does not know, that he is a Member of Par-
liament? He has told us all so him self. I pretend not to
know, (Sir John Scott does know, and practises too,
whatever is honourable and virtuous and dignified in
learning and professional ability) I pretend not, I say,
to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary
animadversion. Prudence may possibly forbid it. But
we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national
reprehension, when a Senator transgresses and violates
his first duty to his (d) country. There are wounds and

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ger unsuspecting part of the female sex, by traducing and dis-
crediting the Holy Scriptures, is a matter of public con-
ideration.—"This book goes all over the kingdom;" are the
words of Judge Reynolds, in the case of E. Curl. What Mr.
Lewis has printed publicly with his name, that I state publicly
to the nation. Few will dissent from the opinion of Lord
Raymond and the Court, in the case of Curl above stated,
as reported by Strange and Barnardiston to this effect;
"Religion is part of the common law, and therefore whatever
is an offence against that, is an offence against the Common
Law." With this opinion, I conclude the note.

(d) All members of the legislature, Peers or Commoners,
should join in sentiment and in character with the Athe-
nian orator, and be considered as speaking to their country
in these words: "Hμεις, εις ἑαυτόν και ταφοὶ προγόνων διαπρα-
χον εν τη Πατρίδι, και διατρίβω, και σοφοθείκι μηθ'
ή υμῶν ελεύθεροι, και γαμοί κατά τις νομες, καὶ χριστίκα,
καὶ
obstructions and diseases in the political, as well as in the natural, body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to stand in consultation on the remedy, when not only the disease is ascertained, but the very stage of the disease and its specific symptoms? Are we to spare the sharpest instruments of authority and of censure, when public establishments are gangrened in the life-organs?

I fear, if our legislators are wholly regardless of such writings and of such principles among their own members, it may be said to them, as the Roman Satirist said to the patricians of the empire, for offences slight indeed, when compared to these.

"At vos, Trojugenae, vosis ignoscitis, et quae Turpia cерdων Volesos Brutosque decibunt. (c)

There is surely something peculiar in these days; something wholly unknown to our ancestors. But men, however dignified in their political station, or gifted with genius and fortune and accomplishments, may at least be made ashamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of public opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. Lewis this day called to answer.

But to return. The objects of public regret and offence are now so numerous and so complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muse have lost their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that scarce a subject in literature can be interesting without the science and matter of politics. (f) They give a colour to our very thoughts. We are borne down with a force not to be res-
NOTE.

(f) "Quibus occupatus et obsessus animus quantulum loci bonis artibus relinquuit!": Dialog. de Oratoribus C 29.—I cannot resist giving an opinion at this time. My prime objection to any proposed Ministry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this. I believe their principles are too popular for the good, the safety, or perhaps for the existence, of this country under its present constitution: I believe, that their design is to throw such a weight of power into the house of Commons, by means of a Reform, as would ultimately mould the two Houses of Parliament not merely into a resemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients; and I am of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain would be reduced far below that which is lodged in the Executive Directory of France. I think the proposed Reforms lead, beyond a controversy, to this issue. I am of opinion that a great Personage, in the case of a change of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, must be apprehensive, to whom he is to be delivered, and to what he may be reduced. The pride of a statesman's understanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the state and of the safety of the country upon its ancient principles. He has declared his opinion; he must not recede. All will be sacrificed to that pride in a moment of phrenzy. The example of every state, nation, and city, subdued by French arms, French principles and French treachery, is to be weighed well, as an awful warning in this kingdom, which may yet be preserved. The encroachments of such a statesman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in political eloquence beyond any man) are to be watched and resisted by all who think soberly, and are independent of party. Yet Mr. Fox neither could nor would satisfy the raving and tyrannical ideas of Horne Tooke and the French crew. They would make use of him to a certain point. They would then declare him an enemy to his country, and conduct him to the scaffold. "Corpora lenté augescunt, et tene exinguatam," § The security of property, public and private, is shaken by the proposed system, and a Revolution, (which

§ Tacit. Agric. ap. Init.
ancient laws and constitution and establishments, has been rendered dubious. A man of a poetical mind either wanders

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we never yet have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. A government, which once relaxes, is not easily recalled to the vigour of its ancient principles. We have statesmen of determined and of true patriotism, and this final misery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmness. Of his Minister, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, I have given my opinion often in another place; I have not altered my sentiment. I certainly cannot say with the great satirist under Louis the 14th, "Que ma vue à Colbert inspiroit l'allégresse." §

I speak, and I have spoken, impartially of Mr. Pitt. I am neither for a proscription of any political talents, nor for an hereditary claim to the public office of Prime Minister. But if the principles of any statesman are such as to induce a real and effectual change in the government, that statesman should not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and established principles of the English constitution are maintained, a Prime Minister may conduct public affairs even with a mediocrity of talent. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lansdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are necessary to the function. But, by the disastrous consent of the whole nation and it's Parliament, thinking rightly, proposing soundly, and meaning honestly, are nothing without speaking well.—Let me add a word or two on a subject not quite foreign to this note.—The example of a very learned and, in my opinion, of a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under some obligation, Mr. Reeves, will deter any man from volunteer effusions in favour of any Minister. It would not be amiss, to be sure, if Mr. R. or any other writer would read Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over the figures of speech. Trunco, non frondibus, effect umbram. For my own part, when his pamphlet "The Thoughts on the English Government" was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this gentleman ungenerously and shamefully abandoned and given up by Mr. Pitt in the H. of Commons to the malice of his

§ Boileau Ep. 10.
wanders into futurity, or recals the images of other times and of other empires. He can sometimes even descend

his avowed enemies, and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any libellous intention; but his language was imprudent. He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state-botany.

(See "Thoughts &c." as above, pag. 12 and 13 for Mr. Reeves's Simile of the Constitutional Tree and it's Branches.)

I will propose another subject for consideration.—If any man would peruse the account given by Thucydides of the democratic sedition in Corcyra, (Book 3.) he would be convinced that the same peculiarities mark all popular seditions and insurrections, the same pretexts, the same motives. The insurgents declare the friends of the lawful and established government enemies to the popular representation and interest. Some of these insurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel; death is the universal solvent. Hear the great Historian: "Τὴν μὲν αὐτὰν ἐπυφεροντες τοις τον Δημον καταλιθαν. Ἀπεθανον τινες διας ἐξήρας ἐκείνα, καὶ αἷλοι χρηματων σφαιν οφειλομενόν ὑπὸ των λα-κοτών. Sect. 81. The historian observes, they held forth either the specious offer of greater equality of power among the citizens, or a more temperate form of aristocracy, or some state expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition, or power, or riches, but accommodated his speeches to the prevailing humour of the day. Hear him again in his own language. "Οἱ εν ταῖς πολείσι προστάταις μετ' οὐραντος ἐκατον εὐπρεπεις, πλη-θος Ισομοιας πολιτικῶς, καὶ Αριστοκρατίας σωφρόνος προ-τιμωσί, τα μὲν κοινὰ λογικα θεραπευοντες αὖλα ἐπιμυτο, ταί τι ἐν τροπο οὐγονιζομεν οὐκ ηλικιων περιγιγνεθαί—καὶ τη μετα ὄψην άδικα καταγγελλός, η ξερί κτωμενοι το χρατείν ετοιμὸν τινι αὐτίκα χιλιοεκκιαν ἐμπιπτολοναι." 1b. Sect. 82. This, as we have all known, has been transacted step by step upon a great and tremendous scale in France. The Italian and Belgian states are following them with headstrong and infuriate revolution. We have indeed more to preserve than any other country under heaven, and we may, by wise regulations, hereafter restore even the finances of the state. We must never forget that the stability of our present Constitution is the sole stability
scend into the regions of terrific fable, and give to his own country the sentiments and passions of antiquity, and body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked the desperate and the frantic. At such an hour as the present, and with the objects which we see and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great statesmen to preserve us from final misery, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whose only Muses were Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.

Tristis felicibus umbris
Vultus erat; vidi Decios natumque patremque,
Lustrales bellis animas, flentemque Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces nudique Cethegi:
Vidi ego latantes, popularia nomina, Drusos
Legibus immòdicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.
Àternis chalybum nodis, et carcere Ditis
Constricta plausere manus, camposque piorum
Poscit turba nocens! (g)

Luc. L. 6. v. 784.

The

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stability of all property, public and private. I speak from awful and trembling conviction, Our Ruin can be effected by political Reform alone, and our Enemies at home and in France know that I speak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are yet in a condition to preserve ourselves, see and read and feel these things. The grant of one demand leads necessarily to another when any material alteration in a state or government is conceded. If the second is refused after the first has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of consistence in the plan, and that it were more advisable to have kept the state as it was, than to admit only a partial reform. We surely cannot be said to be duped and fooled by Reformers without warning from history and from experience. The constitutional statesmen of Great Britain cannot now be ignorant of the nature of "a Modern Reform in any state of Europe." The greater the difficulty and danger, the greater the fury of the Revolutionists. Pindar was a poet and a statesman; he said: Ἀπροσικτων ἔρωτον ὁμοτροτεραῖ μανισι. (Nem. Od. 11.)
The present Poem was not composed for a trivial purpose, or without mature thought. It is the fruit and study,

NOTE.

(g) In the great question of a Reform in Parliament (i.e. in the House of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call figuratively the ministerial ground, the Campi Piorum, but I call the Constitution of England and it's defenders in or out of Parliament by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of opposition with the Turba nocens. That Turba nocens are the levellers and the partisans of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is considerable, if assumed with modesty. The question itself has nothing to do with invention, though I think much fiction is employed in the support of it. I am of opinion, that in the outset there is a fiction or a deceit. We are told we must recur to the original principle of the H. of C. the principle, as I suppose, on which it was founded, and that principle is declared to be popular, in the modern sense of that word. In this argument historical truth is not asailed; I would maintain, that it is violated. It is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the House itself (the best antiquaries will tell you so) is rather doubtful. The more remote your enquiry, the greater the demonstration of it's original weakness, nay (I say it with grief) of it's political insignificance. It was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council, and it was designed to represent the property of the kingdom. I will not insult my reader with information on the subject. But it is matter of plain historical knowledge that it's powers, it's functions, it's freedom, and it's consequence have been all progressive to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolishly called) in 1688. At that aera the House of Commons under the Old Whigs attained to the consummation of it's glory and to the fulness of it's dignity. As I here speak of the original principle, I have nothing to do with the subsequent corruptions. I must own I do not wish for the famous Roman plate of brass; I am for no unqualified Lex Regia. 

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

† See a Dissertation "de Aenea Tabula Capitolina Romæ 1757." Heineccius and Gravina also published this "Lex Regia." It may be read at full length in Gruteri Inscript: Antig. By this Law the Roman Senate in the most abject stile authorised Vespasian to make and repeal laws, to declare
study of an independent and disinterested life, passed without the incumbrance of a profession or the embarrassment

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Let it rest in the Capitoline Museum, that splendid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject servility and all it's monuments. I never wished, I am sure I do not now wish, to see any Senate divest itself of all power. I would not see a Vespasian in any country make and repeal laws, or exercise unlimited authority without the advice and consent of a well-constituted Senate. I venerate the institution of the House of Commons, and would preserve it with my life; but I shall raise up no tree, trunk or branches, for a fatal simile, like Mr. Reeves. I look for no pasture in the fields of Ministers or of Booksellers; nor would I be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench with the Chief Justice of Newfoundland, or at best in Mr. Pitt's Strawyard. I neither recur to Montesquieu nor to Machiavel. I want not to be told by the former that "our system was found in the woods," or to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "States may grow out of shape." For my own part, I would rather find

NOTE ON THE NOTE.
declare peace and war, and to exercise every act of an absolute sovereign, without waiting for their consent or even asking their advice.—This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiscriminately; they selected (before Vespasian) Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections. § The words of Machiavel quoted by Mr. Fox in the H. of C. on May 26, 1797, in his speech on the Reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republic, and the Re-founders of it (for it has been founded three times already) seem always to have had Machiavel's Discourses on Livy in their view. He says, that if any power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or subdue any city, province, or realm, "they should make all things new in the state." The words are most particular. "Fare ogni cosa di nuovo in quello stato, nelle Città fare nuovi governi con nuovi nomi, con nuova autorità, con nuovi uomini, fare i poveri ricchi, disfare delle vecchie città, cambiare gli abitatori da un luogo ad un altro, e in somma, non lasciare cosa nina in tatta, e che non via sia nè grado, nè ordine, nè stato, nè ricchezza, che chi la tiene non la riconosca da te!" Machiav. Discorsi Lib. I. Cap. 6. The French have religiously observed the advice. We are told in the H. of C. by Mr. Fox that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, all Tyranny is uniform in its maxims,
rassment of business. It was not intended merely to raise a smile at folly or conceit; but it was written with indignation.

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find a system in the woods, than in modern France; and I do not look for a new political Dancing Master every time there is a twist in the body. To hear Mr. Fox, as I perpe-
tually do in the House, one would really think he was a rival to Vestris or Diderot. He has been long trying his art and giving lessons to Mr. Pitt gratis. That Right Ho-
nourable Gentleman's gait still continues as awkward and stiff as usual. He will not bend. A graceful bow is not his ambition, and Mr. Fox dances before him every day without the least effect. Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monsieur Marcel, the famous dancing mas-
ter in Queen Anne's reign, who said, when the Earl of Ox-
ford was made Prime Minister, "He was surprised, and could not tell what the Queen could see in him, for his own part he never could make any thing of him." To be sure Mr. Pitt is every day placed between the Dancing Master and his man, but he has not yet learned grace from Mr. Fox, or wit from Mr. Sheridan. Indeed I have been informed that, the three celebrated Dancers and Ballet Masters, Meffrs. Fox, Sheridan and Grey, are preparing a new Serious Divertisse-
ment, or Pas de Trois, with new scenes, dresses and decorations, called, "Le Directoire Exécutif." If it can be got up time enough, it will be brought forward this season; but as there is a necessity for a re-inforcement of the troop from Paris, it is feared the old dances must continue to the end of this sea-
son. June 1797. It is proposed that light should be thrown on the stage in a quite new manner; but the Ballet-Masters will suffer no persons to be on the stage, or to view the machi-
nery behind the scenes. Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Dun-
can have expressed their approbation of this rule, so much for the interest of the Grand Opera: though the noble Earl is contented with the present Grand Ballet-Master.—As I have no place so convenient for them, I beg leave to offer a few words on a subject, now peculiarly interesting. The time is my excuse. In the impending negotiation for peace with the French (June 1797) it is not unpleasant or foreign to the subject to recollect the orations of the two great Athenians Demosthenes and Eschines, Περὶ Παπαντεσχίας, or De Falsa Legatione. Lord Malmsbury's present Embassy, (I hope not, like the last, a Παπαντεσχία) will be conducted,
indignation against wickedness, against the prostitution of superior talents, and the profane violence of bad men. It

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as I trust, upon strong principles, and reported in a different mode from the former. By knowing where to stand, Philosophers and Statesmen have shaken the moral and political universe. Lord Malmsbury's Letter to Lord Grenville concerning his conversation with Mons. Charles Delacroix, (I do not mean any other part of the correspondence) was published by the most indiscreet advice, and in violation of every principle of diplomatic prudence. One would think the Ministers published it to shew how prettily and witfully their Ambassador could write, in defiance of all discretion and sound judgment. It reminds us of what Demosthenes accused his colleague in that famous Legation. I cannot enter into particulars; I suppose knowledge in most of my readers. The words are indeed remarkable in their application; the party accused, Æschines himself has recorded them. “Ἀτολολεκέανα Μέ- (ἐφη) τὴν Πολιν καὶ τὸς Συμμαχὸς καὶ εἰρέτο με, εἰ τῶν Αθηναίων πραγμάτων ἐπιδεικνύομαι, καὶ τὸν Δημον καταπετυχαυμαι καὶ ὀφθαλμός ἐπιθυμοῦντα ΤΗΣ ΕΙΡΗΝΗΣ εἰ μεριμνάμαι.” But most specifically and in the most appropriated manner, when he urged against Æschines the imprudence of his language: Ὑδίω καθικας Ἐφιππον καὶ τοσοῦτα εἰρήκα, εἰ ἐν ἑαυτῷ γενοῦτ' ἀν εἰ πολεμεῖ, ἀλλ' εἰ Εἰρήνης Πολέμος αἰνηρυκτος.” Æschin. Περὶ Παραπεσόν. Sect. 16. p. 20. Edit. Brooke, Oxon. 1721. One would think the words were written for the late occasion. I hope Lord Malmsbury will now adapt his language and his dispatches with more prudence to Philip and the Directory.—On a kindred topic I would observe to the classical reader another singular circumstance in ancient times. It is from the Roman state. Since we have all been arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is consequent to that) with effect, against our enemy, and the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind the emphatic clause in the ancient Roman law concerning the exemption of particular persons from military service, called “De vacatone,” as learned Civilians well know. The Clause is this: “Ni- ̄si Bellum Gallicum exoriatur;” in which case not even the Priests were exempted. I will illustrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero, but I will not translate the passa-
It was indeed (to use a poet’s allusion) poured forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, consecrated and appropriated:

"Οὐτε τεω ὀψευδεσκε θεῶν, ὦτε μὴ ΔΙῚ Πατρε. (h)"

It is proposed, in its degree and according to its subject, for the defence of truth, and with an honest wish to uphold society and the best interests of mankind, but chiefly those of our own country. In it there are no imaginary

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**NOTE.**

It was in the life of Marcellus, Plutarch has this singular remark: "Οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ μεγαν ὢ τε χάρι παρεχε ϕοῖον, δια τινς γειτνισιν, ὄρω καὶ προσοκο πόλεωμι πυγομίσματοσ, καὶ το παλαιον οξικα των Γαλακτων (the Gauls or French) βος μαλιστα Ρωμαίοι δεικι δοκινον, ὄτε ὅτι καὶ τινς Πολιν ὅτ’ αυτών αποκολοπτετε, εξ ἕκεισι δέ θεμενον Νομον, αὐτελεισ εἰκαστεις τῆς Ιρεας, πλην εἰ μὴ Γαλακτικος παλιν επελθει Πολεμος. Εἴθην δὲ καὶ τον ϕοῖον αυτων ὢ τε Παραπεκουν. Μυριαδες γαρ εν ὧτοις ἁμα τοσαυται Ρωμαιων ὧτε προτερον ὧτε ὀστερον γενοθαςι λεγονται,” Plut. Vit. Marcel. p. 244. Vol. 2. Edit. Bryan.—The other illustration is from Cicero in his oration for Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, “Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos Deos immortales impiis.”) the words are these: "Ut opuszet, BELLO GALlico, ut majorum jura "moresque praessribunt, NEMO EST, Civis Romanus, qui "sibi utta excusatione utendum putet." Orat. pro Fonteio. Sect. 16. sub. fin. Cic. Op. Ed. Barbou. Vol. 4. p. 393.—We have not, and I trust we never shall have, the same cause for apprehension from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. They never have taken our city, and while we are true to ourselves, as we now are, they never will or can take it. But the danger is and ever will be great, from their vicinity, δια τινς γειτνισιν. The words are from Plutarch: Mr. Burke has written the commentary.‡ "Vocem ad Ji dignam "templio!"

(h) Hom. II. 16. v. 227.

‡ Two Letters on the Peace. (Ed. Rivington 1796.) pag. 113, &c.
imaginary subjects. I have raised no phantoms of absurdity merely to disperse them; but the words, the works, the sentiments and often the actions of the authors are before us. It might be known hereafter from this poem how we wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourselves.

There is one subject which I have pressed upon the attention of the nation, which in this respect seems to be in a state between slumber and alarm; in the supineness which attends the former, and with that confusion in ideas and measures which too frequently accompanies terror. Compassion, mercy, self-preservation, integrity of principle, Christian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulsion of empires and of states, have all and each variously conspired to direct the measures of our government with respect to the French Roman Catholic Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Priests. I have stated in different places my opinion on this important subject. I continue to call aloud upon this country and its ministers to regard, with minute circumspection, these men and their cause. The most reprehensible part of Mr. Burke's public conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praise him not. I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholics is erect and on the tip of expectation: it is scarcely suspended by slumber. I speak also on another account. There is such a connection between superstition and atheism, and their allies cruelty and tyranny, that the wisest and most experienced statesmen and moralists have declared it to be indissoluble. In their cause, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin principles. Hear Dr. Hussey the titular Bishop of Waterford in Ireland in his late pastoral Letter.† "THE CATHOLIC FAITH (i.e. the tenets, the doctrines, the superstitions, the absurdities, the follies, the cruelty, and the tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and whatever makes it

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**NOTE.**

(a) See "A Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland, by the R. R. Doctor Hussey" London Reprinted by P. Coghlion, Duke Street, Grosvenor
to differ from any other external establishment of Christianity. The Catholic faith (says his titular Lordship) is suitable to all climes, and all forms of government, monarchies or republics, aristocracies, or democracies.”

(p. 9.)

NOTE.

venor Square. 1797. His titular Lordship’s idea of “a man of true liberality is this; “that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with all others of every religious persuasion; with whom a difference in religious opinions makes no difference in social life, &c, &c.” (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordship, in the natural confusion of ideas in his country has prefixed the comment. See the preceding page. The words are these: “Remonstrate (says his Lordship) with any parent, who will be so criminal as to expose his offspring to those places of education (the Charter Schools &c. &c. as I suppose) where his religious faith and morals are likely to be perverted. If he will not attend to your remonstrances, (he is speaking to the Roman Catholic Clergy) refuse him the participation of Christ’s body; if he should still continue obstinate, DENOUNCE HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that, according to Christ’s commandment, he be considered as a heathen and a publican.”

page 5. We know the sense of Christ; and we know the sense which the Roman Catholic Church annexes to these words.” But this is liberality!!!—In Ireland it might be of use to discuss this pastoral Letter in toto. If I were an Irishman, I would do so; but the business in England is yet very different. Let me add a word or two. It may be worth while at this period when all establishments are shaking, to consider frequently, that “a religious Establishment, under any form, is not the religion itself, but the mode of preserving, inculcating, and cultivating the religion.” There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a passage from the admirable Preface to the translation of Xenophon’s Cyropædia written with great compass of thought and precision of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition and virtue, the Hon. Maurice Ashley. I cannot refrain from observing with pleasure, that Lord Malmsbury and myself may have a natural partiality for the memory of that accomplished and well-instructed gentleman. “Real Christianity (says he) is none of all these changeable establishments and human institutions, nor ever can be, but stands upon its own foot. Whether it be the religion of the multitude, and national or not national, or whatever be the forms of it in national Part IV.
Right. Flectere si nequeunt superos Acheraentia movebunt. That which is true of Christianity in itself and by itself alone, independent of any establishment whatsoever, that they assert of their own tyrannical superstition. They will shew the arm and the sword of heaven interested and active for them. They will tell you, (whenever they have the power or even the probability of attaining that power) that their cause alone is from above. They separate their spiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the state, and assert the superior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed soldiery. They tell you, that the opposers of the Roman Catholic cause are sacrilegious in the eye of heaven; and that upon them, in a mass, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder. I know the state of Ireland, and the declarations of

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"establishments, is one and the same in itself, firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly remain so to the end of the world, whether owned or not owned by any public establishment indifferently." Mr. A's Pref. pag. 8. I enter not into the expedience, institution and relative excellence of religious establishments in this place. It is not here the question; if it were, I am not without my sentiments or without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may and shall still justify the expressions of a great writer: "We are separated from the errors and freed from the chains of Popery without breaking out into a state of religious anarchy." But I give Mr. Ashley's words as a general observation to all those who esteem the downfall of such an establishment as Popery to be the downfall of the Christian religion, than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholic system of religion, whether in its vigour and plenitude of power, or in its decline, or in its struggles for revival, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively and literally:

In sua templa furit, nullâque exire vetante
Materiâ, magnamque cadens magnamque revertens
Dat stragem latè, SPARSOSQUE RECOLLIGIT IGNESE.

LUC.L. 1.

† There is something peculiarly ungrateful in the conduct of this titular Bishop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Hufley by the administration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in this country I should hardly be understood if I were to enumerate the particulars which I know. I have spoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Pastoral Letter under the circumstances of it's publica-
of the titular bishops in that country. But that subject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to shew, (and I think I have shewn it to all who will attend,) that "the Spirit of the Roman-Catholic System is yet unaltered." In England the French Priests, in a body, have been chased from the Kings Castle at Winchester: but our government has yet a sacred fortress or two at Reading, and Shene and in Yorkshire; and it appears that a sum of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS (b) has been issued for the use of the French Emigrants, sacred and profane, in the course of the year 1796. This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular topic I shall say nothing further in this place. (c)

NOTE

My prehension has been confined to the spirit of it. It will be perceived by some persons that I write Σουτονι. Taibus ex adyto dictis CUM R A SIBYLLA Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit Obscuris vera involvens!

(b) On the 21st Dec. 1796, "The House of Commons in "a Committee of Supply, among other sums, voted a sum "of 540,000l. for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity "of France." Woodfall's Parliamentary Register. 1796. Vol. 1. page 524. It is singular (and it will be remembered by those who are versed in the interior politics of this country in the reign of Queen Anne) that in Swift's Examiner Nov. 1710, No. 16, the exact sum of 540,000l. is stated humorously, as "a Bill of British ingratitude," to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, viz. "Woodstock 40,000l. Blenheim, 200,000l. Post Office grant 100,000l. Mildenheim 30,000l. pictures, jewels, &c. 60,000l. Pall Mall grant &c. 10,000l. Employments &c. 100,000l. The Total exactly 540,000l." Thus at the beginning of this century did the British nation remunerate the conqueror of France! And thus, at the close of it, are the Services of the French Emigrants, sacred and profane, annually requited by the munificence of the British Parliament!!! We know where it is written in letters of marble; E U R O P E H A E C VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO!

(c) I have just seen another production of a Roman Catholic Divine, proposed for the common advantage of the Christian world, and not of his particular church. I mean the Second volume of Dr. G U D D E S's Translation of the Bible. I really would
The subjects of this poem have been from necessity various and numerous, far beyond my original conception.

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would not trust myself to criticise the Translation itself, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges v. 30. where for the words, "To every man a damsel or two," Dr. Geddes translates, by way of a spirited and inviting improvement, "a Girl, a couple of girls, to each brave man!" I will have nothing to do with the Doctor's Bravery; but I intend to make a few observations on the Preface alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the spirit which the sacred writings seem to recommend. I am always pleased with every serious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an industrious and ingenious scholar. But though I differ essentially from Dr. Geddes, I am sure I shall never call him "apostate, infidel, or heretic" in general terms, as he knows some persons will do; (Pref. p. 4.) but I may oppose an opinion to an opinion. The cause in which he is engaged is not a trifling cause; nor is it, as we are sometimes told, an object of more classical criticism. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor's manner more frequently than I could wish, and he expresses his sentiments in language not easily understood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the English tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that "the Historical Books of the Old Testament were not divinely inspired." He tells us (p. 12.) of a partial and putative inspiration, and that the writers had not "a perpetual and unerring sufflation." I do not quite understand the terms, as they are too sublime for a plain Englishman, but I suppose they are very fine, and I suppose their meaning from other sentences in the preface. He says (p. 3.) that "The Hebrew Historians wrote them from such human documents as they could find, popular traditions, old songs, and public registers." Singular materials truly for divine inspiration! But he says also, "I venture (and it is indeed venturing a great deal) I venture to lay it down as a certain truth, that there is no intrinsic evidence of the Jewish Historians being divinely inspired; that there is nothing in the style or arrangement in the whole colour or complexion of their compositions that speaks the guidance of an unerring spirit, but that on the contrary, every thing proclaims the fallible and failing writer." (p. 5.) Dr. G. declares also, "After reading the Hebrew writings, and finding to his full conviction so many intrinsic marks of fallibility, error and inconsistency,
tion. But a mighty and majestic river in its course through a diversity of countries not only winds and murmurs through the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents. Still it's tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays its last tribute and is finally lost in that immensity. In literature the mind resembles such a course. All it's exertions may be turned into one grand and general

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"consistency, not to say downright absurdity," (p. 11.) he could not believe their inspiration, even if he were taught it by an angel. I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's most explicit opinion, but I will present him with his solemn affirmation, and he will easily decide on the propriety, the reasoning and the consistency of it. "I value them not the less, (says Dr. Geddes) "because I deem them not divinely "inspired." (p. 12.) If a man can seriously assert, that the Scriptures inspired by God (upon that supposition being granted) are not more valuable than the productions of a mere fallible wretched creature like man in his best estate, I really could not lose my time in argument with that man however learned or however gifted. He has degraded himself from that rank of literature and of sound understanding, which gives him a title to be answered. Dr. Geddes, as a scholar, should re-consider his character, and as a professed Christian, he should re-examine his principles. I cannot discuss the doctrine of inspiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I should. But the tendency of all the proceedings of our scholars and guides in literature, and in the state, and in religion, should be carefully watched. The open blasphemy and low scurrility of Thomas Paine has been set aside by just argument, and the law of the land has armed itself against it's effect in society. § Mr. Lewis Member of Parliament, has attacked the Bible in another and in a shorter

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§ I am glad to bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Erskine's eloquent declamation in the Court of K. B. in that cause, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Christianity. — But my general opinion of Mr. Erskine's talent for writing and public speaking is very different. (See a future note on this Poem, Part 4.)
moral direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all it's powers and

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shorter manner†, blasphemous as far as it goes, and tending to discredit and traduce it's authority. And last Dr. Gardes, a Translator of the Bible, versed in the original language and in Hebrew criticism, has now begun his attack also on the historical parts, which, if they are not part of the inspired writings, are not intitled to the name of sacred Scriptures. It is difficult to say, where these attacks will end. The times are so precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine so frequent, that the magistrate, the satirist, and the critic have an united office. If the historical parts of the Bible are given up, another man will arise and object to the poetical parts. These will be allowed to have sublimity, and dignity; but why should they be considered as inspired. All poetry, we shall be told, is in some sense inspired; Homer and Aeschylus and Shakespeare, and why not the Hebrew bards. The moral portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wisdom and sound sense, and I suppose we shall soon hear it may be the work of a philosopher, and that morality is not matter of inspiration. A fourth writer may first insinuate with great respect and then prove that all prophecy is ambiguous, and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on their inspiration. Lastly we may be told, that the doctrinal parts are so much above as well as contrary ‡ to human reason.

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

‡ As the subject is so important and words are so frequently misapplied or misapprehended, it is always of use to remember the words Faith and Reason as contradistinguished to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearness and a precision which never can be exceeded, and which never should be forgotten in thought or in conversation. "Reason, as contradistinguished to Faith, I take to be the discovery of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, which the mind arrives at by deduction made from such ideas which it has got by the use of it's natural faculties, namely, by sensation or reflection. Faith, on the other side, is the assent to any proposition not thus made out by the deductions of reason, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from God, in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men, we call Revelation." Locke's Essay on the H. U. B. 4. C. 18.
and faculties are but ministerial. I think it is somewhere expressed in the concise sublimity of Plato, Πεσ

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son, that they could not come from God. Thus might the whole fabric vanish into air, into thin air: or to reverse Mr. Gibbon’s phrase, thus might "the triumphant banner of the heathen Capitol be again erected on the ruins of the Church of Christ." Still we are to sit silent, still we are to hear with patience the outrageous presumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The world and it's adora-
ble Author, his attributes and essence, his power and "rights and duty (I tremble to pronounce the word) be all "brought together to be judged—before us." § We are to as-
ble in the Temple with all our princes, and lords, and poten-
tates, and venerable orders, and our high officers in all the gradations and dignities of our state and hierar-
chy, till some Champion of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth, as in sport, and placed between the pillars. He may "bow himself with all his might," but his strength, I trust, will not be from above; he will "feel the nature of the pillars whereupon the house standeth!" I speak this in general. I do not apply it to Dr. Geddes or any such scholar. It is not now for the first time that the Canon, and the inspiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures have been examined; and their

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

§ Ogden’s Sermons, Hallifax’s edit. vol. i. p. 2.—There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Hallifax undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men, (quales et quantos vixerat!) Bishop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious prelate. Cicero shall speak for this prelate; as no man better understood the strength and application of his language. "Idoneus me a quidem senten-
tia, præsertim quium etipse Eum audirevit et scribat de mor-
tuo; ex quo nullas suspicio est amicitiae causæ eum esse mun-
titum." Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15. What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name should be recorded. Το γρρ ρέως εστι βουνοτω.
to αἰων εἰς ἔπειν. Under the influence and persuasion of this great and master principle the mind so prepared, whether serious, or gay, or thoughtful, or sprightly, or even fantastic in it's humour, is still performing it's proper office. Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth, and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

There is one description and sect of men, to whom more than common apprehension is due, and who cannot be held up too frequently to the public scorn and abhorrence. I mean the modern philosophers of the French system. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning flone through their darkest recesses. "The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell." This monstrous compound of the vanity and weakness of

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their internal evidence has often taught a different lesson. I cannot help offering one suggestion, as it is new to me. If there is a subject in the Bible which has been particularly singled out for profane ridicule, it is that of Jonah being swallowed up in the whale's belly three days and three nights. Yet, as if to confound human wisdom, or sagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal lesson to human presumption on the fitness and unfitness of the subjects of inspiration, The Saviour of the World Himself thought proper to choose and to appropriate this event to Himself. "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth!" St. Matt. c. 12. v. 40.—I solemnly protest I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his best interests, complicated as they are at this awful and pressing hour. More is yet in our power than we may even imagine; but all the orders of the state must unite vigorously and powerfully in their specific functions to preserve it. The priests and ministers of the Lord must also stand between the porch and the altar, and exert themselves "before their eyes begin to wax dim, that they may not see, and ere the lamp of God goeth out in the temple of the Lord, WHERE THE ARK OF GOD WAS!"†

† Sam. b. i. ch. 3. v. 3.
of the intellect, and the fury of the passions in some of them, this "facinus majoris abollae," should be exposed with the full strength of argument and of reason, and with occasional ridicule, to the English nation in every point of view. In other philosophers of this system, there is a calmness and composure in their mental operations more savage than the violence of the former. Their subject is the living man. Before them he is delivered bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole composition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, shewn in the agonizing subject; this they savagely call, studying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this subject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philosophy. The word may be disgraced for a season, but the love of wisdom must always command respect. When we compare these modern philosophers who reject all revelation, with the philosophers of antiquity, and in particular those of the Stoic sect, who were ignorant of it, the difference, to say no more, is indeed striking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Antoninus! Before such lights, shining in the darkness and gloom of the heathen firmament;

Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, fugiunt sine nomine signa. (d)

As I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which it's power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of the Greek tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in its most cultivated state, has there found the highest authors; that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are

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(d) Manil. Astron. L, i. v. 470.
the universal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, not to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole mass of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions. There is no necessity either to quote or to speak Greek; but the constant perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be most conspicuous. (a) They who are wise will secretly attend to this recommendation, which must be disinterested, and proceeds from long experience.

In regard to the manner and the plan of this Poem on the P. of L. I have something to say, but my respect to the reader prevents me from saying much. It aspires not to the manner or the praise of the Duniad, or to any thing whatsoever in common with that great performance. The original motive of it however, in my opinion, is as far superior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall short of that poetical excellence, which none hereafter must hope to rival or—perhaps to attain. It's general subject

NOTE.

(a) Plutarch describes the first Marcellus, (the first of that distinguished race) as a warrior of experience and intrepidity, humane and polished in his manners and a great lover of the Greek literature; the words are these: 'Τη μεν εμπειρία πολέμικος, τη φυσι φιλοπόλεμος' τον δέ άλλο τρόπο σώφρον, φιλανθρωπος, Ελληνικός παιδευς και θεογον, αχριν τιμων και θεωμακεν τος καταφθεντας, εραστης.' Plut. Vit. Marcell. p. 242. vol. 2. Ed. Bryan.—As we have now so many gentlemen of fortune and family and education and ability among the officers of the army and the militia, I wish they may read this note, and employ some of their vacant hours in valuable studies and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, resume and vindicate the honour of learned military leisure.
is Literature however exerted, whether for the benefit or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epic. It is a dialogue; has something of a dramatic cast, and is an excursus. The subjects follow each other; and if I am not mistaken, they are neither confounded nor confused. If there be in the whole composition any passage, any sentence, or any expression, which, according to the specific nature of the subject, can justly offend even female delicacy; which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts; which violates the high, and discriminating, and honourable, and directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of serious and of solemn regret. Nature imperio geminus. I am not conscious of having admitted any such passage, or sentence, or expression. I have never yet heard such an objection to my work. If it can be pointed out, I will erase it with much concern and with greater indignation.

I should also give a few words to the manner of the notes which I have annexed, and which are so frequent and so copious. I wished not, as Boileau expresses it, to prepare tortures for any future Salmasius, (f) and I too well know my own insignificance to expect any comment on my writings but from my own pen. I have made no allusion which I did not mean to explain. But I had something further in my intention. The notes are not always merely explanatory; they are (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a structure rather peculiar to themselves. Many of them are of a nature between an essay and an explanatory comment. There is much matter in a little compass, suited to the exigency of the times. As they take no particular form of composition, they are not matter of criticism in that particular respect. I expatiated on the casual subject which presented itself; and when ancient or modern writers expressed the thoughts better than I could

(f) "Aux Saumaises futurs préparer des tortures?"
Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.
could myself, I have given the original languages. No man has a greater contempt for the parade of quotation (as such) than I have. My design is not to quote words, but to enforce right sentiments in the manner which I think best adapted to the purpose, after much reflection. To most of my readers those languages are familiar; and if any person, not particularly conversant in them, should honour the notes with a perusal, I think the force of the observations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compositions I particularly dislike a mixture of languages. It is uncouth or inelegant, and sometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or consequence, it is adviseable, if a passage from any ancient author is quoted, to translate that passage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if necessary. We have in this respect the authority and example of Cicero, Bishop Hurd, and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could say all I wished in the text and comment. Some subjects are indeed so important, that they should be held forth to public light and viewed in every point. SATIRE, in this respect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repressed, and folly and presumptuous ignorance and conceit sometimes yield or vanish at the first attack, and like the fabled spirits before the spell of the enchanter,

Primà vel voce Canentis
Concedunt, CARMENQUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUNDUM.(g)

I again declare to the public, that neither my name, nor my situation in life will ever be revealed. I pretend not to be "the sole depository of my own secret;" but where it is confided, there it will be preserved and locked up for ever. I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly instructed. My secret will for ever be preserved, I know, under every change of fortune or of

(g) Lucan, L. 6. v. 527.
of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds so cultivated and so dignified.

My Poem and all and each of the notes to it were written without any co-operation whatsoever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion. I expect it, because I speak the truth. I have not been assisted by Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to please a particular man, a minister, a chief in opposition, a party, any set, or any description of men exclusively, literary or political, there is not a man of understanding in the country who does not perceive that I should, or rather that I must have written in another style, thought, and argument. Of such motives I profess myself nor skilled nor studious. My appeal is direct to my Country. I know and feel the situation in which at this moment she stands. There is now no balance left in Europe. All is preparing to sink under Oene desolating Tyranny. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitted attention and labours of our constitutional statesmen, and the united efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, powerful, or dignified, we may yet "be able to stand in this evil day, and having done all to stand." Let us stand therefore, as the chosen nation of old, the insulated memorial of true Religion, and the only Asylum of balanced Liberty. I profess myself convinced, and therefore have I written. I entered into the sanctuary of the Hebrews and heard the voice of their prophet: "Credidi, propter quod locutus sum." This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, "thundering out of Sion." Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be very inquisitive. To my adversaries I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could with the most perfect charity sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the "Exequiae
Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. If I have diffused any light, it is from a single orb, whether temperate in the horizon or blazing in the meridian. My aspect is not in conjunction: if I culminate at all, it is from the Equator.

Thus much to silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. But to persons of higher minds and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would address myself in other language and with other arguments. I would declare to them, that when I consider the variety and importance and extent of the subjects, I might say that it was written, "though for no other cause yet for this, that posterity may know, that we have not loosely through "silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream." I would declare also to them, that I deliver it as a literary manifesto to this Kingdom in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government, and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little or rather of no moment at all, by whom it is effected. They have scarce a transitory question to make on the subject. To such understandings I willingly submit my composition, and to them I dedicate the work.

I shall only add, that if they should read all the Parts of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them or the method may be, they will most assuredly find, "that uniformity of thought and design, which will always be found in the writings of the same person, "when he writes with simplicity and in "earnest."

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:
A SATIRICAL POEM.

PART IV.

AUTHOR.

Oh, for that sabbath's dawn ere Britain wept,
And France before the Cross believ'd and slept!
(Rest to the state, and slumber to the soul!)
Ere yet the brooding storm was heard to roll
In fancy's ear o'er many an Alpine rock,

Or Europe trembled at the fated shock;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL stood,
And wav'd his scroll prophetic (a) o'er the flood,

With

(a) It is remarkable that in Switzerland appeared the three persons, whose principles, doctrines, and practice, (as it seems to me) have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfall of regal and of lawful power in Europe. Calvin, in religion; Rousseau, in politics; and Neckar by his administration.
With names (as yet unheard) and symbols drear,
Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear,

But

tration. Calvin and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy. I shall not here contend politically or theologically with Bishop Horsley concerning Calvin. Indeed I never yet stood gaping on that copper oracle. A Poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into history and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden speaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough;

The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
"And from Geneva first infested France."

(Hind and Panther. B. i. v. 172.)

Rousseau, (I speak of him only as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, his writings and his person, in France, (where he was a stranger and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of such government, and of such oppression, which, otherwise, he probably, never would have discussed; till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, "The Social Contract." Of this work the French, since the Revolution, have never once lost sight. With them it is first and last, and midst, and without end in all their thoughts and public actions. Rousseau, is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and undeviating reverence; and, without a figure, have worshipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry, like another Chemos, "the obscene dread of Gallia's sons."

—Different from these, came Neckar. With intentions, as I firmly think, upright, pure and just; but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the
But chief Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,

By the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform and conduct, "a fatal stranger" for France. He oppressed every subject sacred and civil with too much verbiage. He was sanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by aristocratical hatred; a sort of "Arpinas Volscorum a Monte." He came to lay open and disclose (and he did lay them open to the very bottom) the mystery and iniquity of French finance and of French treasuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire (which perhaps might have been maintained and consolidated) the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inseparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the consequence? for a while indeed,

Hic Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
Excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit Urbem. 

But the original leaven in his political composition was popular; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the rest. His advice, first in the calling together (at all) of the States General, and afterwards in the formation and distribution of them, gave the devoted King to the scaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreversible dissolution. For my own part when I contemplate the convulsions of Europe, and the fatal desolation which attends republican principles, wherever they are introduced, I cannot but rest with a momentary pleasure on the picture which Plato in his imaginary republic, (the only one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of public affairs and retiring from them in the hope of tranquillity: the sentiments are such as the French formerly would have called, "Les Délassements de l'homme sensible." The words are these:

Part. IV.

† Juv. Sat. 8. v. 249.
By persecution train'd and popish zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire (b) appeal,
What time his work the Citizen began,
And gave to France the social savage, Man.

Was it for this, in Leo's foster reign
Learning uprose with tempests in her train;
Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
But idle splendor from the orb of day?

Say, were the victims mark'd from earliest time,
The Flamens conscious of a nation's crime?
Why smoaked the altars with the new perfume,
If heav'n's own fire descends but to consume?

Alas,

"Tauta παυτα λογισμων λαξων, ηδυχαν εχων και τα αυτω πραττων, διον εν χαιραι κοινοτε και ζαλη υπο τυεματος φερομενε υπο τειχων υποστας, δραν τε αλλης καταπιτεμενης ανομίας, αγατη ει την αυτος καθαρος αδικιας τε και ανοσίων εργων, τον τε ενθαδε ειν ειροται, και την απαλλαγην αυτω μετα καλης επιδος νεως τε και εμενες απαλλαξεται.


(b) "Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rousseau, Citoyen de Geneve."
Alas, proud Gallia's fabric to the ground
What arm shall level, or what might confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy (c)
His lightning brandish'd with a furious joy,

F 2

(c) It certainly would be convenient, (if we can for a moment trifle with such a subject as the present French war) to march to Paris, "and, like another (Bryant) fire another Troy." We have little hope, but from such assistance.—See "a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; shewing, that no such expedition was undertaken, and that no such city of Phrygia existed." Published in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatise. Whatever comes from the author of "The Analysis of ancient Mythology" should be treated with very great respect. His character is venerable, and his erudition, as I think, without an equal. Of all subjects, I should have thought this subject was one, on which an enquiry might have been instituted without offence. Yet this has not been the case. The offence has been considered as deep and wide, and the influence of the principle, in some respects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of history has been represented as attacked in its strongest fortress, and even the sacred writings, as matter of historical faith, implicated in the discussion. Some persons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject. That nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose that the existence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, should be called in

* Pursuits of L. Part II. v. 189.
Her state, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock’ry, to poetic fame,

And

in question. That their pleasure is snatched from them: and such a poem, without an historical fact for a basis, cannot be interesting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and it's embellishments, and even the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomede were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Buonaparte, Lord Cornwallis or Tip- poo Saib in modern wars. I really should smile at many of these objections, if they did not frequently come from persons of consequence and of learning. Most certainly however I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's great Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the science and subject of probabilities will best decide the question for themselves, and I will not intrude my judgment. It is a question of probability and not of proof. I am equally pleased with a poem founded on the metamorphosis of Apuleius or on any modern fiction, if all the essential and integral parts of a poem are preserved: if the characters, manners, and actions are human, and consistent with the supposed situations of the personages. This to me is sufficient, and perhaps poetry, as such, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in these times of poetical sterility. But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. B's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, history. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war an insulated solitary fact? If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated that four hundred and thirty ships (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only eighty nine in
And with the fire of Philip's son, unfurl'd
His classic standard o'er a wond'ring world,
Till "Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
"And curs'd th'access of that celestial thief." (d)
Oh, for a Bryant's hand! —

O C T A-

in the Peloponnesian war in the fifth century before Christ, is this matter of serious history? Is not the whole allowed to pass even the bounds of any probability, but the poet's? I remember hearing a gentleman state similar questions to these with much earnestness and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He seemed to understand something of the subject; and though I thought some points were pressed indiscreetly and unnecessarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought nearly as he did, and I said with the most good-natured εποχα of the Academics, "Almost thou persuasdest me to be a Bryantian." —I think they who are the strongest in opposition to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquisitors§, and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand and make a retractation of his errors, and the amende honorable in the Eglise de notre Dame de Cybele Mere de tous les Dieux Pains, would be contented with the Catholic form of words: Questi erano gli scherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli sentimenti d'un animo catolico!" Yet considering all that I have heard, and the quarter from which it came, Curious quid sentit, et ambo Scipiadę, and the insignificance

§ I am sure Gilbert Wakefield is even more than an Inquisitor in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, see his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the Public Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Robespierre, never exhibited such a paper. There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: "He is, just what he seems." It is plain to see what he expects, and why he writes.
Methinks you smile,
And fain would land me on the wand'ring isle,
Where the learn'd drain Acrasia's foaming bowl,
Till round the Sun their heads with Gebelin's (e) roll;
Nor

cance of the question itself, but as a matter of amusement; though in common with many others, I should have lost much individual gratification and instruction, yet I wish this Dissertation on the war of Troy had never been written at all.

(d) Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen.

(e) Gebelin.—If many of the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadvised in the discussion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C., what must we say to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured to reason men into a belief, that, the Founders of the Roman State, Romulus and Remus, were only allegorical personages, and were in reality representatives of the Sun and worshipped as such. Mr. Gebelin is a man of the most various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curiosity to look into nine volumes in 4to of the "Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne par M. Court de Gebelin." It may be entertaining to some persons, if I give a few particulars of this singular question. The Fourth Volume of Mr. Gebelin's work consists of the "Histoire Religieux du Calendrier, ou des Fêtes Anciennes." The fifth Chapter of the second Book (Vol. 4.) is the "Histoire des Gemaux Romains Romulus et Remus." Mr. G. says, "Les
Nor heed the pause of (f) Douglas, Wakefield's rage, nor Hallam (g) trembling for the sacred page.

"Les Romains eurent aussi leurs Allegories sur le double Soleil successif de l'année; ils l'appliquèrent à leur Remus et Romulus. Les noms sont alphoriques, et tous relatifs à l'année." p. 264. Remus, it seems, signified _the Sun in the winter_, and Romulus, _in the summer_! By an easy proof, he says, "Ils en firent la fête des Lemures pour Remures, &c. p. 263. In the sixth chapter of the same Book, we read: Nous avons vu dans le chapitre précédent, que Romulus était le soleil; que tout le prouvez; — And what is the proof? Truly this: "Le nom de sa mere, celui de son pere, son frere, la mort de son frere (Remus), son propre nom, &c. &c." Q. E. D.—Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet satisfied. He next converts, by means of his solar microscope, Romulus into Hercules! Hear his words. "Ce qu'exprimoient à cet égard les Grecs par l'Apothésè d'Hercule, les Romains l'exprimèrent par l'Apothéose de Romulus." But when he speaks of Quirinus, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of proof can go no further. La voici. "Quirinus (nom de Romulus) la traduction littérale de Melcarthe, on Melicerte, que portoit Hercule chez les Lyriens, est une autre preuve, qu'on regardoit Romulus comme le soleil." p. 269!!!!!!—I cannot help observing that in this same 4th Vol. p. 422. Mr. Gebelin informs us that, "Sur le 18 Fevrier on célébroit la Fête de Romulus, (and at the same time, rather inauspiciously to be sure) on célébroit la fête des foux." I suppose on the celebration of _la Fête des Foux_, cards of invitation were sent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the Antiquaries of those days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been produced at that time he would not have been without his card,
Nor Gillies (h) crying, what shall we peruse,  
My history's now mere records of the Muse,  
And trust to Buonaparte's iron pen, (i)  
The tale of Rome shall be Troy's tale again.  

AUTHOR.

with a few others, to be distributed among his friends.—Indeed these deliramenta doctrinae are sometimes amusing, but in reality they are rather a subject of serious regret from their consequences on the public mind. There is no end of the absurdities from this source, when we resolve all ancient persons and events into allegories and Egyptian mysteries; till as we have just seen, Romulus and Remus, the Founders of the Roman Empire, become (according to Monsieur Gebelin's Order of Firing after a grand Escopetterie, or volley, of serpents and stars) transformed into Roman Suns; Remus in the Winter, and Romulus in the Summer!—See the proofs above.

(f) The Rt. Rev. Dr. John Douglas, the present Bishop of Salisbury, Author of the Criterion, and of other acute pieces of reasoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

(g) Dr. Hallam, the present Dean of Bristol. (1797.)

(h) Author of a History of Greece; but I shall say no more than that Dr. Gillies's solicitude is groundless, when he fears that it will be mistaken for the work of the Muses.
No; other thoughts my lab'ring soul employ, 45
That springs anew to long-forgotten joy;
I range in Fancy's consecrated round,
And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
Nor seek historic truth of time and place,
But truth of manners, character, and grace. 50

The Bards, who once the wreaths of glory wore,
Cloath'd in translucent veil their wondrous lore,
The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,
Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd;
Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muse 55
Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues;
They gaz'd; and as in varying guise pourtray'd,
Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,

Gave

(i) The tremendous conquests of Buonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Historian. "Si Captivos aspiceres, Molossi, Thessali, Macedones, Bruttius, Apulius; si pompas, aurum, purpuræ, signa, tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ." Flor. Lib. 1. C. 18.
Gave to each fleeting form, that shot along,
Existence everlasting as their song,
And as by nature's strength the tablet grew,
Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

O C T A V I U S.

Nay, now you soar indeed; another flight,
And the wing'd courser bears you from my sight:
You're strangely mov'd.

A U T H O R.

The matter is my own;
I never shar'd the profits of the gown,
Nor yet, with Horace and myself at war,
For rhyme and victuals (h) left the starving Bar;
I never

(h) This was lately done by an ingenious Gentleman, educated at Eton school, William Boscawen Esquire, a Commissioner of the Victualling Office, and (by an easy transition) Translator of Horace. He resigned his gown, as a Counsellor at law, to superintend the public victuals, and to give himself up to the charms of poetry, and at last to present the hungry public with
I never lov'd Dean Dewlap's vacant looks,
Or purchas'd empty praise from empty books,
I leave at sales the undisputed reign
To milk-white (hh) Gosset, and Lord (i) Spencer's train;

No

with Horace's works done into English verse. The translation has had the usual fate of mediocrity, and therefore I say no more. But it is with particular pleasure that I inform the reader, that Mr. Boscaven, with the most classical humanity, considering the general state of poor Barristers and Poets at this unpropitious time, has an intention to propose the revival of the ancient custom of the Sportula, to be distributed at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and at the Victualling Office. The qualifications, as I have heard, are these:—That no Barrister be entitled to the Sportula except he can prove by affidavit or certificate from the Clerk of the Assizes, that he has not received five Briefs in his first twelve circuits; and for a Poet, that he has never disposed of twenty copies of any one poem of his own composing. It is feared, that the applications and certificates will be so numerous, that from the present increase of Naval and other demands, the kind intentions of the amiable Victualler will be frustrated.

(hh) Not a bookseller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, Robson, Egerton, Faulder, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Goffet's "milk-white vellum books," where he wishes to make an exchange. The Reverend little Bibliopolish Doctor Goffet is President at all Bookfales in the metropolis. He certainly is a scholar, and I believe the auctioneer always waits for his entrance, as the Speaker of the H. of C. waits for Mr. Pitt before public business begins. He is Inquisitor General of all editions from the Editio Princeps of the Florence Homer, down to the last edition of Ignoramus. Doctor Goffet's priced catalogues in his own hand are said to be in an uninterrupted series, except one. They are also
No German nonsense sways my English heart,
Unus'd at ghosts and rattling bones to start;
I never chose, in various nature strong,
Logic for verse or history for song,
But at the magic of Torquato's strain,
Disarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,
To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo still prefer,
Nor care if ranting Wakefield thinks I err.

To Hurd, not (hh) Parr, my Muse submits her lays,
Pleas'd with advice, without a lust for praise,
Fond

also said to be equal in use and value to "The curious collection,
"in regular and undoubted succession, of all the Tickets of the Isling-
"ton Turnpike from it's first institution to the 20th of May inclu-
"five," recorded among the presents made to the Antiquarian So-
ciety, when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow. (Foote's
Nabob Aft 2.) I believe (but see the Society's Archæologia for
the record) that it took place before the Reverend Mr. Brand
was the reading Secretary, or the Earl of Leicester the eloquent
President of the Society of Antiquaries. N. B. No
person is now obliged to make an inauguration speech, when he
is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The President
observed in one of his speeches, that the custom ceased and deter-
mined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, as appeared by the record,
copied by Mr. Foote and inserted in his Nabob.

(i) The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may
add, the learned collector of every valuable work in literature. I
record with pleasure his "Palatine Apollo," that munus Apolline
dignum!

† Mr. Brand often puts the Antiquarian Society in mind of the famous Epi-
taph:

"Oh Reader! if that thou canst read, &c. &c.
Fond to correct but never to defend,
And him, who marks her errors, deems her friend;
With patriot aim and no irreverent rage,
Without one stain of party on the page,
From Grecian springs her strength, her art she draws,
Firm in her trust, ennobled in her cause,
Her moral none, the verse (ii) some few disdain;
Yet not a note she sounds shall sound in vain,

While

(bb) See my account of Dr. Parr's style and writings. P. of L. Part III. p. 181, &c. with the notes. When the reader has considered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to say with the comic poet of Athens,

Πίλοντο μεγα μονόλακτοι τέσσερα!

(ii) George Steevens, Esq. Editor of Shakspare and some other ingenious Gentlemen, whom at present I shall not name, have affected to say, with equal discretion and wit, that my verses are only a peg to hang my notes upon. They are not quite original in the expression. Pindar said long before Mr. Steevens, Ἀτό Πασσαλον Φισεμυγα λαμενε. (Ol. i.) But Mr. Steevens and Co. rather put me in mind of a story told of a sailor in the late mutiny (April 1797.) aboard the fleet, who after he had undergone rather a severe discipline, and was standing dripping upon the deck, looked up significantly to the yard-arm and said, "Well, my friends, I think I am now wet enough to be hung up to dry."—So much for George Steevens Esq. and his Brethren, "Gentlemen of the Peg."
While Bryant in applause with Baker (k) joins, Gifford (/) approves, and Storer (m) loves the lines: Though still, a stranger in the sacred clime, Some say, I love not poetry, but rhyme.

Offspring of other times! ye visions old, Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd, Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth Finds short repose from formidable truth! Oh witness, if e'er silent in your praise, I've pass'd, in vice or sloth, inglorious days, 100 But

(k) Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extensive classical knowledge. His situation in life sufficiently declares his professional talents.

(/) William Gifford, Esq. Author of the Baviad and the Maeviad.

(m) Antony Storer, Esq. a Gentleman of fortune and fashion, talents and accomplishments. His attainments in literature are various and considerable; and few men have a nicer skill in the principles of just and legitimate composition than Mr. Storer. He has read Quintilian with effect, and has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the best writers and critics of antiquity and of modern times.
But rais’d for you my firm unalter’d voice,
Fancy my guide and solitude my choice.

Though now no Syren voice be heard, no strain
Ascend from Pindus (n) or Arcadia’s plain;
No Graces round th’ Olympian throne of Jove
Bid the nine Virgins raise the chant of love:
The harp of Taliessin (o) lies unstrung,
Close by the loom round which Death’s sisters sung,
Unfelt each charm of Odin’s magic tree,
With many an uncouth Runic (p) phantasy:

Though

(n) I mean by these and several following lines to observe,
that the Pagan Fable is now exhausted, and the specious miracles
of Gothic Romance have never of late years produced a poet.
Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the
pagan inventions. Witness the sublimer productions of modern
Italy.

(o) A year or two ago proposals were offered by Mr. Owen
to publish the works of the Bard Taliessin, but no encouragement
could be obtained. Such is the time.

(p) Mr. Mathias, (the author of the Essay on the Evidence, &c. on the long-disputed subject of the poems ascribed to
Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note
to the First Part of the P. of L,) several years ago attempted to
Though now no temper'd lance, no magic brand,
No Durindana (q) waves o'er fabled land;
No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unseen,
Or flames amazement o'er the desert green;
No wizards hold, some blasted pine beneath,
Their horrid sabbath on the darken'd heath;
Say, are the days of blest delusion fled?
Must fiction rear no more her languid head?
No more the Muse her long-lost transports know,
Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow?
Awake, ye slumb'ring Rulers of the song!
Each in your solemn orders pass along,
In sacred radiance o'er your mountain old
Yet once again your dignities unfold,
And fill the space; your scepter'd glories claim,
And vindicate the great Pierian name.

excite the curiosity of the public to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of some Runic fragments. I wish the example had been followed.

(q) The name of the sword of Orlando in Ariosto.
OCTAVIUS.

Are these a poet's only themes? I fear,
No verse like this will find a patient ear.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile:—the dread resistless pow'r
That works deep-felt at inspiration's hour,

He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd BARD, (r)
Who nobly conscious of his just reward,

With

(r) I mean here to give a character of the Poet, as such, and of the sources whence the art itself is drawn. I would wish to express generally, what Proclus (in one of his dissertations on the Πολιτεία of Plato, Ed. fol. Basil. 1534. p. 430.) would call with a sublime dignity the Πάσης Ποιησις ἐξ ἐνδιακάτωσιν, " when
With loftier soul and undecaying might
Paints what he feels in characters of light,
Hears in each blast some consecrated rhyme,
Trac'd by the spirit of the troublous clime.
He turns: and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound,
Portentous forms in heav'n's aërial hall
Appear, as at some great supernal call.

Thence oft in thought his steps ideal (s) haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;
To where old Tadmor's (t) regal ruins lie
In desolation's sullen majesty;

when the poet exerts his highest faculties, or (in the language of
Proclus in the same place) "Οταν ενθισαι αυτον, και των Μονων
κατοχου αυτον, και ΤΗΝ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ενεργει ΚΑΙ ΕΝΕΟΕ-
ΟΝ ΠΙΟΗΤΙΚΗΝ."

(∵) I speak of the effect of local situation on the mind of the
poet. But if he is deprived of the power of visiting these great
and awful scenes of nature, (sometimes assisted and improved
by art,) an imagination, bold and fervid, may in some degree sup-
ply that want by recourse to the most finished representations
of them by the more sublime painters and artists. Stuart, Wood,
and Piranesi may raise ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon
his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, or of
Rome,—I cannot but present my reader with the form of an
Oath
Or where Carthusian (v) tow'rs the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe,
Where Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd, 150
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn,

To him the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil 155

The inexpressive form (x) in semblance frail,

Oath on such a subject from the last classical Poet under the expiring monarchy of France, the famous Delisle. I am as ready on this subject, as himself, to swear at the high altar of the Muses:

"Helas! je n'ai point vu ce sejour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux ou Virgile a tant de fois chanté;
Mais j'en jurer et Virgile et ses accords sublimes,
J'irai: de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
J'irai, plein de son nôm, plein de ses vers sacrés,
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

Les Jardins L. 1.

(i) He built Tadmor in the Wilderness.” Chron. B. 2. ch. 8. v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood observes, that the natives, at this day, call Palmyra by the original appellation of Tadmor.


(x) The Pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of the Supreme Being separating the light from the darkness, in the Vault of the Capella Sestina in Rome, by Michael Angelo which, I believe, has
To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors and eternal doom.

To Him the pow'rs of harmony \((y)\) resort,
And as with random glance and fiercer port
He scans th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound,
Strains that from full-strung chords at distances swell,
Notes breathing soft from music's inmost cell,
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.

Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all it's sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that flit through the malignant gloom,
Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room.

Such is the Poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's "charter'd libertin," \((z)\)

He has never been engraved. Mr. Euseli, I think, said so when I enquired about it. I allude also to the picture of the Last Judgment, by the same Master.

\((y)\) The power of Music on the mind of the Poet.
\((z)\) "The air, a charter'd libertin, is still." Shaksper. H. V.
He scorns in apathy to float or dream
On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares alone in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
While thoughts encounter'ring thoughts in conflict fierce
Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse,
Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th'immortal page the visions of his soul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this celestial strain,
You may with Gods hold converse, not with men;
Sooner the people's right shall Horsley (a) prove;
Or Sutton (aa) cease to claim the public love,
And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
His polish'd mind and reconciling grace;

(a) I allude to Bishop Horsley's intemperate and unadvised speeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worse than an enemy. I believe Mr. Pitt thinks so.

(aa) Dr. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, Bishop of Norwich. A Prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for the highest dignity of the church, sede vacante, as Dr. Sutton.
Sooner Stentorian (aaa) Davies cease to talk,  
And for his Eton leave his Bond street walk;  
Or

a learned, pleasant, generous, open-hearted, good-tempered man,  
but rather too much of a Stentor in conversation:

Στεντορι εἰς ὅμοιον μεγαλυτέροι γαλάζωφων,  
Οσ τοσον αὐνόσοκ, ὁσον ἄλλοι πενθήκοντα.  
Hom. II. 5.

Mr. Provost has an invincible partiality for the charms of London, whenever his duty does not oblige him to be at his Lodge.  
The reason is simple. The air at Eton bites shrewly, in London it smells wooingly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a M.S. found in Long Chamber at Eton, the hand writing conjectured to be by Dr. Heath the Head Master, and one of the Assistants. It was found on one of Mrs. Heath's Ball-Nights during Lent, given to the Laturum Pueri for the advantage and credit of the School.  
—N. B. Eton School, like many other great and useful public schools, stands in need of many new and strong regulations, which the interest of this kingdom and the nature of the times call for with a voice not to be disregarded by the masters and governors. It is not to be disbursed, (it is my office to speak openly and boldly) that Boys now actually divide themselves into political parties. There is indeed a general licentiousness of spirit among modern boys, which the public good requires to be repressed. It is not by a false and specious liberality that this evil is to be subdued. If masters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can the children do? I laugh at the idle apprehension of rebellion in a School. If I were the Master of Eton, I would begin by the abolition of the Montem immediately. It is very improper, and very foolish. There is a meanness and sometimes an audacity in this authorised mode of collecting money on the highway which I wonder young Gentlemen of birth and family are not ashamed of, and can even wish to continue. It is something between arms and plunder. Harrow school has no longer it's ancient and dangerous custom of "shooting for the silver arrow."—I mention the abolition of The Montem (though it occurs but once in three years) only as an introduction to many other salutary and necessary restrictions in all public Schools. I have seen the nature of a rebellion (as it is called) in a college and a school, and nothing can be more foolish and impotent. If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Masters of Schools and Colleges, what can children and young men ultimately effect, when it is considered, by what laws and hopes their future interest and advancement in life are bound-in, cabined, and confined? The majority of such petty Revolu-
Of Warren (b) in his well-curv'd palm confound
An ancient guinea with a modern (bb) pound;
Sooner one Prelate hate th' unequal glass,
And round (d) his table let the Claret pass;

O'er

Revolutionists and embryo Democrats are always restrained in a short time, and their successors never feel the absence of what they never expected. Let every Master of a College and a public School boldly and vigorously and instantly adopt the words and spirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. "In qua Ego nactus, ut mihi videam, locum resedandi libidinis et coercedae juventutis, vehementem fui et omne profudi vires animi atque ingenii mei, non odio adductus alicujus sed spe reipublicae corrigendae et sanandae civilitatis. Afflicta est Respublica!"—Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 18. I hope this note will be regarded with the attention it deserves from the public.

(b) A learned and able Physician of the time. "The well curved palm" is the attitude of a modern physician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he as naturally closes upon his fee as a lobster does his claw. As I have a high respect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profession with an Extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a physician whom he names Marescotton. "Recordaris Marescotton " nostrum tria sacrae artem nostrae (Medicae scilicet) debere professe sum, quibus caruisset si propositum a parentibus sacerdotium suce- pisset; scilicet, sanitatem athleticae ætatibus anno 82mo, centum " auroorum millia, atque intimam innumerorum illustrium amicitia- am." Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 4. N.B. Though the Doctor rejected the propositum sacerdotium for himself, yet his Brother my Lord of Bangor was made into a Bishop by fraternal skill in the reign of Lord North.—Since this note was first printed, the public have lamented the loss of this acute and very learned physician, Dum loquimur, &c. &c. (July 1797).

(bb) This allusion was evidently made since the 26th of Feb. 1797, soon after which the Bank issued the One pound notes, to the great disquiet of the faculty.

(d) "Siccat insequales calices Conviva Sacerdos." It is well known by the Clergy of a powerful diocese, that on public days when the Claret or Burgundy arrives at a certain distance from the top of the table, where my Lord is seated, the attracting power suddenly draws the bottles across the table. When avarice, pride, and meanness act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphysicians to determine the curve in which it moves.—I say no more.
O'er his true church the crafty St. Pol (e) sleep, 195
Or bounds with Heretics John Milner (f) keep;
Or

(e) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the public largess of this kingdom to the French Emigrants sacred and profane is committed. See the portrait of his Catholic Lordship in the public print shops of London. It is impossible to doubt the apparent propriety of the epithet I have given him, if we only glance on the portrait.—I refer the reader to all my notes on the Roman Catholic cause, in the Third Part of the P. of L. It is indeed true that the Popedom is now fallen; but the spirit of it, I still maintain, is neither extinct nor asleep. By way of Contrast, I cannot refrain from presenting to the reader the picture of Pope Paul the Fourth, as drawn by the master hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the sublimity and force of the language by a translation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. "E'ben cosa certa, que Paolo, come quello che era d'animo grande e de' vasti pensieri, teneva per sicuro di poter remediere a tutti i disordini per la sola sua autorità pontificale, ne riputava di aver bisogna in ciò di Principe alcuno; solito di non parlar mai con gli Ambasciadori, se non intonandogli nelle orecchie che egli era sopra tutti gli Principi; che non voleva che alcuno d'essi domesticasse seco, che poteva mutar i regni, che era Successor di Chi ha deposto Re et Imperadori." Ist. del Concil. Trident. Lib. 5.
This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontific power, should be presented to all Christian Countries "in perpetuum rei memori- "riam," that they may contemplate what this spiritual tyranny and usurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romish Church sacred and political (which never change in essence, substance, or spirit under any calamity) will at all times naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. "Ubi Papa, ibi Roma!" in secula seculorum! Let England look to this.
Or Wilberforce range lawless through the town;

I

(7) To the revival of the Roman Catholic Cause in Great Britain, "Pesti evo vivens." In our dread and natural horror of Atheism and of anarchy, why are we to revive superstition and tyranny? I have nothing to do with the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, but to my apprehension it is a measure full of danger. It is at one stroke to alter the fundamental law and constitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wishing for peace, tranquility, and union between the two Islands.—I have given more time and study to this Roman Catholic subject than any man perhaps, at this time, will think it deserves. I have perused many a dull and uninteresting tract, even of their own squabbles among one another, much to the loss of my own quiet. In general I pass them over and consign them to their own dulness. But there is one pamphlet, not for any even the least excellence of the composition but for the virulence of its spirit, which I call into public notice, if the public will or can feel upon the subject. It is entitled "A Reply to the Report published by the Cisalpine Club on the authenticity of the Protestation at the British Museum, &c. &c. by the Rev. John Milner," Printed for Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one John Milner, a Provincial Priest resident (as I am told) at Winchester, not an emigrant, nor in the King's House (while the Priests lived there en masse,) but the priest of a private chapel in that city. He seems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the most intolerant principles and deliberate in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of feroceness and of impotence. But he represents the opinions of a very large portion of their body by whom he is accredited. He is very cautious in this pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution speaks plainer language than the frankness of the most open declaration. "It is apprehended (he says) that the publication of Part IV.
Or Mingay be the glory of his gown; 199
Or Erskine cease from impotent grimace,
And his appeals to (g) God, his prime disgrace;

"the facts in question might prove detrimental to the Catholic In-
‘terest (observe the words) on any future application to the Leg-
islature." p. 36. We see this wary priest has not thought
proper to conceal that they have further intentions. He tries
the ground before him, but his steps are uneasy. The indulgence,
it seems, is not to rest here. The lenity of our government na-
turally leads to other demands. With this clue in my hand, I have
little difficulty to pass through the intricacy of this Romish laby-
rinth. In another part of Mr. Milner's "Reply," his indigna-
tion rises against some expressions in the declaration of the
Catholics. We see the embers under which the fire is not yet
extinguished. He is afraid we Protestants should think that the
spirit of his church has suffered an abatement. "Thus to my
judgment (he cries out) am I and the whole Catholic Body, with-
out consenting to it, pledged in the face of the Legislature to
condemn the wars of Charlemagne, and the Crusade against
"the infamous Albigenses." p. 28. I hope we are all
children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and
charity which Christ has taught and enforced, and if we have
read the history of that infernal and murderous persecution of the
devoted Albigenes, (whose chief crime was their determined op-
opposition and resistance to the Papal tyranny)† what opinion or
what comment shall we form on this merciless Priest, who after
the lapse of centuries, feels the same passions and the same thirst of
blood against these innocent victims of popish and arbitrary vio-

† The Albigenes were a sect of the Waldenses, who had their rise in the
twelfth century. I know what the malice of their enemies has suggested
against
Or one mean cause the virtuous (h) Scott maintain,
Turn law to trade, or deem religion vain;
Or (ii) Rose with coy submission, modest grace,
Rise to explain his sinecures and place;
Or smirking Abbot from old statutes rest,
And his self-consequence with law (i) digest;
Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed;
Or Dramatists to public trust succeed.

Nor think, a Poet's name I lightly prize,
Taught by the muse and by her wisdom wise;
But

(i) Nothing can be more offensive, more injudicious, and in some instances more profane, than when a Barrister appeals to God for the truth of every assertion made in a court of law, and in many cases when the facts have been doubtful, and sometimes have been afterwards proved to be false. I call this a prime disgrace; and I hope no Barrister of ability will follow this flippant rash habit of Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench, which we have all so repeatedly witnessed. Mr. Erskine's own better sense and serious thought will restrain him in future. But public men must be told of their faults publicly.

(ii) Sir John Scott, Attorney General.

(iii) George Rofe, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c. &c. &c.

(iv) Charles Abbot Esq. M.P. the new Digestor of the laws and the proponent of some useful regulations. The Profession are afraid he will cut too close in his Reports to Parliament. The little shrewd Senator will smile and smirk, if he is told so. I would by no means discourage or depreciate the labours of a scholar and a very

against them. This is not a place to discuss history, but I refer the statesman to Thuanus L. 1. S. 16. Vol. 1. p. 221. Ed. Buckley. N.B. For their confession of faith, which was presented to King Francis the First, by the wretched remnant of these Albigensians, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hist. Eccles. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin, "A 1544. Merindoliani et Caprarienses &c. existentesque Reliquiae Albigensium sequentem fidei sue confessionem obtulerunt Francisco I. Regi Galliae, quam a majoribus quafi per manus acceperant, abhinc anno post Christi Incarn. 1209," &c. Sand Hist. E. p. 425.
But in the wane of Empires (mark the hour)
Vice and the sword consolidate all pow'r;
Laws pass their (k) bounds; few statesmen stand erect;
All in their country's name, themselves protect;
The Constitution sounds in every speech,
The words an insult, and each act a breach;
The public hopes with public credit sink—
At such an hour, when men to madness think,
What is a Poet, what is fiction's strain?

Junius (l) might probe a Nation's wounds in vain.

As a very sensible man; but I recommend to him the attentive perusal of "The Memoirs of P.P." Clerk of the Parish (of St. Stephen's) who "with the sweat of his hands did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout the great Statute Book, &c.&c."

(k) The violence, sedition, and daring wickedness of times like these produce the necessity of extending laws and regulations, and acts which are declared temporary, and called for by that necessity alone. When the danger is passed, the Constitution is again left to protect itself by it's ancient laws, if that danger can now or ever pass from us. This is what Octavius seems to mean, by "laws passing their bounds," &c. in this and the following lines; and in this sense I hope he will be understood.

(l) O magnâ sacer et superbus umbrâ!


Junius told the nation, that "a time might arrive, at which every inferior consideration must yield to the Security of the "So-
As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
'Tis Satire gives the strongest light to sense,
To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
To truth the splendor of her awful face,
To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
To conscience stings beneath the cap or crown,
To vice that terror she will feel and own.

But if in love with fiction still, at court
Present in verse some new Finance Report,
How taxes, funds and debts shall disappear,
Or in the fiftieth or five-hundredth year.
Or tread the maze of picturesque delight,
From Holwood paint with Pitt the prospect bright;
Without one "line of boundary" to speech,
The summit of conceit with Gilpin (m) reach;

"Sovereign, and to the general safety of the State." Introduct. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke and the desperate French factions and seditious societies now in England.—Junius had not so learned the Constitution of England; nor has the Author of the P. of L, so learned it.
In Desolation's dread partitions felt,
With dip and hole, grand masses, burst and belt,
With shudders tremulous explore your way,
Through plashy inundations led astray,
Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb strains,
Homeward you steal, "through Surrey's quiet lanes."

(m) I am under the necessity of making a strong remonstrance against the language of Mr. Gilpin's writings on Landscape and the Picturesque. It is such a sartago or jargon of speech as is wholly unnecessary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They absolutely appear in troops. Dips—Boles—Grand Masses—Belts—Bursts—tremulous Shudders—plashy Inundations—partitions of desolation—continents of precipice—and a hundred more, till the English language sets all English meaning at defiance. These terms are not the parce de morta of Horace, but mere jargon and foolish affectation. Dilettanti and Connoisseurs almost blush to use them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or easy, yet it may not be affected. But the rage of Concetto admits no "line of boundary," as these gentlemen love to talk. To use the words of Shakspeare in one of his own plays, as it now seems, (for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Esq. take from him and give to him just as they please) "They absolutely make a battery through our defenceless parts." Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act. 5. Sc. 1.—Simplicity in language is first to be sought. Strength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in its preservation. Mr. Gilpin's works on other subjects have and deserve high approbation. In all but the picturesque he seems as ready as any man to say, "State supere vias antiquas."
Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, said or sung, and talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue. But still keep Method.

**OCTAVIUS.**

Yes: 'tis plain, Connection, order, method you disdain: You write when in the humour, scarce exact, The thoughts disjointed, nor the sense compact; 'Tis Conversation, not by rule and book, I wish you would attend to placid (o)Cook; From

(*mm*) Anglicac, "Fens."

(*n*) "Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an easy and happy expression (cur non omnia?) of Mr. Gilpin's. Observat. in the Lakes of Westmoreland, &c. Vol. 2. p. 268.
From science A to science B proceed,
I hate your zig-zag verse and wanton heed.

AUTHOR.

Your counsel’s good: I’ll lock it in my breast,
Like Mansfield, I ne’er enter (p) my protest:

But

(o) See a late Poem called “Conversation” by W. Cook Esq.—I have read this poem a second time, and upon re-consideration, it appears to me useful and written in a gentlemanly style, didactic, temperate, and by no means inelegant in the verse or the composition. An attention to the precepts, however self-evident, is too much neglected. We all are fond of the conversation of the table, or as Lucian happily calls it the Φίλαξ μεσωτὸς Τραπεζα, the ὑπελομενὴ ἀπολαυσίς. The least honour I shall do to Mr. Cook, is, to drink his health in my sober cups, and success to his social endeavours to promote regulated pleasantry and the manners of a gentleman.

(†) The great Lord Mansfield Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, and his nephew the late very learned (ci-devant) Lord Stormont, made a rule never to enter a protest on the Journals of the House of Lords.

But say, a simple story shall I tell? A man of method is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar (q) late, of London fame, A Doctor, (r) and Morosophos (s) his name:

K

(q) When I am very particular in the description of a character, I abstain from giving the least hint of a real name. "Quis rapiet ad se quod erit commune omnium?" or in Le Sage's language, "qui se fera connaitre mal à prophos?" I only give this as A Character, and say no more.

(r) The word and title of "Doctor" is miserably abused. Erasmus long ago in an Epistle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, observed with some indignation, "Unde Doctoris titulo gloriuntur, nisi ut docent? Erasmi Epist. Ed. Lond. Fol. p. 652. I wish this were written in large characters over the door of the theatre at Oxford and the Senate House at Cambridge.

PART IV.
From all the pains of study freed long since,
Far from a Newton, and not quite a (t) Vince; 260
In metaphysics bold would spread his sails,
And with Monboddo still believ'd (v) in tails;
At anatomic lore would sometimes peep,
And call Earle (x) useful, Abernethy (y) deep;

With

(t) Morosophos. Stulté sapiens.—But more presently of Dr. Morosophos, the Man of Method.

(t) A learned and useful Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge. See his works.

(v) All the learned world knows how Lord Monboddo believed and still believes, that men had once tails depending from the gable end of their bodies, supposing them to go upon all fours. N.B. Dr. Johnson defines the gable end to be "the sloping roof of a building," and he gives a pleasant instance from Mortimer's Husbandry. "Take care that all your brick work be covered &c. without gable ends, which are very heavy, &c."

(x) James Earle Esq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Editor of the celebrated Percival Pott's Works. I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added are valuable; nor would I pass in silence the treatises he has given to the world in his own name, the result of extensive practice and accurate observation.
With Symonds and with Grafton's Duke (z) would
A Dilettante in Divinity; 266 [vie, K 2 A

(y) A young Surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spi-
rit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to
think, the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive
great accessions.

(z) The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Sy-
monds, L.L.D. Professor of Modern History in the University
of Cambridge, have both attracted the public attention by their
various Hints and Observations on Subjects of Scripture.—I will
also offer a remark or two, which are new to me, on a passage in
St. Paul's Epistles, if another Layman may be heard with indul-
gence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar
meaning or force of the following passage of St. Paul in the Se-
cond Epistle to Timothy. "The Cloak which I left at Troas
bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."
Ep. 2. C. 4. v. 13. I would hint, that this Epistle was written
from Rome when Paul was brought before Nero the second time.
Ἐγραφὴν ἀπὸ Ρωμῆς, ὅτε εκ δευτερη παρεστή Παύλος τῷ Καίσαρι
Νερώνι. In the 22d Chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of
the privilege of Roman Citizenship, and it proved of much ad-
vantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a
matter of mere conjecture, whether he might be required to prove
himself a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence.
These parchments (μετεξανά) might contain some docu-
ments, or be a deed or diploma of some consequence to the mat-
ter in question. But as to the Cloak, there is something more
particular. The Cloak in the original, is Φηλόμης, or Φαλόμης,
which is undoubtedly a corruption for Φανολάς, and it is foread

300965
A special clerk for method and for plan,
Through science by the alphabet he ran.

He in the Codex M.S. Bibliothecæ Cæsareæ Vienensis. Φανολυς was grecised from the Roman word Panula. This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the seat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to grecise many terms of law; as Φιδείκομισσαρίος for sìdei commissarios, Ρεπεδιον for repudium, (as in this passage, "Ευλογος η γυνα το Ρεπεδιον στειλειες κτλ." Justinian. Novell. 22.) Καινωνειν, for Censere, Εξεπεδιτον, for Expeditum or Expeditio, κομπρομισσου for compromissum, and other words, as may be seen in Du Fresne's and other Lexicons, but in particular in a most singular and scarce Glossary by Meurfius.* And in the East, before the accession of the House of Timour, the Arabian language was prevalent in Hindostan, when the Hindoo Rajas had Communication with the Mahommedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the Arabian language is used technically in the Code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. "That is a woman's property, during the Ayammi Shaddee," which is the Arabic term for the Days of marriage. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judi-

He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
A wife for regularity, not love;

Judicature in Bengal, will furnish many singular instances.—
But to return to the Πανολία, or Πανολία. I would observe that
when the Roman state degenerated into a monarchy, many Citizens laid aside the Τογα and wore the Πανολία, or the Λακέρνα in
it's stead. Augustus highly disapproved of this change in their
dress. He was, as Suetonius informs us, indignabundus, and gave
orders to the Αἴδιλαι on the subject: " Negotium Αἴδιλίμος de-
dit, ne quem potthac in foro paterentur, nifi positis lacernis, toga-
tum confiftere." Octav. C. 40. But the Πανολία was still worn.
As the Πανολία was so specifically a Roman garment and worn
only by Romans, St. Paul might wish, as a slight confirmation
of his point, to shew what was his customary dress. It may be
remarked, that the Πανολία was a vefiment, which the Romans
generally wore upon a journey. Juvenal observes in Sat. 5. " Multo
flillaret Πανολία nimbo," and St. Paul says, that " he left it behind
him at Tras."—This is only written as a mere literary remark to
hint, that in the minutest passages of the Scriptures there
may be some meaning; and that nothing can be so contemptible
as a foolish and a profane ridicule on any passage in the
sacred writings, founded on ignorance. The present re-
marks are intended as a matter of some little curiosity. But I
think there is no passage in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures
which will not at last admit of such an illustration or explanation,
I mean philologically or critically, as may put to silence the ignorance
of foolish men. Much general information is to be obtained from
Harmer's valuable and satisfactory Observations on the Scrip-
tures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the East; (four
volumes 8vo.) and from " Letters from some Jews to Mr. Vol-
taire."
A little architect in all his schemes,
Some say he had a method in his dreams.
Fond of his ease, his Travels were at home,
And Lum'sden(a) taught him to converse of Rome:
On Sundays at Sir Joseph's (b) never fail'd,
So regular, you might have thought him bail'd;

With taire.” A man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of his fellow-creatures, constantly keeps his knowledge, his reason, and his prudence connected indissolubly, or as it is well expressed by a philosopher, Εν συναρμογῇ αδιαλυτώ κατά λόγου αριστον. Plat. Timæ. Locr. de anim. mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrani Tom. 3. pag. 95.

(a) That ingenious and learned gentleman, ANDREW LUMISDEN, Esq. F.A.S. Edinb. has since that time taught us all in the most agreeable scholar-like manner. See “His remarks on the Antiquities of Rome and it's Environs, being a classical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated City.” 4to. 1797. It is a pleasing and most judicious performance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united advantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company.

(b) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Knight of the Bath, President of the Royal Society, Privy Counsellor, &c. &c. has instituted a meeting at his house in Soho Square, every Sunday evening, at
With Jones a linguist, Sanscrit, Greek, or Manks,
And could with Watson play some chemic pranks;
Yet far too wise to roast a diamond (bb) whole,
And for a treasure find at last a coal.

Would sometimes treat, was liberal of cash,
(Not your damn'd (c) dollars, or Bank-paper trash)

Then

at which the Literati and men of rank and consequence, and
men of no consequence at all, find equally a polite and pleasing
reception from that distinguished Gentleman. Sir Joseph
Banks is fitted for his station in the learned world not more from
his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by
his particular and unremitted attention to the interest and adv-
cancement of natural knowledge, and his generous patronage of
the Arts.

(bb) The ingenious Mr. Tenant has shewn, in a paper read at
the Royal Society, that he can reduce a Diamond by evaporation
to Charcoal. I hear Mrs. Hassings and other great possesse-
s of diamonds have a kind of Tenant-phobia, and are shy of this
gentleman. A poor Poet, like myself, who has neither diamonds
nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr.
Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "Carbonem
proThesaur."
Then talk'd, like Indian (d) Rennell, rather long,
And would at times regale you with a song,
But seldom that; in music though a prig, 285
The little Doctor swell'd and look'd so big;
Nay to Greek (e) notes would trill a Grecian ode,
In diatonic kind and Lydian mode,

And gland, when the whole nation was made to pass through the pil-
lars of Hercules.

(d) Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India,

(e) Dr. Morosophos, the man of method, was rather trouble-
some to his friends on this subject of Greek Music. He wished to
pass for another Meibomius. But there is still reason to think
that he never saw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Ne-
mesis, printed with the Greek musical notes to which they were
sung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672 by Dr.
Fell, or the more accurate copy of these hymns in Mr. Burette's
Memoire on this subject. Memoires de l'Academie des Inscrip-
tions Tom. 5.—Dr. Morosophos knew but little of the system
of the Lydian Mode in the diatonic genus. There is also
reason to think that he knew as little, as Bishop Horlley, of the
Προσαμμεακιμενος, the Τπατν βπατων, or the Παρπατν μεσων,
&c.
And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
Convers’d of Stentor the great (f) throat-performer.
Banks (g) gave him morning lessons how to dress,
And Morgan (h) whisper’d courage and finesse:
A Poet too he was, not very bright,
Something between a Jerningham and (i) Knight;
He dealt in tragic, epic, critic lore,
With half, whole plans, and episodes in store,
Method was all; yet would he seldom write,
He fear’d the ground-plot wrong, or—out of sight.

(f) “Stentor is celebrated by Homer as the most illustrious
throat-performer of antiquity.” Burney’s Hist. of Music 4to

(g) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. &c. I speak only of “Morning
habiliments.”

(h) Maurice Morgan, Esq. an ingenious writer, author of
the pleasant Extravaganza on the Courage of Sir John Falstaff.
Mr. M. is known to his friends by the name of Sir John. In
his politics, he is of the Lansdown School.

(i) R. P. Knight, Esq. author of “The Progress of Civil
Society,” which he calls “a Poem.”
Part IV.
At last the Doctor gave his friends a work! (Not verse, like Cowper, or high prose, like Burke,)
Chambers abridg'd! in sooth 'twas all he read,
From fruitful A to unproductive Zed.

OCTAVIUS.

What then? for ever shall we wildly stray;
And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way,
Or void of judgment, fire or critic force,
Stoop to each golden apple in the course?
I never can with argument dispense;
Pope gave the verse, but Warburton (k) the sense.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; by plan and syllabus (l) confin'd,
Knight thus composes first the reader's mind;

(k) Octavius is right in some degree. The commentary of
Warburton on Pope's moral Poems is peculiarly valuable, and
explains many seeming inconsistencies. Pope thought so him-
self.
To rouse attention is the poet's art,
Knight calls to sleep, and acts a civil part,
Save to his view when foul Priapus (m) rose,
He wak'd to lust, in stimulating prose.
But though that Garden-God forsaken dies;

Another Cleland (n) see in Lewis (o) rise.

L 2

Why

(l) Par classes et par titres,
Dogmatizer en vers et rimer par chapitres,
Boileau Sat. 8. 115.

(m) Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatise on the Worship of Priapus, in addition to what I before said (P. of L. Part I. v. 134. Note (g) I shall offer the spirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his Λόγος Προτρεπτικός εἰς τες Ελλήνας or "Admonitio ad Ceneter." "Ταυτα όμων της θυταπειας τα αρχετυπα, άντι της θεως ή θεολογιας, άντι των συμπτωματων όμων Θεων ή διδασκαλεως.—Πανικοι, και γυμναὶ κοραι, και ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ των γραφαις απογυμνημεναι;—Ηναρικεν ομιν τα ωτα, πετορευκασιν ή οφθαλμοι, ή οφεις μεμοιχευκασι. Ως οι σαμαρνο των ανθρωπων, και το ενθεον τε φλαμακος ελεγκει απαρ-ξαντες! κτλ.—"Clem. Alex. Edit. Commelin. 1616, p. 30. &c.—I now define his odious Treatise on Priapus for ever.—N.B. The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen studied in his school.
Why sleep the ministers of truth and law? Has the state no controul, no decent awe, While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie Pandars to lust and licens'd blasphemy? Can

(\(n\) John Cleland, author of "The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure."

(\(o\) M. Lewis, Esq. M.P. author of "The Monk a Romance." in 3 Vol. (Vol. 2. Ch. 6 and 7.) See my Observations at length in the preface to this Fourth Part of the P of L. pag. ii. and iii.—The publication of this novel by a Member of Parliament is in itself so serious an offence to the public, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of public decency, but by supressing it himself. I will give Mr. Lewis an extract from the ninth Book of the History of Procopius, called the Historia Arcana of the Emperor Justinian and the infamous Theodora. The words are these.

"Αλλα τε μεν ενδεικνυμενον ουν τοθε την Ανθρωπιν ουδ' άστιον ομιλι. Ἀπαντα γὰρ αυτη ται της φυσις παθη άτος αν αιγοχρεων σημαναι διαρκως ειτ. Ἐπει οὕτως αλογησας την υπερ των πεπραγμενων την αισχυνη, ὥς ἀπαξιοι των εντυγχανης έθελους φαινοσαι, τωτω δι άθεμα παρανομας αναπτος αετος. Αλλα την αναίδειαν και τη μετωπη προεκλημενον, πάσατα τε και μην γην ποιω ει των πραξεων τας μιαρατατας χωρει." Procop. Histor. Arcan. Lib. 9. p. 46. Ed. Fol. Lugdun. 1623.—I wish Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this passage.

* Or Mr. Lewis might omit the indecent and blasphemous passages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work as a composition would receive great advantage. I wish he may at least take this advice.
Can senates hear without a kindred rage?
Oh may a poet's light'ning blast the page,
Nor with the bolt of Nemesis in vain
Supply the laws, that wake not to restrain!

Is ignorance the plea? since Blackstone drew
The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
Each law an index: students aptly turn
To Williams, Hale, judicious (p) Cox, and Burn;
Obscenity has now her code and priest,
While anarchy prepares the dire Digest.

Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
Mark vice with folly saunt'ring hand with hand,

(p) Samuel Cox Esq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor
(at his leisur hours) of the Reports of Peere Williams. I am
not very conversant with professional law books, but a learned
person fluwed me Mr. Cox's mode of illustration, and desired
me to consider it. I really think, it seems as a model for all
future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evi-
dently the mode of a most judicious understanding and of a well-
read Lawyer.—Transeat in exemplum!
With each strange form in motley masquerade, 
Featur'd grimace and impudence pourtray'd, 
While virtue, hov'ring o'er th'unhallow'd room, 
Seems a dim speck through sin's surrounding gloom: 
As through the smoak-soil'd glass (n) we spy from far 
The circling radiance of the Sirian Star, 
Faint wax the beams, if strong the fumy tint, 
Till the star fades, a mathematic point. 340

Sure from the womb I was untimely torn, 
Or in some rude inclement season born, 
The State turns harsh on fortune's grating hinge, 
And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe; 
For me the fates no golden texture weave, 
Though happier far to give than to receive: 
Yet with unvaulting sober wishes blest, 
Ambition fled with envy from my breast; 345

For

(n) "If the eye glas be tincted faintly with the smoke of a 
" lamp or torch to obscure the light of the star, the fainter 
" light in the circumference of the star ceases to be visible, 
" and the star (if the glas be sufficiently soiled with smoke) ap- 
" pears something more like a mathematic point."

For friendship form'd, in yon starr'd fields above
My Saturn's temper'd by the beam of Jove.
I cannot, will not, stoop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, (nn) by surprise,
Be led through Treasury vaults in airy dance,
And flatter'd into insignificance. (o)
I cannot, will not, in a college gown,
Vent my first nonsense on a patient town,
Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park
A six-weeks Epic, (p) or a Joan of Arc.

I leave

(nn) As posterity may know little of this young Gentleman, I shall add, that Mr. Canning was first an Eton boy, then wrote a little book of Essays, went to college, was then made M.P. and after some tuition and instruction from the accomplished George Rose, Esq. &c. &c. &c. made one of the Under Secretaries of State. (1797.)

(o) "Pessimum genus inimicorum Laudantes." Tacit. I know no man more qualified to be a Commentator on Tacitus than the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

(p) Robert Southy, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry, of great promise, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer says of poetry,

"'Tis every dele
A rock of ice and not of steel."

He gave to the public a long quarto volume of epic verses, Joan
I leave these early transports, and the calm Complacence, and the softly trickling balm
Self-consolation sheds! more sweet than all Burke felt in senates, or Impeachment's Hall;
Borne to that course, where thund'ring from afar
The great Auruncian (q) drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my sight, 365
All that Horne Tooke (a) can plot, or Godwin (b) write;

Now of Arc, written as he says, in the preface, in six weeks. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years.
—I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would review some of his principles.

(q) Lucilius, the founder of Satire among the Romans, is stiled by Juvenal (Sat. 1.) the "Magnus Auruncæ alumnus." He was a native of Aurunca a town of ancient Latium in Italy.

(a) Mr. Horne Tooke, in the conclusion of his "Diversions of Purley," makes an apology for applying himself to subjects so trivial as grammatical discussions, in the year 1786. He uses the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

"Perche altrove non have
Dove voltare il vifo,
Che gli è stato interciso
Mostrai con altre imprese altra virtude."

The
Now when Translation to a pest is grown,
And Holcroft to French treason adds his own,
When Gallic Diderot in vain we shun,
His blasted pencil, Fatalist, (aa) and Nun; 370

The hour was however approaching, when his countenance was
to be turned to other thoughts, and he was to display other ta-
lents which had almost slept since the time of Junius. At the
blast of the French Revolution, he awoke from grammatical
slumber, and found that other enterprizes awaited him. We
have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for
high treason, Nov. 4, 1794. His plans were unfolded, and
though he was acquitted, and "Execution was not done on
Cawdor," yet it is not impossible that hereafter, after his de-
cease, some honest chronicler may be found,

"Who will report (in private)
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd his country's pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance." (Macbeth.)

Till that hour arrives, I shall wait for the continuation of his
grammatical researches, which are promised to the world, with
the celebrated wish of the Satirist,

Ut vellem his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sêvitie!

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne
Tooke I dread much, and from the calmness and mildness of
his conversation I should apprehend perhaps more. But as I
think the whole Kingdom is fully, and deeply, and solemnly,
and unalterably impressed with the nature, the malignity, the
extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolution-
ary Principle, and the desperate fury of Reforming societies,
and embodied factions, I trust Great Britain and her Ministers
will never suffer the arm of justice and vigilance to remit or to
relax it's energies.

(b) See my account of this weak and contemptible writer,
William Godwin, and his Political Justice, in Part III. of the
P. of L.—See also a future note in this part of the Poem.

Part IV.
When St. Pol (c) sounds the sacring bell, that calls His Priests en masse from Charles's ruin'd walls; When Thelwall; (d) for the season, quits the Strand To organize revolt by sea and land; Now, when our public vessel, as it rolls, 375 Is left to Miles, John Gifford, or John Bowles; (e) When

(aa) The names of his posthumous novels, translated for our benefit.

(c) The Bishop of St. Pol. de Leon, to whom the care of the French Emigrant priests is committed en masse. The reader may recollect they were maintained in the old manfion built by Charles the Second at Winchester.—The reader may be surprised, but he will find by the papers laid on the table of the House of Commons, on the 21st of December, 1796, that no less a sum than 540,000l. was issued in one year for French priests and Emigrants, sacred and profane.—See the Preface to the P. of L. Part IV.—Hear again the titular Bishop of Waterford the R. R. Dr. Hussey in his Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy in his diocese, (London 1797, reprinted by Coghlan No. 37, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square). Speaking of the total Repeal of the Popery Laws in Ireland, he warns those who oppose it in these terms. "The vast rock is already detached from the mountain's brow, and whoever opposes it's descent and removal, "must be crushed by his own rash endeavours!" pag. 10. Is the common sense of England and of Ireland drunk? Or if it hath slept, will it not now awake? Can any man say that the political spirit of the Roman Catholic Religion is extinct, that it is dead, that it is dying? This titular Bishop warns us plainly enough. He has rocks and mountains at command in his cause, and all the powers of nature in their gigantic admeasurements appear at his great bidding.

(d) This indefatigable incendiary and missionary of the French Propaganda, John Thelwall, has now his Schools of Reason in country towns, &c. &c. Περισσώς εμπαθείως.
When Barristers (f) turn authors; authors (g) prate;

Charles Fox allegiance dares to calculate,
And with his sulph’rous torch resumes the pile
With unaverted (h) face, and ghastly smile; 380

Mr. W. Miles, Mr. John Gifford, and Mr. John Bowles. Writers of a very different character in private and public life. I believe I have been misunderstood in this respect. I never ranked them in the same class, though I have placed them in the same line. So did Pope; "Not with the Burnets, Oldmixon and Cooks." No man ever conceived that Bishop Burnet could be claffed with Oldmixon. This was mere political prejudice in Pope—I have neither prejudice nor partiality. Whatever I know of Mr. Miles, I dislike and often detest, but I do not always dislike his writing, and his information is not unfrequently accurate and important in the present state of public affairs. Mr. Gifford is sometimes spirited in his reply to Mr. Barrister Erskine, and just in his remarks; but as a writer I think him deficient; he seldom knows when to have done. But if he will attend, he may improve, even into excellence. I read his work and confess myself both obliged and grateful for it. The intentions of Mr. Bowles and his love of order and government have always had my commendation.—An anonymous writer indeed of political ability and of no common eloquence gave to the public, "Considerations on the state of public affairs at the beginning of the year 1796." Owen Piccadilly. It is much to be regretted that this author never continued his labours. But my proposition is this. The Public have never seen a full, perfect, sufficient, and energetic vindication of the Great Cause in which Great Britain and her Allies have engaged, delivered to the country under the known auspices of the Minister by a man of talents, eloquence, and knowledge. Surely it was dignus Vindice nodus. I am of opinion, it was Mr. Pitt’s duty; I am sure it was his interest and the interest of us all. At present we appeal to facts intelligible enough, whose eloquence cannot mislead. We cannot all hear the Minister’s speeches in the H. of C. It will, I fear, be said to Mr. Pitt rather significantly, at some time hence, "Had you done so, Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur Achille." Ov. Metam. L. 13. v. 130.

Mr. Barrister Erskine.—See more of him and his pamphlet on the French war in a future note.

I refer to the House of Commons.
When Transatlantic Emigrants can roam
But to return, and praise our (hh) English home;

Now,

(h) In ancient times among the Romans, when the public ministers of funeral obsequies set fire to the pile, they turned aside their faces.

Triste ministerium, subjectam more parentum
Averfi tenuere facem. (Virg. Æn. 6.)

As Mr. Fox loves Greek, I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's tongue and eloquence in Greek. I shall then say of it—

Now, in ancient times among the Romans, when the public ministers of funeral obsequies set fire to the pile, they turned aside their faces.

As Mr. Fox loves Greek, I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's tongue and eloquence in Greek. I shall then say of it—

Not so the Right Honourable Charles James Fox!

As Mr. Fox loves Greek, I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's tongue and eloquence in Greek. I shall then say of it—

Hæc fovea vulg. ἥ φλοιγίζχα τον τρόχον τῆς γενεσεως, καὶ φλοιγιζομεν ὑπὸ τῆς Γενεσίας, ακατασχετον μακρον, μεστὴ ἵνα θανατηφόρη. If Mr. F. would attend to this Greek Author, he might learn the καλὴ ανάκτοσφη, and the πρῶτης σοφίας. Even Mr. Fox may possibly read what I say.—As Mr. Fox is now (June 1797) studying Mr. Gibbon's History, he will find many an instructive lesson for his public conduct.

Mr. Fox, I know cannot always construe Mr. G's English, and is in the habit of consulting his friends on the meaning of many passages and sentences; but without much success. That pleasurable companionable Gentleman Mr. Dudley North M. P. for Banbury will confirm what I say.† I always feel an interest in Mr. Fox's studies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or culling simples on St. Ann's Hill with Aspasia, or poring on the Odyssey, in lamentation over his departed friends in the H. of C. in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμνος ἐν τῇ Ἐνραίων καὶ Νοστὸν Ἐταιρῶν,

Ἀλλ' ὅς Ἐταίρης ἐπιφυσάτο, ἴμενος, περ. Od, L.1.

But his Εταίρων or Friends are said to have left him only on one account;

† Perhaps Mr. Fox may understand and construe the following sentence from the luminous Historian, "An aspiring candidate may be tempted to build his greatness on the public confusion, but it is the interest as well as the duty of the Sovereign to maintain the authority of the laws." Gibbon, Vol. 7, p. 39, Ed. 3vo.
Now, when the French defend us (i) in disgrace,
French swords, French fraud, French priests, and
French grimace;

When England changes arms—at such a view 385
Must I find method, verse, and patience too?

My verse, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
Cries loud to all who England make their choice,
" Throw wide that portal; let no Roman wait, 389
" But march with Priestley through the dextral gate."(k)

account; his good humour and ability having never forsaken him. The account is this, deep, short, and full:

"Επεὶ Τρισθερον πτολεμθν επερε."  Od. l. i. v. 2.

(11) See Mr. Cooper of Manchester's Account on his return from America, and the Letters of some wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. "Impudens liqui patrios Penates, &c."

(i) I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the British army. Surely this is a measure of government unwise, unaccountable on any sound principle, a project of desperation, as one would think. Is this a time for Englishmen to say,

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nostis

Aptemus.  

(Virg. Æn. 2.)

(k) "Through the dextral gate!"—My allusion is this: In ancient times, the most frequented roads to the city of Rome had double gates. They who came into the city passed through the left-hand gate; and they who went out of the city took the right-hand gate. See Nardini Roma Antica, L. 10. c. 9. When Pliny, in his Natural History, in the Chapter de Roma, Lib. 3. c. 5, is speaking of the gates of the city, he says; that twelve of the
OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, c'en Horsley shall applaud: proceed

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain sheds, her wounds that bleed,
Call for a fostering hand, the balm of Peace,
Not styptics, which the sanguine tide increase,

Such

the thirty seven gates should only be numbered once (semel numero-rari); the expression is odd, but it alludes to such of those gates as were double in this sense. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The Porta de' Borsari at Verona (in the opinion of the Marquef Scipio Maffei, Verona Illustrata, Part 3) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been mistaken by some antiquaries for an arch of triumph.—N. B.

In times like the present, I would never shut those double gates in any city, when the turbulent, discontented, and factious wish to retire into foreign parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, being ready to sail for America, were stopped by order of Council! Hume's words are very strong and remarkable in this lecturing age. "They (i. e. Hampden, Hazelrig, and Cromwell) had resolved for ever "to abandon their native country, and fly to the other extremity of "the globe, where they might enjoy lectures and discourses of any "length or form that pleased them." Mr. Hume adds, very significandy, "The King had afterwards full leisure to repent this "exercise of his authority." Hume's Hist. Vol. 6. p. 311, Ed. 8vo. 1773.
Such as State-quacks, or Barristers expose

For fame and sale, and sleeping might disclose:
In state affairs all Barristers are dull,
And Erskine nods, the opium (l) in his skill.

Saw'ft

(l) Erskine.—Mr. Barrister Erskine is famous for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him speak in praise of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that his faculties will die of too large a dose, of which there are many symptoms already. Mr. Barrister Erskine has informed the public, that he has not the talents of a statesman, which, in common with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as part of my political creed; though it is so very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith. In his late slimy and puerile "View of the Causes and Consequences of the present French War," he comes forth to the public μαλα σοφιτικάς και σοζόμεν, to use an expression from Themistius, but I cannot file him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Constantius, as Ατεφυ μοῦρας γυς ευμετέχου, Ζωον θρανον, οκεθεν δοθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελεσιαν. (Themist. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.) I positively will not translate this Greek, either for the Barrister himself, or the country members, or the worthy electors of the town of Portsmouth; but I shall leave it to be rendered faithfully by the Reverend Dr. Parr, or Mr. Barrister Erskine's language master. Indeed in this age we require nothing but, what we call, eloquence; though the term is miserably abused. But such as it is, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Christian character, without it a man is counted dead. However, in ancient times, in one particular there was a great and essential difference from the present. Perhaps it may not be without use to hint or remind some folks, that in Greece and

Athens,
Saw'st thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream?)
High o'er yon cliff, in majesty supreme,

Vengeance

Athens, "apud Greciam, in the opinion and triumphant lan-
guage of Cicero, De Orat. L. 1. quae semper eloquentiae
Princeps esse voluit, atque illas omnium doctrinarum in-
ventrices Athenas, in quibus summa dicendi vis et inventa est
et perfecta;" in Greece and Athens, I say, Orators and Bar-
risters were never permitted to make any epilogus or peroration
whatsoever in the courts of the law, or in the senate. "Epi-
logos illi mos civitatis abstulerat," says Quintilian; (L. 10.
c. 1.) and from whom? From Demosthenes. On which
passage the learned Turnebus observes, "Non licebat Ath-
nis affectum movere ac ne Epilogus quidem uti;" and yet De-
mosthenes appeared under this restriction. What think you;
Mr. Barrister Erskine? Have you ever read his pleadings for
the Crown, or against Midias, or Peri Paratresiex? How say
you, Mr. Barrister?—Mr. Erskine is always below his natural
size, when he speaks in the House of Commons. I have too
often disliked the manner and the matter. But as he confesses
himself no Statesman, he should have spoken with more modesty
and deference on political subjects to those who are confessedly
statesmen in the esteem of the country. I will leave in Mr.
Erskine's ear the words which Demosthenes thundered against
Androtion. It cannot however be supposed for a moment that
I can mean to compare a Gentleman of distinction like Mr.
Erskine, with such a being as Androtion. I only give the
words, and Dr. Parr may translate them if he pleases.

"Ει ανδραποδον ὁ Πολις, ἀλλὰ μὲν τῶν αρχειν ἐτερον αἰκιντων,
μιμολογεῖτο εἰςαν, κε ὁ ἄν ὁ Ἀνδρ. Αθηναίοις, τάς ὑπερις πνεχεσθε
τάς Τιτθ, ἀν Κατα τιν αγοραν ὑβεριε, δοιον εν της ἐκκλησιας,
ἐπι τι χιπματος, δελας και εκ δικαιων καλον ἐκντι ζελενα και εκ
Benen. 1570. pag. 398.)
Vengeance, his attribute, (and, as he trod,
The conscious waves roll'd back!) the passing God,
That shook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs breathe
Hoarse through the deafen'd shrouds! But hush'd
the blast,

THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D: the dream is past. 405

Oh, strong against ourselves, and rashly bold!
No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
From Britain's center to her utmost bounds,
From parting (n) angels in sad accent sounds: 410

In conclusion, I recommend to all persons who have
an itch for writing or speaking, in public or in private, from
Mr. Barrister Erkine down to Mr. Dent and his dogs,
to study with care the following passage from Lord
Shaftesbury, in his "Advice to an Author." The words ar
these: "Where the harm would be of spending some diffico,
and beftowing a little breath and clear voice purely upon jelfes,
I cannot fee. We might peradventure be left more and more
profitable in company, if at convenient times jelfes viva voce,
tome of our articulate found, and spoke to when alone." Advice to an Author. 411. This anticipa-
ing remedy of Soliloquy the noble ad
fiefe called "THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE," which is now
British Epidemic. Mr. Barrister Erkine, as I have been in-
formed, has been under regimen for a long time to no ef
eft, and a Committee of Physicians and Surgeons (ap-
pointed by the Houfe) who have examined Mr. Erkine's
cafe, and the state of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, 
that this "Leprofy of Eloquence," with which he is infected, 
is like the Leprofy of Naaman, the Syrian, that it will cleave to
him for ever, except he rigidly adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's antici-
pating remedy of Soliloquy, and abftains from speaking in
all places but in the Court of King's Bench. —Illa fe jactet in
aula AEOLUS!

PART IV.
Paine may blaspheme, and Tooke and Thelwall mourn,
Our Ark's as yet by hallow'd hands upborne!

I too

(m) These lines were written and inserted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

Prohib dolor! Imperium Pelagi sevique Tridentis
Cui nunc forte datum!
A patriotic poet may be, I hope, in this instance prophetical:
"The Dream is past."

(n) I trust that Great Britain is yet firm, and that the guardians of her laws and constitution will stand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My allusion in the verse is this. After the profanation of the Temple at Jerusalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Historian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through it's inmost recesses, Metexawomenen Eπευθεν, "Let us depart hence!" See the Seventh Book of the Jewish War, by Josephus, pag. 1282. Edit. Hudsoni Oxon. I recommend the perusal of the whole of that wonderful section (Cap. 5. L. 7.) The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Hylus himself. Surely at this most awful hour when, I am almost tempted to say, the moral and the natural world seem to be breaking up together, when the most powerful European states and populous cities have been convulsed or overthrown, can we hear, without emotion and without a kindred horror, what the Historian says the "Рωμαίων ταγματων ακαλανγος συμφερομενον, the των Στασιω-των τυφ και οδηρω κεκλαμενων κραυγη? Can we read unmoved, Ουτε ήλικες πνευμοσ, ητ' εντιπαθη σεμνοτητο? Λαμα μαραθομενοι και μεμυκτες εις οδυρμης και κραυγην ευτυπατην. Συναρπαζο ητε Πειρακια και τα περιξ ορη, Εσπεραντων ποινα την θραμα. Συν θορυβω τα Παντα φοβερωτερα! κτλ."—I will make no apology for presenting the learned reader with this passage, as Longinus would
I too will call, loud through the gathering storm, Godwin (o) and Volney, (h) ruin and reform; the
would say, "Oυ&tau; μεγαλοὶ δι λογοι, και εμφιασεις &αi; εννοιης.
δηλον σωματιω δραματικων και εναγωνιων." (Sect. 9. de Sublim.) I
expect his thanks and not his cenfure, if he is worthy to read it.

(o) Godwin.—" Ecce iterum Crispinus!" and I wish I
need not proceed with the line, "Et eft mihi sape vocandus
"in partes, Monstrum nolla virtute redemptum."—In my
note (h) of Part III. of the P. of L. v. 177, I thought I had
taken leave of William Godwin; but he has again obtruded
himself upon the public, and I, as one of the public, shall give
a few remarks on his late book, called "The Enquirer; or Re-
fections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of
Essays." Of his Enquiry concerning Political Justice, the
author differs in opinion from me. He declares, in his Preface
to his Enquirer, that "An Enquiry thus pursued on Political Juf-
tice, (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has pursued it), is undoubtedly
"IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN!!" But as I have given
my opinion, I shall say nothing here.—I shall take but a few
chapters of his new book, for really I should fatigue myself and
my reader past all sufferance, if I were to go through with it. The
spirit and the manner is the same in all these Essays.
" The present volume," (i. e. the Enquirer) he informs us,
(Preface, p. 8) "is prefented to the contemplative reader, not as
"dicta, but as the materials of thinking, and that they are com-
mittted to his mercy." He adds, "that with as ardent a pa-
"fion for innovation as ever, he, (i. e. William Godwin) feels
"himself more patient and tranquil," This is pleasant to him-
self
The Sophists unabash'd yet rear their head, 

Their colours gaudy, though but idly (q) spread.

Better self certainly, but whether his opinions and their consequences will promote patience and tranquillity in other men, is all that we are concerned to know and to expose. He professes to write a moral work. It is miscellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think. I would premise there is a difference in considering a moral and a mere metaphysical Enquiry. In the latter it is just and necessary to take in all the parts of a system to know it's efficacy and apparent truth; but in a moral work there is not the same necessity, and for this plain reason. Mankind are guided in their actions, not by system, but by single impulses; by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes. Whatever impels to action singly and by itself, may be considered also apart, and held forth either to approbation or to censure. For this important reason I shall offer some passages from "The Enquirer, by William Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but it is published and it may be read, and I am sure it ought to be criticized, not from it's excellence or the ability of the writer, but from the subject matter. His first Chapter or Essay is, "Of awakening the mind." He begins with so very wise a sentence, that we are naturally prepared for much instruction. I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Isaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, used to call him "Little Solomon." What is this sentence? verbatim as follows: "If individuals were universally happy, the species would be happy!" Again: "When a child is born, one of the earliest purposes of his in-"
Better be dull than wicked; from the heart
The life-springs issue, and their force impart;
Better

"as yet unformed, mass!" Whether the mass is the mind, or
the mind the mass, and at what time the soul is to be
breathed into the mind, is not quite clear; but it is very instructive.
Mr. Godwin also thinks, that "it is not the absurdest of para-
doxes to affirm, that the true object of juvenile education is to
"teach no-one thing in particular, but (the reader will be rather
surprised) to provide, against the age of five-and twenty, a mind
"well regulated, active, and prepared to learn." It is to be re-
membered, that the general education of mankind is con-
dered. If the reader's mind is not awakened by such an ala-
rum of nonsense, I think he must be deeply intranced, as fast
as a modern watchman or Mr. Godwin himself, when he wrote
the chapter. Next comes Essay 2. "On the utility of talents."
From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's own words, that "The
"only complete protection against the appellation of fool, is to
"be the possessor of uncommon capacity;" and that "a self-sa-
tisfied, half-witted fellow is the most ridiculous of all things."
This is also very instructive, and lets us into the secret of Mr.
Godwin's wits and his self-satisfaction. But I cannot think Mr.
G's instructions will "produce in his pupil or child (if he has
either) "one of the long-looked-for saviours of the human race." It
might perhaps produce another Anacharsis Cloots, the Orator
of the human race. Then come "The Sources of Genius"
in Essay 3. The sentiments are either so trite, or so absurd, or
so wicked, that it is difficult to choose. One of them I must
select.—Of the children of peasants, Mr. G. observes, "That
"at the age of fourteen the very traces of understanding are
"obliterated. They are enlisted at the crimping house of oppres-
sion."
Better to write like Coulthurst; (qq) better preach with Hodson's (r) voice, and sacred flow'rs of speech, In

"sion. They are brutified by immoderate and unremitting labour. Their hearts are hardened, and their spirits broken by all that they see, all that they feel, and all that they look forward to. This is one of the most interesting points of view in which we consider the present order of Society !!! It is the great slaughter house of genius, and of mind. It is the unrelenting murderer of hope and gaiety, of the love of reflection, and of the love of life." (p. 16.) This it is, I suppose, as this atrocious but foolish writer would call it, to promote patience and tranquillity among mankind! Mr. G. has not yet done. Essay the 4th is on the fame Sources. Here he proves too much for himself. He says, "There is an insanity among Philosophers, that has brought Philosophy itself into discredit." (p. 19.) At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. G. speaking of the succession of events, and the manner in which we acquire ideas, delivers this sentence seriously and philosophically, with a view to be instructive, as I suppose. "If any man was to tell me that if I pull the trigger of my gun, a swift and beautiful horse will immediately appear starting from the mouth of the tube; I can only answer, that I do not expect it, and that it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience. But I can assign no reason (!!!) why this is an event intrinsically more absurd, or less likely to happen than the event I have been accustomed to witness. It may be familiarly illustrated to the unlearned reader, by remarking, that the process of generation, in consequence of which men and horses are born, has obviously no more perceivable correspondence with that event, than
In soft probation for a Foundling's gown,

To please some guardian Midas of the town,

Who "than it would have for me to pull the trigger of a gun !!!" I pass by the indecency of the illustration, that I may just hint, what it is to be a philosopher, and instruct the unlearned in the new way. I am ashamed to analyse any other opinions in this Essay; but as Mr. G. is supposed by some to be "A man of talents," I suppose also that Mr. G. has the properties of "A man of talents," as he himself has declared them to be; and that "He (himself) can recollect up to what period he was jejune, and up to what period he was dull. He can call to mind the innumerable errors of speculation he has committed, that would almost disgrace an idiot." (p. 23.) For my own part, in the present instance, I have nothing to do with recollection. Mr. Godwin and his book are before me. So much for "A man of talents." I cannot oppress the reader with all his desolating, unfounded, and silly opinions on all trades, professions, and occupations, wholly subversive of the order of society, and, as I believe, of any supposeable order of any regulated human society. But if the reader wishes to be amused with the acme or height of absurdity and wildness, I earnestly recommend to him to read Mr. G.'s account of "The Walk of a man of talents," (Mr. Godwin himself, for instance) and of a man without talents, (such as myself) from Temple Bar to Hyde-Park Corner." (p. 31 and 32.) It is really refreshing in the extreme. Nothing can be superior to it, but his "Gun of generation" just described, and his "self-tilling plough, without the intervention of man," in his other book on Political Justice, Vol. 2, p. 494. Ed. 8vo.—I will give Mr. Godwin's own ac-
Who gives his vote from judgment and from taste; Better with Warner move with measur'd haste

count of this famous Walk, especially as the public are in the habit of observing all kinds of men and women too between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. "The chief point of difference (says Mr. G.) between the man of talents and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval!!!" (This is the proposition, ludicrous and absurd enough of itself, but now let us hear the proof or illustration.) "They, (i.e. the man of talents and the man without) are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner. The dull man goes strait forward: he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family. He glances perhaps at the shops as he passes; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea urn. If he experience any flights of fancy (i.e. between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner) they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest bird clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard. On the other hand, the man of talents gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. Unindulged to the suggestions of the surrounding objects his whole soul is employed!" (We are now to prepare for the employment of the whole soul of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner, and the reader will observe that he has enough to do. La voici.) "He, (the man of talent) enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings." (All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.) "In imagination he declares..."
To lend new pleasure (s) to a pedant's ear, O

Appeal

“declares or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or
elevated to the loftiest rapture. He passes through a thousand
imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus
becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-co-
oured events of human life. He consults by the aid of memory
the books he has read, (N.B. a man of talents never reads in
the streets), and he projects others for the future instruction and
delight of mankind.” (I always said Mr. G. himself projected
his book on Justice and this on Education in the streets; “Sic
tu triviis, indeque solebas.”) If he observe the passengers, (the
dull man only observes his acquaintance) he reads their
“countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a su-
perficial notion of their wisdom and folly, their virtue or vice,
satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur,
it is with the eye of a connoisseur or an artist.” (The dull
man above minds only buckles and tea urns.) “Every object is
“capable of suggesting to him a Volume of Reflections.” Mr.
G. must mean his own volume now before me, called Reflections
on manners, education and literature.) “The time of these
two persons in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to
Hyde Park Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissi-
“milar.” Here is the denouement or the Epitome of Philosopher
Godwin, and I have no doubt he thinks it a discovery in Terra
jam cognita, as he will allow the ground to be between Temple
Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot say the Parallel is quite
in the manner of Plutarch, but it is very instructive. No man
can ever be again at a loss to know a man of talents from a man
without, in the streets. I had often been puzzled, till I met this
instructive volume of Reflections.—When the reader has con-
dered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thousands
I have omitted, he will remember that Mr. Godwin has set himself
Part IV.
Appeal to Bryant; nor his judgment fear; Better

up for a Legislator, a Reformer, a Philosopher, a destroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new systems, a guide through the darkness of this world by the new light, and he expects the obeisance of mankind. I am sure, I cannot even conceive that any man or woman will worship before such an image of Democracy and Tyranny, whoever may sound the cornet, sackbut or dulcimer at the dedication. It is not an image of gold; it is an image of iron mixed with miry clay. For my own part I will not move from my place at the sackbut of Godwin, or the united band of musicians of a French Nebuchadnezzar. This it is to instruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in such a questionable shape, that I know not when to finish my questions. I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions, and the nature of his knowledge and his pretensions. I must copy two thirds (at the least) if I wished to express and to expose all that is reprehensible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G.'s own propositions, in his own words, to all persons who have understanding, and let them judge. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not even less than his folly, and the weakness of his understanding more visible than the plunging violence of his exertions. "Dat operam ut cui ratione insaniat." Mr. Godwin is at best but a mongrel and an exotic. He is grafted upon the flock of Condorcet and the French rabble; but he has not even the raciness of that teeming soil. English minds will not long bear the grossness of such an imposition. We are better and earlier taught than he wishes we should be. Reason indeed disclaims Mr. Godwin; in eloquence, and good writing, (in spite of all his dogmatism) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather picked up; in a modern
Better to state-arithmetic be bred,

Tell Jacobins and Tories by the (t) head;

Prove

modern academy in some London Square, or at Islington. But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquish Aristotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the simplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addison is to be lost in Mr. Godwin's effusions.—I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the consequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked and absurd notions (I cannot dignify them with the name of principles or ἀξιωματικα) could have prevailed upon me to have wasted irretrievably so much of my time upon them. From the period when Philosopher Hume first garbled his neglected “Treatise on Human Nature,” and published it in the form of Essays, and set up, as it were, a kind of slop-shop of morality in the suburbs of Atheism, we have had nothing but Essays upon Essays, till—we all know the consequence. And last of all comes Philosopher Godwin, and sets up his trumpery shop too in the same quarter; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houses, with his “Gros paquet de toile verte† et rouge,” upon the principles and practice of the celebrated Fripiet in Gil Blas, and pretty much with the same kind of justice. He presents you with his second-hand suits, with his “habits de drap tout uni,” and his “habits de velours un peu passés,” demands his soixante ducats, and then addresses you with the same cool effrontery; “Vous êtes bien heureux qu'on se soit adressé à moi plutôt qu'à un autre. Graces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession: je suis le seul Fripiet qui ait de la morale.”† So much for Philosopher Godwin, or Le Philosophe Fripiet, malgré sa morale!—To the learned world in particular (if they have ever drudged through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will address a few words from the second book of the

Pyrr-

† Green is the symbol of the Irish, and Red of French democratic factions.
‡ Gil Blas, Liv. 1. ch. 15.
Prove that no dogs, as through the streets they range,

Give

Pyrrhonic Institutions of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to William Godwin, after all the observations I have made on his writings. "Εξομέν δ' ἀν' ἀνθρώπων ἐπιστρέφει τοῦτον ἀλλομelige, καὶ Εἰλίκρινος Νοησαίον τιμήσομεν." Sext. Empiric. Instit. Pyrrhon. L 2. C. 5.

(p) Volney.—See Part I. (v. 120, note e) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney's book, entitled, "Ruins, or a Meditation of the Revolution of Empires."

(q) "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."

Shakspeare's King John.

(qq) Coulthurst.—The learned and Rev. Dr. Coulthurst lately published a Sermon, Oct. 25, 1796, written with the best and most serious intention, but in a style and manner so very unadvised, as to furnish matter of ridicule to some minute wits, who actually put it into doggerel verse. All Doctors (and Bishops too) should remember it is one thing to preach and another to print and publish their sermons. It is also high time for Bishop Horsley (qui au travers de toute sa piété n'est pas Auteur impunément, et qui a la satisfaction d'arracher les Voluptu- cuses aux plaisirs, et d'affermir dans leur devoir des Épouses ébran- lées par des amans séditeurs; though I cannot say, "qu'on trouve ses homélies et ses ouvrages également forts et délicats") it is high time, Isay, formy Lord Bishop Horsley to remember that it was said of the Archbishop of Grenada, "Voila un Sermon qui sent furieusement l'Apoplexie." (Gil Blas. Liv. 7. C. 4.) I do not think that the Archevêque de Grenade (I beg pardon) plain Bishop Horsley (for he never will be an Archbishop) will appoint me to be his Secretary, or in the imitable words of Le Sage, G. B. I. 7. C. 2. be desirous "avoir près de lui un homme (com-

† See his Magdalen Homily, and his speeches in the H. of L. in cases of Adultery,
Give bone for bone in regular \( (u) \) exchange;

Or

“me moi) qui ait de la literature, et une bonne main pour mettre au net ses homélies.” — I may add, that if I should take a walk through his literary grounds, I fear I should be found damage-pleasant; and if I were to enter the premises at Rochester or Westminster, and be prosecuted for it, I should certainly direct my counsel to plead a special “Nil habuit in tenementis.” (See Lord Raymond’s Rep. 1550.) For though his Lordship, as Plaintiff, is but an Assignee, he may take advantage of the estoppel, for it runs with the land. See Co. Litt. 152. and Salk. 276.

(1) Hodson.—Put synonymously for any popular preacher at the Asylum or elsewhere. It is really humiliating and degrading to the Clergy to preach probationary sermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainship at any of the charitable foundations, before such a set of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender passions, some for appeals to reason, and others again love logic and close argument. No Divine can satisfy such judges, but such a Doctor as is described by John of Salisbury, “Doctor sanctissimus ille Gre- gorius, qui meliore pradicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ‘Ecclesiam!’”—It is high time to put these affairs on a more respectable footing for the Clergy. I think indeed, that the business, elections, &c. belonging to all hospitals, and all charities, should be transacted by a Committee, of the Subscribers, elected annually. The propriety of such a measure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wish this hint might be attended to by men of sense.

(1) See a Treatise lately published, entitled “METRON APIΣTON, or a New Pleasure, recommended in a Dissertation on Greek and Latin Prosody. (1797.)” It is without any permission, and I think with considerable effrontery, dedicated to
Or frame, with Marsh, strange theorems to try

Some
to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new. If almost every page of this treatise were not sillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take some notice of it's multifarious contents. For they are very numerous indeed; from the laws, passed in King Priam's reign (I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon) under his marine Minister when Troy was attacked and invaded by the Grecians, down to the present French war and the incomprehensible Cavalry Act under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me possible for this Author (I use his own words in his own treatise) to "put off the "monkey and bring out the man," I shall say nothing further of this farrago of learned nonsense.

(1) Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion in his "Two Letters on the Proposals for Peace," (1796) that there are "400,000 political citizens in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Jacobins, the other four-fifths perfectly sound," &c. In this particular instance I shall only say of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentators says on a passage in the Purgatorio: "Per verità, è un gran capriccio, ma in ciò segue il suo stile." Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound in similar capriccios; but I will add Dr. Johnson's admirable words: "He that can put them in balance with their beauties must be considered not as nice but dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility." Life of Milton.

(2) Here is another little capriccio of a man of no common sagacity, the late Adam Smith on Finances. He says seriously by way of illustration; "No body ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another "dog."
Some manuscript's divine identity; (zv)

Better.

"dog." Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. i. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. My dear Adam, this philosophy of yours is nearly of the same date as your ancestor's* in Eden, and I can only say in reply, "Who ever expected to see a dog do so?"—We have all heard and read of that snarling sect, the Cynic Philosophy, and if we could convert dogs into philosophers, or what is harder still, philosophical propositions into meat and bones, (which I fear is more than most Scotch Professors can do) I should apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great observer of human nature:

"So when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done."

(zv) A learned and ingenious Critic, the Rev. Wm. Marsh, (Translator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illustrations) published in the year 1795 "Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the subject of a Greek Manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but sold in London by R. Marsh, Fleet-street." The following theorem is so new, and so unparalleled, that I cannot help preserving it in this poem as a literary

* In the most extensively learned book I ever saw, (for the size of it) and the best arranged, I mean the "Philosophia Generalis, &c. per Theophilum Gale," there is actually a Chapter, "De Philosophia Adami." L. 1. C. 1. f. 3.—"A Capriccio!"

† i.e. For a bone, or for any thing which is an object of fair and deliberate exchange.
Better be White, though dubious (\(\chi\)) of my fame,

Or

literary curiosity, and as most of my readers, I dare say; never saw or even thought such a theorem possible. I shall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances for or against anything are 100,000 to 1...

"General Theorem, by which the identity of Manuscripts is determined from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.)

If after a collation of Greek MSS. to the amount of any number which I will call \(\beta\), the reading, \(A, B, C, D, \&c\). to the amount of \(n\) have all been found in any of these MSS. which I will call \(\chi\), but not one of them in any other Manuscript: moreover if other readings \(A, B, \Gamma, \Delta, \&c\). to the amount of \(n\) have likewise been all found in the MS. \(\chi\), but each of them in only one other Manuscript; further if a third set of readings to the amount of \(r\) is contained in the MS. \(\chi\), but each of them in only two other MSS.; a fourth set to the amount of \(s\) each of which has been discovered in only three other Manuscripts, and so on. In that case, if all these readings should afterwards be found in any one Manuscript, the probability that the Manuscript, in which they are thus found, is the very identical Manuscript from which they had been taken, is to the chance of its being a different MS. as,

\[ \frac{P_{m+n+r+s+\&c.}}{1} \]

1 to 1."

I shall say nothing, but leave the mathematical and divine calculating reader con la bocca dolce.

* In Mr. Marsh's problem, a Hebrew character (Aleph) is used, instead of the Greek \(\chi\) which I have used, as the printer had not the Hebrew characters at hand.
Or wisely sink my own in (γ) Homer's name;  
Better to disappoint the public hope,  
Like Warton drveling (YY) on the page of Pope, (YYy)  

(x) See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Professor White of Oxford at the Bampton Lecture. But in this, as in many other cases, it seems, "Garth did not write his own Dispensary."—I always thought the charge ridiculous; yet learned men would write about it and about it. Any thing will serve for a controversy. Enquire of Messrs. Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the Shakespeare Manufactory in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

(γ) The Rev. Dr. Parr will best explain this verse. See his sublime Apostrophe, "Spirit of Henry Homer! &c. &c. &c."  
Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an Occasional Writer in the British Critic.

(yy) The Bookfellers may say in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What fools were we, to mingle such drivelings speeches among " (Warburton's) noble thoughts! (Sir P. S's Arcadia.)"

Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se judicex victum.

(yy) See the new edition of Pope's Works by the Reverend Dr. Joseph Warton, late Head-master of Winchester School. The mildest words I can use are, "Tantamne rem tam negligenter?" I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's Common Place Book on Pope, in the First Part of the P. of L. and I still think it entertaining. But when a learned
While o'er the ground that Warburton once trod,
The Winton Pedant shakes his little rod;
Content his own stale scraps to steal or glean,
Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen,
 Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'scape,
"His pictur'd person and his libell'd (z) shape;"

Ah, man appears as the professed Editor of the most distinguished
and the most interesting poet of the nation, and when the public
have been taught to expect the work as of great promise, we re-
quire something more than mere copying his own old common place
remarks from one book, to put them in form of notes at the bottom
of the pages of another. It is mere book-making, beneath the
character of such a gentleman as Doctor Warton. It is to steal
from one's own self. But the town is patient: "Marcus dixit, ita est."
But I will not say so. When the illustrious friend of Pope,
William Warburton, (sublime in all his exorbitances, dig-
nified in sagacity and erudition, and great even in his occasional
rashness and idle wanderings) condescended to become an Editor,
I should have preferred re-printing his edition as it stood. The
ingenious Winchester School-master might with propriety
enough have corrected the press and added some little anecdotes
and excerpta from his classics. What was beneath Warburton
might suit Dr. Joseph Warton. I am indeed ashamed of this
edition upon the whole. But as there is no other new edition
to be had of an elegant form, type and paper, (and this is very
pretty) many persons will desire to have it, and I am sure I will not
refuse it a place in my library. Perhaps, I have said more than
is necessary; but there will be persons enough to praise the
Doctor's
Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

Doctor's gleanings from himself. But I shall say more, at the end of the next note.

(2) Poets are often prophets. Pope little thought that, fifty years after his death, an ingenious Schoolmaster and formerly a writer of little Odes to Fancy, evening owls upon a tree, apostrophes to the twilight and such nonsense, would actually revive some "imputed trash," (perhaps) not his own, and actually give to the malignant curiosity of some folks, "His libelled person and his pictured shape." (Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353.) It is strange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope should have the same fate. The figure of Mr. G. has been presented to the world and to posterity by his friend Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G.'s Posthumous Miscellanies, 4to Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by the kindness of his editor.—I have many and great objections to this edition; but I shall only state a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper subject of criticism. I think the title page contemptuous: "With notes and illustrations by J. Warton, D.D. and others." To include William Warburton under the title of others, required an assurance equal at least to the trifling diletante spirit of such a commentator as Dr. Warton. In this instance, "temulentus videtur." I have no personal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time: nor have I the honour (such I should indeed esteem it) of an acquaintance with Bishop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are insulted. Dr W.'s life of Pope is not well written as to the matter or the manner. The style is defective and often vulgar. I shall instance a passage or two. The perpetual vulgarism of the term "our author."—"Dennis pursued our author in bitter invectives, against every work he gradually published," p. 18. "After arriving at eminence by so many capital compositions, our author," &c. &c.—p. 24. "Which, as
Then give to Perry (xx) what I owe the world

And

as an uncommon curiosity, one would have been glad to have beheld." p. 11. "Dr. Warburton’s defence of the Essay on Man ultimately got him a wife and a bishopric." p. 45. "Into what a mass has he raised and expanded so slight a hint?" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of "delicious lines, and delicious passages, &c. I cannot specify more of them in this note. He commends Voltaire too often and too much. He is also perpetually praising the German Professor Heyne, who has insulted our English universities and public schools in his writings. Yet we have republished his Virgil and all his ponderous dissertations. Professor Heyne was originally a mechanic: he was not born to taste, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without discernment. More embodied dulness or a heavier mass of matter than his Virgil I never saw. The shrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from Gottingen.—I must observe further. It was very bold and very indecent in the Reverend Dr. Warton, to publish Pope’s Imitation of the Second Satire of the first Book of Horace. Pope never printed it in his works himself; Dr. Warburton refused to admit it; no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it. It is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. I have indeed no doubt it is by Pope. As to mere wit and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the best. But what then? Mr. Pope’s works are distinguished at least for correctness in taste and morals; and are intended for

† Dr. W. says, vol. 1. Life p. 56. "Pope suffered his friend Dodsley, to "print it as his writing in one edition 12mo." I never saw it, but can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly ashamed of it. But if Mr Pope had actually described every nymph in the saradillo of the pious Needham, must the Reverend Dr. Warton publish such a poem merely because Mr. Pope had written it?—This sixth volume of Dr. Warton’s Edition should be reprinted and this scandalous poem omitted. With the Commentators* on Shakspeare, Pope, &c. of modern days there is no such thing as an invocation to "Intermissa Venus; for the Goddess has actually deserted her beloved Cyprus, "In hæce tota ruine. (See Horace for the rest.)

"Te, Venus Regina, pio vocantum
Thure Warton et Stephani decorat
Transfer in edes."

* P. of L. Part I.
And idly busy, in my choice perplexed,
Throw years of labour on a single text,
Alike

for the most general and the most unqualified perusal, Dr. W. might as well have printed Mr. E.'s *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorous sally of a very young man, forgiven as such and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed in *Pope's Works*;

"Or when a tight near girl will serve the turn,"
"In errant pride continue * * * * * * * * ? 
"I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,"
"The thing at hand is of all things the best."

Vol. 6. p. 51.—see also p. 49. worse still.

If Mr. Pope had often written thus, his works must have been consigned to the library of a brothel. *This edition of Pope's works will be sent into every part of the civilized world. This will be so; and can it be said, that I speak without reason? Surely I am not pleading for public decency in vain. The Doctor at least should have dedicated this sixth volume to the Ladies—of the Commons. To what other ladies could I present this volume? Yet so it is: "Doctors rush in, where laymen fear to tread." But because Pope called this "sober advice from Horace," the Doctor thought there could be no harm in it. Dr. W. observes, "that the first step in the literary, as well as in the political world is of the utmost consequence, &c." *Pope's Life*, p. 14. I would remind the Doctor of the last step § in both these worlds, which he seems to have forgotten.

I shall

† *I*, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage in full, which the Reverend Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned with his name as Editor of *Pope's works*.

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis
Qui mugas colimus severiores.

§ I was surprised to read these words in *vol. 4. p. 333*, on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. "A much honefter passage (says Dr. Warton) is that in which Virgil had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans in punishing their tyrannical king, in the 8th book of the *Aeneid* v. 494."

*Ergo omnis juris surrexit Etruriae justit.*

*Regem ad supplicium praefenti morte reposcunt.*

Dr. W. knows that Julius Caesar was not Mezentius. I am sure, the Doctor cannot approve and recommend a passage which has been in the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murder of Charles I. to the murder of Louis XVI. But why peremptorily call out these passages to public notice, why dwell upon the "morgue et grandeur des Sourcervains," "the authorized type of a Lion," &c. &c. (v. i. p. 33.) in times like these? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wife and good man discerns the signs of the times. These are the *under-murmurings* of a spurious, bastard, half-republicanism. I like them not.
(Alike to me, encas'd in Grecian bronze, 
Koran or Vulgate, Veda, Priest, or Bonze) 
And lend to truth itself unhallow'd aid, 
In all the rashness of a scholar's trade, 
And fall like (a) Porson.

OCTA-

I shall not make any remarks on Dr. W. 's criticisms on Pope at present, they are often pleasing and curious and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Essay. I cannot now proceed. As Quintilian says, † Nos genera degustamus, non bibliotheicas discutimus." But as to the conclusion of one of Dr. Warton's notes on the Prologue to the Satires, I can well conceive it to be his own case, and I can believe it may be applied with feeling. Doctor Warton says, "We read (or he will read) with more satisfaction, the

\[ \text{Αψις παίς προς κελπου εὐζωνοι τιθηναι;} \]

" than we do (or than the Doctor will hereafter do)"

\[ \text{Τεις μεν ορεξατ' ιον, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ικετο τεκμωρ} \]

" Αιγας. κτλ." Vol. 4. pag. 55." Which last is the motto to this Fourth and last Part of the P. of L. I can indeed easily conceive, that after Doctor Joseph Warton has read these remarks, he will shrink back like the child in Homer, from the grey-goose plume nodding on the head of the writer of this note, and prefer luxury and repose on the deep bosoms of his well-zoned nurses, the London booksellers. To them and to their consolations I leave him. I shall prefer the solutis Gratiae zonis to all the booksellers in the world.

(æ) Perry, put synonimously for the printer of any factious newspaper.

† Quint. Lib 10. C. 1.

§ Δεινον αν' αὐρωτατης κεφυθος νενοτα νενοσας.

Il. 6. 47o.
OCTAVIUS.

You may spare your pains,
He gives no ear to any modern strains,
Save those, by Oberea (b) fondly sung,
What time Opano (c) trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

(a) See Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard quite enough. Mr. Professor Porson, you may begin again, but pray don't write in Mr. Perry's little democratic closet for the wits at the Morning Chronicle office. It is beneath you; I speak seriously. I know your abilities.—It may do well enough for Mr. Professor Richardson, that fair Fugitive and Highland Bard, if a certain political Dramatist's compotations will leave him any abilities at all, which I begin to doubt. What is genius, without a regulated life!

(b) See "An Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks, Esq," (now Sir Joseph Banks) Mr. Porson's favourite modern poem, which he can say or rather sing to his friends. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; the versification is exquisite. I believe it is the only piece of modern English verse Mr. P. will read.

(c) Opano or Tabano was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language, as Mr. Zachary Fungus says to his brother Isaac in the Commissary, "Pshaw! you blockhead, I tell you the name does not signify nothing."

† I allude to the Probationary Odes for the Laureatship. Mr. R. it seems, was employed by Mr. Dundas on that occasion. How could any man mistake an English Barrister for the Scotch Professor, who has written so very ingeniously on Shakespeare's characters.
Censure or praise let others seek or fear:
Look at my verse; whose superscription's there?
Whose cause do I defend? 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
The statesman's, or the peasant's; in my line,
All find in me a patron and a friend,
Unseen, unknown, unshaken to the end:
Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall my rhymes,
Through this mis-order'd world, these lawless times,
Be heard in Albion and her inmost state;
All that the good revere and bad men hate,
In spirit and in substance, as of old,
The Muse in her Asbestos (cc) shall enfold.

(cc) I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman custom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a stone called Amiantus, or Linum vivum, by some called the Asbestos, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton Tableau Méthodique des Mineraux.p. 10. Edit.Par.8vo.1784.) N.B. Mr.D'Aubenton, a gentleman of amiable character and of great accuracy of mind, is now (1797) resident in Paris, advanced in years, and by quietly yielding to every revolutionary torrent in the republic, has escaped the general exterminating massacre of the active Citizen Literati in the hall of French Justice. "His armis illa quoque tutus in aulâ,"
This is my method.—Though I sometimes stray
From Euclid's rigid rules to fancy's way,
Yet have I mus'd on Granta's willowy strand,
The sage of Alexandria (d) in my hand, 470
And mark'd his mystic symbols; the severe
And cogent truths dwell in my reason's ear.
The Stagirite too I sought, and could divide
(No Scotchman near, no Gillies by my side)
His sober sense from pride of intellect,
What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject.
Thence soaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
(As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught)
My mind in calm ascension to the height
Of the world's temple, through th' abyss of light,
Mid wand'ring fires and every starr'd abode, 481
Explor'd the works and wonders of the God,
Who fix'd the laws of order, time and place,
In his own great sensorium, (e) boundless space.

The

(d) Euclid.


Part IV.
The Chemist's magic flame, the curious sport,
Amber first gave, would oft my fancy court,
Led through creation's consecrated range,
Each flower, and plant, and stem, with every change
Of vegetative life in order brought,
I magnified Linnaeus (ee) as I thought;
But spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales
Of virgin (f) rabbets, and of headless (g) snails,

(ee) But not in the spirit of that silly man, who inscribed
these words under the print of Linnaeus: "Deus creavit, Lin-
naeus disposit."—There is more folly in the inscription, than
any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antithesis with-
out reflection. But in this botanising age, it should not pass
without observation to all naturalists.

(f) Virgin Rabbets.—I allude in general to all needless, and
cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel and
enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protec-
tion from man, under those limits and degrees which an ho-
nest and upright mind knows without being told. But in this
place I particularly allude to an anecdote related to me by a friend,
of a Paper read at the Royal Society in the course of the last win-
ter (1797) on the subject of generation. The animal, chosen for these
savage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbit.
Decency and humanity alike forbid the exposure of the process,
and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after
the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them,
before the coitus. Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an
impure,
And through the realms of Nature as I trod;
Bow'd at the throne, and saw (Qg) the pow'r, of God.

In impure, and inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification to be offered. The mystery itself is not to be disclosed to man. But we will know every thing; I wish, we would recollect that we must account for our knowledge. When an experiment, for any purpose useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be finally recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentic and satisfactory, not to be repeated. Sometimes, as I was told, the idea of the cruelty exercised upon these animals was for a moment lost in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in these papers, which occupied three or four sittings of the R.S. My friend told me, that he actually thought that Sir Charles Blagden, Knight and Secretary to the R.S. had been provided with specimens, and that he expected to see Virgin Rabbets, married Rabbets, and matron Rabbets produced from a basket on the table to lick, as in scorn and contempt, the very mace of a Society who night after night could sit and hear such a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-smiles and simpers at the virginity of these unprotected and devoted miserable animals. When Papers are publicly offensive; they should be publicly reprobated, and not suffered to be produced before the Royal Society upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. Why has the Society a Council? The Council should be a literary and philosophical Grand Jury. If it is not so, it is of no use whatsoever, but to gratify the silly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and busy Baronets. I should think Mr. Planta, the very learned, accurate, and well informed...
In morals, in religion, in the state,
In science, without order, all I hate.

OCTAVIUS.

I hear, not quite convinc'd: I honour still
Consistent excellence and measur'd skill;
Not Extracts, \( h \) Beauties, pun, or anecdote;
Of social \( i \) Nicoll or young Cadell bought,
Such Secretary to the R. S. would be of my opinion. To make
such experiments as these, is to offer an insult to the Sacrarium
of the Most High. For my own part, I would extend the famous
speech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third. I would
thunder in the ears of the President and of the whole Royal So-
ciety, as a body, "Nonumus Leges Naturæ mutari!"

\( g \) Here is another savage instance to no end or purpose
whatsoever, but mere cruel sport of curiosity. The Abbé Spa-
lanzani asserts that snails re-produce their heads after the ampu-
tation of the original capita. And he made experiments nume-
rous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778,
the reader will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé,
and says, "that out of thousands of snails who have suffered the
operation, there have not been above five or six of them, which
have, as it is pretended, reproduced their heads."

\( gg \) Νομισμα καθορίσα τι.

St. Paul.

PART I.
Such pie-bald patchwork knowledge, as the bags
By Sappho wrought from scraps (ii) and colour'd rags.

Yet speak, the hour demands: Is Learning fled?
Spent all her vigour, all her spirit dead?
Have Gallic arms and unrelenting war
Borne all her trophies from Britannia far?
Shall nought but ghosts and trinkets be display'd,
Since Walpole (iii) ply'd the virtuoso's trade,
Bade sober truth revers'd for fiction pass,
And mus'd o'er Gothic toys through Gothic glass?
Since states, and words, and volumes, all are new,
Armies have skeletons, (k) and sermons (l) too;
So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
Simeon by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.
Or has Invention slept? the modern store
What Athens or Chaldæa knew before?
All that the Gallic sage, with ill-starr'd wit,
Kens from his ancient (m) telescopic pit.

AUTHOR.

(k) The language of the House of Commons. It should
have been in other terms. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem
mortalia tangunt." Sorrow is sacred, and should have the lan-
guage of consolation even from the lips of a Statesman.

(l) See Claude’s Essay on a Sermon with an Appendix,
containing one hundred Skeletons of Sermons &c. By Charles
Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King’s College Cambridge. 1796.—
This is as ludicrous and absurd in a Divine, as the term is off-
fensive and unfeeling in Parliament during the miseries of war.

(m) See the “Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Mo-
dernes,” 4to Par Monsieur Dutens. 1797. The work is rather
entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if the Frenchman did
not generally substitute conjecture for proof. He observes page
130, in his tenth chapter, “that the bot-om of a pit, from whence
Part I,”

"we
AUTHOR.

All is not lost: (n) the spirit shall revive: 519
Lowth yet instructs, and Blayney's (o) labours live;
With all who wander by the sacred fount,
(A chosen Band!) encircling Sion's mount,
Fast by the fanes and oracles of God,
And mark, with King(β), where waves his awful rod.

"we may see the stars at noon-day, may be imagined to be the
"primitive telescope." Mr. Dutens may sit in calm contempla-
tion at the bottom of his ancient pit, and from that natural primiti-
tive telescope see whatever best pleases his fancy; for my own
part I prefer the prospect from a cliff with the assistance of mo-
dern ingenuity, whether invented by Democritus or Dollond.

(n) I have in various parts spoken of those writers, who have
done honour to Great Britain; and it is not possible for me to
name all those who, even now, form that constellation of ability
and talents which has been or may yet be displayed, which Plu-
tarch might call, in language somewhat lofty, (I think in his
Treatise de placitis philosophorum) the Πολλῶν καὶ συνέχων
Αστερῶν συμφωνίζωμεν αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΤΑΣΜΟΝ.

(o) The deeply-learned Translator and Commentator on Je-
remiah, &c. &c, B. Blayney, D. D. Regius Professor of Hebrew
and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.
Nor

As The French Revolution and its Consequences must occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and stands in awe of the misery and desolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be yet impending over Europe, I think I may be excused by many persons for the note which I am now writing. But first I recommend to all those who either ignorantly, or impiously, or presumptuously deny, reject, or vilify the Scriptures, to pass it over entirely. To them it will be foolishness. They have neither part nor lot in such a discussion. But under this restriction, and under this impression, I am inclined to extend the subject a little, and would call the public attention with much earnestness to some parts of a book printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled "Morsels of Criticism, tending to illustrate some few passages in the holy scriptures upon philosophical principles and an enlarged view of things: by Edward King, Esq. F.R.A.S. printed for Robson and Robinson in 1788." The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule and unadvised; but had a second edition of the work been called for, it might easily have been altered. The author of it appears to me, (I speak from his book) to be a gentleman of extensive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of theory and sometimes a little whimsical in his application of natural philosophy; but never without a serious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets the nature of the subjects he is treating. He seems to approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, that distrust of his own powers, and that self-abasement, which are required of those who desire to look into the hidden things of God. I speak of the spirit by which
Nor HuRD has preach'd, nor PALEY taught in vain; 

R Socinus

which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it) I speak from the work alone. I shall contend for no interpretations given by Mr. King or by any other man, but I may propose them to public consideration. I never observed more caution and more wariness than in this writer. We know that it is declared that "the book of prophecy is sealed till the time of completion;" but the events of the world, of the Christian world, are so awful and so alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence and decree of the Supreme Being against the superstition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of the preparation for those times, when "the Kingdoms of this world must (in defiance of all human policy) become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ!" I will therefore offer to thinking persons some passages from this work by Mr. King, written several years before the present events had taken place in Europe, or could be conceived to be possible. I am as little disposed to superstition and enthusiasm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in such numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader and for myself on such a subject. But the circumstance which peculiarly strikes me is this; that they were written without any specific reference to any nation in Europe, but simply and in general, that such times and such events might be expected in some part of the Christian world. The first passage I shall present, is a part of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th Chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse.† In regard to which he says, "We may remark, "if the words are to be understood, as spoken merely emblematically, then the images made use of are such as are well known.

† Of course I refer the reader to the book itself for the tenor of the whole argument.

PA RT IV.
Socinus droops, and baffled Priestley flies,
And at the strength of Horsley (q), shrinks and dies;

Nor

"known to predict (consistently with their constant use in many
other parts of prophecy) a great destruction and almost annihila-
tion of many of those lawful powers which rule on earth, however
beneficial any of them may be to the earth; and a Dreadful
Lessening of the Dignity and Splendour of all
Greatness, and a subversion of all good, order and civil govern-
ment. Than which nothing can be expected more formidable.
Dreadful indeed must be a time, (if such an one is to come)
when men are let loose upon each other, possessed of all their present
improvements and advantages, but unrestrained either by law and
civil government, or by conscience and good principle; scorning the
admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain jus-
tice, and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of the world,
whom they shall find too ready to increase the Universal
Uproar." Page 262—3.—At the conclusion of his Remarks
on the Revelations, Ch. 16. v. 13 and 14 he says: "Here, while
we maintain due reverential fear, our interpretation must end.
Nothing but the events themselves when they come to pass, can rightly
explain the rest. And they will certainly speak loudly
enough for themselves, as those before have done—Only I
must just remark, that it seems, as if persecution and the horrid
influences of superstition, and of ignorance and of barbarism were
allowed to produce their dire effects during the first part of the
period of the time described under the Vials; and as if, Irre-
Ligion, Vanity, and a Total Want of All Serious
Principle, and a Misapplication of the refinements
of civilization, were to be allowed to produce their Mis-
chief also, at the latter end of that period!" page 453. See
also, p. 456 and 57, which I could wish to copy, the words are
Nor second stand in theologic fame
Sagacious Hey, (r) and Rennell's (rr) learned name,

R 2

so important, and the style so dignified. In the conclusion of which Mr. King observes, on the finishing of the mystery of God, "that as there should be false Christs and false prophets, so there should be also a dreadful subversion of all good government and order, and that men should be let loose upon each other, in defiance of all civil power and just rule, and of legal restraint." He subjoins some words too remarkable to be passed over. "It will be happy for those who shall live some years hence, if they can prove me guilty of a mistake in this point. I speak and write with cautious reverence and fear; acknowledging that I am liable to error, and by no means pretending to prophecy: but still apprehending myself bound not to conceal the truth, where any matter appears to be revealed in Holy Scripture; and especially when the bringing an impending dunciation to light, (if it be a truth) may be an awful warning and caution to many, and prevent their becoming accessory to the evil." Page 461. I must own, I am so struck with these

*The following passage from the great Historian Jofephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, is remarkable. The words are these:

Ταύτα μεν, ἵκενα; εμφανιστὶ δυνάμενα τοις Θεοῖς φυσιν τοις αγγέλοις, ειρήκαμεν, ὅτι τοιχίη τ'εστὶ και πολυτροπεῖ, και παντα καθ'όρους ἀπαντὰ τεταγμένους, ἃ τε δεις γενεθήκαι προλεγείς τοις των ἀνθρώπων ΑΓΝΟΙΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΠΙΣΤΙΑΝ, ὥς ὧν προτέρους εἰσήκαξαν τοις οἰκουμενοῖς, ΑΠΤΑΛΑΚΤΟΙ ΤΕ ΤΑΙΣ ΣΤΥΜΦΟΡΑΙΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΩΘΕΝ, ὡς αμφιχανεν αὐτος εν την εξ αὐτων πεισαν διαφύγειν!

And Douglas, (rrr) hail'd afar from earliest youth
Great victor in the well-fought field of truth.  530

Herschell,
these passages, that without any knowledge of this illustrious layman but from his work, I could almost address him in the sublime apostrophe of one of the most eloquent Fathers of the ancient Church; "Ἄνθρωπε τῷ Θεῷ, πιστὲ θεραπόν καὶ οἰκονομὲ τῷ τῷ Θεῷ μυστάριῳ, Ἀνέρ επιθυμεῖν τῶν τῷ πνευματος, καλὸς Σε στυλῶν καὶ ἐδρασμα τῆς Ἐκκλησίας, λογον ἐγὼς ἐπεχεῖτο, καὶ πιστῶς ερείμμα, καὶ πνευματος καταγωγίων."

—Thus ‡ did this very learned and most pious man, in a strain of serious, temperate, and impressive eloquence, deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will stand before us and our posterity, as the memorial of that lonely wisdom, that reverential application of the divine word, and of that silent dignity, which can alone be attained by a retirement (at intervals) from the world which God has made to Him alone, and by that worship in spirit and in truth, which when joined to human erudition and to the sober cultivation of the understanding, will produce fruit unto life.—But I conclude; humbly acknowledging and deeply feeling myself wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to speak of the awful sublimity of such subjects. My office can be but ministerial; it is mine only to lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and to retire.


‡ In the beginning of the year 1788, which were probably written many years before they were offered to the public.
Herschell, with ampler mind and magic glass,
Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they pass,
Pours the full cluster'd radiance from on high,
That fathomless abyss of Deity.

(q) The Right Rev. Samuel Horsley, Bishop of Rochester.
In my opinion the controversy so ably maintained by this Prelate, against the Herefiarch Priestley, is his peculiar praise. Bishop Horsley reminds me of the celebrated Divine, Charles Leslie. He has often the same strength, the same acuteness, and sometimes the same coarseness of manner. But the argument is cogent, the arms are irresistible. In theological controversy, Charles Leslie and Bishop Horsley always appear to me "Æacide similes, Vulcanaique arma cepissent."

(r) The Rev. John Hey, D.D. late Norrisian Professor in the University of Cambridge. The arrangement, the learning, the accuracy and extent of his researches in theology, are conspicuous in his laborious and important work entitled "Lectures, &c." read as Professor.—N.B. The entire work is not yet published. (Oct. 1797.)


(rrr) The Right Rev. John Douglas, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury, a Prelate whose erudition, penetrating sagacity, and well directed efforts have discovered and overthrown many strong holds
Who in the depth abstruse of intellect
A greater now than Waring (ss) shall expect?
Lo, where Philosophy extends her sway,
Guides future Navies o'er the trackless way,
More voluble and firm; so, strong in thought,
The royal Synod Atwood (sss) sate and taught.

Who holds of literary imposture. The names of Lauder and Bower are only remembered to their infamy.—The Bishop's Treatise on Miracles, called "The Criterion," should be reprinted. Why is it not again presented to the public? (Oct. 1797.)

(5) Dr. Herschell's new doctrine concerning the Materia Solaris, has attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their consideration a curious passage, which I met with when I was reading with a very different purpose. The Platonic Proclus, in the third book of his Commentaries on the Timaeus of his great Master, mentions that Aristotle (whom, surely with justice, he calls ἄθανάκτος Αριστοτέλας) hints, that neither the Sun, nor even the Stars, are absolutely bodies of fire. The words are these: "Τὸν τῶν Ἀστρων ἔχον, καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν μεγάν Ηλιον, ΟΥΚ ΟΝΤΑ ΕΚ ΠΥΡΟΣ." Procli Comment. in Timaeum Platonis, Edit. Basil. Gr. 1534, page 141. There is another singular passage (not so explicit as this from Proclus) in the first book de Cielo of the Second Ennead of Plotinus the Platonicorum Coryphaeus, as he has been called: he talks also rather quaintly from Aristotle of a "Πυρ ἃ τῶν Ἀστρων προσφορον φυσεί." Plotin: Ennead. 2 L. 1 page 99, &c. Edit. Basil. cum Comment. Ficini.—The reader is referred to Dr. Herschell's most curious paper. "On the Nature and Construction of the Sun and Fixed Stars." Phil. Trans. Part I. 1795.
Who may forget thee, (t) Beattie? rustic (v) Burns,  
And all his artless wood-notes Scotland mourns.  
With England's Bard, with Cowper, who shall vie?  
Original in strength and dignity,  
With more than Painter's fancy blest, with lays  
Holy, as saints to heav'n expiring raise. (x)  

High

(t) Edward Waring, M. D. Professor of the Mathematics in the University of Cambridge.

(ess) See a Paper in the Philos. Trans. 1796. Part I. entitled "The Construction and Analysis of geometrical propositions determining the positions assumed by homogeneal bodies which float freely and at rest, on a fluid's surface, also determining the stability of ships and other floating bodies, by George Atwood, Esq. F. R. S." The R. S. presented Mr. Atwood with their medal on this occasion.—The names of Herschell, Maske'ye, Cavendish, Woolaston, Milner, &c. dignify the Royal Society. We have yet some "Master Builders in the Sciences," as Mr. Locke once expressed himself.

(t) James Beattie, L. L. D. Author of "The Minstrel, 2 books." It is to be for ever regretted that this true Poet and most excellent man never finished his exquisite Poem. My mind dwells upon it, particularly on the First Part, even from my boyish days at school.


(x) William Cowper, Esq. Author of "The Task."—Τοι τοις Μουραμάν ίδου θεοις! Such are the words of the divine Ascræan, in his Theogonia. Of these Muses seated on our own Parnassus, it may be said,
High from the climes of Latium's happier day
The Muse on Roscoe (xx) darts her noontide ray,
And with each soft, each reconciling pow'r,
Sheds gleams of peace on Melmoth's (xxx) closing hour;

"There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both heav'n and earth!"

Bishop Hall's Satires. B. i. S. 2.

The conclusion of the Poet's work is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations and without that improvement it seems designed to inspire.

"But all in his hand whose praise I seek,
In vain the Poet sings and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, who looks upon the heart:
Whose brow can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

B. 6.

(xx) William Roscoe, Esq. the historian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Part III. at the conclusion.

(3xx) William Melmoth, Esq. a most elegant and distinguished writer, "near half an age with every good man's praise." His translation of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him, while Roman
Bright to the goal in their sublime career

BRYANT and BURKE (v) the torch triumphant bear;

While

Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this "FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his most finished translation and annotation on Tully's Cato? or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman and so liberal a scholar.

(v) It is to be wished, that these two great men may now conclude their political and literary labours. "Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant!" Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. i1.

—Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that unequalled man, the Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE,† I could only say to my friend,

H μαλα λυγρης
Πευδεξι αγγελης, ὑ μι ὀφελε γενεσθαι,
Κειται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ!

Such was my veneration for this Great Man when living, such is the depth of my homage and the secret affliction of my spirit at his departure. It appears to me expedient and grateful, that we should all remember and revere the man, to whose praiseful exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we originally owe the public sense of the moral, political, and religious danger of England from the grand crushing Cabal, grounded and rooted in France, and branching out and overshadowing all Europe.† I speak, as I think, in sincerity. Without much reflection we cannot understand the full nature and extent of the publick obligation to Mr. Burke. I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to

† July 1797.—See Mr. Burke's character, in "The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third of Great Britain," v. 117. page 10. Edit. 8vo. 1796.

† The Abbé BARRUEL has done a public service to Europe by his eloquent and perspicuous delineation of the History of Jacobinism in his work intitled "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire du Jacobinisme." I by no means subscribe to all the Abbé's opinions and particular doctrines, or to his whims and fancies. But in the disposition of the whole work I perceive the hand of a master. He has discovered and traced from the very source the original Cabal, and its impious infamous leaders; and he has laid down their scheme, and disposed the proofs from
While Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)
Her lou'd IAPIS on the banks of Cam. (vv)

But to the grave; much less a politician and a statesman. The very region of Politics is baneful; it is too frequently "the soil the Vices like." Every statesman, in or out of power, knows his own meanness, the turbulence of his passions, the rattle of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealousy of rank, and the impatience of consorted power. All this is true. But still, when I have revolved the various labours of EDMUND BURKE, and the cause he has maintained, (as it regards government, religion, and society, not the details of the war and its conduct) I say, with this allowance for the feverous frailty of the passions, and the taint of mortality in all our best actions, I would record in lasting characters, and in our holiest and most honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Statesman, and the Christian, EDMUND BURKE!—"Remuneratio ejus Cum Altissimo!"

(vv) I wish, (and every Etonian and every member of the University of Cambridge of good character will join me heart and hand) that this great, disinterested, virtuous and consummate Scholar and Physician, now by learning and religion conducted with from their own authentic writings and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is worthy to be read by all who are interested in the great cause of God and man, and I hope it will be read and studied. It is the best historical and critical commentary extant (except the events themselves) on Mr. Burke's first work, called "Reflections on the Revolution in France." 1790.—It is for such paramount reasons, that the Legislator and all the Magistrates of Great Britain are loudly called upon to control (while they yet can control with effect) by the law and by the law alone, such works as those by Thomas Paine, and all the swarm of lewdness, infidelity and democracy in their vigour or in their dotage; to repress by law such popular works or novels as the Monk, by M. Lewis, Esq. M.P., which I have stated simply, as indecent and blasphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes, the new Translator of the Bible. The plain questions are these: "ARE WE TO BE PRESERVED? and, "CAN WE BE PRESERVED?" The French Revolution is now matter of history. I mean of History speaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One establishment upholds another; and the fall of any one draws after it a long Ruin. Read the Memoires of the Abbé BARRUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill and to make alive. Atheist Statesmen always co-operate with Atheist Philosophers, but are generally duped by them. "Il precedent leurs ordres sans le suivre," said D'Alembert, in the plenitude of his impudence. The grand triple Conspiracy and crushing Cabal, under all its horrid formularies, against religion, regal power, and social order under moral restraint, has shewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE stimulated and conducted by an exterminating philosophy. LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF!

But whence that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,  
But o'er her lost Museüs (xx) bends and weeps.  
Lo, every Grecian, every British Muse  
Scatters the recent flow'rs and gracious dews  
Where Mason lies; he sure their influence felt,  
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,  
That love and friendship know; each sister art,  
With all that Colours, and that Sounds impart,  
All that the Sylvan theatre can grace,  
All in the soul of Mason "FOUND THEIR PLACE!"  
Low sinks the laurell'd head; in Mona's land  
I see them pass, 'tis Mador's drooping band,  
To harps of woe in holiest obsequies,  
"In yonder grave, they chant, our Druid lies!"

He (v) too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,  
The glory of their banks, from Isis torn,  
In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,  
In science temp'rate, various, and sublime;  

with dignity to the close of life, may be known by this affectionate verse to all posterity, "The lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam."

"Diiis dilecte Senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
Nascentem, et miti lustrārit lumine Phœbus  
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi clarus ab ortu  
Diiis sueris poterit magno favisse poetae.  
Ergo ego te Clius et magni nomine Phœbi  
Mansæ Pater, jubeo longum salutere per ævum!"  
Milton ad Mansum.
To Him familiar every legal doom,
The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the Muse
Distill'd from every flow'r Hyblæan dews;
Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save.
His mind collected, 'gainst opinion's shock
Jones stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
Cælestial brightness beaming on his breast,
He saw the Star, and worshipp'd in the East.

Thou too, Octavius, that dread hour must feel,
Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal,
Nor piety sincere without the show,
Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs bestow
From pure Ilyssus and the Latian shore,
What Swift, or great Erasmus felt before,
May save thee!—yet, yet long, so friendship calls,
May guardian Angels hover round the walls,
Where love and virtue fix their blest abode,
Friend of thy country, servant of thy God! (yy)

Octavius,

(y) Sir William Jones. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Octavius, yes, it is, it shall be mine,
With praise appropriate still to grace my line:
To me all heedless of proud fashion's sneer,

Maurice (z) is learn'd, and Wilberforce sincere,

(Though

(yy) In this political and depressing period, it is some comfort to divert the attention for a moment to such characters of literary and poetical excellence as The Rev. William Mason, and Sir William Jones—and to be able to add my own Octavius. Octavius Optimus, are the legitimate words of Horace. With an allowance for the partiality of friendship, (and who that ever felt such an affection will refuse to grant it) and with sorrow that now he must neither be understood nor named, I assert with truth, that Octavius is formed to move among the highest and the foremost in the state, though contented and submitting to act in a station, certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties.—" Exornet cætis nostra gloriæ!"

(z) The Reverend Thomas Maurice, Author of "Indian Antiquities, in 6 vol. 8vo." and of "the History of Hindostan; it's Arts and it's Sciences, as connected with the History of the other great Empires of Asia, during the most ancient periods of the world." Vol. 1. 4to. is only yet published. The public is well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the most serious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared in his dedication, that "This History commenced under the patronage of the Court of East India Directors, is dedicated to them, in humble hopes of their continued support of a work, which must sink without that support."—Learning has felt a degradation from these words. I believe that William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, would have wrested such a Scholar as Mr.

† The E. I. Company subscribed for a certain number of Copies. This is not patronage.
(Though on his page (a) some pause in sacred doubt)
As Gisborne (b) serious, and as Pott (c) devout.

For

Mr. Maurice from the hands of the Merchants, and placed him under the direct patronage of the Crown. But the name of William, (though Erasmus in one of his Epistles§ once dwelt upon it with satisfaction,) is no more connected with literature. The present Minister, the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, (though he holds the second high office in a learned university) in this respect, can only be delivered down to posterity, "as a negative instruction to his successors for ever." But I neither call upon Nabobs, nor Directors, nor Ministers with the same earnestness, or with the same censure, as upon the Guardians and Bishops of the Church of England. It is to be remembered, that the whole tenor of Mr. Maurice's writings is to establish the truth of Christianity in general, as well as of some disputed doctrines, from the very sources whence some of it's adversaries have drawn arguments against it. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Doctors Moore and Markham, the Bishops of London, and Durham, and Winchester, Porteous, Barrington, and North, are called upon to confer support and dignity on such a distinguished champion of the truth of the cause. If they neglect it, without an adequate reason, I affirm, they are guilty of a breach of duty to the kingdom, and to the establishment they are appointed to uphold. When I argue with Bishops on such a topic, I suppose they acknowledge the force of a moral obligation, and I cannot allow myself to think I suppose too much. "A dispensation is "committed unto them." Οἰκονομίας πεπιστευναι. I speak with firmness, I am sure I mean to speak with respect. I am sorry to say, they have not often such an opportunity. I speak not to intrude upon the Bishops, but to point out to them a gentleman whose promotion would be a matter of satisfaction to the learned.

I am

Ep. 203.
For Athens Cumberland (d) seems born alone

I am not to be told, that researches like those of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his style, matter, and manner are frequently too luxuriant and diffuse. The foundation of a temple may be strong, though every ornament on the pillars may not be just.—I never saw Mr. Maurice in my life; nor am I in the least acquainted with him but by his writings and character. (June 1797.)

(a) See, "A Practical View of the prevailing religious system of Professed Christians in the higher and middle classes in this country, contrasted with real Christianity." By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. for the county of York.—Some very serious persons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their full extent, and I fear it is sometimes too rigid and exclusive in its doctrines. There is also too much of a sectarian language, which cannot be approved. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotism of the eloquent and well-informed Senator, I have the most honourable and decided opinion. His work is vehement, impassioned, urgent, fervid, instant; though sometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediousness. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought firm and unshrinking. But for my own part, for obvious reasons, I dislike the term, "Real Christianity," as exclusively applied to any set of propositions drawn from the Gospel. If I regard external circumstances, I would not indeed take theology from Athanasius or Bossuet, morality from Seneca, or politics from Lansdown or Syéys. But I will own, that from a scrutiny into the publick and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am inclined to think that his enemies would be forced into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a prophet), that "they can find
To bid her comic Patriot be our own; 

Nor find no occasion against this man, except they find it against him concerning the law of his God." A reader of his work must be good or bad in the extreme, who may not receive some advantage from the awful composition. I am indeed unworthy to praise it, and I feel myself so. If I may descend from divinity to mere philosophy, I shall add, that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the sublimity of such principles, we may apply to him the expressions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his most enthusiastic votary, Plotinus. "Ας εικαν προς αρχητον, τελος εχων της πορειας!" He will best comprehend the high and holy sentence which declares what is the life of such men; "Ουτω θεων και ανθρωπων θεων και ευδαιμονων ειος, απαλλαγη των αλλων των τρεθε, ειος ανεπον των τρεθε, ΦΤΘ ΜΟΝΟΤ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ!" Plotini Ennead: 6. L. 9. c. xi.

(b) The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men, &c. and of the Female Sex, &c. &c. eminently entitled to the public esteem and gratitude.

(c) The Rev. J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Arch-deacon of St. Alban's. In his writings instructive, laborious in his office, and exemplary in his profession.

(d) Richard Cumberland, Esq. an author of various talents, and of very considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatic works, which have received the sanction of publick esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service to the cause of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comic writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are publickly acquainted) equal
Nor yet ungrac'd may Sullivan (b) remain,
Serene in fancy; nor in science vain,
Yet still, though oft his various works I scan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

Good books (b) are the mind's bread: (excuse the phrase,
Gifford will bear the term, and Cowper praise)

They equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the
amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been
"public too long," but as he has quitted the stage, (as he affirms
himself,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate
and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable ge-
nius, versatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and a con-
summate master of the poetical language of our best ancient
dramatic writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be
our own.

(a) Richard Joseph Sullivan, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S. au-
thor of "Philosophical Rhapsodies, &c. and of a work entitled
"A View of Nature, in Letters to a Traveller among the Alps,
with Reflections on Atheistical Philosophy now exemplified in
France, in six vol. 8vo." Printed for T. Becket, Pall Mall.
A work of labour and of general utility, digested from original
writers with judgment and with an upright virtuous heart, in a
pleasing and instructive manner. I dwell with affection on
such a character as Mr. Sullivan; and, if this were the
place and if India were the theme, I might make honourable
mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, John
Sullivan, Esq.

(b) It is pleasing and satisfactory to think that all books
which are absolutely required to strengthen, exalt, purify, and in-
form the understanding, and consequently to correct and en-
Part IV.
They give the life-blood, nutriment and health,
And laugh to scorn the insolence of wealth.

large the affections and the heart, are of easy access and of easy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but earnestly to depurate all needless extravagance and brilliant folly in new publications,† if they are designed to be of service to the world, and to be purchased. The august and sublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton appear in all the splendour of typographic art and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a secret pride in the honour reflected on the discerning liberality of his country? Such books may be considered as typographical pictures by eminent artists. Pictures however are not necessary for the closet of a student! but they may adorn the museums of a nation or an university, and dignify the repositories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in such patronage, though Rutilis may incur some censure. This is a noble and a laudable use of the superfluity of wealth. It is also political in the highest degree. In times like these men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let loose upon the world, become too frequently the pests of society and the canker worms of the community.—It is indeed high time to awake out of sleep, and to discern the peculiar use of every blessing. In all our actions, we should have a view to the stability of society and of well-regulated government. It becomes us all to observe and separate the essential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confusion, and the dictates of sound sense from the wildness of ungoverned fancy and of presumptuous intellect; that the grand end and aim may at last be effected, that we may, by choice and conviction, turn from lying vanities to the spirit of truth and of life.

† Every man has reproached the manner of printing the glibby account of the British Embassy to China, as published by Sir George Staunton, in 1700; and the public has not forgotten the unreasonable demand upon them in the increased price, in open violation of the original agreement and proposal. Was it for this, Sir George, that the E. I. Company gave Three Thousand Pounds for the plates? I shall at present say nothing of the work as a composition.
OCTAVIUS.

Here close the strain: and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest pow'r! 610
Still be your knowledge temp'rate and (e) discreet,
Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;

T. 2

(e) The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man so insignificant as his friend.—But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of such a scholar as Dr. Parr, and the waste of erudition and talents. Let him stand for a genus. The want of discretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this sobriety of intellect nothing is strong, nothing is great. Without this prudence, without a discernment of time and circumstance, and the habit of regularity, without an attention to the decencies of society, and of common life and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, must indiscriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth. They will never procure us esteem or respectability among men. The world will but smile at such scholars; and ministers, when called upon to promote them, will tell you not without reason, "they are not producible."*

Let me give two passages on this subject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnson, variously applicable and of deepest consequence.

"He who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

* The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of a man, whose genius, talents, eloquence and erudition honoured and supported the Church of England. And he was not promoted.
Prepar'd to prove in Senate, or the Hall,
That states by learning rise, by learning fall;
Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,
In principle sedate, to shun (f) Reform;

To men of genius (as at least they are called) Dr. Johnson gave this solemn admonition: "This relation (of the life of Savage) will not be wholly without it's use, if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." Dr. Johnson's Life of Savage, at the conclusion.

"Deign on the passing world to cast thine eyes,
"And pause awhile from letters, TO BE WISE."

(f) No factions ever proceeded to attempt a Revolution in any country, but first under the pretence and through the Medium of a Reform. We have been told with effrontery and with falshood, that the Constitution of England exists only in the imagination; yet we may read the Bill of Rights. The fact is this. Modern framers of political constitutions will never be satisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathematics in the manner of Euclid. Definitions, Axioms, Postulates, primary propositions, subsequent propositions, built upon and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions. One strange writer, (perhaps it is the first time the reader ever heard of him) says, "A Constitution must be produced entire and at the same time, it must be simple in it's construction, and perfect in all it's parts." Malkin's Essays on Civilization, 8vo. (1795) p. 122. I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon
To mark man’s intellect, it’s strength and bound,

Nor

Bacon had distinguished the works of nature from those of art, in that masterly and memorable sentence, “Natura omnium partium rudimenta simul parit et procreat.” (De Augm. Scient.) I suppose a political Constitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were describing a perfect poem, epic or tragic, he could not have expressed himself more critically. Yet thus it is, that our present theoretical writers sport with man and his passions. They certainly consider us all as passive machines, and they apply their laws, with as much cool indifference to their fellow creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would apply the axe or any mechanical instrument to lop a tree or to raise a weight. Their systems uniformly proceed on this principle. They never vary. Mercy is not in all their thoughts; there is neither allowance for human frailty, nor revision of judgment. Man has offended: he must die the death. “Gnossius hae Rhadamanthus habet duriSSIMA regna.” We have all seen and felt, what the revolutionary principle is. We must never for a moment forget, that the object of France, from her first revolution, has been and is to change the government in every state in Europe and in every part of the world which she can pervade or influence. Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain, in the isles of the Eastern or of the Western Archipelago; cast your view, broad and unrestrained, from the dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi, not a state, not a fortress, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the shock and impulse of revolutionary terror. Abyssus abyssum invocat! One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the signal of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the resounding language of the poet of Panopolis†,

Συνερχόμενων νεόθεων μακάτοις ἐρείων
Bρονταίην Σαρωώντος ἐγείρεσθε ομβρίος ἡχὸν!

Nor deem stability on change to found;

I must claim excuse and indulgence for my expressions. My mind is either borne down or hurried away with the terrors of impending desolation, and the overthrow or confusion of fixed, regulated, established government. My sensations are solitary; but they are deep. Τὸν ψυχὴν μοι διέρχεται Ρωμαίω. I have indeed the consolation of affectionate and honourable friendship, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wise and good: but I cannot say that “in my life time I have had too much of noise and compliment.” I have risen in silence; and in peace and privacy it is my desire to set and to depart. But can any of us see what we have seen, and not labour to avert it from our own country? If I could conceive a being of less political significance than myself, I would call even on him for assistance. The object, the undisputed object of France is the overthrow of England! Nos nostraque, the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and the principles by which property is acknowledged and secured. These have been attacked by assault, by storm, by breach, by sedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obscenity, of blasphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treason and madness, at another they sap the foundation by a circuitous stream winding and working unperceived. They know that a Revolution can alone be effected by a Reform. There is no other mode. A state may prove bankrupt; but a revolution is not the necessary consequence of bankruptcy. I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but not without a rational hope of final though tardy restoration. The proposal of Reform is my specific apprehension. The proposers of Reform, such as Mr. Pitt formerly and Mr. Grey at present, I firmly

† An expression in the affecting Will of the Rt. H. Edmund Burke. What declaration, what testimony, what experience will convince us of the “Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota erroris nebula?”
To feel with Mirabeau that "Words are (g) Things,"

While firmly believe are without bad intentions. But I would resist them both. I confess I never could understand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expression of "infusing a portion of new health into the constitution to enable it to bear its infirmities." Junius (in his very last letter) calls it "brilliant and full of intrinsic wisdom." For my own part, I think it but false glitter and full of intrinsic nonsense, when applied politically. It is mere rage of metaphor. It is to call the mind a sheet of white paper, till at last we are brought to think the resemblance to be the very thing signified. The use of metaphor is to illustrate, not to prove. But we are always cheating and deluding ourselves. Government, take it in any of its complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unsullied principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors and perhaps in the people; by force and terror; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does not wish for the first? who expects to see it? In states highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquillity, security, and general happiness can be tolerably preserved, with the allowance of human frailty. I detest corruption, open or secret, as much as any man. But when I see an assembly formed on any principles however sublime, or deep, or disinterested, I remember it is formed of men. Menander said long ago; Αὐθανάτω! Ἰκανὸν προφασις. It is man; his name explains the rest. I never will consent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. Graft new regulations upon the old principles by a gradual removal of what is absurd, obsolete, useless, or an incumbrance. It was the boast of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that he would teach the Judges law, and the Bishops religion. I have no such ambition: but at present I would recommend to Charles Abbott Esq. M.P. the new Digester of our Laws, not to be too subtle in the process. It
While in Delusion's ear their magic rings,

Through

It is not every political chemist who can throw off into his work the spirit of legislation, unmingled with the grosser dregs and feculence of the mass. Caution is not timidity. Let us now and at all times be vigilant with determinate courage. We know what freedom, what equality of power among the citizens, what fraternity, what comfort, what happiness and what security France has offered, and given too, to all countries, who have either bowed voluntarily, or have been subjected, to her tyranny.

Take Cicero's expressions. As to themselves; *Licet, quod vide-tur, publicum judicare; quod judicaverint, vendere.* As to other nations, friend or foe; "Pershici non potest, utrum severitas aecerbior, an benignitas quaestuosi sit." Such are the words in that elaborate and consummate Oration on the Agrarian Law, which every man would do well to read and consider in the original or in a translation. It is peculiarly pertinent to the present time. When Demosthenes raised his mighty voice against a decree proposed by one Aristocrates, he bespoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the administration of the state nor influence from his connections. He bespoke their favour on this ground. He thought the interest of Athens was alone a sufficient plea. "Επειδὴν ἂν τῶν ἐνοχλητῶν ὑλὰς, ἢδὲ τῶν πὲ πολιτευμένοι καὶ ποιευμένοι παρ' ὑμῖν ὄν, πραγμα τελικώτον φημι δείξειν πεπραγμένων."† For my own part without any other pretension, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to understand and to preserve them, I would remind my Countrymen in this perilous and pressing hour, of the eloquent words of Demonax, as they are recorded by Lucian; "Constitutions and doctrines like these you never will decree, till you have "first removed or overthrown the altar of mercy!" The words

Through states, or armies, in the camp, or street, U And

Words of the original are full of dignity: Μὴ προτερον, ὦ Ἀθηναῖοι, ἡμίσεσθε, αὐν μὴ τοῦ ἘΛΕΟΤ τοῦ Εὐμοῦ καθελτε. Lucian Demonax. p. 555. Fol. Bourdelotii.

(g) A celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, in the beginning of the French Revolution. — I would, in this concluding note, observe with great earnestness and affection to my country, that in all the departments of society, government, religion, or literature, the French have all times maintained one unvarying system of deception, when under the ancient monarchy, or now under the iron tyranny of their new republic. Their manner of reasoning is, and always has been, sophistical. We are in perpetual danger of being misled by the appearance of reason. We have always ground for distrust. Take a specimen from thousands and tens of thousands of instances. Many years ago, in a collection entitled "Lettres Historiques et Politiques," a French Statesman used these words to Mr. D'Alembert. "Je ne veux point admettre dans les arrêts de Conseil un vrai trivial, une clarté trop familiere. Je veux un vrai de recherche, une clarté elegante, une naïveté fine, toute brillante de termes pompeux, relevés inastinément de phrases arrondies, de vocatifs intermediaires et d'adverbes indefinis," Lett. Hist. er Polit. Vol. 4. p. 176. Nothing can be more characteristic of French Statesmen. Be but sufficiently unintelligible, have but your vocatifs intermediaires et your adverbes indefinis, and the business is done. Language without meaning, phrases to blind the people, and ideas to delude. But when the scheme is accomplished, and when they obtain the power, their language is perfectly intelligible. — Next take an instance in literature. Men of learning have always had a proper value for the Greek language, for reasons too obvious for me to state. In general the French are ignorant Part IV. of
And now a school revolts, and now a Fleet.

Go,

of it. Indeed Mr. Camus (the Deputy) some time ago published
an edition of Aristotle Πεπι Ζωον, moderate enough as I thought
from a slight inspection. But in general the French Philoso-
phers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are per-
petually despising or ridiculing the Greek language. I only
speak of their manner of effecting their purpose. One of the acutest
and most insidious of them all, Mr. D'Alembert, has these words,
"Ah, si vous saviez le Grec!—Ceux qui scaven, ou croient savoir,
l'Hebreu, l'Arabe, le Syriaque, le Cophte ou le Copte (as if he
cared how it was pronounced,) le Persan, ou le Chinois, pensent
et parlent de meme et par les memes raisons." D'Alembert Me-
langes de Literature et de Philosophie. Vol. 5. p. 526. We see,
the French Philosopher by confounding the Arabic, Coptic, Syriac
and Chinese with the Greek, insinuates that there is an equal use in
them all, that is, to the generality of scholars and to the world
at large, little or no use at all. This does not merit any answer;
but we see the nature of a French Philosopher's proof and the
manner of his argument. In short, he either knows every thing,
or there is no manner of use at all in any thing that he does not
know. Q.E.D. I think from continued observation, I under-
stand the nature of these men. Their literature, their politics,
their philosophy, all terminate in the same point. "Crovez
Moi," are the words, whether they speak to an individual, or
to the nations of the universe.—Now, since the Revolution,
from reasoning they have betaken themselves to single words. De-
ception still. Mirabeau said true, "Words are things." I can-
not help observing that the Athenians (whose government was
popular, and consequently tyrannical, and manured with the
blood of her own citizens) had a custom of softening the
Go, warn in solemn accents bold and brief,

The appellation of things which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a most curious extract, preserved by the very learned Photius from the 4th book of the Chrestomathia of Helladius Besantinous; the words are these.

"Το μυ δοσφημα λεγειν παι τοις Πάλαιοις φροντις μν, μαλιστα " δε τοις Αθηναίων διο και το Δεσμωτηριου σημά εκαλω, και " τον Δασιον Κοινω, τας δε Ερινων σεμια ερει τλ." Photii Bibliothec. Sect. 279. pag. 1593. Edit. 1653. In the same manner the French apply the terms Equality, Liberty, Fraternity, &c. for Tyranny, Desolation, Oppression and Plunder. This is well understood. It would be presumption to enlarge on this subject to a kingdom so enlightened, so dignified, and I may add so prepared as Great Britain. We have every thing to lose. We have, under our own form of government, comfort, protection, honour, security, and happiness. The price of preserving them is indeed great, very great; but the price of anarchy, reform, and inextricable confusion, would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe powerful and perhaps unrelenting. But all states yield at last to circumstances; and policy will grant what affection would refuse. The most ardent wish of my heart is a secure Peace, after a war for ever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expensive beyond all example; but which I always believed, and still believe, to have been inevitable. We have still many and great Resources; but the times never called with so loud and so commanding a voice for wisdom, discernment, and integrity, for temperate, and timely, and gradual concession with dignity and security, and for an economy rigid and undeviating, on the part of our governors; and for obedience, acquiescence under temporary pressure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance, and loyalty, and steadiness in all the subjects of this land. We have no need of
The slumb'ring Minister, or factious Chief,

Mourn

of the Roman † Aramilustrium; our arms are purified already. Our Soldiers are loyal, and honourable, and without spot. They have been weighed in the balance, and found perfect. And I trust our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance to our enemies. We are not lost, if we continue firm. We must remember that all the leagues of French Factions and their Leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to use the phrase of Shakspeare, as there is milk in a male Tiger. If they are called upon to retract, or to declare their full purpose, or to render their reasons to the country, they give us manifestos and declarations from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the sophisms of anarchy and revolution. So thund-ered the Orator of Athens against such men: "Ἀντι τι αποδεικνυσθησθαι, σοφίσματα, ἐφισθαναι, καὶ παραγαφαὶ, καὶ προφασίας, τοντραπαται ἀθροπατων καὶ ἀδικωτατοι." But Justice has her balance, and the sword is not borne in vain. "At home (I take the words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles I.) at any rate Author-"rity must be vindicated from contempt, since the life of "government is reputation." And we should remember, that "None are so bold as the factious in company, none so fearful "apart." We may have good hope, for we have a good cause. When perhaps the greatest statesman and the greatest orator that ever headed an opposition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly suppose, that the principle of his heart is not democratic: though I think his principles in general, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope we may yet be redeemed. It was the boast

† See Varro de Ling. Lat. Lib. 5. 3. for the word and the illustration of it. Festus also may be consulted.

* Vid Demosthen. Orat. Προς τὸν Λακρίτη παραγραφὴ.—Dem. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 546. Why will not our Statesmen study Demosthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very first political Orator? Mr. Fox virtually understands his manner better than any man in England. He does not exert it for the same good end.
Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust, 625

Tiaras,

boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, that he found the City of brick, and left it of marble. I trust we shall not reverse this memorable saying. I trust that the public credit of the nation will revive, and that in this respect, when speaking of Mr. Pitt, it will not be engraven with an iron pen and in the rock of England for ever, "Auream invent, chartaceam reliquit." I think I can discern the firm establishment of lawful constitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulsion; and the return of day in the moment of greatest obscuration. I have loved my country from my earliest years, from a conviction of the excellence of the Constitution and of that balanced liberty it was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the blessings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preserve.—I am again, (much against my will, and I sincerely apologize for repeating the subject,) finally called upon to declare, with solemnity and with that truth which I have ever revered and preserved, that this whole composition, verse and prose, is the work of one hand. In this assertion I have no mental reservation. I never wore the weeds of Dominic, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not suffice, I shall leave the sable birds of detraction to the hoarseness of their own clamours and to the worms on which they feed. I shall soar upward to the source and fountain of light. It is also frequently insinuated and sometimes boldly asserted, to be written in conjunction with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved Academe. It is true, indeed, "By the waters of Cam I have fat "down and wept, when I remembered thee, O Sion! as for my "harp, I have often hanged it up among the trees that are "therein." I wished to "sing one of the songs of Sion." But, as it seems, it is an honourable Conspiracy, a Conspiracy to vindicate,
Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust,

And
cate, to recommend, and to uphold the cause of government, of Christian religion, of learning, and of good manners! Would it were so! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthiness of him who has presumed, without assistance or co-operation, to undertake that office alone;

"To intermit no watch
Against the wakeful foe, and wide abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all!"

If indeed I had either personal hope or personal fear in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I should not have published this work. He must reconcile contradictions who will dispute this assertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? I am no tory. Arbitrary power in any shape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the school of Locke, and have passed through that of Sidney. But I have, in this hour of maturest reflection, approved and held fast the tempered doctrines which uphold government and prevent confusion. In the political matters of this time, my suit and service is not rendered personally to Mr. Pitt. Upon me he can have no claim. My service is to my Country, and my praise to the Minister of the Crown of Great Britain. My praise is to him, who by deliberate and undaunted firmness, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding powers in speech and argument, and by vigorous measures, though without that promptitude of decision which marked his great Father, has preserved and supported (long may he preserve and support them!) the principle and stability of the English government and constitution. The main voice of England goes with me in this. Such I esteem Mr. Pitt: as such I honour him. Am I his enemy? I see his errors and his vices too, and I lay no flattering unction to them. I am alive to all his public virtues, and
And last, as through the smould’ring flames you turn,

Snatch

and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many. As to Mr. Fox; that he has not discerned the signs of these times, I will not assert: but that his imprudence, his unbridled licence of language, and his plunging desperate doctrines in times like these in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his Country from Him, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to all his speeches which I have either heard or read, I must declare them to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for any revolution. If he is honest in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honest to his country. He should not have thus exhibited himself in the House or on the Hutchings. Non huc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit! I pass over the primrose path of dalliance on St. A

defender

tuous

his genius, to his political eloquence without an equal, to his knowledge various, deep, and extensive. His pleasantry, his social friendly disposition, and the good temper of his private conversation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he must tread back almost all his steps. If he turns to our government, he must be born again. With opinions bold and candid as these I might obtain some respect and perhaps some attention from the public, but I could hardly please either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. If I sought personal fame; my motive is still more visionary. No man can account for it. He who loved fame best * said of it, “Just what you hear you have.” I am wholly unknown. It is very proper that I should be so. Yet I would be understood even on this point. I have not the sacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate courage.

* Mr. Pope.
Snatch the Palladium, though the Temple burn.

courage which is inspired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repose in honourable friendship. Some literary and political enterprizes are indeed rather hazardous in their nature. Mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum and I would be guided by discretion; but it is not the form only of those virtues, refined through certain strainers, that I would preserve, it is the spirit. I would have gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. But I must feel the pressing nature of the time, the burthens, the terrors, the perils, and the necessity of the state. Whoever would do a public service, must forget himself. His remuneration is from within. As to myself, however unavailing my actions, my sentiments, my abilities, or my services, they are unknown, unbought, unsolicited, and shall be unaltered. In spirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are these:

Non ante reveellar
Exanimem quam te complector Roma, tuumque
Nomen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram!

* Lucan. L. 2. v. 301.

August 1797.

THE END.