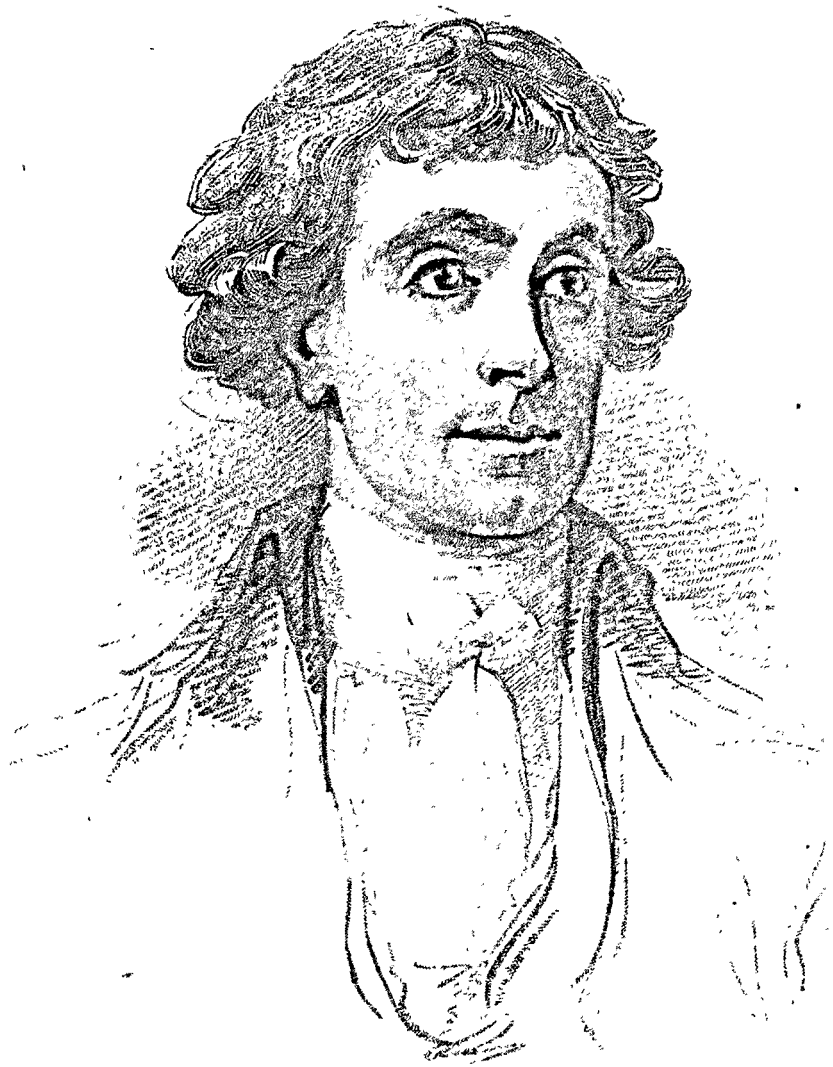


**MEMOIRS**  
**OF THE**  
**LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,**  
**OF**  
**SIR WILLIAM JONES.**



*Drawn by A. W. Davis Calcutta.*

**SIR WILLIAM JONES KN.<sup>T</sup>**

*ÆTATIS 47*

*Engraved by Evans*

*London Published June 1804. by John Hatchard Piccadilly*

MEMOIRS  
OF  
THE LIFE,  
WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE,  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

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BY  
LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:  
SOLD BY JOHN HATCHARD,  
(BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY)  
190,  
PICCADILLY.

1806.

TO LADY JONES.



MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to present to your Ladyship, the MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Sir WILLIAM JONES; and it will afford me the sincerest pleasure to know, that the expectations which induced you to request me to undertake this work, have not been disappointed by the perusal of it.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient  
humble Servant,

TEIGNMOUTH.

CLAPHAM,  
*June 20, 1804.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN presenting the public with an account of the Life of SIR WILLIAM JONES, I feel a particular anxiety, to guard against the charge of presumption for an undertaking, which may be thought to require a more than ordinary share of learning and abilities. I hope therefore, to have credit for a declaration, that nothing but the earnest solicitation of Lady Jones, who knew my affection for her Husband when living, and my unabated regard for his memory, and who conceived that these qualifications might supply the deficiency of more essential talents, could have prevailed upon me, to enter upon a literary career, so foreign to the habits of a life, of which more than fifty years are now elapsed.

It may be proper to notice the materials, which I have used in this compilation, and to explain the plan which I have adopted in

in the arrangement of them. The first, is a single sheet written by Sir William Jones, containing short notices of his situation and occupations during every year of his life; it is indeed extended beyond the date of his existence, to the 50th year, opposite to which the words *σν θεῶν, if God pleases*, are inserted; it appears to have been hastily written, a few months only before his death, and although the dates are sometimes inaccurate, and the notices too brief to supply more than a reference, it suggested enquiries which have sometimes terminated satisfactorily, though more frequently in disappointment. This paper however dictated the plan of the work, and I have endeavoured, as far as my materials permitted, to trace the life of Sir William Jones, year by year.

For the first twenty-two years of it, my authorities are ample and satisfactory; they consist principally of memoranda written by Sir William himself, and in describing the occurrences of this period, I have frequently availed myself of his own words. I wish indeed that I could have used them exclusively, but the paper is not altogether in a form to admit of publication.

The account of the last twelve years of his life in India, is chiefly supplied by my own recollection, assisted by information collected from his writings and correspondence.

Of the events of his life between 1768, his twenty-second year, and the date of his embarkation for India in 1783, my information  
is

is less complete, although I have spared no diligence in endeavouring to collect all that could be obtained; I was in hopes, that the recollection of his contemporaries at Oxford, where he occasionally resided until he left England, might have supplied some material anecdotes, and that farther information might have been procured from his companions in Westminster Hall, or on the Circuit; but my researches have had little success, and I am chiefly indebted to his correspondence for the information which I have been able to communicate.

In the arrangement of these materials, it was my wish, as far as possible, to make Sir William Jones describe himself; and with this view, I have introduced his letters into the body of the *Mémoires*. They develop his occupations, hopes, pursuits, and feelings; and although the narrative, from the introduction of them, may lose something in point of connection, this inconvenience, I flatter myself, will be more than compensated by the letters themselves. By this mode they will excite an interest, which they might have failed to produce, if the substance or subjects of them only had been interwoven into the narrative, with a reference to the letters themselves in the Appendix.

This arrangement has however imposed upon me the necessity of translating many of the letters of Sir William Jones and his learned correspondents, from the Latin or French, and I have endeavoured to give the sense of them in a plain familiar style. But I must

warn the reader, that he is to expect nothing more in these translations, and that those who are qualified to peruse the original letters of Sir William Jones, will find in them an elegance which I do not pretend to transfuse into my version of them. Some few sentences of the original letters have been purposely omitted in the translation, and many passages of the originals themselves have been suppressed.

The Latin letters of Sir William Jones are printed in the Appendix, and with respect to them it is further proper to observe, that in consequence of interlineations, corrections, erasures, and mutilation from time, I could not always ascertain the exact words which he ultimately adopted. In such cases I have been compelled to exercise my own judgment, and I desire the reader to notice this remark, lest any inaccuracy of mine should be imputed to a man, who was equally qualified to guide the taste of the elegant, and correct the errors of the learned.

To elucidate the life, occupations, and opinions of Sir William Jones, was the principal object which I had in view, in the selection of the letters now presented to the public; some have been inserted, as calculated in my opinion to afford entertainment to the reader. I am very sensible that many of these letters relate to topics not generally interesting: engaged in literary pursuits from his earliest youth, extending and cultivating them with ardour during his life, and never losing sight of them under any accumulation



lation of business, the letters of Sir William Jones necessarily refer to habits so dear to him, and so long established; and I must request the reader to carry this remark with him, to the perusal of his correspondence throughout, and particularly of the letters written by him in Bengal, which frequently relate to Indian literature, as well as to subjects and occupations peculiar to that country.

The Memoirs and Appendix contain some original compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not hitherto been published; they are not of equal importance with those, of which the public are in possession; there are still more, which I have not ventured to print.

It would have been easy to have enlarged the size of this volume, but having no ambition to extend it beyond its proper limits, I have confined myself as closely as I could to the object of it, that of elucidating the life and opinions of Sir William Jones. With this rule constantly in my recollection, I have avoided dissertations on the events of the times; the notice which I have taken of characters incidentally mentioned, is brief and explanatory only; and I have suppressed many observations, which would have added more to the bulk of the Memoirs, than to the information or entertainment of the reader.

I have now given such explanation on the subject of the Memoirs, as appeared to me necessary; but I cannot conclude the  
Preface,

Preface, without mentioning some information which materially affects an important passage in the 367th page of the Memoirs, and which I received from Bengal, long after it had been printed.

The passage alluded to, is stated to be an exact translation from one of the mythological books of the Hindûs; it first appeared in a note annexed by Sir William Jones, to an *Essay on Egypt and the Nile*, in the 3d vol. of the Asiatic Researches, by Lieutenant (now Captain) Wilford, and relates to *Noah* (under the designation of *Satyavrata*) and his three sons.

Captain Wilford has since had the mortification and regret to discover, that he was imposed upon by a learned Hindû, who assisted his investigations, that the *Purana*, in which he *actually* and *carefully* read the passage which he communicated to Sir William Jones, as an extract from it, does *not* contain it, and that it was interpolated by the dextrous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured, and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which having served this purpose, was afterwards withdrawn.

The uncommon anxiety of Captain Wilford to re-examine all the authorities quoted in his essay, led to the detection of the imposition, and he immediately determined to publish it to the world, in another essay which he was then preparing, and which I understand to be now printing in Bengal. To guard against the effects of any accident which might prevent the execution of this determination,

nation, he communicated the circumstance to his friends, that it might eventually be made known to the public, and in the explanation now submitted to them, I only anticipate the solicitude of Captain Wilford, to expose the imposition which has been practised on him\*.

It.

\* The particulars of the imposition practised upon him by the *pandit*, whom he employed in making extracts from the books of the Hindûs, are detailed by Captain Wilford, in the introduction to a work now printing in Bengal, under the title of *AN ESSAY ON THE SACRED ISLES IN THE WEST, WITH OTHER ESSAYS CONNECTED WITH THAT WORK*.

In the course of collating the Sanscrit authorities quoted or referred to, in this *Essay*, he discovered some discolorations in the manuscripts, which led to suspicions of deception, which examination fully verified. The discovery naturally excited an apprehension, that a similar imposition had been practised upon him, with respect to his former *Essay on Egypt and the Nile*, and he had the mortification to find it well grounded. His first step was to inform his friends of it, either verbally, or by letters, that he might secure at least the credit of the first disclosure.

“The forgeries of the *pandit*, (Captain Wilford observes,) were of three kinds: in the first, a word or two only was altered. In the second, were such legends, as had undergone a more material alteration; and in the third, all those which he had written from memory.

“With regard to those of the first class, when he found that I was resolved to make a collation of the manuscript, he began to adulterate and disfigure his own manuscript, mine, and the manuscripts of the college, by erasing the original name of the country, and putting that of *Egypt* or of *Swetam* in its place.

“To prevent my detecting those of the second class, which were not numerous, but of the greatest importance in their nature, (and as books in India are not bound as in Europe, and every leaf is loose,) he took out one or two leaves, and substituted others with an adulterous legend. In books of some antiquity, it is not uncommon to see a few new leaves inserted in the room of others that were wanting.

“To conceal the more numerous impositions of the third class, he had the patience to write two voluminous sections, supposed to belong, one to the *Scanda-Purana*, and the other to the *Bramânda*, in which he connected all the legends together, in the usual style  
“of

In the 325th page of the Memoirs, the reader will find mention of an unsuccessful attempt of the Hindûs, to impose upon Sir William Jones, a forged Sanscrit book on oaths.

The same sagacity which detected the fraud in this instance, might have discovered the forgery of the pundit employed by Mr. Wilford, if the original document had been submitted to the inspection of Sir William Jones. In this country the fabrications of a Chatterton, escaped for a season, the penetration of the learned and acute.

In the Postscript to the Memoirs, I have omitted to mention in its proper place, that a monument was erected at Oxford to the memory of Sir William Jones, by a subscription of the gentlemen residing in Bengal, who had received their education at the university there and at Cambridge. The inscription on the elegant

“ of the Puranas. These two sections, as he wrote them, consist of no less than 12,000 *slokas* or lines, the title of which he borrowed.”

The above is an extract from Mr. Wilford's Essay, and affords a remarkable though not a singular instance of industry and ingenuity in literary forgeries. I shall only add, from the same Essay, the following lines immediately applicable to the passage which has occasioned my remarks.

“ A few instances of the impositions of my pandit, will exemplify his mode of proceeding. The first is a legend of the greatest importance, and is said to be extracted “ from the *Padma*. It contains the history of *Noah* and his three sons, and is written “ in a masterly style. But unfortunately there is not a word of it to be found in *that* “ *Purana*. It is however mentioned, though in less explicit terms, in many Puranas, “ and the pandit took particular care in pointing out to me several passages, which more “ or less confirmed this interesting legend.”

monument executed by Flaxman, at the expense of Lady Jones, and placed in the anti-chamber to the Chapel of University College, Oxford, is annexed to the Preface.

It has frequently been remarked, that the characters of very eminent men cannot be closely examined without a considerable diminution of the respect, which their general fame has excited.

From whatever source this remark may have proceeded, or to whatever degree of truth it may be entitled, I cannot but express a solicitude, that it may derive no confirmation from the work now presented to the public. Impressed with admiration, respect, and esteem for the memory of Sir William Jones, whether I contemplate his genius, his learning, or his virtues, I wish to transfer my own feelings to the minds of my readers; but whilst I distrust my own efforts, I am equally anxious to guard against extravagant expectations in them, and any want of discernment in myself.

TEIGNMOUTH.

## M. S.

GVLIELMI . JONES . EQVITIS . AVRATI,  
QVI . CLARVM . IN . LITERIS . NOMEN . A . PATRE . ACCEPTVM,  
MAGNA . CVMVLAVIT . GLORIA,  
INGENIVM . IN . ILLO . ERAT . SCIENTIARVM . OMNIVM . CAPAX,  
DISCIPLINISQVE . OPTIMIS . DILIGENTISSIMÈ . EXCVLTVM,  
ERAT . INDOLES . AD . VIRTVTÈM . EXIMIA,  
ET . IN . IVSTITIA . LIBERTATE . RELIGIONE . VINDICANDA,  
MAXIMÈ . PROBATA.  
QVICQVID . AVTEM . VTILE . VEL . HONESTVM  
CONSILII . EXEMPTO . AVCTORITATE . VIVVS . PROMOVERAT,  
ID . OMNE . SCRIPTIS . SVIS . IMMORTALIBVS,  
ETIAM . NVNC . TVETVR . ATQVE . ORNAT.  
PRÆSTANTISSIMVM . HVNC . VIRVM,  
CVM . A . PROVINCIA . BENGALA,  
VBI . IVDICIS . INTEGERRIMI . MVNVS  
PER . DECENNIVM . OBIERAT,  
REDITVM . IN . PATRIAM . MEDITARETVR,  
INGRVENTIS . MORBI . VIS . OPPRESSIT,  
IX . KAL . IVN . A . C . MDCCLXXXIII . ÆT . XLVIII.  
VT . QVIBVS . IN . ÆDIBVS  
IPSE . OLIM . SOCIVS . INCLARVISSET,  
IN . IISDEM . MEMORIA . EIVS . POTISSIMVM . CONSERVARETVR,  
HONORARIVM . HOC . MONVMENTVM,  
ANNA . MARIA . FILIA . JONATHAN . SHIPLEY . EPIS . ASAPH.  
CONIVGI . SVO . B . M.

P . C.

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**NOTE.**—The originals of the Latin and French letters, of which translations are inserted in the *Memours*, will be found in the *Appendix*, by referring to the number annexed to the translation.

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**MEMOIRS**

Appendix. A.

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*The Design of "Britain Discovered," an Heroic Poem, in Twelve Books,*  
BY WILLIAM JONES.

Ne carminē quidem ludere contrarium fuerit: ideoque mihi videtur M. Tullius tantum intulisse eloquentiæ lumen, quod in hos quoque studiorum secessus excurrit.

Quintil. Instit. l. x. 5.

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*The Idea of an Epic Poem, at Spa, July 1770, Anno ætat. 23.*

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**BRITAIN DISCOVERED:**

A POEM.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

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THE DESIGN.

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THE first hint of this poem was suggested by a passage in a letter of Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, where having explained his intention in writing the Fairy Queen, he adds, that if he found his image of Prince Arthur, and the allegory of the twelve

twelve private virtues to be well accepted, he might, perhaps, be encouraged to frame the other part of political virtues in his person, after he came to be king. What Spenser never lived to perform, it is my design in some measure to supply, and in the short intervals of my leisure from the fatigues of the bar, to finish an heroic poem on the excellence of our Constitution, and the character of a perfect king of England.

When this idea first presented itself to my mind, I found myself obliged, though unwillingly, to follow the advice of Bossu, who insists, that a poet should choose his subject in the abstract, and then search in the wide field of universal history for a hero exactly fitted to his purpose. My hero was not easy to be found; for the story of King Arthur, which might have been excellent in the sixteenth century, has lost its dignity in the eighteenth; and it seemed below a writer of any genius to adopt entirely a plan chalked out by others; not to mention, that Milton had a design in his youth, of making Arthur his hero; that Dryden has given us a sketch of his intended poem on the same subject; and that even Blackmore had taken the same story; whose steps it were a disgrace to follow.

It only remains, therefore, to have recourse to allegory and tradition; and to give the poem a double sense; in the first of which, its subject is simply this, the discovery of our island by the Tyrian adventurers, who first gave it the name of Britain; in the second, or allegorical sense, it exhibits the character above mentioned, of a perfect king of this country,—a character the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents the danger to which a king of England must necessarily be exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues and great

great qualities with which he must be adorned. On the whole, *Britain Discovered*, is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his Country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign, and, that in all states, virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

A work of this nature might indeed have been written in prose, either in the form of a treatise, after the example of Aristotle, or of a dialogue, in the manner of Tully, whose six books on government are now unhappily lost; or perhaps in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, who has left us something of the same kind, in his idea of a patriot king: but as poetry has the allowed advantage over mere prose, of instilling moral precepts in a manner more lively and entertaining, it was thought proper to deliver the whole subject in regular measure, under the fiction of an heroic adventure.

The poem will be written in rhyme, like the translation of the *Iliad* by Pope, and of the *Eneid* by Dryden; since it has been found by experience, that the verses of those poets not only make a deeper impression on the mind, but are more easily retained in the memory, than blank verse, which must necessarily be too diffuse, and in general can only be distinguished from prose by the affectation of obsolete or foreign idioms, inversions, and swelling epithets, all tending to destroy the beauty of our language, which consists in a natural sweetness and unaffected perspicuity: not to insist that a writer who finds himself obliged to confine his sentiments

ments in a narrow circle, will be less liable to run into luxuriance, and more likely to attain that roundness of diction so justly admired by the ancients. As to the monotony which many people complain of in our English rhymes, that defect, which is certainly no small one, if we admit only those endings which are exactly similar, must be compensated by a judicious variation of the pauses, an artful diversity of modulation, and chiefly by avoiding too near a return of the same endings.

The machinery is taken partly from the Socratic doctrine of attendant spirits, or benevolent angels, like Thyrsis in the *Masque of Comus*; and partly from the Scriptural account of evil spirits worshipped in Asia, under the names of Baal, Astartè, Nisroc, Dagon, Mammon, Moloch, and in ancient Europe, where Cadmus introduced them under those of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Vulcan, Pluto. If any objection be made to these machines, they may be considered as allegorical, like Spenser's knights and paynims; the good spirits may be said to represent the virtues, and the evil ones the vices.

The action, or story of the piece, is raised upon the tradition before-mentioned, that the Phœnicians first discovered the island of Britain; but the rest must be wholly supplied by invention.

A prince of Tyre, therefore, whom we may name Britanus or Britan, shocked at the cruelty of his countrymen in sacrificing their prisoners to idols, and at their impiety in paying divine honours to evil spirits, had meditated a voyage to some distant coast; with which intent, pretending to prepare for an expedition against some rival nation, he had built a number of barques, and secured to his interests a company of enterprizing youths, but was doubtful whether he should direct his course, till his attendant spirit, Ramiel, appeared

appeared to him in a vision, commending his pious resolution, and advising him to seek a beautiful isle in the west, where, after a variety of dangers on earth and sea, he would reign in peace, and be the progenitor of a noble race, who would profess a true and benevolent religion, and excel all other nations in learning, arts, and valour. At the same time, the spirit shewed him the picture of a lovely nymph who then ruled the island, attended by damsels of her own nature. The prince, animated by this vision, and deeply enamoured with the idea of the nymph, who, in the allegorical sense, represents Liberty, left the coast of Phœnicia, and sailed towards Egypt.

These circumstances, being previous to the action, are not related till the second book: for, at the opening of the poem, after the usual introduction, the prince is brought with his companions to the mouth of the Nile; he lands, and advances towards the city of Memphis, but is met in a forest by Ramiel, in the shape of a venerable sage, who conducts him to the palace of the Egyptian king, where he sees the temple of science, the pyramids (then just begun), and other amazing edifices. After a splendid repast, he is desired to relate the motives of his voyage.—The subject of the next book has been already explained; but it will be diversified, like all the rest, with several speeches, descriptions, and episodes.—The third book begins with a consultation of the evil deities worshipped in Phœnicia; whose various characters are delineated. The debate is opened by Baal, who, in a furious speech, complains of the insult offered to their temples by the expedition of the Tyrians, and discourses with malignity on the future happiness of their descendants. Various stratagems are proposed, to obstruct their progress. At last, Astartè offers to allure the chief with the love of pleasure, Mammon to tempt him with riches; Dagon promises to attack his fleet, Nisroc to engage him in a desperate war, Moloch  
to

to assist his enemies by his enchantment, and Baal himself to subvert his government, by instilling into his mind a fondness of arbitrary power. In the mean while, the Tyrians are at sea, accompanied by Ramiel, who, in the character of a sage, had offered to conduct them; they are driven by a tempest back to Cyprus, where Astartè, in the shape of a beautiful princess, like the nymph before described, attempts to seduce the hero by all the allurements of voluptuousness, which he resists at length by the assistance of the guardian spirit, and leaves the island, where he had almost been induced to settle, mistaking it for the western isle described to him in his vision. — In the fourth book, after an invocation to the nymphs of Thames, the virgin Albina is represented conversing with her damsels in Albion;—her dream, and love of the Tyrian prince, whose image had been shewn to her in a rivulet by the Genius of the isle. The Phœnicians, landing in Crete, are received by Baal, who had taken the form of the Cretan king, and discourses to the prince in praise of tyranny, but is confuted by the sage.— The fifth book represents a nation in peace; a meeting, raised by the instigation of Baal, is appeased; arts, manufactures, and sciences begin to flourish. As the Tyrians sail along the coast of the Mediterranean, the sage, at the request of Britan, describes to him the state of Greece, Italy, and the Gauls, and relates rather obscurely, by way of prophecy, the future glory and decline of Athens and Rome. — The Phœnicians reach the streights, at the opening of the sixth book. The evil spirits assemble, and determine, since most of their stratagems had failed, to attack them by violence. Dagon raises a tempest and a great commotion in the elements, so that the whole fleet is covered with darkness: Ramiel encourages the prince, and, pretending to retire from danger on account of his age, summons a legion of genii, or benevolent angels, and engages the evil spirits in the air. Nisroc, in hopes of intimidating Britan, appears to him in all his horrors; the prince expostulates with him,  
and



and darts a javelin at the spirit, but is seized by Mammon, and carried in a cloud to a distant part of the globe; upon which, Ramiel, whose power may be supposed to be limited, and who might think that the virtue of the prince should be put to a severe trial, leaves him for a time, and flies, in his own shape, to the mansion of the beneficent genii. — The seventh book is wholly taken up with a description of the opposite hemisphere, to which the prince is conveyed by Mammon, whose palace and treasure are described; the Tyrian chief is almost tempted to desist from his enterprise, and to reside in America with the adorers of Mammon; — the inconveniences of an oligarchy displayed. The evil spirits being dispersed, light returns to the Tyrians, who find themselves in the ocean, but, missing their leader and the sage, dispute about the regency, and are on the point of separating; — the danger of anarchy: at length having an admiral and a commander, they land on the coast of Gaul, at the beginning of the eighth book: Nisroc incites the king of that country to attack them; hence is deduced the origin of the national enmity between the English and French. The guardian spirits assemble; their speeches; the genius of Albion proposes to conduct Albina to the palace of Mammon, in order to rouse the hero from his inactivity. — In the ninth book, the war in Gaul is supported with alternate success, and various heroes distinguish themselves on both sides by their valour or virtue. Moloch contrives an enchanted valley between the Gallic city and the Phœnician camp, which distresses the Tyrians extremely, who, despairing of the prince's return, are encouraged and assisted by Ramiel. — In the tenth book, the genius appears to Albina, relates to her the situation of Britain, and passes with her disguised like young warriors, through the centre of the earth; they rise on a sudden in the gardens of Mammon, and discover themselves to the prince, who returns with them to Europe. — The malevolent spirits, thus baffled in all their attempts, debate, in the eleventh book,

book, upon taking more vigorous measures, and resolve to hazard a decisive battle with the guardian angels. The war in Gaul continued ; a bloody combat ; the Tyrians put to flight : Britan and Albina appear and rally them ; the evil deities defeated ; Gaul subdued ; the Phœnicians pass the enchanted valley. — In the last book, the victorious army march along the coast of France, till they discern the rocks of Albion ; upon which, they embark and cross the channel, attended by the invisible genii, who sit in the sails. The nuptials of Britan, who gives his name to the island, with Albina, that is, in the more hidden sense, of royalty with liberty. The Tyrians choose their brides among the other nymphs. Ramiel conducts the king and queen of Britain to the top of a high mountain, since called Dover Cliff, whence he shews them the extent of their empire, points to its different rivers, forests, and plains, foretels its future glory, and, having resumed his celestial form, flies to heaven ; the hero and nymph descend from the mountain astonished and delighted.

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### BRITAIN DISCOVERED.

#### BOOK I.

THE daring chief who left the Tyrian shore,  
 And, led by angels, durst new seas explore,  
 Commands my boldest strain. Thro' dire alarms,  
 The shock of tempests, and the clash of arms,  
 He sought the main where blissful Albion lay,  
 And, heav'n-defended, took his anxious way.  
 Tho' air-born fiends his wand'ring fleet assail'd,  
 With impious rage ; yet love and truth prevail'd.

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## BRITAIN DISCOVERED:

## HEROIC POEM.

## THE ARGUMENTS.

## BOOK I.

THE *Phœnicians* having landed near *Tartessus*, are unkindly received by the natives; their leader, *BRITAN*, sends *Phœnix* and *Hermion*, as his ambassadors, to the king of *Iberia*, who treats them with indignity, rejects the proffered union, and commands them to leave his coast. In the mean time, the prince of *Tyre* wanders, to meditate on his destined enterprise, into a forest; where his attendant spirit appears to him in the character of a *Druid*, warns him of approaching dangers, and exhorts him to visit in disguise the court of king *Lusus*: he consents; is conducted to the banks of the *Tagus*, with a harp and oak-leaf garland; and is hospitably entertained by the sovereign of *Lusitania*, who prevails on him to relate the history of his life and fortunes. The narrative begins from his vision of *ALBIONE* in the groves of *Tyre*, and his consultation of the *Memphian* sages, to his arrival in *Greece*. He visits *Dino*, his father's sister, then employed in building *Carthage*: A debate between *Phœnix* and the *Carthaginian* chiefs on the best possible form of government.

## BOOK II.

The gods of INDIA convened on Mount *Cailás*, by *Rudra* or *Mahádéva*, the power of destruction; their numbers, characters, attributes, and attendants. The goddess *Gangá* announces the views and voyage of the *Tyrian* hero; expresses her apprehensions of his ultimate success, but advises the most vehement opposition to him; declaring, that his victory will prove the origin of a wonderful nation, who will possess themselves of her banks, profane her waters, mock the temples of the *Indian* divinities, appropriate the wealth of their adorers, introduce new laws, a new religion, a new government, insult the *Bráhmens*, and disregard the sacred ordinances of *Brihmá*. After a solemn debate, it is agreed to exert all their powers, and to begin with obstructing the passage of the *Phœnician* fleet into the *Atlantic*, by hurling a vast mountain into the straits; they proceed immediately to a variety of hostile machinations.

## BOOK III.

The narrative of *Britan* continued, with a description of the *Grecian* islands, of the *Italian* and *Gallic* shores, and closed with an account of the tempest that compelled him to land on the coast of *Iberia*. The king of *Lusitania*, foreseeing the future greatness of the prince, secretly envies him, but promises friendly aid in private, assigning reasons for his inability to give open succour. *Britan* departs, and proceeds toward *Gaul*, in order to view the channel and beautiful isle, that were destined to perpetuate his name.

## BOOK IV.

The hero, still disguised, and attended by his tutelary genius, travels to the coast of *Gaul*; learns that the king of that country, *GALLUS*, invited by an embassy from *Iberia*, and instigated by the

the HINDU god of battles, had resolved to concur in extirpating the *Phanicians*; and is apprised, that the *Tartessians* had actually assailed the works which his army had raised. On this, he returns with incredible celerity; while the benignant genii or spirits, permitted to attend on favoured mortals, hold a splendid convention in the *Empyrean*.

## BOOK V.

War is begun in form, and various actions of heroes are related; the *Indian* gods intermix in fight, and are opposed by the guardian spirits, *Tartessus* taken by storm: in a council of *Tyrian* chiefs, it is proposed by *Lelex*, to leave the coast victorious, and sail instantly to *Albion*; but the impracticability of that plan is evinced by a messenger, who announces the sudden obstruction of the ships. *Britan* then proposes, as a measure distressful but necessary, to pursue their course with vigour through *Iberia* and *Gaul*; that, if conquered, they might perish gloriously; if conquerors, might seize the hostile galleys, and in them pass the channel. The proposal is received with bursts of applause, and the *Phanician* troops are drawn out in complete array.

## BOOK VI.

Various exploits and events in battle. The actions of *Indra*, god of air, with his seven evil genii; of *Rama*, *Belabādra*, *Nared*, and *Cartic*. The *Tyrians*, in deep distress, apply to *Lusus*, who assists them coldly. The *Celts* are every-where successful; and the *Gallic* fleet covers the bay.

## BOOK VII.

The guardian spirit prepares the nymph *Albione* for prosperous events; encourages *Britan*, but announces imminent perils; then leaves him on pretence of assisting at certain *Druidical* rites, A terrible

terrible combat in the air; and at the straits, between the opposing gods and the tutelary angels; the mountain is rent from the mouth of the straits, and becomes a floating island, which, being fixed, has the name of *Madera*, and is given to *Lusus*. The *Phenician* fleet having been with difficulty preserved from the *Agyastra*, or fiery darts of *Mahésa*, sails triumphantly into the *Atlantic*, after a surprising retreat of the army under the conduct of *Britan*.

## BOOK VIII.

The *Druid* returns with a relation of oracular answers in the *Celtic* temples, concerning the destiny of *Albion*, and the *Atlantides*, or New World: the future *American* war and the defence of *Gibraltar* by different names, are obscurely shadowed in the prediction. An obstinate naval fight; in which, *BRITAN* is wounded by an arrow of fire, but protected and carried from the fleet by his attendant angel.

## BOOK IX.

The genius transports *Britan* to the isle of *Albion*; which is described by its mountains, vales, and rivers; then uninhabited; except by nymphs and beings of a superior order. The palace and gardens of *Albione*; who completes the cure of her lover, and acquiesces in his return to the army; having first, at his request, told her own adventures, and related the separation of her island from the coast of *Gaul*.

## BOOK X.

The *Gallic* army arrayed: the actions of their chiefs. A variety of distress involves the *Tyrians* by sea and land; they are driven to their works, and enclosed on both sides; until their prince appearing suddenly among them, rouses their courage, and performs the most heroic achievements, by which the scale of success is completely

pletely turned. This book contains a number of events and episodes; among them is the death and funeral of MELCART, the *Tyrian Hercules*.

## BOOK XI.

The *Indian* deities invite those of *Tyre* and *Syria* to co-operate with them; prophesying darkly the invasion of their empire by the *Croisaders*; they excuse themselves, equally averse to the *Gauls* and to all the nations of *Europe*. A final conflict; and a complete victory in every element by the *Phœnicians* over *Gallus* and *Iberus*, and by the protecting, oyer the malignant spirits. The victors land in *Albion*, since called *Britain*, on the coast of *Hama*, now *Hampshire*; a description of the triumph, entertainments, and sports.

## BOOK XII.

The nuptials of *Britan* and *Albione*, or, allegorically, of *Royalty* and *Liberty* united in the constitution of *England*. The attending *Druid*, appearing in his own form and in all his splendour, predicts the glories of the country, and its disasters; but animates, rather than alarms, the hero and nymph, whom he consoles, whenever he afflicts them; he recommends the government of the *Indians* by their own laws. He then flies, his object being attained, to the celestial regions; they apply themselves to the regulation of their domain and the happiness of their subjects.

The discovery of the *BRITISH* Isles by the *Tyrians*, is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Diodorus*, and *Pliny*; and proved as well by the *Phœnician* monuments found in *IRELAND*, as by the affinity between the *Irish* and *Punic* languages. *NEWTON* places this event about the *Eight-hundred-eighty-third* year before *CHRIST*, and in the *twenty-first* after the taking of *TROY*.

## BOOK I.

GENIUS, or Spirit, or tutelary Power  
 Of virtue-loving Heav'n, yet uninvok'd  
 By prophet rapt, or bard in hallow'd shades  
 To grace his native minstrelsy, though oft  
 Thy cares for BRITAIN, thy celestial aid  
 Grateful her sons have mark'd; if e'er thou ledst  
 Her glitt'ring ranks unmatch'd o'er hostile fields,  
 Or, when her navies hui'd dismay through GAUL  
 Pointedst their light'ning, and on some bright morn  
 Satst like an eagle plum'd with victory,  
 Oh! fill this glowing bosom, whilst I sing  
 Her charms, her glories, and thy love divine.

What Chief, what Sage, what Hero, train'd by  
 To wisdom, first on this delightful isle  
 Struck his advent'rous prow? That sacred form  
 Of state, self-balanc'd, harmony sublime,  
 Freedom with sov'reignty in sweet accord,  
 Who constituted first? The Prince of TYRE  
 Long wand'ring, long depress'd, yet e'er impell'd  
 Right onward, till fair triumph bless'd his toils,  
 By godlike worth and beauty's heav'nly charm.

Now were his light-oar'd galleys tempest-tost  
 To rich TARTESSUS, on the far-sought shore  
 Of that proud realm, where BÆTIS, ample flood,  
 Rush'd o'er the manors of IBERUS old,  
 Fam'd for the laughing sheaf, the silky fleece,  
 And many-cluster'd vine; not fam'd her sons  
 For meek deportment, or the soothing voice



Of hospitality, and reception mild  
In sure abode, to strangers visitant.

From BOOK VII.

As *Tibetan* mountains rise  
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,  
From *Himola*, below the point far seen  
Of *Chumaluri*, to more lofty steeps,  
*Cambala* vast, then loftier without bound,  
Till sight is dimm'd, thought maz'd ; the traveller  
Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,  
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough crags proceeds :  
Thus on the beech, now died with horrid gore,  
Warrior o'er warrior tow'ring, arms on arms,  
Dire series, press'd ; one slain, the next more fierce,  
Assail'd the *Tyrian* : he his falchion keen  
Relax'd not, but still cloth'd its edge with death,  
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd ; stung, not appall'd.

## Appendix. B.

A

*PREFATORY DISCOURSE*

TO

## AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

THERE is no people in Europe, which has raised the terror, and excited the curiosity of the Christian world more than the *Turks*; nor any, I believe, of whose true genius and manners we have so imperfect a notion; for though a great number of travellers, and among them several excellent men, have from time to time published their observations on various parts of the *Turkish* empire, yet few of them, as it evidently appears, understood the languages that are spoken in it, without which their knowledge could not fail of being very superficial and precarious.

It has generally happened, that the persons who have resided among the *Turks*, and who, from their skill in the *Eastern* dialects, have been best qualified to present us with an exact account of that nation, were either confined to a low sphere of life, or engaged

gaged in views of interest, and but little addicted to polite letters or philosophy; while they, who, from their exalted stations and refined taste for literature, have had both the opportunity and inclination of penetrating into the secrets of *Turkish* policy, were totally ignorant of the language used at *Constantinople*, and consequently were destitute of the sole means by which they might learn, with any degree of certainty, the sentiments and prejudices of so singular a people: for the *Mahometans*, naturally ignorant and reserved to men of our religion, will disclose their opinions to those only who have gained their confidence by a long intimacy with them, and the Greek subjects, who have a just detestation of their oppressors, can hardly be supposed to speak of them with tolerable candour. As to the generality of interpreters, we cannot expect from men of their condition any depth of reasoning, or acuteness of observation; if mere words are all they profess, mere words must be all they can pretend to know.

It may therefore be given as a general rule, that no writer can exhibit a just picture of the manners of any people, who has not either conversed familiarly with all ranks of them for a considerable time, or, by a more tedious process, extracted their sentiments from the books that are written in their language; and it is equally true, that the justest description of the *Asiatic* manners must necessarily be given by those, who, besides a complete acquaintance with *Oriental* literature, have had the advantage of a long residence in the *East*; for which reason, the most authentic account of a *Mahometan* nation, that ever was published, is that of the *Persians* by the traveller *Chardin*, who not only had the most familiar intercourse for many years with the greatest men in *Ispahan*, but was perfectly acquainted with the *Persian* histories and poems, from which he has given us many beautiful extracts.

We

We have great reason to regret, that no relation of equal authority, has been written on the manners of the *Turks*; for among the many narratives on that subject which have been presented to the public, there are very few that can be recommended to a sensible reader. There are indeed some works in the languages of *Europe*, from which, as from so many copious sources, we may draw a variety of real knowledge on this head; and it will not be improper in this discourse to give a list of them, with a few remarks on each, before I proceed to mention the *Eastern* books, both printed and in manuscript, from which the materials of the following essay were taken. This seems to me a more reasonable, and less ostentatious method of producing my authorities, than to fill every page with useless quotations, and references to sections or chapters, which few readers will take the pains to consult.

One of the most ancient, and perhaps the most agreeable of these works, comprises the *four epistles of BUSBEC* on his embassy to *Soliman the Second*, and his *oration on a plan for supporting a vigorous war against the Turks*; in all which pieces, his diction is extremely polished and elegant, his observations judicious, his account of public facts indisputably true, and his anecdotes tolerably authentic: but by neglecting to make himself a complete master of the *Turkish* language, or by his long confinement at *Constantinople*, he omitted an opportunity of conversing with the finest writers and ablest scholars, whom the *Othman* empire ever produced, and whose beautiful compositions added a lustre to the reign of *Soliman*.

The *Turkish* articles in the vast compilation of *M. D'HERBELOR*, are of the highest authority, since he drew them from a number of *Eastern* manuscripts, many of which were composed by *Turks* themselves, who had at least as fair a chance of knowing *their own man-*

*ners and opinions*, as any *European* whatever. It is not possible to be too lavish in the praises of that excellent work, which has the uncommon merit of being no less agreeable than learned; and though it is disposed according to the order of the alphabet, yet it is so judiciously contrived by the help of references, that with all the convenience of a dictionary, it may be read for the most part like a regular treatise.

The *History of Timúr* or *Tamerlane*, written originally in *Arabic*, by a native of *Damascus*, and translated into *French* by *M. Vattier*, deserves to be credited, as far as it relates to the conquests of that hero in the *Lower Asia*, and to his war with the sultan *Bayazid the First*, who was forced by the *Tartars* to raise the siege of *Constantinople*. The actions of *Timúr* are related at large in this elegant work, which displays a faithful and interesting picture of the *Asiatic* manners in the *fourteenth century*; the author of it was contemporary with the *Tartarian* warrior, and was eye-witness of the principal facts which he records.

The *Tales of the forty Visirs*, translated by *M. de la Croix*, are also undoubtedly authentic; and though they are very inelegant, and in some parts trifling, yet upon the whole they are ingenious, and shew in some degree the turn of mind of the people for whom they were invented; but the most useful translation of a *Turkish* book that has yet appeared, is that in *Italian*, of an admirable history by the Mufí SAADEDIN, which reaches indeed no lower than the reign of *Selim the First*; but for the beauty of its composition, and the richness of its matter, may be compared with the finest historical pieces in the languages of *Europe*.

It will seem ridiculous to place a *Turkish dictionary* among these authorities; but it is certainly true, that *the great repository of Eastern*

*Eastern learning, compiled by MENINSKI*, contains not only the clearest explanation of common words, and proper names, but exhibits the most exact specimens of the colloquial expressions and forms of speech used by the *Turks*; and a judicious writer will not fail to observe the minutest phrases, or even the commonest proverbs of a nation whom he intends to describe, since they sometimes comprise an allusion to local customs, and often include some maxim or received opinion, which may serve to set the character of the people in a striking light. It is a remark of Mr. *Pope*, in answer to a line of Lord *Hervey*, that *a dictionary, which gives us any thing but words, must be not only an expensive, but a very extravagant one*; yet, methinks if a dictionary can be found, which is *not very expensive, nor very extravagant*, it cannot reasonably be censured for giving us a little *real knowledge* as well as *words*.

*The History of the Turks* by the prince \* *CANTEMIR*, far surpasses, in authority and method, every work on the same subject in any *European*,

\* It will give me pleasure to pay a small tribute in this place to the memory of that excellent man, by vindicating his character from the very unjust and groundless charges of *M. de Voltaire*, who allows indeed, that he possessed the united talents of the ancient *Greeks*, a taste for polite letters, and a skill in the art of war. He adds, this *Cantemir* was supposed to be a descendant of *Timúr*, known by the name of *Tamerlane*, because *Timur* and *Temur* sound nearly alike, and because the title of *Kan*, which *Tamerlane* bore, is found in the name of *Cantemir*. Now the truth is, that the syllable *Cán* is not كان *khán*, a title of honour, but كان *kán*, blood; and the words *Timúr*, or *Temír*, are used indifferently in the *Turkish* language for *Demir*, that is *iron*, which was the precise meaning of *Tamerlane's* true name: so that *Cantemir* literally signifies *the blood of Timur*; and the propriety of this name was confirmed by a *Tartarian* chief, who assured *Demetrius*, that a prince of his nation, lineally descended from *Tamerlane*, had married a Christian woman, from whom the family of the *Cantemirs* had their origin. But, continues the *French* historian, whatever might be the lineage of *Cantemir*, he owed all his fortune to the *Turkish* court; and was no sooner invested in his principality of *Moldavia*, than he betrayed the sultan, his benefactor, to the *Russian* emperor, from whom

*European* dialect. He was educated at *Constantinople*, and acquainted from his earliest youth with the genius and manners of the *Turks*; and as he was eminently skilled in the *Arabic*, *Persian*, and *Turkish* languages, he was enabled to draw his knowledge of their

whom he had hopes of greater gain the *Czar*, he adds, relying on his promises, advanced in the month of June to the banks of the river *Hierasus*, or the *Pruth*, where, by depending on *Cantemur*, he met the same hardships, that his rival *Charles* had suffered at *Pultava* by having trusted to *Mazeppa*. It must have cost this ingenious writer some pains to have croured so many errors into so few words. *Cantemur* inherited an ample fortune from his father, and lived at *Constantinople* in a splendid retreat, where he amused himself with building palaces near the *Bosphorus*, and adorning them with the finest remains of old *Grecian* sculpture, that could be procured; while he was engaged in these, and other agreeable pursuits, *Brancovan*, prince of *Valachia*, was accused of holding a secret correspondence with the *Czar*, and *Cantemur*, who accepted, much against his inclination, the title of *Prince of Moldavia*, was sent by the *Turkish* court with orders to seize the person of the rebel. As his revenues were not sufficient to support his new dignity without some indulgence from the court, the sultan promised to dispense with his paying the usual fine\* upon his investiture, and to defray the additional expences that he might incur on account of the war; but the prince had no sooner reached the capital of *Moldavia*, than he received orders from the ministers to remit without delay the fines due to the sultan and the visir, to collect provisions for an army of sixty thousand *Turks*; to complete the bridge over the *Danube*, and to march in person towards *Bender* before the festival of *St. George*. The prince, on receiving these commands, with which it was not in his power to comply, resolved to join the *Czar*, and was of signal service to him, as it appeared by the great regard, which that monarch professed for him till the hour of his death. The distress of *Peter* was owing to his dependence on the promises of *Brancovan*, who had engaged to supply the *Russians* with provisions, yet remained an idle spectator of their calamity, till their camp was threatened with a famine. Thus, one of the finest writers of our age accuses a generous and amiable prince of ingratitude, avarice, and perfidy, merely for the sake of comparing him with *Mazeppa*, and of drawing a parallel between the conduct of *Charles XII.* and *Peter I.*; and he deserves still more to be censured, for deviating knowingly from the truth, since it appears from some parts of his *General History*, that he had read the works of *Cantemur*, and admired his character. See the *Life of Charles XII.* book v., and the *History of the Russian Empire*, vol. II. chap. II.

\* Called by the *Turks* پشکش pishkesh.

affairs from the fountain-head; for which reason, if his narrative were not rather too succinct; and if he had dwelt somewhat longer on the subject of the *Eastern* government and literature, or had unfolded all the causes of the greatness and decline of the *Othman* empire, his work would have been complete, and my present attempt entirely superfluous. As to his piece, considered as a literary performance, it contains all the qualities which *Tully* lays down as necessary to constitute a perfect history\*: nothing is asserted in it that has the appearance of falsehood; nor any essential thing omitted that has the least colour of truth; there is no reason to suspect the writer either of partiality or disaffection; the order of time is accurately preserved, and the description of remarkable places frequently inserted; the author gives his judgment, openly, on the counsels of kings and generals; he relates the circumstances of every memorable act; and shews both the causes and consequences of every important event: with regard to the persons, he describes the lives and characters not only of the sultans, but of all the eminent men who bore a considerable share in the great transactions of the nation; and he dresses the whole piece in an easy, natural, and flowing style, without affecting any merit, but that of clearness; except where, for the sake of variety, he drops a few flowery expressions in the Oriental manner. To which may be added, (a qualification that *Cicero* seems to have omitted in the passage just referred to,) that he has made his work extremely agreeable, and has infused into it that exquisite charm†, so necessary in all finished compositions, which makes the reader leave it unwillingly, and return to it with eagerness. It is almost needless to say, after this just encomium, that *CANTEMIR's* history renders the compilations of *Knolles* and *Rycart* entirely useless; though both of those works

\* Cicero de Oratore, ii. 15.

† Φίλτρον καλὸν ὄργανον, as the Greeks called it.



are well written, and the former even elegantly for the age in which the author lived: yet I must do them the justice to acknowledge, that I have borrow'd several hints from them, though I could not make any positive assertion upon their authority, 'as they were both ignorant of the *Turkish* language; and since a very sensible writer observes even of *Plutarch*, that though he was supposed to have resided in *Rome* near forty years at different times, yet he seems never to have acquired a sufficient skill in the *Roman* language to qualify himself for the compiler of a *Roman* history, the same objection may certainly be made to the two historians above mentioned, one of whom spent most of his time in a college, and the other, though he resided many years in *Turkey*, was forced to converse with the *Turks* by the help of an interpreter.

The letters of a lady, famed for her wit and fine taste, are in every body's hands; and are highly estimable, not only for the purity of the style, and the liveliness of the sentiments; but for the curious picture they give of the *Turkish* manners in the present age, and particularly of the women of rank at *Constantinople*, whose apartments could not be accessible to a common traveller.

The author of *Observations on the Government and Manners of the Turks* had, from his residence in their metropolis, and the distinguished part that he bore in it, an opportunity of inspecting their customs, and forming a just idea of their character. It is a singular pleasure to me to find many of my sentiments confirmed by the authority of so judicious a writer; nor do I despair, if this essay should fall into his hands, of giving him a more favourable opinion of the *Turkish* language, which he supposes to be formed of the very dregs of the *Persian and Arabian tongues*; and a higher notion of

the *Persian* poetry, which, he observes, it is almost impossible, as far as he can find, for the best translator to convert even into common sense.

But the latest, and, perhaps, the most curious publication on the subject of the *Turks*, was, *A Treatise on Tactics*, written in *Turkish*, in the year 1731, and translated two years ago by a foreign nobleman, who added to it *a very sensible preface, and learned notes*. It was the object of this little work to recommend to the *Othman* court the military discipline of the *Christians*, and to display the advantage of that artful disposition of their troops, by which the timorous and suspected men are put under a necessity of fighting, even against their will; a disposition, which *Hannibal*, and other great masters in the art of war, have followed with success, and which, if we believe *Homer*, was even as ancient as the siege of *Troy*:

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd;  
 The foot, the strength of war, he rang'd behind;  
 The middle space, suspected troops supply,  
 Enclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly.

POPE'S *Iliad*, iv. 342.

The whole treatise is entertaining and instructive; and though it is very imperfect, and often erroneous where the *Christians* are mentioned, yet it supplied me with many important lights, in my enquiry concerning, *the causes of the greatness and decline of the Turkish empire*.

These are the principal works in the languages of *Europe*, that have fallen into my hands, on the same subject with the following

*Essay*; and, though I have borrowed very freely from them all, yet by making this general acknowledgment of my obligations to them, I obviate, I think, any objection that can be made on that head, and cannot justly be reputed a plagiarist, if to the passages taken from others, I add a series of remarks peculiar to myself. I very soon desisted from my search after the other books on the Turkish affairs, in the *French* and *Italian* languages; for, after having run over a great number of them, I found them to contain little more than the same facts, which are related more elegantly by the above-mentioned authors, with the addition of some idle fables and impertinent projects. As to the *Greek* writers of the *Byzantine* history, who have given us an account of the *Turks*, it was the less necessary to examine them with attention, as *Knolles* seems to have reduced them to their quintessence; and indeed, the generality of those historians were more attentive to the harmony of their periods, and the beauty of their expressions, than either to the truth of the facts which they related, or to the solidity of the remarks deduced from them. They were no longer those excellent *Greeks*, whose works remain to this age, as a perfect example of the noblest sentiments delivered, in the purest style: they seemed to think, that fine writing consisted in a florid exuberance of words, and that, if they pleased the ear, they were sure to satisfy the heart: they even knowingly corrupted the *Asiatic* names, to give them a more agreeable sound\*, by which they have led their successors into a number of ridiculous errors, and have given their histories the air of a romance.

Before I proceed to the books, which the *Turks* themselves have written on their own affairs, it will be necessary to make a digression.

\* Thus they changed *Togrul Beg* into *Tangrolipix*, and *Azzo'ddin* † into *Azatinc*.

عز الدين the strength of religion.

on their *literature* in general, lest the opinion which most men entertain of the *Turkish ignorance*, should induce some of them to suspect the authority of these works, or even to doubt of their existence.

It is a ridiculous notion, then, which prevails among us, that *ignorance is a principle of the Mohammedan religion*, and that the *Korant* instructs the *Turks* not to be instructed. I have heard many sensible men inveighing against the mean policy of *Mohammed*, who they say commanded his followers to be ignorant, lest they should one day or other learn that he had imposed upon them. There is not a shadow of truth in this: *Mohammed* not only permitted but advised his people to apply themselves to learning. He says expressly in his strange book, where there are many fine ideas mixed with a heap of rubbish, *that the man who has knowledge for his portion, has received a valuable gift*; and among his sayings, which were preserved by his intimate friends, and are now considered as authentic, there are several which recommend learning in the strongest terms; as, *the ink of the learned and the blood of martyrs are of equal value in heaven, and learning is permitted to all believers both male and female*; not to mention that precept of his, which is well known, *Seek learning, though it wert in China*.

There would be no end of quoting all the striking expressions of this singular man, and the ablest professors of his religion, in praise of knowledge and letters; indeed, we all know, no modern nation was ever more addicted to learning of every kind than the *Arabians*; they cultivated some branches of science with great success, and brought their language to a high degree of clearness and precision; a proof that they had not only men of taste, but even many philosophers among them; for, that language will always be most clear and precise, in which most works of real philosophy have been written.

written. We are willing also to allow, that the *Persians* have been a polite and ingenious people, which they could not have been without a sufficient culture of their talents. They lay for a long time astonished and stupefied at the rapid progress of the *Mohammedan* arms; but when they began to revive, and had embraced the religion of their conquerors, they followed their natural bent, and applied themselves with great eagerness to the improvement of their language; which was by that time grown very rich by its mixture with the *Arabic*. We are no less candid to the *Indians*, whom we know to have been a wise and inventive nation; we read with pleasure their fables of *Pulpai*; we adopt their numerical characters; we divert and strengthen our minds with their game of *Chess*; and of late years, we have condescended to look into their writings; but by a strange degree of obstinacy, we persist in considering the *Turks* as rude, savage, and not only unacquainted with the advantages of learning, but even its avowed persecutors.

This prejudice, absurd as it may seem, is of very ancient growth; it was first brought into *Europe* at that memorable period, when letters began to revive in the west; and has continued to this day without any diminution. It was the fashion, in that age to look upon every person as barbarous, who did not study the philosophy of the old Academy; and because the *Turks* had driven the *Greeks* from their country, it was immediately concluded that they persecuted even the language and learning of that nation.

It is certain, indeed, that the *Turks* were for many years wholly addicted to arms; but when they had secured their conquests in *Asia*, and especially when they were settled in *Constantinople*, they began to cultivate every species of literature; and their sultans often set them the example. At that time, they were so sensible of the high polish which learning gives to the manners of every nation, that

that they reflected with disdain on their ancient rudeness; and one of the best poets, quoted by *M. d'Herbelot*, says, *although the rude disposition of the Turks seemed to be a disorder that had no remedy, yet when they dispersed the clouds of ignorance with the study of polite letters, many of them became a light to the world\**. But here we must be understood to speak merely of poetry, rhetoric, moral philosophy, history, and the less abstruse parts of knowledge; for, we must confess, and the *Asiatics* confess themselves, that they are far inferior to the natives of *Europe* in every branch of pure and mixed mathematics, as well as in the arts of painting and sculpture, which their religion forbids them to cultivate: a very absurd piece of superstition! which the *Persians* and *Indians* wisely neglected, as they knew that their legislator prohibited the imitation of visible objects to the *Arabs* of his age, lest they should relapse into their recent folly of adoring images; and that when the reason of the law entirely ceases, the law itself ought also to cease. They begin, however, to imitate our studies; and they would undoubtedly have made a considerable progress in the sciences, if the press at *Constantinople*

في Turkish.

تترکک طبعی کمره آیدیم  
 سزا مرض دوزخه یوقدر ما سراج  
 لیک علیله ظلمت جہلی  
 محو ایوت اولدیله جہانه سراج

*But this opinion is contradicted by a satirist, who asserts that, if a Turk excelled in every branch of science, and were the ablest scholar of his age, yet a certain rudeness would ever adhere to his disposition.*

فرید روزگار اولسه فنون علیله بر ترک  
 شکست آزه چه اولیله مزاجندن انک رایل

had

had not failed upon the death of *Ibrahim*, an officer of the Poite, and, what was more singular, a very learned and able printer; whose place has not yet been supplied. This enterprising *Turk*, who had learned *Latin* by his own industry, and was no contemptible writer in his native language, founded a set of *Arabic* types, and printed, under the protection of the court, several pieces of Oriental history, some treatises of geography with maps, and an essay of his own upon the military discipline of the *Europeans*\*; but none of his countrymen have continued his project; because it is impossible to understand the classical writings of the *Turks* without more than a moderate knowledge of *Persian* and *Arabic*, to which none can pretend, who have not made those languages their particular study for many years; and this is no doubt the reason, why there are fewer men of letters among the *Turks* than among us; for though an intimate acquaintance with the *Greek* and *Roman* authors is necessary to support the character of a scholar, yet a very slight tincture of the ancient languages is sufficient for a popular writer, and scarcely any is requisite for a superficial reader.

The *Mohammedans* in general are passionately fond of history, and not less so of that miscellaneous kind of learning which the *Greeks* called *πολυμάθεια*, or a general knowledge of a vast variety of subjects †. The *Turks* have more historical pieces in their language, than most *European* nations; and we may judge of their erudition by the

\* See a catalogue of the books printed by *Ibrahim*, at the end of this discourse.

† This kind of learning was called *varia eruditio* by the *Romans*, among whom *Varro* was the most eminent for it. The most curious and entertaining works of this nature are, *the Banquet of Athenæus*, *the Nights of Aulus Gellius*, and *the Chaldeas of Tzetzes*; but the *Arabians* were fonder of this *various erudition* than any people whatever. This species of writing begins to grow contemptible among us, since nothing can be more trifling than to transcribe our common-place book, and nothing more easy than to quote a multitude of authors in the margin.

large work composed in the seventeenth century by *Câtib-zâdeh*, which contains an accurate account of all the books that had been written till his time in *Turkish*, *Arabic*, and *Persian*\*.

These works are very imperfectly known in *Europe*; for though *Donado*, a senator of *Venice*, and ambassador from that state to the *Porte*, published a short essay in *Italian* on the *literature of the Turks*, yet he knew little or nothing of their language, and took all his accounts of their books from an interpreter, who led him into several mistakes.

The golden age of the *Turkish* learning, was the reign of *Soliman* the Second, or *The Legislator*, in the sixteenth century: and indeed the most shining period in the history of any nation must certainly be that, in which the example of the sovereign gives the nobles a turn for letters, and in which a reputation for knowledge opens a way to riches and honour.

*Ali Chelebi*, who wrote a very celebrated book of morality, was appointed *Molla*, or Ecclesiastical judge of *Adrianople*, and had he lived, would have been raised to the dignity of *Mufti*, or supreme interpreter of the law. He had spent several years in composing an elaborate paraphrase of *Pispa's Fables*, in which, however, he was a close imitator of an excellent *Persian* author, named *Cashefi*. His work, which he intitled *Homaiin Nâmeh*, contains fourteen sections in prose and verse, and a very elegant introduction, and an

\* The title of this book is كشف الظنون *Cashfo'zomân*, or the *Discovery of Opinions*; but it might justly be intitled, اظهار علم الاعراب والاعجماء  
 or, *A comprehensive View of the Learning of the Arabs, Persians, and Turks*.—*M. d'Herbelot* has inserted the best part of this work in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*.



entertaining preface. I may justly assert, that it comprises all the beauties of the *Turkish* language; but it is so mixed with *Persian* and *Arabic* phrases, that a *Turk* of no education would not be able to read a page of it. A beautiful copy of this book is preserved in the *British Museum*, among the manuscripts of Sir *Hans Sloane*\*. and it would be highly useful to any person, who had access to that collection, and wished to learn *Turkish*; especially as part of it has been translated into *French*, and part very elegantly into *Spanish*, by the help of which translations he might pursue his study with incredible ease, provided that he had a moderate knowledge of *Arabic*, which may truly be called the basis and groundwork of Eastern learning.

This is the principal system of *Ethics* among the *Turks*, if we except, perhaps, a moral work *on the duties of man*, intitled, *Icsiri devlet*, which seems also to be written in a very polished style. The *Tales of the Forty Visirs*, composed by a preceptor of *Morad* the Second, are amusing and ingenious; but as they are not remarkable for any beauty of language, they do not deserve to be mentioned as a classical work, since an elegance of diction, as well as a loftiness of sentiment, are necessary to constitute a fine piece of writing.

The noblest historical work in the *Turkish* language was composed by *Saadeddin*, who was Mufti of *Constantinople* in the reign of *Morad* the Third. It contains the history of the *Othmans*, from the founder of that family to *Selim* I. This elegant work has been translated into *Italian* by a very able interpreter of the *Eastern* languages; and the excellent prince *Cantemir* has inserted the substance of it in his history of the *Turks*.

\* No. 3586. In the same collection, No. 5456, is a very agreeable romance, intitled, *the Life of Abu Sina*, by *Hassan*, preceptor to *Morad* the Third. Both these books, as well as the rest, which follow, are often cited by *Meninski*.

There

There are a great number of other histories in *Turkish*, some of the whole *Othman* family, and some only of distinct reigns; as *Solimán Námeh*, the *Life of Solimán*; *Selím Námeh*, the *Life of Selim*; and many more, which are highly esteemed by the *Turks* themselves: yet it must be confessed, that the style of these writers; and principally of *Saadeddín*, by no means answers to our ideas of the simple and graceful diction, the kind of writing which *Cicero* commends, *diffused, expanded, and flowing with a natural smoothness*; on the contrary, most of their figures are so extravagant, and many of their expressions so ridiculously bombast, that an *European* must have a very singular taste, who can read them either with pleasure or patience\*: but such is the genius of the nation; and we can no more wonder, that their rules of composition are different from ours, than that they build their palaces of wood, and sit on sofas instead of chairs.

The *Byzantine* historians cannot be so easily excused; they had the finest models of composition before them, which they neglected; but the *Turks* cannot be condemned for departing from a standard of taste, of which they were wholly ignorant.

It is by no means true, however, that the *Asiatic* histories are no more than chronicles, and contain no sensible remarks on the conduct of princes; whom they consider, we are told, as something more than mortal; there are, indeed, many dull compilations in the languages of *Asia*, as well as in those of *Europe*; but the most approved historians of the East intersperse their narratives with

\* Thus a *Turkish* historian, instead of saying that a prince was just and pious, tells us thus the footstool of his sovereignty was decked with the ornament of piety, and the throne of his dignity embellished with the rich mantle of justice,—*Rutbetü khalafetleri zineti tekwa ileh arâsteh*, we sein seltânetleri hilyel uadilet ileh purâsteh; the two members of which sentence end like a poetical couplet, with similar sounds.

excellent

excellent maxims, and boldly interpose their judgment on the counsels of ministers, and the actions of monarchs, unless when they speak of very recent events, and living characters, on which occasions they are more circumspect: and probably *Saadeddin* continued his history no lower than the reign of *Selm*, that he might not be restrained in his reflections by any fear of giving offence.

I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet with the valuable work of *Ali Efendi*, containing the history of the lives of *Mohammed II.* *Bayazid II.* *Selim*, and *Solmán*, of which Prince *Cantemir* gives so high an encomium;—"This book, (says he,) which is extremely scarce, contains every quality of an excellent history; a noble simplicity of style, a warm love of truth, and an abhorrence of flattery.—I am indebted to this author; (continues the Prince,) for many striking passages in my own piece."

The *Turks* have also many treatises on their government, laws, and military institutions, which, if they were translated into some *European* language, would throw a wonderful light on the manners of this extraordinary nation, and present us with a full view of their real character.

One of the most curious manuscripts that I have seen in the *Turkish* language, is a very long roll of silky paper\*, containing, as it were, a map of the *Asiatic* history from the earliest times to *Selim the Second*: the names of all the patriarchs, prophets, kings, sultans, and califs, who at any time flourished in *Asia*, are set down in a genealogical order, in which the chronology also is carefully observed; and a summary account of their lives and actions is added to most of them. The writer of it is more explicit with regard to the *Othman* family. I took care to compare his remarks

\* Bodl. Marsh. 196.

with my other materials. The whole work is beautifully transcribed; and the name of *Mohammed* in particular, is adorned with a garland of tulips and carnations, painted in the brightest colours.

In the same collection with the preceding work\*, is *An History of the Othmans*, from the founder of that race, to *Bayazid the Second*: it is finely preserved, and written in an easy style. The prefatory chapter contains a just encomium of the first *Turkish* sultans, whose eminent abilities were a principal cause of the greatness of their empire.

There is another work among *Golius's* manuscripts †, which has been extremely useful to me. It is a register of all the officers of state, the servants of the court, and the *Turkish* forces, both by land and sea, with the daily and yearly expences of supporting them, as they were established in the reign of *Ahmed the First*, at the opening of the last century: the second part contains an enumeration of all the *Othman* subjects in *Europe* and *Asia*, who hold their estates by a military tenure; with the exact number of soldiers that each province and district can produce. As this register was copied from an original in the imperial treasury, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. But the best *modern histories of the Turks* are those printed by *Ibrahim*, in the middle of the present century, which, together with several other fruits of that printer's industry, were brought from *Constantinople*, by a late excellent ambas-

\* No. 313. Most of the manuscripts in this valuable collection of *Marsh*, belonged to the very learned *Golius*, who has written notes in the margins with a black pencil.

† *Marsh. 454.* *Golius* has written the following title to this book: Imperii Osmanici † Canon, continens quæ et quibus stipendia soluta fuerint, imperante AHMED: unde patet quæ sit imperii illius potentia, TURCICÆ, ex autographo imperiali descriptum.

‡ In Turkish قانون

sador, and presented to the *Royal Society*, in whose library they are preserved.

The most agreeable of them is called by the florid title of *Gulsheni Kholafa\**, or *the Rose-garden of the Califs*, and comprises, in a thin volume in folio, a very elegant history of the *Turkish* nation, from the Califs of the house of *Abbas*, one of whom imprudently established a militia of young *Turks*, to the year of CHRIST 1717, when *Ahmed the Second* sat on the *Othman* throne.

\* In Turkish خَلْفَاءُ كَلَشَن

The author of this fine work was زاده نظمی انندی Nazmı Zada Efendi, who

seems to have been in high favour with the *Ulema*, or *Lawyers* and *Ecclesiastics* of his age. The *Mufts*, and the two *Chief Justices of Asia* and *Europe*, wrote the most profuse encomiums of it, which are prefixed to the book. That of the *Mufts* has something so ridiculously bombast in it, that the reader will perhaps be pleased to see it literally translated, as it will give him an idea of the flowery style of the *Asiatics* :—

بو مجلد شریف و مجموع لطیف مزکر و قایح سابقه و باعث حوادث لاحقہ  
 او لوب ینایح عباراتندن جریان ایدن زلال معانی و مراع تعبیراتندن  
 سرر آورده اولان ازباز- مبنای مجاهدان دین و دولتک آب روی و مرابطان  
 جهاد اندیشه نک کل خوشبویی اولمغده لایق انظار ذوی الاعتبار و سزاوار  
 مطالعہ اولی الابصار اولمشدر \*

As this noble volume and elegant compilation records past events, and lays open the causes of succeeding transactions, the pure stream of sense, that flows from the springs of its expressions, and the flowers of perspicuity, that arise from the borders of its rhetoric, together with the splendour of those chiefs, who fought for the faith and the empire, and the fragrant roses of the fame of those valiant heroes, are worthy of the attention of all intelligent men, and deserve the inspection of the discerning reader.

The

The next is an *History of the Turkish Empire*, from the year 1591, by *Naima*\*; it is printed in two large volumes, and the continuation of it by *Rashed Efendi* † fills two more; the fifth volume was added by another hand, and brings it down to 1728, two years before the rebellion, and the deposition of Sultan *Ahmed*. This excellent work contains a narrative of all the memorable events that happened in the dominions of the Sultan, for a period of above an hundred and thirty years; the embassies from all foreign powers, among whom the *English* are mentioned with regard; the reigns of eleven *Othman* emperors, from the death of *Morad III.* to the last great sedition at *Constantinople*; the lives and characters of the most eminent visiers, and learned men, who flourished in those reigns; together with a view of the affairs of *Asia*, and even of *Europe*, according to the notion that the *Turks* have of them; which may serve to show how far their intelligence reaches, and in what light they consider the genius, manners, and influence of the *Christian world*; we must not be disgusted at their false and absurd opinions concerning us; since the less they know of our counsels and interests, and even the less respect they have for us, the greater advantage we shall obtain in our transactions with them; and the less they are apprised of our real force, the fewer provisions will they have made against it, whenever we shall chuse to exert it. For my part, I cannot help thinking, that a juster notion of the government, laws, and policy of the *Turks*, may be formed by an attentive perusal of *Naima's History*, than can be acquired from all the relations of our *European* travellers; and that a single volume of it, accurately translated, would be more useful to us, than the vast collections of *Rycaut* and *Knolles*, to which, however, I readily allow the praise that they deserve.

\* In Turkish نعيما

† راشد افندي

It may reasonably be supposed, that having drawn my materials from these plentiful sources, I mean to present the public with a *complete history of the Turks*; but I reflected, that among the numerous events which must be recorded in the *general history* of any nation, there are very few which seem capable of yielding either pleasure or instruction to a judicious reader, who desires to be acquainted with past transactions, not because they have happened, but because he hopes to derive from them some useful lesson, for the conduct of his life. It seemed, therefore, more respectful to the public, and it was far more agreeable to my own inclination, to trace out, in the form of an essay, the great *outlines only* of the *Turkish history*, leaving all its minuter parts to be coloured by some abler pencil, and perhaps the most interesting of them to be filled up by my rough crayon, as some future occasion, or greater leisure may invite me. Whatever then be the fate of my performance, I have a claim in one instance to the indulgence of my reader, by having spared him the trouble of running over all the *idle fables*, and even the *dull truths*, with which my originals abound, and which I have suppressed in great number; since both of them are, in my opinion, highly disgraceful to an historical piece, in which *nothing should be written that is fabulous, nor any thing, how true soever it may be, but what deserves to be read*\*.

As to the nature of my picce, though I have intitled it *an Essay on the History of the Turks*; yet, from the age of *Elizabeth* to the present century, *the history of our Trade to the Levant* is interwoven with it, and a few hints are respectfully offered for its improvement; an object of the highest importance to the whole nation. The part which relates to *the Causes of the rise and decline of the*

\* Three pages of the original are here omitted, as it appears by a manuscript note, that it was intended to alter them.

*Turkish Empire* was written after the model of *M. de Montesquieu's Considerations on the greatness of the Romans*; nor am I under any apprehension of being censured, for imitating so excellent a pattern, to which I may justly apply the words of *Cicero*: — “*Demosthenem imitemur. O Dii boni! quid ergo nos aliud agimus, aut quid aliud optamus? at non assequimur.*”



## APPENDIX.

THE following pages contain some compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not been printed. The *first*, a little Essay on the Grecian Orators, was written at the University, and exhibits an elegant specimen of his early talents in the composition of Latin; more of the same kind might be added, but the curiosity of the reader on this subject, may be gratified by a reference to the second volume of Sir William Jones's Works. The reader will observe the connection between the Essay now presented to him, and the quotation which concludes the *Preliminary Discourse* in the preceding page.

The *second* is an Italian composition, written by Sir William Jones when he was studying that language; and I rely upon the judgment of a native of Italy, who has pronounced it classical and elegant. The *third* exhibits a curious specimen of the *form* and *measure* of a Persian Ode of Jami, and on this account it is inserted. The *fourth*, a song from the Persian, is in the *measure* of the original, and will not be thought deficient in beauty. The remaining compositions require no particular observation.

For want of a fitter opportunity, I here transcribe from the writing of Sir William Jones, the following lines :

*Bahman* (a native of Yezd, and follower of the doctrines of Zoroaster) repeated this morning four glorious and pious verses, which ought to be engraven on every heart:—

V E R S E S.

## VERSES.

Make the worship of the Great Giver habitual.  
 Reflect maturely on the day of thy departure.  
 Fear God, and do no wrong to man.  
 This is the way to salvation, and this is enough.

## No. I

## DE GRÆCIS ORATORIBUS.

Cùm id potissimum dicendi studiosis adolescentibus præcipi solet, ut unum è summis oratoribus deligant, quem totâ mente, tanquam pictores, intueantur, et quem labore maximo imitentur; cùm verò studioso cuivis perdifficile sit oratorem deligere, cui similis esse aut velit aut debeat, visum est mihi pauca de Græcis oratoribus disserere, interque eos præcipuè de DEMOSTHENE, quem nemo est, opinor, qui non imitari cupiat, nemo qui eximias ejus virtutes imitando se assequi posse confidat; sed *prima appetenti*, ut pulchrè ait Cicero, honestum est in *secundis* vel *tertiis* consistere.

De oratoribus autem, qui *Athenis* floruerunt, tractaturus, vereor ut *Lysiam* et *Isocratem*, in eorum numero possim reponere, quos magis *politè scribendi*, quàm *disertè dicendi*, palmam consecutos esse puto, magis *elegantiae* laude fuisse insignes, quàm eloquentiæ gloriâ. Is enim, qui sive pudore, sive imbecillitate detentus, in arma nunquam prodeat, sed in ludo solùm orationculas scriptûret, utcunque eæ subtiles sint atque eruditæ, *scriptor* quidè'm, venustus ac diligens dici potest, sed quomodo *orator* appellandus sit non video.

Alii

Alii tamen complures, quorum orationes ad nos pervenerunt, non in pompâ et gymnasio, sed in ipsâ acie habitæ, *eloquentes* verè nominantur; inter quos, acumine *Dinarchus* præstitisse videtur, vi ac lepore *Demades*, gravitate *Lycurgus*, sonitu *Æschines* et splendore dictionis; sed hæ dicendi virtutes in *Demosthene* uno omnes reperiuntur; gravis idem fuit ac subtilis, vim habuit paritèr et splendorem; nec lepos sanè illi defuit, licèt plerique alitèr sentiant, sed clatus, minax, et sui proprius.

- Illum igitur unicuique vestrùm, qui legum et eloquentiæ studio incenditur, propono, quem in primis miremini, quem imitemini summo studio, cujus orationes non perlegatis solùm, sed patrio sermone reddatis, sed memoritèr recitetis; ea vos exercitatio diligentèr continuata, tales et verborum oratores, et actores rerum efficiet, qualis apud *Athenienses*, præter ipsum **DEMOSTHENEM** nemo fuit.

## No. II.

## TERZETTI.

Già rosseggiava intorno all' orizzonte  
 Dolce color d'oriental rubini,  
 E innanzi al biondo padre di Fetonte  
 Spargea l'Aurora rose e gelsomini:  
 Cantando a gara amorosetti lai  
 Sen gian di ramo in ramo gli augellini,  
 Quando presso al ruscel così cantai:  
 "Ahi, Ninfa mia ritrosa e vezzosetta,  
 La prima ond'io m'accesi e m'infiammai,

Quando

Quando ti vidi pria sopra l'erbetta,  
 Pien di viole e di ligustri il grembo,  
 Tessendo un' amorosa ghirlandetta,  
 Sedevi, oimè! sotto un soave nembo  
 Di rose, e la tua mano alabastrina  
 Sostenea di tua gonna il ricco lembo,  
 E sulla mano era la guancia inchina,  
 Qual fior che pende sul nativo stelo,  
 Che imbianca, o gelo o pioggia cristallina.  
 Scendesti allor cred' io dal terzo cielo  
 Per ingannar gl' incauti e rozzi petti ;  
 O la sorella del gran Dio di Delo,  
 O colei fosti che ne' boschi eletti  
 Di Cipro e Pafò per Adon sospira.  
 Dacchè mirai tuoi risi leggiadretti,  
 Rauco era il suon di canna e flauto e lira ;  
 Nè piacque più l'usata compagnia.  
 Or ogni pastorella che mi mira  
 Si burla della mia malinconia ;  
 Chè fra romiti monti, e sopra il sasso  
 Sempre sfogando vo' l'ambascia mia ;  
 Ed erro, non so dove passo passo,  
 Piangendo sì, che da sua stanza nera  
 Eco risponde a' miei singulti : Ahi lasso !  
 Ah, se mai mi darà la donna altera  
 Soavi baci, o quel che più desio,  
 Allor allor con voce lusinghiera  
 Canterò lietamente il fausto Dio  
 D'amore : Amor risponderanno i colli :  
 Vedranno i vezzi nostri, e'l gaudio mio  
 I cespugli fioriti e gli antri molli.

## IMITATIONS.

- Line 2. Dolce color, &c.  
 Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro  
 Che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto  
 Dell' aer puro. Dante, Par. c. 1.
- Line 5. Cantandò a gara, &c.  
 Odi quel rusignolo  
 Che va di ramo in ramo  
 Cantando; Io amo, io amo. Tasso Am. at. i. S. 1.
- Line 13. Sedevi oimè, &c.  
 Da' be' rami scendea  
 Dolce nella memoria,  
 Una pioggia di fior sopra'l suo grembo;  
 Ed ella si sedea  
 Umilè in tanta gloria  
 Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo;  
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,  
 Qual su le treccie bionde  
 Ch'orò forbito e perle  
 Eran quel di a vederle:  
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;  
 Qual con un vago errore  
 Girando, pareo dir; " qui regna Amore."  
 Pet. par. 1. Can. 14.\*
- Line 35. Soavi baci, &c.  
 Ella mi seque  
 Dar promettendo a chi m'insegna a lei  
 O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.—Tasso Am. Prologo.

\* Sir William Jones has given a beautiful translation of this passage of Petrarch. See *Works*, vol. iv. p. 456.

## No. III.

## AN ODE OF JAMI,

In the PERSIAN form and measure.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes!	Sweet news of my <i>delight</i> he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach	the tuneful bird of <i>night</i> , he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls,	be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart	must ardent flames <i>excite</i> , he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe	he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant beam;
Thence, odour to the rose bud's veil;	and jasmine's mantle <i>white</i> , he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain	to some base rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear,	false tales, contriv'd in <i>spite</i> , he brings.
Why should I trace love's mazy path,	since destiny my bliss forbids?
Black destiny! my lot is woe,	to me no ray of <i>light</i> he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs,	'in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch,	of heartsick love-lorn <i>wight</i> , he brings.
A roving stranger in thy town	no guidance can our JAMI find;
'Till this his name, and rambling lay	to thine all-piercing <i>ight</i> he brings.

## No. IV.

A SONG, from the PERSIAN, paraphrased in the measure of the original.

## 1.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,  
 Bright as the lily of the vale,  
 Yet with a heart like summer hail,  
 Marring each beauty thou bearest.

2. Beauty

## 2.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills ;  
And when the Moon her circle fills,  
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,  
Which on the breast thou wearest.

## 3.

Where could those peerless flowrets blow ?  
Whence are the thorns that near them grow ?  
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,  
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

## 4.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,  
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd ;  
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,  
Like the new blossom smiling.

## 5.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,  
Softly thou waviest like a pine,  
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,  
Senses, and soul beguiling.

## 6.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,  
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,  
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,  
Thee, his blest idol styling.

---

Lady Jones having been exposed to some danger in an evening walk over the plains of Plassey, Sir William almost immediately wrote the following stanzas:

No. V.

PLASSEY-PLAIN\*,

A BALLAD, addressed to Lady JONES, by her Husband.

Aug. 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jáfer, nor of Clive,  
 On Plassey's glorious field I sing;  
 'Tis of the best good girl alive,  
 Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueén,  
 Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,  
 Firing no more heav'n's vault serene,  
 Retir'd to sup with Ganges old.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,  
 (Who lov'd not Anna on the banks  
 Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)  
 Tripp'd thro' the palm grove's verdant ranks.

Where thou, bloody-thirsty *Subahdár*,  
 Wast wont thy kindred beasts to chase,  
 Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war,  
 Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

\* It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader, the victory gained by Lord Clive, over Seraj'uddoula, Subahdár or Viceroy of Bengal, on Plassey Plain.



She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,  
 Stain'd like thyself with human gore,  
 The hooded, and the necklac'd snake,  
 The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth, and innocence approv'd,  
 E'en monsters of the brake are friends:  
 Thus o'er the plain at ease she mov'd:—  
 Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild perroquets first silence broke,  
 Eager of dangers near to prate;  
 But they in English never spoke,  
 And she began her moors\* of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd,  
 And wish'd her speech to understand;  
 But Arabic, was all they talk'd;—  
 Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,  
 With necklace brown, and freckled side,  
 Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,  
 And, o'er the narrow causey glide.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,  
 But they no western tongue could speak;  
 Tho' once, at Philobiblian stall,  
 Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek,

\* A common expression for the Hindustanee, or vernacular language of India.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;  
 For what has conscious truth to fear?  
 Fierce boars her pow'ful influence feel,  
 Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,  
 And panting for so rare a food,  
 She dauntless heard around her roar,  
 While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on Elfin Land,  
 Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,  
 A lion vast was known to stand,  
 Fair virtue's guard, while UNΔ slept.

Yet, oh! had ONE her perils known,  
 (Tho' all the lions in all space  
 Made her security their own)  
 He ne'er had found a resting place.

## NO. VI.

On seeing Miss \* \* \* ride by him, without knowing her.

*Cardigan, August 14th, 1780.*

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,  
 So lightly through the vale,  
 That not more swiftly bounds the fawn,  
 In Sidon's palmy dale!

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,  
 How sweet a charge he bore,  
 And proudly-shook the tassels blue,  
 That on his neck he wore.

Her

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,  
 That Summer-blossoms wear,  
 And wanton down her shoulders flow'd,  
 Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string, -  
 And with it laughing flown,  
 Diffusing from his dewy wing,  
 A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,  
 With vernal buds array'd,  
 O heav'n ! what rapture would be mine,  
 To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had *Strephon* seen,  
 But dazzled with the sight,  
 At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,  
 And *fainted with delight.*

He thought *Diana* from the chace, >  
 Was hastening to her bow'r ;  
 For more than mortal seem'd a face,  
 Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,  
 And trembled at the breeze ;  
 High antlers had his fancy rear'd,  
 And quiv'ring sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,  
 The queen with silver beam,  
 Shone forth, and *Sylvia* thus address'd,  
 By Tivy's azure stream :

“ Let

- “ Let us this day our robes exchange ;  
“ Bind on my waxing moon ;  
“ Then through yon woods at pleasure range,  
“ And shun the sultry noon.
- “ Whilst I at Cardigan prepare  
“ Gay stores of silk and lace,  
“ Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,  
“ Like thine, my heav'nly grace.
- “ My brother Phœbus lost his heart  
“ When first he view'd thy charms,  
“ And would this day, with dang'rous art,  
“ Allure thee to his arms.
- “ But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,  
“ Thy steps will ever guide,  
“ Protect thee from th' enchanting snare,  
“ And o'er thy heart preside.
- “ In vain his wiles he shall essay,  
“ And touch his golden lyre ;  
“ Then to the skies shall wing his way,  
“ With pale, yet raging fire.
- “ Should he with lies traduce the fair,  
“ And boast how oft he kiss'd her,  
“ The gods shall laugh while I declare,  
“ He flirted with his sister.”

## No. VII.

## AN FIRMAMENT.

“ Would I were yon blue field above,  
 (Said Plato, warbling am’rous lays)  
 “ That with ten thousand eyes of love,  
 “ On thee for ever I might gaze.”

My purer love the wish disclaims,  
 For were I, like Tiresias, blind,  
 Still should I glow with heavenly flames,  
 And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

## No. VIII.

## S O N G.

Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!  
 Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?  
 Quickly this dull silence break;  
 Burst enraptur’d into’ song:  
 Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,  
 No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear  
 Still delays your promis’d tale,  
 That no blossoms yet appear,  
 Save the snow-drop in the dale;  
 Tell me not the woods are bare;—  
 Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View

View the hillocks, view the meads ;  
 All are verdant, all are gay ;  
 Julia comes, and with her leads  
 Health, and Youth, and blooming May.  
 When she smiles, fresh roses blow ;  
 Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail ! ye groves of Bagley, hail !  
 Fear no more the chilling air :  
 Can your beauties ever fail ?  
 Julia has pronounc'd you fair.  
 She could cheer a cavern's gloom,  
 She could make a desert bloom.

---

Amongst the manuscript papers of Sir William Jones, written in Bengal, I find the delineation of the plan of a Tragedy on the story of SOHRAB, a Persian hero, who acts a short, but conspicuous part in the heroic poem of Ferdûsi, the Homer of Persia. The story in the original, is in substance as follows :

RUSTUM, the hero of Oriental Romance, was married to *Tahmina*, the daughter of the king of *Summungan*, 'a city on the confines of Tartary. He left her in a state of pregnancy, giving her a bracelet, which, in the event of the birth of a child, she was to bind on its arm. She was delivered of a son. *Tahmina*, apprehensive that *Rustum* would deprive her of him, informed him, that she had a daughter, and *Rustum* entertained no suspicion of the deceit. *Sohrâb* inherited the heroic spirit of his father, whom when he grew up he was most anxious to see, and when he had attained the age of puberty, he formed a plan for attacking KAOOS, the king of Persia.

Persia, in the declared intention of depriving him of his crown, and placing it on the head of *Rustum*.

AFRASIAB, the sovereign of Tartary, who was apprised of the parentage of *Sohrâb*, eagerly seconded the views of the youth, as a long hereditary enmity had subsisted between the two monarchs of Persia and Tartary. He accordingly offered to furnish *Sohrâb* with an army, sending with it, at the same time, two generals, on whom he relied, with secret instructions to prevent the discovery of *Rustum* by *Sohrâb*, and to endeavour to bring them to a single combat, hoping that the youthful vigour of *Sohrâb* would overcome *Rustum*, and pave the way to the conquest of Persia. After the death of *Rustum*, he proposed to destroy *Sohrâb* by treachery. This insidious scheme succeeded in part. *Sohrâb*, with the Tartarian army invaded Persia, and was opposed by the Persian troops, whom he defeated in several engagements. The anxious endeavours of *Sohrâb*, to discover his father, were frustrated by the falsehood and treachery of the generals of *Afrasiab*, and the two heroes met in battle without knowing each other, although *Sohrâb* suspected his antagonist to be *Rustum*, and even mentioned his suspicion to him, which *Rustum* denied. The two warriors engaged in single combat three times ; on the second day, *Sohrâb* had the advantage, and *Rustum* saved his life by artifice ; on the third, the strength and skill of *Rustum* prevailed, and he seized the opportunity by plunging his dagger in the breast of his son, who, before he expired, discovered himself to his father, and was recognized by him. The distress of *Sohrâb*, the affliction of *Rustum*, increased to agony by the sight of the bracelet, which he had presented to *Tahmina*, on the arm of *Sohrâb*, and afterwards exasperated to madness by the refusal of *Kaooos*, to supply him with a remedy which he possessed of infallible efficacy, and the inconsolable anguish of *Tahmina* on learning the death of her son, are described by *Ferdusi*,  
with

with great beauty and pathos; and the whole story forms one of the most affecting and poetical incidents in the *Shahnameh*.

I wish it were in my power to gratify the reader with a translation of it, but I want both time and abilities for the task. I shall, however, venture to present him with the version of a few lines, which *Ferdusi* puts into the mouth of *Sohrâb*, immediately after he had received the fatal wound, describing the mode in which the two heroes discovered each other; the passage (in the original at least) is neither deficient in merit nor interest.

To find a father only known by name,  
 Wretch that I am, I sought the field of fame.  
 Vain hope! thy hand has seal'd a mother's woes;  
 On the cold sod, my head must now repose.  
 Yet, hero I deem not unreveng'd I bleed,  
 Paternal vengeance, marks thy ruthless deed.  
 No! couldst thou quit this earth, and viewless trace,  
 On airy pinions borne, the realms of space,  
 Or like a fish, the ocean's depths pervade,  
 Or like the night, involve thy form in shade,  
 My sire, pursuing, shall revenge my death.  
 "What sire?" the victor cries; with fault'ring breath,  
 "RUSTUM!" (the youth rejoins) "*Tahmina* fair,  
 "My spotless mother, nam'd me *Rustum's* heir."

The plan of the proposed Tragedy, appears to have been frequently revised and corrected; the business of each act is detailed, but after all, it is too imperfect for publication. From the introduction of a chorus of Persian Sages or Magi, it may be inferred, that Sir William Jones proposed writing it, after the model of the Greek tragedy, and he certainly intended to observe a strict ad-



herence to the costume of the age and country, in which the events of his Tragedy were supposed to have occurred.

The following Epode, is the only part of the composition sufficiently complete for the reader's perusal.

## E P O D E.

What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,  
Sustains this universal frame?  
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,  
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,  
Ethereal space, or subtile flame;  
No; 'tis one vast eternal mind,  
Too sacred for an earthly name.  
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;  
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,  
But provident of endless good,  
By ways nor seen, nor understood,  
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.  
High, their highest thoughts above,  
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,  
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.  
Mortals, who his glory seek,  
Rapt in contemplation meek,  
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

I annex a *fac-simile* of the writing of Sir William Jones, and I close the volume with some lines on his death, written by her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, and inserted at the particular request of Lady Jones.

Father and God of mercy, give me Wisdom, the  
assistant of thy grace: send her from thy  
holy heavens, from the seat of thy greatness;  
that she may be present with me, and  
labour with me, and teach me what  
is acceptable to Thee!

## On the Death of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

*Teignmouth, 1795.*

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,  
 To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,  
 Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,  
 "The most enlighten'd of the sons of men\*."

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,\*  
 His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;  
 Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,  
 His friends rever'd him, and his country bless'd.

Admir'd and valued in a distant land,  
 His gentle manners all affection won;  
 The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,  
 And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,  
 And public sorrows with domestic blend;  
 But deeper yet must be the grief of those,  
 Who, while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend.

\* Dr. Johnson.

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**FINIS.**


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