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*Dr. J. N. Dent.*  
*Bolton*  
*1827*

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CALCUTTA

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Born 1746 - Born 1746 -

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THE origin of the family of Sir WILLIAM JONES on the maternal side, has been traced, by the industry of Lewis Morris, a learned British antiquary, to the ancient Princes and Chieftains of North Wales. With whatever delight, however, the Cambrian genealogist might pursue the line of his ancestry, a barren catalogue of uncouth names would furnish no entertainment to the reader. I shall only transcribe from the list a single and remarkable name in one of the collateral branches, that of William o Dregaian, who died in one thousand five hundred and eighty one, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years; with the note annexed to it, that by three wives he had thirty-six children, seven more by two concubines, and eighty of his issue, during his life, were living in the parish of Anglesey.

But I insert, without apology for the anticipation, a letter addressed by Mr. Morris to the father of Sir William Jones, as an interesting

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interesting memorial of an ancient custom which is daily to disuse, and a pleasing specimen of the mind and talents of the writer.

To WILLIAM JONES, ESQUIRE

January 1, 1748

SIR,

It was a custom among the Ancient Britons (which is retained in Anglesey) for the most knowing among them in the descent of families, to send their friends of the same stock of family, a *dydd calan Ionawr a calennig*, a present of their pedigree which was in order, I presume, to keep up a friendship among relations, which these people preserved surprisingly, and do to this day among the meanest of them, to the sixth and seventh degree.

Some writers take notice that the Gauls also were noted for their affection and regard for their own people, though ever so distant related. These things, to be sure, are trifles: but all other things in the world are trifles too.

I take men's bodies in the same sense as I take vegetable. Young trees propagated by seed or grafts, from a good old tree, certainly owe some regard to their primitive stock, provided trees could act and think; and as for my part, the very thought of those brave people, who struggled so long with a superior power for their liberty, inspires me with such an idea of them, that I almost adore their memories. Therefore, to keep up that old laudable custom I herewith send you a *calennig* of the same kind as that above mentioned; which I desire you will accept of.

I have reason to know, it is founded on good authority; for my father and mother were related to your mother, and came from

|| lit same stock mentioned in the inclosed ; which is the reason I am  
s. Satell acquainted with your mother's descent ; and on the same  
acce. J., till further enquiry, an utter stranger to your father's  
regress.

As you are young when you left the country, it cannot be sup-  
posed that you could know much of these things. I have had too  
of time there ; I wish I had not ; for I might have applied it to  
better use than I have. If this gives you any pleasure, I shall be  
glad of it ; if not, commit it to the flames : and believe me to be,  
with truth and sincerity, &c.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Leaving the genealogical splendour of the family of Sir William  
Jones to the contemplation of the antiquary, it may be remarked  
with pleasure, that its latest descendants have a claim to reputa-  
tion, founded upon the honourable and unambiguous testimony of  
personal merit. His father was the celebrated philosopher and  
mathematician who so eminently distinguished himself in the  
commencement of the last century : and a short, but more accurate  
sketch of his life than has hitherto appeared, which I am enabled  
to give from the authority of his son, may be acceptable to the  
lovers of science.

Mr. William Jones was born in the year 1680, in Anglesey ; his  
parents were yeomen, or little farmers, on that island ; and he there  
received the best education which they were able to afford : but the  
industrious exertion of vigorous intellectual powers, supplied the  
defects of inadequate instruction, and laid the foundation of his  
future fame and fortune. From his earliest years, Mr. Jones dis-  
covered a propensity to mathematical studies, and, having cultivated  
them with assiduity, he began his career in life, by teaching ma-  
thematics

thematics on-board a man of war; and in this situation he attracted the notice, and obtained the friendship, of Lord Anson. In his twenty-second year, Mr. Jones published a Treatise on the Art of Navigation; which was received with great approbation. He was present at the capture of Vigo, in 1702; and, having joined his comrades in quest of pillage, he eagerly fixed upon a bookseller's shop as the object of his depredation; but finding in it literary treasures, which were the sole plunder that he coveted, he contented himself with a pair of scissors, which he frequently exhibited to his friends as a trophy of his military success, relating the anecdote by which he gained it. He returned with the fleet to England, and immediately afterwards established himself as a teacher of mathematics, in London; where, at the age of twenty-six, he published his *Synopsis palmariorum Matheseos*; a decisive proof of his early and consummate proficiency in his favourite science.

The private character of Mr. Jones was respectable, his manners were agreeable and inviting; and these qualities not only contributed to enlarge the circle of his friends, whom his established reputation for science had attracted, but also to secure their attachment to him.

Amongst others who honoured him with their esteem, I am authorized to mention the great and virtuous Lord Hardwick. Mr. Jones attended him as a companion on the circuit when he was chief justice; and this nobleman, when he afterwards held the great seal, availed himself of the opportunity to testify his regard for the merit and character of his friend, by conferring upon him the office of secretary for the peace. He was also introduced to the friendship of Lord Parker (afterwards president of the Royal Society), which terminated only with his death; and, amongst other distinguished characters in the annals of science and literature

literature, the names of Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Samuel Johnson, may be enumerated as the intimate friends of Mr. Jones. By Sir Isaac Newton, he was treated with particular respect and confidence, and prepared, with his assent, the very elegant editions of small tracts on the higher mathematics, in a mode which obtained the approbation, and increased the esteem, of the public for him.

After the retirement of Lord Macclesfield to Sherborne Castle, Mr. Jones resided with his lordship as a member of his family, and instructed him in the sciences. In this situation, he had the misfortune to lose the greatest part of his property, the accumulation of industry and economy, by the failure of a banker: but the friendship of Lord Macclesfield diminished the weight of the loss, by procuring for him a sinecure place of considerable emolument. The same nobleman, who was then Teller of the Exchequer, made him an offer of a more lucrative situation; but he declined the acceptance of it, as it would have imposed on him the obligation of more official attendance, than was agreeable to his temper, or compatible with his attachment to scientific pursuits.

In this retreat, he became acquainted with Miss Mary Nix, the youngest daughter of George Nix, a cabinet-maker in London, who, although of low extraction, had raised himself to eminence in his profession, and, from the honest and pleasant frankness of his conversation, was admitted to the tables of the great, and to the intimacy of Lord Macclesfield. The acquaintance of Mr. Jones with Miss Nix, terminated in marriage; and, from this union, sprang three children, the last of whom, the late Sir William Jones, was born in London, on the eve of the festival of Saint Michael, in the year 1746; and a few days after his birth was baptized by the christian name of his father. The first son, George, died in his infancy;

infancy; and the second child, a daughter, Mary, who was born in 1736, married Mr. Rainsford, a merchant retired from business in opulent circumstances. This lady perished miserably during the year 1802, in consequence of an accident from her catching fire.

Mr. Jones survived the birth of his son William but a few years; he was attacked with a disorder, which the sagacity of Dr. Keene, who attended him with the anxiety of an affectionate friend, immediately discovered to be a polypus in the heart, and wholly incurable. This alarming secret was communicated to Mrs. Jones, who, from an affectionate but mistaken motive, could never be induced to discover it to her husband; and, on one occasion, displayed a remarkable instance of self-command and address in the concealment of it.

A well-meaning friend, who knew his dangerous situation, had written to him a long letter of condolence, replete with philosophic axioms on the brevity of life; Mrs. Jones, who opened the letter, discovered the purport of it at a glance, and, being desired by her husband to read it, composed in the moment another lecture so clearly and rapidly, that he had no suspicion of the deception; and this she did in a style so cheerful and entertaining, that it greatly exhilarated him. He died soon after, in July 1749, leaving behind him a great reputation and moderate property.

The history of men of letters is too often a melancholy detail of human misery, exhibiting the unavailing struggles of genius and learning against penury, and life consumed in fruitless expectation of patronage and reward. We contemplate with satisfaction the reverse of this picture in the history of Mr. Jones, as we trace him in his progress from obscurity to distinction, and in his participation



of the friendship and beneficence of the first characters of the times. Nor is it less grateful to remark that the attachment of his professed friends did not expire with his life; after a proper interval, they visited his widow, and vied in their offers of service to her; amongst others to whom she was particularly obliged, I mention with respect, Mr. Potter, author of a *Treatise on the Improved Microscope*, who rendered her important assistance, in arranging the collection of minerals, fossils, and other curiosities, left by her deceased husband, and in disposing of them to the best advantage. The library of Mr. Jones, by a bequest in his will, became the property of Lord Macclesfield.

The compilers of the *Biographical Dictionary*, in their account of Mr. Jones, have asserted, that he had completed a mathematical work of the first importance, and had sent the first sheet of it to the press, when the indisposition, which terminated in his death, obliged him to discontinue the impression; that, a few days before his demise, he entrusted the manuscript, fairly transcribed by an amanuensis, to the care of Lord Macclesfield, who promised to publish it, as well for the honour of the author, as for the benefit of the family, to whom the property of the work belonged. The Earl survived his friend many years; but *The Introduction to the Mathematics* (the alleged title of the work) was forgotten, and, after his death, the manuscript was not to be found. There is no evidence in the memoranda left by Sir William Jones, to confirm or disprove these assertions. Such of the mathematical works of Mr. Jones as have been published, are much admired for neatness, brevity, and accuracy\*.

The

\* In Hutton's *Philosophical Dictionary*, we have the following enumeration of the works of Mr. Jones:—

A New Compendium of the whole Art of Navigation, small 8vo. 1709.

The care of the education of William now devolved upon his mother, who, in many respects, was eminently qualified for the task.

Her

Synopsis palmariorum Matheseos; or a new Introduction to Mathematics, containing the principles of arithmetic and geometry, demonstrated in a short and easy method; 8vo. 1706.

In the Philosophical Transactions :—

A Compendious Disposition of Equations for exhibiting the Relations of Geometrical Lines.

A Tract of Logarithms.

Account of a Person killed by Lightning in Tottenham-court Chapel, and its Effects on the Building.

Properties of Conic Sections, deduced by a compendious method.

He was also the editor of some mathematical works of Sir Isaac Newton, under the title of "Analysis, per quantitatum series, fluxiones, ac differentias: cum enumeratione linearum tertii ordinis."

In the library of Trinity-college, Cambridge, some letters from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes, who was at that time engaged in giving lectures at the college, are preserved. They do not contain any material information: but having, with the permission of the college, obtained copies of them, by the polite assistance of Mr. Brown, I annex them to this note, together with one from Mr. Cotes to Mr. Jones.

#### Letter from Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR;

London, September 17th, 1711.

The paper concerning Sir Isaac Newton's method of interpolation, which you have been pleased to send me, being done so very neat, that it will be an injury to the curious in these things to be kept any longer without it; therefore must desire that you would grant me leave to publish it in the Philosophical Transactions. You may be assured that I do not move this to you without Sir Isaac's approbation, who I find is no less willing to have it done. The new edition of the *Principia* is what we wait for with great impatience, though at the same time I believe the book will be far more valuable than if it had been done in a hurry, since I find the interruptions are necessary, and such as will render it complete. We have nothing considerable in hand here at present, only Mr. Demoire's Treatise on Chances, which makes a whole transaction. He is very fond of it, and we may expect it well done. Mr. Raphson has printed off four or five sheets of his history of Fluxions, but being shewed Sir Isaac Newton's (who it seems would rather have them write against him, than have a piece done in that manner in his favour) he got a stop put to it, for some time at least. Dr. Halley has almost finished the printing

of



SIR WILLIAM JONES.

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Her character, as delineated by her husband with somewhat of mathematical precision, is this: "that she was virtuous without  
"blemish,

of the Greenwich Observations, which will be a work of good use, especially as it is now freed from the trifles it was loaded with. Sir, I have one thing which I would trouble you with further, and that is, to let me know what lectures, or other papers of Sir Isaac Newton are in your University unpublished. This may be done at your leisure. It would be a great satisfaction to me, if I could be any way serviceable to you here at London; and should readily embrace any opportunity to approve and express myself, that I am exceedingly obliged to be,

Your most affectionate friend,

And faithful servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR,

London, Oct. 25, 1711.

The favour of your account of Sir Isaac's papers left at Cambridge, I return you my hearty thanks for; and, as you have some further considerations about the Doctrine of Differences, I am assured that they cannot but be valuable; and if a few instances of the application were given, perhaps, I would not be amiss. Having hurried me here for an convenient opportunity, I was obliged to send you at last Moreau's book by the carrier, though it will only satisfy you that Dr. Gregory had but a very slender notion of the design, extent, and use of lib. 3d of the *Principia*. I hope it will not be long before you find leisure to send me what you have further done on this curious subject. No more can be made against the publishing of them, since with respect to Reputation, I dare say there will be no way to your disadvantage. I have nothing of news to send you, only that French have in a violent manner attacked the philosophy of Descartes. From the same I am resolved to stand by Des Cartes. Mr. Keil, is a person capable of undertaking to defend and answer some things, as Dr. Friend and Dr. Mead do in this way, the rest. I would have sent you the whole controversy, was I not sure that you know those only are most capable of objecting against his writings, that least understand them. However, in a little time, you will see some of them in the Philosophical Transactions.

I am, Sir,

Very much your friend and servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

ANSWER

“blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not nig-  
 “gard, cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious  
 “but

Answer to the foregoing, by Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR,

I have received Morcton's book. I thank you for the favour you did me in sending it. I have looked over what relates to his way of interpreting, but I find no cause from thence to make any alteration. The controversy concerning Isaac's philosophy is a piece of news that I had not heard of. I think that philosophy needs no defence, especially when attacked by Cartesians. One Mr. Green, a fellow of Clare-Hall, seems to have nearly the same design with those German and French objectants, whom you mention. His book is now in our press, and almost finished I am told; he will add an Appendix, in which he undertakes also to square the circle. I need not commend his performance any further to you.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend,

And humble servant,

R. C.

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 11, 1711-12.

I have sent you here enclosed the copy of a letter, that I found among Mr. Collins's papers, from Sir Isaac Newton to one Mr. Smith. The contents thereof seem in a great measure to have relation to what you are about, as being the application of the Doctrine of Differences to the making of tables; and for that reason I thought it might be of use to you, so far as to see what has been done already. I shewed this to Sir Isaac: he remembers that he applied it to all sorts of tables. I have many papers of Mr. Mercator's, and others, upon this subject; though I will be none so material to your purpose as this. I should be very glad to see what you have done upon this subject all published, and I must confess, that unless you send them to the Philosophical Transactions, it were much better to put them into the Philosophical Transactions, for their approbation, and to preserve them from being lost, which is the common fate of such things, if they are not at the same time, to save the trouble and expense of printing them, since the subject is too curious to expect any profit from it; and besides now, as the Royal Society, having done themselves the honour of choosing you a member, something from you cannot but be acceptable to them. Sir Isaac himself expects these things of you, that I formerly mentioned to him as your promise.

I am, Sir, your much obliged friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES

From

“ but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, “ and

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR,

*London, Feb. 6th, 1712-13.*

The Royal Society having ordered one of their books for you, and another for Mr. Anderson, also one for Trinity-College library, and one for the University library, we should not lose the opportunity of paying you my respects, by sending them. I need not tell you the occasion and design of that collection. You will see readily, that it affords such light concerning what it relates to, as could not easily have been discovered any other way; it also shews, that your great predecessor, whose illustrious example I don't doubt but you follow, never employed his time about things ordinary. I have no mathematical intelligence to send you. Mr. Keil thinks he has discovered a very easy and practical solution of the Keplerean problem. If Moreton's book is of no use to you, please to send it to me, though I fear it will yield me but small assistance, having occasion for variety of modern solstitial meridian altitudes of the Sun, such as may be depended upon. Helvetius, Flamstead, and the French observations, seem defective. I should be glad to be informed where I can be supplied best. I am extremely pleased to find that Sir Isaac's book is so near being finished; and it is not less agreeable to me to hear, that your own book is in such forwardness. You are much in the right of it to print your lectures and other papers, in a book by itself: it is better than to have them lie up and down among other things. What I formerly proposed as to the putting of things in the Philosophical Transactions, is only fit for a sheet or two, but not exceeding that. I very much long to see those valuable pieces, and hope you will let me know in what time I may expect them.—Do me the justice to believe, that I am, with sincerity,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR,

*London, April 29th, 1713.*

Ever since I received your very kind letter, and Moreton's book, I waited for an opportunity of sending you some old manuscripts I had by me, and at last am obliged to venture them by the carrier. They relate, in some measure, to the method of Differences: the folio one, I find, was written by one Nath. Torperly, a Shropshire man, who, when young, was amanuensis to Vieta, but afterwards writ against him. He was cotemporary with Briggs. The book, I think, can be of no other use to you than in what relates to the history of that method, and in having the satisfaction of seeing what

“and to her husband ever faithful, loving, and obedient.” She had by nature a strong understanding, which was improved by his conversation and instruction. Under his tuition she became a considerable proficient in Algebra, and with a view to qualify herself for the office of preceptor to her sister’s son, who was destined to a maritime profession, made herself perfect in Trigonometry, and the Theory of Navigation. Mrs. Jones, after the death of her husband, was urgently and repeatedly solicited, by the Countess of Macclesfield, to remain at Sherborne Castle; but having formed a plan

what has been formerly done on that subject. I am mightily pleased to see the end of the *Principia*, and return you many thanks for the instructive index, that you have taken the pains to add, and hope it will not be long before we shall see the beginning of that noble book. I shall be in some pain till I hear that you have received my old manuscript, it being a favourite purely on account of some extravagancies in it; but I shall think it safe in your hands.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

DEAR SIR,

London, July 11th, 1719.

It is impossible to represent to you, with what pleasure I received your inestimable present of the *Principia*, and am much concerned to find myself so deeply charged with obligations to you, and such I fear as all my future endeavours will never be able to requite. This edition is indeed exceedingly beautiful, and interspersed with great variety of admirable discoveries so very natural to its great author; but it is more so from the additional advantage of your excellent preface, which I wish much to see published in some of the foreign journals; and since a better account of this book cannot be given, I suppose it will not be difficult to get it done. Now, this great task being done, I hope you will think of publishing your papers, and not let such valuable pieces lie by. As to what you mentioned in your last, concerning my old manuscripts, though for my part I know of nothing worth your notice publicly in them, but, if you do find any, the end of my sending them is the better answered; and you know that you may do as you please.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

for

for the education of her son, with an unalterable determination to pursue it, and being apprehensive that her residence at Sherborne might interfere with the execution of it, she declined accepting the friendly invitation of the Countess, who never ceased to retain the most affectionate regard for her.

In the plan adopted by Mrs. Jones for the instruction of her son, she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind insensibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curiosity, and directing it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics of conversation, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, *read, and you will know*; a maxim, to the observance of which he always acknowledged himself indebted for his future attainments. By this method, his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and such was her talent of instruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, distinctly and rapidly, any English book. She particularly attended at the same time to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakespeare, and the best of *Æsop's Fables*.

If, from the subsequent eminence of Sir William Jones, any general conclusion should be eagerly drawn in favour of early tuition, we must not forget to advert to the uncommon talents both of the pupil and the teacher.

In common cases, premature instruction has often been found to retard, rather than accelerate, the progress of the intellectual faculties; and the success of it so much depends upon the judgment of the tutor, and the capacity of the scholar, upon the skill of the one, as well as upon the disposition and powers of the other, that it is impossible to prescribe a general rule, when instruction ought to

to begin, or a general mode, by which it should be conveyed; the determination in both cases must be left to the discretion of parents, who ought to be the most competent to decide.

In this year of his life, Jones providentially escaped from two accidents, one of which had nearly proved fatal to his sight, the other to his life. Being left alone in a room, in attempting to scrape some soot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames: his cries brought the servants to his assistance, and he was preserved with some difficulty; but his face, neck, and arms, were much burnt. A short time afterwards, when his attendants were putting on his clothes, which were imprudently fastened with hooks, he struggled, either in play, or in some childish pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By due care, under the directions of Dr. Mead, whose friendship with his family continued unabated after his father's death, the wound was healed; but the eye was so much weakened, that the sight of it ever remained imperfect.

His propensity to reading, which had begun to display itself, was for a time checked by these accidents; but the habit was acquired, and after his recovery he indulged it without restraint, by perusing eagerly any books that came in his way, and with an attention proportioned to his ability to comprehend them. In his fifth year, as he was one morning turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's closet, his attention was forcibly arrested by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression which his imagination received from it was never effaced. At a period of mature judgment, he considered the passage as equal in sublimity to any in the inspired writers, and far superior to any that could be produced from mere human compositions; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture



rapture which he felt, when he first read it. In his sixth year, by the assistance of a friend, he was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin grammar, and he committed some passages of it to memory; but the dull elements of a new language having nothing to captivate his childish attention, he made little progress in it; nor was he encouraged to perseverance by his mother, who, intending him for a public education, was unwilling to perplex his mind with the study of a dead language, before he had acquired a competent knowledge of his native tongue.

At Michaelmas 1753, in the close of his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow School, of which the worthy and amiable Dr. Thackeray was then head master. The amusements and occupations of a school-boy are of little importance to the public; yet it cannot be uninteresting, or uninstrusive, to trace the progress of a youth of genius and abilities, from his earliest efforts to that proficiency in universal literature which he afterwards attained. During the two first years of his residence at Harrow, he was rather remarked for diligence and application, than for the superiority of his talents, or the extent of his acquisitions; and his attention was almost equally divided between his books and a little garden, the cultivation and embellishment of which occupied all his leisure hours. His faculties however necessarily gained strength by exercise; and during his school vacations, the sedulity of a fond parent was without intermission exerted to improve his knowledge of his own language. She also taught him the rudiments of drawing, in which she excelled.

In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a scramble with his school-fellows, and this accident detained him from school twelve months. After his relief from pain, however, the period of his confinement was not suffered to pass in indolence;

indolence; his mother was his constant companion, and amused him daily with the perusal of such English books, as she deemed adapted to his taste and capacity. The juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's Translation of the *Æneid*, afforded him pleasant delight, and excited his poetical talents, which displayed themselves in the composition of verses in imitation of his favourite authors. But his progress in classical learning, during this interval, was altogether suspended; for although he might have availed himself of the proffered instruction of a friend, in whose house he resided, to acquire the rudiments of Latin, he was then so unable to comprehend its utility, and had so little relish for it, that he was left unrestrained to pursue his juvenile occupations and amusements, and the little which he had gained in his two first years, was nearly lost in the third.

On his return to school, he was however placed in the same class which he would have attained, if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. He was of course far behind his fellow-labourers of the same standing, who erroneously ascribed his insufficiency to laziness or dulness, while the master who had raised him to a situation above his powers, required exertions of which he was incapable, and corporal punishment and degradation were applied, for the non-performance of tasks, which he had never been instructed to furnish. But in truth he far excelled his school-fellows in general, both in diligence and quickness of apprehension; nor was he of a temper to submit to imputations, which he knew to be unmerited. Punishment failed to produce the intended effect; but his emulation was roused. He devoted himself incessantly to the perusal of various elementary treatises, which had never been explained nor even recommended to him; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with such skill and success, that in a few months he not only recovered the station from which he had been

been degraded, but was at the head of his class: his compositions were correct, his analysis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise. He voluntarily extended his studies beyond the prescribed limits, and, by solitary labour, having acquired a competent knowledge of the rules of prosody, he composed verses in imitation of Ovid; a task, which had never been required from any of the students in the lower school at Harrow.

The behaviour of the master to Jones, made an impression on his mind, which he ever remembered with abhorrence. Little doubt can be entertained, that he might have been stimulated to equal exertions, if encouragement had been substituted for severity, and instruction for disgrace. The accumulation of punishment for his inability to soar, before he had been taught to fly, (I use his own expression) might have rendered the feelings callous; and a sense of the injustice attending the infliction of it, was calculated to destroy the respect due to magisterial authority, and its influence over the scholar. It is a material and perhaps unavoidable defect in the system of education at public schools, that the necessity of regulating instruction by general rules, must often preclude that attention to the tempers and capacities of individuals, by which their attainments might be essentially promoted.

In his twelfth year, Jones was moved into the upper school. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable instance. His school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play; and at his recommendation they fixed upon the *Tempest*: as it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them so correctly from memory, that they acted it with great satisfaction to themselves, and with considerable entertainment to the spectators. He performed the character of Prospero.

His diligence increased with his advancement in the school : he now entered upon the study of the Greek tongue, the characters of which he had already learned for his amusement. His genius and assiduity were also displayed in various compositions, not required by the discipline of the school. He translated into English verse several of the epistles of Ovid, all the pastorals of Virgil, and composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, which he denominated a tragedy ; and it was acted, during the vacation, by some of his school-fellows with whom he was most intimate. In his own play, he performed the part of the hero.

A copy of this little composition, inaccurately transcribed by a relation, has been preserved ; and to gratify that curiosity which the mention of it may have excited, I select from it the following lines :

ATALANTA (speaks).

Still Discord raves, Bellona fiercely storms,  
Mars calls, and Caledonians exclaim.  
Althæa, fraught with ire, forgets her son,  
And meditates fierce vengeance in her heart.  
At Dian's sacred shrine a billet lies,  
On which depends the life of Meleager.  
This, stern Althæa spied,—then fury fir'd  
Her furious mind,—she knew the fate's decree :—  
Thrice did she rave, and thrice repress'd her hand ;  
At length she threw the billet on the fire,  
Which gently gather'd round its impious prey ;  
And now in absent flames the hero burns.  
Wildly he stares ; his glaring eye-balls sink  
Beneath their sockets, and omit their light.  
His shiver'd hair hangs dangling o'er his face ;  
He rends his silken vest, and wrings his hands,  
And groans, possess'd with agonizing pain.

These

These juvenile efforts contributed to establish the influence and reputation of Jones in the school; and the success with which his studies had latterly been pursued, left him no reason to regret the disadvantages under which he had at first laboured. His improvement in the knowledge of prosody was truly extraordinary; he soon acquired a proficiency in all the varieties of Roman metre, so that he was able to scan the trochaic and iambic verses of Terence, before his companions even suspected that they were any thing but mere prose. He also learned to taste the elegance of that writer, and was frequently heard to repeat with particular satisfaction the rule in the *Andria*:

*Facile omnes perferre et pati,  
Nunquam præponens se aliis.*

Such was the extent of his attainments, and such his facility of composition, that for two years he wrote the exercises of many boys in the two superior classes, who often obtained credit for performances to which they had no title, whilst the students in the same class with himself were happy to become his pupils. During the holidays, his studies were varied, but not relaxed; in these intervals, he learned the rudiments of French and arithmetic, and was particularly gratified with an invitation to attend the meetings of learned and ingenious men, at the house of that amiable philosopher, Mr. Baker, and his friend, Mr. Pond. As an introduction to the knowledge of the subjects discussed in this literary society, by the particular recommendation of his mother, he read the *Spectacle de la Nature*: he acknowledged, however, that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales, and Shakespeare, whose poems and plays he repeatedly perused with increased delight.

In the usual recreations of his school-fellows at Harrow, Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amusement, he generally devoted to improvement. The following anecdote

dote strongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impression made by his studies. He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet\*, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school-fellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader: and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus;

Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei.

Dr. Thackeray retired from the superintendence of the school at Harrow, when his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. It was a singular trait in the character of this good man and respectable

\* The Bishop of Cloyne, in a letter to the Dean of St. Asaph, dated November 1795, mentions Sir William Jones in terms of respect and affection:—"I knew him (he writes) from the early age of eight or nine, and he was always an *uncommon* boy. Great abilities, great particularity of thinking, fondness for writing verses and plays of various kinds, and a degree of integrity and manly courage, of which I remember many instances, distinguished him even at that period. I loved him and revered him, and, though one or two years older than he was, was always instructed by him from my earliest age.

"In a word, I can only say of this amiable and wonderful man, that he had more virtues, and less faults, than I ever yet saw in any human being; and that the goodness of his head, admirable as it was, was exceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceased to admire him from the moment I first saw him; and my esteem for his great qualities, and regret for his loss, will only end with my life."

tutor,

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tutor, that he never applauded the best compositions of his scholars, from a notion which he had adopted, that praise only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion which he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.

Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner; and for his information of the course of study pursued at Harrow, a plan of the lectures and exercises in the upper school was accurately delineated by Jones, at the suggestion of the principal assistant, who presented it to the new master, with many encomiums on the talents of his favourite scholar. He annexed to it a collection of his compositions, including his translation of the pastorals of Virgil. Dr. Sumner quickly distinguished him; and of the two complete years which he passed under that excellent instructor, it is sufficient to say, that he employed them in reading and imitating the best ancient authors; nor did he confine himself merely to the compositions of Greece and Rome; he learned the Arabic characters, and studied the Hebrew language sufficiently to enable him to read some of the Psalms in the original. His ardour for knowledge was so unlimited, that he frequently devoted whole nights to study, taking coffee or tea as an antidote to drowsiness; and his improvement by these extraordinary exertions was so rapid, that he soon became the prime favourite of his master, who with an excusable partiality was heard to declare, that Jones knew more Greek than himself, and was a greater proficient in the idiom of that language. Nor was he less a favourite with his fellow-students than with his master. He acquired popularity with them, by the frequent holidays that rewarded the excellence of his compositions. His reputation at the same time was so extensive, that he was often flattered by the enquiries of strangers, under the title of the Great Scholar.

Of his juvenile compositions in prose and verse, the early fruits of rare talents and unbounded industry, some have been printed in the fragment of a work which he began at school and entitled *Limon\**, in imitation of Cicero. During the last months of his residence at Harrow, Dr. Sumner not only ~~continued~~ with his attendance at school, but was obliged to interdict his application, in consequence of a weakness of sight contracted by it. His compositions were not however discontinued; and he obtained the assistance of the younger students to write them from his dictation. He employed the intervals of suspended duty, which he was reluctantly compelled to admit, in learning chess, by practising the games of Philidor.

During the vacations, his application was directed to improve his knowledge of French and arithmetic, to which he also added the study of the Italian. Books he had always at command; for his mother, who contemplated with delight the progress of her son, with a wise liberality allowed him unlimited credit on her purse. But of this indulgence, as he knew that her finances were restricted, he availed himself no further than to purchase such books as were essential to his improvement.

I shall here transcribe, without alteration or omission, a letter which the young student, at the age of fourteen, wrote to his sister, to console her for the death of a friend.

DEAR SISTER,

When I received your letter, I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although

\*. Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 627.

my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honourable man; and if I had the pleasure of your conversation, I would certainly give you any consolation and advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to comfort you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet to reason philosophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is; " 'Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:"—but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I cannot help reflecting, how happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies, without the possibility of falling away from them and losing the virtue which he professed, on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy! for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he may appear to us, as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection, that Solon, being asked by Cræsus, a monarch of immense riches, who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine. Besides, though a man should pursue a constant and determinate course of virtue, though he were to keep a regular symmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty

beauty of his reputation to the last, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur some evil imputation, and provoke a thousand murmurs of detraction ; for, believe me, my dear sister, there is no instance of any virtue, or social excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable assailants, whose acrimony is raised barely by seeing others pleased, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not easy in this life for any man to escape censure ; and infamy requires very little labour to assist its circulation. But there is a kind of sanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the suggestions of calumny. But to return to the point ; what reason is there to disturb yourself on this melancholy occasion ? do but reflect that thousands die every moment of time, that even while we speak, some unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger, or pinched with poverty, sometimes giving up his life to the point of the sword, torn with convulsive agonies, and undergoing many miseries which it were superfluous to mention. We should therefore compare our afflictions with those who are more miserable, and not with those who are more happy. I am ashamed to add more, lest I should seem to mistrust your prudence ; but next week, when I understand your mind is more composed, I shall write you word how all things go here. I designed to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could express my thoughts with more energy, in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention some more private circumstances. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and thank her for my shirts. They fit, in my opinion, very well ; though Biddy says they are too little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home ; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr.

Biscoe

Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to Miss Cleeve: he also sends his compliments to my Mamma and you. Upon my word I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow, and he is indeed much grown: but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness; besides, his excessive high spirits increase mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news; the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Antony's speech in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well-wishes of your faithful friend,

And affectionate brother,

WILLIAM JONES.

If I am not deceived by my partiality for the memory of Sir William Jones, this letter will be perused with interest by the public. The topics selected for the consolation of his sister, are not indeed of the most novel nature, nor the best adapted to afford it; and we may smile at the gravity of the young moralist, contrasted with the familiarity of the circumstances detailed in the latter part of the epistle, which I found no disposition to reject: but the letter, as it stands, will furnish no contemptible proof of his talents and fraternal affection, and may serve as a standard of comparison to parents, for estimating the abilities of their own children.

The period of tuition under Dr. Sumner passed rapidly, to the mutual satisfaction of the master and scholar, until Jones had reached his seventeenth year; when it was determined to remove him to one of the Universities. This determination was not adopted without much hesitation; for it had been strongly recommended to his mother, by Sergeant Prime, and other Lawyers, to place him, at the age of sixteen, in the office of some eminent special pleader: and they supported their recommendation by an observation, equally flattering to him and tempting to his mother, that his talents, united with such indefatigable industry, must ensure the most brilliant success, and consequently the acquisition of wealth and reputation. It is a singular proof of his curiosity to explore unusual tracks of learning, that, at this early age, he had perused the Abridgement of Coke's Institutes, by Ireland, with so much attention, that he frequently amused the legal friends of his mother, by reasoning with them on old cases, which were supposed to be confined to the learned in the profession. The law, however, at that time, had little attraction for him; and he felt no inclination to renounce his Demosthenes and Cicero for the pleadings in Westminster-Hall. His disgust to the study of the law had also been particularly excited, by the perusal of some old and inaccurate abridgement of law-cases in barbarous Latin. This disinclination on his part, the solicitude of Dr. Sumner, that he should devote some years to the completion of his studies at the University, and the objections of his mother, founded on reasons of economy, to a profession which could not be pursued without considerable expense, fixed her decision against the advice of her legal friends. The choice of an University was also the occasion of some discussion. Cambridge was recommended by Dr. Sumner, who had received his education there: but Dr. Glasse, who had private pupils at Harrow, and had always distinguished Jones by the kindest attention,



tion, recommended Oxford. His choice was adopted by Mrs. Jones, who, in compliance with the wishes of her son, had determined to reside at the University with him, and greatly preferred the situation of Oxford.

In the Spring of 1764, he went to the University for the purpose of being matriculated and entered at College\*: but he returned to Harrow for a few months, that he might finish a course of lectures, which he had just begun, and in which he had been highly interested by the learning, eloquence, taste, and sagacity, of his excellent instructor. They separated soon after with mutual regret, and in the following term he fixed himself at Oxford.

The name of Jones was long remembered at Harrow, with the respect due to his superior talents and unrivalled erudition; and he was frequently quoted by Dr. Sumner, as the ornament of his school, and as an example for imitation. He had not only distinguished himself by the extent of his classical attainments, and his poetical compositions, but by the eloquence of his declamations, and the masterly manner in which they were delivered. In the varied talents which constitute an orator, Dr. Sumner himself excelled; and his pupil had equally benefited by his example and instruction. In the behaviour of Jones towards his school-fellows, he never exhibited that tyranny, which in the larger seminaries of learning is sometimes practised by the senior, over the younger students. His disposition equally revolted at the exercise or sufferance of oppression; and he early exhibited a mind, strongly impressed with those moral distinctions which he ever retained. Of the friend-

\* The following is the form of his admission into University College, copied from his own writing:—Ego Gulielmus Jones, filius unicus Gulielmi Jones, Armigeri, de civitate Lond. lubens subscribo sub tutamine Magistri Betts, et Magistri Coulson, annos natus septendecim.

ships which he contracted at school, many were afterwards cultivated with reciprocal affection; and among the friends of his early years, some still survive, who remember his virtues with delight, and deplore his loss.

His friend Parnell, whose departure from school he mentions in the letter to his sister, was the late Sir John Parnell, who held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Ireland. His testimony of the merits, capacity, and proficiency of his friend and fellow-student, at Harrow, extracted from a memorandum, which he gave to Lady Jones, will confirm my own account of him:—"The early period of life is not usually marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the first principles of virtue, and the first symptoms of those talents which afterwards so eminently distinguished the character of Sir William Jones. He gave very early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to control. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeably to the most strict classical authority. He imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness. His time being employed in study, prevented his joining in those plays and amusements which occupied the time of his other school-fellows: but it induced no other singularity in his manners; they were mild, conciliating, and cheerful. When I first knew him, about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his youthful attention.

“attention. The same disposition formed the most distinguished features at an early, and at a late period of his life. A decision of mind, and a strict attachment to virtue, an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uniform spirit of philanthropy, were the characteristics of his youth, and his manhood: he did no act, he used no expression, which could not justify these assertions.”

A collection of English poems, composed by Mr. Jones, at Harrow, was presented by him to his friend Parnell, in 1763. The first and longest of the collection, containing more than three hundred and thirty lines, is entitled *Prolusions*, and is a critique on the various styles of pastoral writers. This was written by Mr. Jones, at the age of fifteen, and is the original of the poem, which he afterwards published under the title of *Arcadia*\*.

The variations between his first attempt and subsequent publication are very considerable. In his earliest composition, he makes Menalcas, who represents Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, adopt the language of Chaucer, as the only model he could take for a specimen of the English Doric. Spenser speaks in his own dialect, and, as the poet says,

Masks in the roughest veil the sweetest song:

In the original essay, Mr. Jones gives the prize to Tityrus, or Virgil: but, in the latter, Theocritus divides the kingdom of Arcadia between Virgil and Spenser, and assigns to them his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, by whom he understands the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned, in both which Theocritus excels.

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 478.

The remaining poems in the collection, consist of translations and imitations of Horace, Sophocles, and Theocritus; Saul and David, an Ode; and a Satire on the inordinate Love of Novelty.

A manuscript of these poems, in the handwriting of Mr. Jones, was presented to Lady Jones, by Sir John Jones, a few weeks only before his death. I select as a specimen of Mr. Jones's poetical talents, at the age of fourteen, the shortest in the collection, in imitation of a well known Ode of Horace\*, and addressed to his friend Parnell:—

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!  
 Alas, my friend! each silent hour  
 Steals unperceiv'd away:  
 The early joys of blooming youth,  
 Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,  
 Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, dear Pluto's wrath restrain?  
 No; tho' an hourly victim stain  
 His hallow'd shrine with blood,  
 Fate will recal her doom for none;  
 The sceptred king must leave his throne,  
 To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,  
 We shun the merchant-marring seas;  
 In vain we fly from wars;  
 In vain we shun th' autumnal blast;  
 (The slow Cocytus must be pass'd;)  
 How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,  
 The very mistress of our love,  
 Ah me, we soon must leave!  
 Of all our trees, the hated boughs  
 Of Cypress shall alone diffuse  
 Their fragrance o'er our grave.

\* Ode 14. lib. ii.

To others shall we then resign  
 The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,  
 Which, frugal, now we store ;  
 (Gladly) them a more deserving heir,  
 (Gladly) our labour, this our care ?)  
 Shall stain the stucco floor.

1760.

The new situation of Mr. Jones, at the University, did not at first correspond with his expectations. Under the tuition of a master, who saw with admiration his capacity and application, who was anxious to assist his exertions, and rewarded their success with unlimited applause, his ardour for learning had been raised to a degree of enthusiasm: at the University, he expected to find a Sumner or Askew, in every master of arts, and generally the same passion for literature, which he had himself imbibed. It was evident that such extravagant expectations must be disappointed; and from the public lectures, he derived little gratification or instruction; they were much below the standard of his attainments, and, in fact, were considered as merely formal; and, instead of pure principles on subjects of taste, on rhetoric, poetry, and practical morals, *he complained* that he was required to attend dull comments on artificial ethics, and logic detailed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to know as little of it as he then knew of Arabic. The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools; and in a memorandum written by himself, which is my authority for these remarks, I find an anecdote related of one of the fellows, who was reading Locke with his own pupils, that he carefully passed over every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the whole system.

With the advice of Dr. Sumner, he was preparing for the press his Greek and Latin compositions, including a Comedy, written in the language and measures of Aristophanes. But his solicitude to appear

appear as an author, was perhaps prudently checked by the advice of other friends; and the proposed publication from which he expected an increase of reputation, was reluctantly postponed. This comedy, which bears the title of *Mormon*, still exists, but in a state of such mutilation, from the depredations of years and time, that it cannot be published without very copious conjectural emendations.

After the residence of a few months at the University, on the 31st of October, 1764, Mr. Jones was unanimously elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, to whose munificence he was ever proud to acknowledge his obligations. The prospect of a fellowship, to which he looked with natural impatience, was however remote, as he had three seniors.

His partiality for Oriental literature now began to display itself in the study of the Arabic, to which he was strongly incited by the example and encouragement of a fellow-student, of great worth and abilities, who had acquired some knowledge in that celebrated language, and offered him the use of the best books, with which he was well provided. In acquiring the pronunciation, he was assisted by a native of Aleppo, who spoke and wrote the vulgar Arabic fluently, but was without any pretensions to the character of a scholar. Mr. Jones accidentally discovered him in London, where he usually passed his vacations, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to Oxford, under a promise of maintaining him there. This promise he was obliged exclusively to fulfil for several months, at an expense which his finances could ill afford, being disappointed in the hopes which he had entertained, that some of his brother collegians might be inclined to avail themselves of the assistance of the Syrian, and participate with him in the expense of his maintenance.

The



The disgust expressed by Mr. Jones after his first introduction into the University soon subsided, and his time now passed with great satisfaction to himself. He found in it, all the means and opportunity of instruction which he could wish; and adopted that respectful attachment to it, which he ever after retained. His college-fellows, who saw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, dispensed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility, that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not disappointed: he perused with great assiduity all the Greek poets and historians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vast apparatus of commentaries on them; constantly reading with a pen in his hand, making remarks, and composing in imitation of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza, whom he employed in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himself the translation from the mouth of the Syrian. He afterwards corrected the grammatical inaccuracies of the version, by the help of Erpenius and Golius.

In the course of his application to this ancient language, he discovered, what he never before suspected, a near connection between the modern Persic and Arabic, and he immediately determined to acquire the former. He accordingly studied it with attention in the only Persian grammar then extant; and having laboured diligently at the Gulistan of Sadi, assisted by the accurate but inelegant version of Gentius, and at the well chosen praxis at the close of Meninski's grammar, he found his exertions rewarded with rapid success.

His vacations were passed in London, where he daily attended the schools of Angelo, for the purpose of acquiring the elegant accomplishments of riding and fencing. He was always a strenuous

advocate for the practice of bodily exercises, as no less useful to invigorate his frame, than as a necessary qualification for any active exertions to which he might eventually be called. At home, his attention was directed to the modern languages; and he read the best authors in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, following in all respects the plan of education recommended by Quintilian, which he had by heart; and thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.

If the literary acquisitions of Mr. Jones at this period be compared with his years, few instances will be found, in the annals of biography, of a more successful application of time and talents, than he exhibits; and it is worthy of observation, that he was no less indebted to his uncommon industry and method for his attainments, than to his superior capacity.

A mind thus occupied in the pursuit of universal literature, was little susceptible of the passions of avarice or ambition: but, as he was sensible that the charges attending his education, notwithstanding his habitual attention to economy, must occasion a considerable deduction from the moderate income which his mother possessed, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might relieve her from a burden which she could ill support. If the prospect of acquiring that advantage had not been remote, no temptation would have seduced him from the University; but at the period when he began to despair of obtaining it, he received through Mr. Arden, whose sister was married to his friend Sumner, an offer to be the private tutor of Lord Althorpe, now Earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the family of this nobleman by Dr. Shipley, to whom he was not then personally known, but who had seen and approved his compositions at Harrow, and particularly a  
Greek

Greek oration in praise of Lyon, an honest yeoman, who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth. The proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones; and in his nineteenth year he went to London, and was so delighted with the manners of the capital, when just seven years old, that he abandoned all thoughts of a profession, and resolved to devote himself to the faithful discharge of the important duties of his new situation. He had the satisfaction to find that this determination would probably restore him to the society of his best and most respected friend, Dr. Sumner, as he understood from Mr. Arden, that his pupil, after some preliminary instruction, would be fixed at Harrow.

He returned for the present to Oxford, where he remained for a few months, and, in the summer of 1765, went for the first time, as had been proposed, to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his pupil's education.

He was now placed in a sphere perfectly new to him.—If he quitted the University with a regret proportioned to his increasing attachment to it, his change of situation offered other advantages, amongst which he justly esteemed his introduction into the first ranks of society, and a residence in one of the most agreeable places in the kingdom. He had new objects to engage his observation, and an interesting occupation, from the discharge of which he derived great satisfaction; his application to literature was pursued without intermission, for, although he resided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found sufficient leisure to compose many of his English poems, and to read the greatest part of the Old Testament in Hebrew, particularly the Book of Job, and the Prophets, which he studied with great attention.

In the course of the following summer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumstances, a fellowship, which, in his estimation, gave him absolute independence, was bestowed upon him, and he went for a short time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admission. He was accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Denham, on the 7th of August, 1766.

The idea of deriving an absolute independence from an annual income, not exceeding, upon an average, one hundred pounds, may appear ridiculous when contrasted with the enlarged estimate of a competence in these times. But this sum, in fact, was more than the wise economy of a college life then made necessary for a single man, whose habits of prudence were formed, and Mr. Jones considered his fellowship as a freehold, in a place for which he had now contracted an enthusiastic fondness, where he had access to extensive libraries, rare manuscripts, the company of learned men, and all, as he expressed himself, that his heart could wish; and if he had obtained it a year sooner, he would probably have been induced to decline the delicate and responsible task of education.

On his return to Wimbledon, he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the Treasury, of the place of Interpreter for Eastern languages: but, although the acceptance of it might not have interfered with his other pursuits, or engagements, he declined it politely, but without hesitation, earnestly requesting that it might be conferred upon Mirza, whose character he wrote. This disinterested solicitation was unnoticed; and his disappointment made him regret his ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, under a resolution to consign the entire emoluments of it to his Syrian friend.

During

During his summer residence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which he owed the future happiness of his life. He there saw, for the first time, Anna Maria, the eldest daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Winchester: but whatever impressions her person and conversation made upon the heart of Mr. Jones, *his fixed ideas of an honourable independence*, and a determined resolution never to owe his fortune to a wife, or her kindred, excluded all ideas of a matrimonial connection. In different circumstances, he might perhaps have then solicited an alliance, which he afterwards courted and obtained.

The family of Lord Spencer removed late in Autumn to London; and Mr. Jones, with his usual avidity to acquire the accomplishments of a gentleman, as well as those of a scholar, privately arranged a plan with Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family, for receiving instructions from him in dancing; at the same time he continued his morning attendance, without intermission, at the two schools of Angelo, with whose manners he was extremely pleased. Before he left London, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of learning the use of the broad-sword, from an old pensioner at Chelsea, who had been active, as his scars proved, in many engagements, and whose narrative propensity frequently amused him.

The acquisition of his new accomplishment, by Gallini's assistance, had been made with secrecy; and the display of it enabled him to participate with much satisfaction, in the evening amusements at Althorpe, where he passed the winter with his pupil. But his greatest delight was furnished by an excellent library, in which he found intellectual treasures of the highest value in his estimation; scarcely a single book escaped his inspection; and some of the most rare he perused with indefatigable application. It was at this period,

period, in the twenty-first year of his age, that he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The summer of 1767, opened a new scene to him: the indisposition of Lord Spencer rendered a journey to Spa advisable for the restoration of his health, and Mr. Jones attended the family: but his residence on the Continent was too short to gratify his curiosity. At Spa he remained only three weeks, part of which he dedicated to the lessons of Janson, of Aix-la-Chapelle, a most incomparable dancing-master, and part to the acquisition of the German language, in which he so far succeeded, as to be able to read Gesner with delight, assisted only by an excellent German Grammar and Dictionary; the pronunciation he had formerly learnt from a fellow collegian, who had passed some years at Brunswick. He would gladly have availed himself of the instruction of a German master; but none was to be found at Spa, and his finances were unequal to the expense of procuring that assistance from Aix-la-Chapelle. Notwithstanding these occupations, he found leisure to participate in all the amusements of the place.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Jones resided with his pupil at Althorpe: the attention of Lord Spencer's family was then much occupied in the contested election at Northampton; but as he had neither inclination nor inducement to take any part in it, he confined himself chiefly to the library, which never failed to supply him with increasing sources of entertainment and improvement. His excursions into the regions of literature were unlimited, and as his application was directed with his usual perseverance, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Arabic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Russel, and copied the keys of the Chinese language, which he wished to learn.

The



The close of this year is marked with an occurrence, which probably had a material influence on the determination of his future pursuits. From a motive of mere curiosity, he was prompted to peruse the little treatise of Fortescue, in praise of the Laws of England; and, although he was more diverted with the simplicity of the Latin style, than attracted by the subject, he felt so much interest in the work, as to study it with considerable attention. In the course of the reflections which it excited, he was naturally led to a comparison of the laws of England with those of other countries, and he marked with delight their uncontroverted claim to superiority over the laws of every other state, ancient or modern. Of this fact he acknowledged that he had never before entertained an idea. He was now qualified to appreciate with more accuracy, the merits and defects of the republican system of Greece and Rome, for which he had adopted a strong partiality, natural to an enthusiastic admirer of the orators and poets of those celebrated nations; and to examine their jurisprudence by a standard of comparison, which impressed his mind with a decided reverence for the institutions of his own country. He was not, however, regardless of the deviations in practice from the theoretical perfection of the constitution in the contested election, of which he was an unwilling spectator.

From Althorpe he removed, in the spring of 1768, to Wimbledon, where he received a proposal from Mr. Sutton, then Under-Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, the account of which I shall relate nearly in his own words\*.

The King of Denmark, then upon a visit to this country, had brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was desirous of having translated in England.

\* Introduction to the History of the Life of Nadir Shah. Works, vol. v. p. 531.

The Secretary of State with whom the Danish minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to Mr. Jones, requesting him to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the task, alleging for his excuse, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly his want both of leisure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by the translation of a Persian history, and some popular tales from the Persic, as capable of gratifying the wishes of his Danish Majesty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excused himself on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him; and, above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty, who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected, by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office, that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark. The translation

translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen; one of them, bound with uncommon by once, for the king himself; and the others, as presents to his co . . . s.

Such were the circumstances which induced him, (as he modestly observed,) against his inclinations, to describe the life of a conqueror; and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of judgment had made him see the danger of the step. If, (to quote his own words) he had reflected on the little solid glory which a man reaps from acquiring a name in literature, on the jealousy and envy which attend such an acquisition, on the distant reserve which a writer is sure to meet with from the generality of mankind, and on the obstruction which a contemplative habit gives to our hopes of being distinguished in active life; if all, or any of these reflections had occurred to him, he would not have been tempted by any consideration to enter upon so invidious and thankless a career: *but, as Tully says, he would have considered, before he embarked, the nature and extent of his voyage; now, since the sails are spread, the vessel must take its course.*

What marks of distinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he thought it would ill become him to mention at the head of a work, in which he professed to be the historian of others, and not of himself: but, to repel the false assertions which appeared in an advertisement on this subject in the public papers, containing a most unjust reflection on the King of Denmark, he considered it a duty imposed upon him, by the laws of justice and gratitude, to print, at the beginning of his translation, the honourable testimony of regard which his Majesty Christian VII. sent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work, together with the letter of thanks which he returned for so signal a token

of his favour\*. From these documents, it appears that his Danish Majesty sent to him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommending him, in the strongest terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign.

To the history of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatise on Oriental Poetry, in the language of the translation: and I may venture to assert, that Mr. Jones was the only person in England, at that time, capable of producing a work, which required a critical knowledge of two foreign languages, one of which was scarcely known in Europe. Indeed, when we consider the accuracy of the translation, which has been acknowledged by the most competent judges; the extreme difficulty attending a literal version of Oriental imagery and idioms; the errors common to all manuscripts, which he had no means of amending by the collation of different copies; and the elegance and correctness of his French style; we cannot but express our astonishment at the perfection of his performance, and the rapidity with which it was completed. The annexed treatise on Oriental poetry is instructive and elegant, interesting from its novelty, and entertaining from its subject and variety, and exhibits the combined powers of taste and erudition. This work was executed by a young man in his twenty-third year; and the motives which induced him to undertake it, had an equal influence on his exertions to render it as perfect as possible.

In detailing the circumstances attending the first publication of Mr. Jones, I have carried the narrative to its conclusion, with some anticipation of the order of time. Part of the summer of 1768 he passed at Tunbridge, where his private studies formed his chief occupation, and the winter of that year in London. He availed himself of the opportunity, which his situation there afforded, of

\* See Works, vol. v. Preface.

beginning to learn music; and, having made choice of the Welch harp, for which he had a national partiality, he received lessons from Evans, as long as he remained in town; but, as he was then ignorant of the theory of music, the mere practice, without a knowledge of the principles of the art, gave him little delight. I know not that he ever afterwards resumed the practice of the harp, nor is it to be regretted that he employed the time, which must have been dedicated to the attainment of any degree of perfection on this instrument, in more important pursuits.

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Jones formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count. This learned and accomplished nobleman was deeply captivated with the charms of Oriental literature; and the reputation of Mr. Jones as an Oriental scholar attracted his advances towards an intimacy, which were eagerly received.

After their separation, they commenced a correspondence, which was cultivated with attention for many years. Of this correspondence, much has been lost, and many of the remaining letters are defaced and mutilated. They generally wrote in Latin, occasionally in French, on literary subjects chiefly, but more particularly on Oriental literature. From that part of the correspondence, which took place in 1768, I select such letters as seem to fall within my plan, and now present a familiar translation of them to my readers.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

How pleasing was that half hour to me, in which we conversed on Persian poetry, our mutual delight. I considered it

\* Appendix, No. 1.

the

the commencement of a most agreeable friendship and intercourse between us ; but my expectations are disappointed by the circumstances in which we are unavoidably placed ; for, my business will confine me to the country longer than I wish, and you, as I am informed, are preparing to return immediately to Germany. I have, therefore, to lament that our intimacy is, as it were, nipped in the bud. I am not, however, without this consolation, that if I cannot personally converse with you, I can at least correspond with you, and thus enjoy the satisfaction arising from a communication of our sentiments and studies. In mentioning *our friendship*, I shall not, I trust, be deemed guilty of an improper freedom. Similarity of studies, fondness for polite literature, congenial pursuits, and conformity of sentiments, are the great bonds of intimacy amongst mankind. Our studies and pursuits are the same, with this difference indeed, that you are already deeply versed in Oriental learning, whilst I am incessantly labouring with all my might to obtain a proficiency in it. But I will not allow you to excel me in partiality for those studies, since nothing can exceed my delight in them. From my earliest years, I was charmed with the poetry of the Greeks ; nothing, I then thought, could be more sublime than the Odes of Pindar, nothing sweeter than Anacreon, nothing more polished or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus, and Simonides : but when I had tasted the poetry of the Arabs and Persians \* \* \* \* \*

The remainder of this letter is lost : but from the context, and the answer of Reviczki, we may conclude that it contained an elaborate panegyric on Eastern poetry, expressed with all the rapture which novelty inspires, and in terms degrading to the Muses of Greece and Rome.



C. REVICZKI to W. JONES, Esquire.\*

London, Feb. 19, 1768.

SIR,

I am highly gratified by your recollection of me, as well as by the repeated compliments which you pay me, in your letters to Madame de Vacluse. I must acknowledge, that I feel not a little proud of them; but still more, that an interview of a quarter of an hour has procured me the honour of your friendship. I should be most happy to cultivate it, if my plans allowed me to remain longer in this country, or if I could at least see you at Oxford, which I purpose visiting before I leave England. I hear, with pleasure, that you have undertaken to publish a Treatise on Oriental Prosody. As I am convinced that you will perform this task most ably and successfully, I anticipate with satisfaction the mortification of all our European Poets, who must blush at the poverty of their prosaic language, when they find that the Oriental dialects (independently of rhyme, which is of their invention) have true syllabic quantities as well as the Greek, and a greater variety of feet, and consequently the true science of metre and prosody.

I take the liberty of sending you a rough sketch of one of my latest translations from Hafez, with whom I sometimes amuse myself in a leisure hour. You are too well acquainted with the genius of the Persian language, not to perceive the rashness of my attempt; I do not indeed pretend to give the beauty of the original, but merely its sense, simple and unornamented. I have added to it a very free paraphrase in verse, in which, however, the greatest deviation from the text consists in the occasional substitution of *mistress* for *mignon*, either to give a connection to the stanzas, which in this kind of composition is never preserved, or to

\* Appendix, No. 4.

make

make it more conformable to our European taste. The Persian poet indeed speaks of his mistress in the first verse.

You will find in the margin several quotations from the Greek and Latin Poets, which occurred to my recollection, whilst I was reading Hafez, expressing the same sentiments with the Persian. I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you here before I leave England, assuring you with truth, that I consider the honour of your acquaintance among the greatest advantages attending my visit to this country.

I am, &c. —

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*London, Feb. 24, 1768.*

SIR,

I received your learned and obliging letter on the same day on which I wrote to you; and I read it with the greatest pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been more just to your own merit, and less flattering to me. I will not however take your expressions literally; and notwithstanding your declarations, the taste and judgment which you have displayed in the passages quoted by you, evidently prove that you have advanced far in Oriental literature. I must however beg quarter for the Greek and Latin; for, admitting, what I am not disposed to deny, the perfection, and even the superiority of the Orientals, particularly the Persians in some species of poetry, I would without hesitation renounce all knowledge of the three Eastern languages for that of the Greek alone. I rejoice that you have made so much progress in your work, and that I may hope soon to see it published; but how to assist you with my advice I know not, as I have not with me

a single treatise upon the subject of Oriental prosody. It is in truth an ocean; and such are the abundance and variety of measures used by the Orientals, that no memory can retain them.

I am very anxious to learn under what head you class the *Kasidah*, a species of composition highly admired by the Arabs, and very successfully cultivated by them; it has a nearer resemblance than any other kind of poetry to the Latin elegy, but its construction partakes of that of the *Gazel*\*, with this difference, that the latter is restricted to thirteen couplets, whilst the number of those in the *Kasidah* is unlimited; and secondly, that in each distich of the *Gazel*, the sense must be complete and finished, whilst in the *Kasidah*, the sentiment is continued through successive lines.

Of this species of composition, I do not know a more perfect specimen, than the poem on the death of Mohammed, so celebrated throughout the East, that every man of letters can repeat it. It is one continued allegory, but admirable and pathetic, and begins, if I rightly remember, thus:

Does memory recall the blissful bowers  
Of Solyma, the seat of many a friend;  
That thus, thy grief pours forth such copious showers,  
And bursting sighs thy lab'ring bosom rend?

With respect to your doubts on the supposed allegory of Hafez, much may be said. I am rather inclined to believe, that the mystical exposition of this great poet, by the Mohammedans, may be imputed to their veneration and respect for his memory, and that their object in it is to justify his conduct as a poet, by representing

\* Amatory Poem; it is not restricted to thirteen couplets, as Reviczki writes, but to seventeen, and generally contains about seven or eight.

him equally irreproachable in his morals and compositions. Most of the commentators, as Shemy, Surury, and others, labour to give a mystical interpretation of his verses on wine, youths, pleasures, and a contempt for religion, so discreditable to a good mussulman ; but the ablest of them all, the learned Sadi, disclaims this mode of illustration, and professes to give a literal exposition of the text of Hafez, in opposition to the opinions of other commentators, and without questioning the purity of their intentions. It may not be amiss to communicate to you an anecdote, which I have read somewhere respecting Hafez \*. After the death of this great man, some of the religious were disposed to deny his body the right of sepulture, alleging in objection, the licentiousness of his poetry ; after a long dispute, they left the decision to a divination in use amongst them, by opening his book at random, and taking the first couplet which occurred : It happened to be this :

Turn not away from Hafez' bier,  
Nor scornful check the pitying tear ;  
For tho' immers'd in sin he lies,  
His soul forgiv'n to Heaven shall rise.

\* This anecdote is quoted by Sir William Jones, in the ninth chapter of his *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, where he states the respective arguments in support of a *literal* or *mystical* interpretation of it. Without pronouncing a positive decision, he gives an opinion in favour of a literal interpretation as the most probable.

In an essay on the mystical poetry of the Persians and Hindus, composed some years afterwards in India, (Works, vol. i. p. 445.) he thus expresses himself on the subject :  
“ It has been made a question, whether the poems of Hafez must be taken in a literal or  
“ figurative sense : but the question does not admit of a general and direct answer ; for,  
“ even the most enthusiastic of his commentators allow, that some of them are to be  
“ taken literally, and his editors ought to have distinguished them.—Hafez never pre-  
“ tended to more than human virtues, and it is known that he had human propensities ;—  
“ after his juvenile passions had subsided, we may suppose, that his mind took that  
“ religious bent, which appears in most of his compositions ; for there can be no doubt  
“ that the following disticha, collected from different odes, relate to the mystical theology  
“ of the Sufis ;” &c.

This

This passage was deemed a divine decision ; the religious withdrew their objections, and he was buried in Mosella, a place rendered famous by his own verses. This anecdote, I think, is related by Kaleb Celebi. As to myself, although I am disposed to believe, that when Hafez speaks of love and wine, he has no recondite meaning, I am equally willing to declare, that his writings are not disgraced by those obscenities, nor those gross and filthy expressions, which so frequently occur in Sadi.

Nor can I avoid considering him a free thinker ; and a hundred passages might be quoted, in which the poet ridicules the Prophet and his Coran ; as for instance, when he says,

Wine, that our sober Seer proclaims  
Parent of sin, and foul misnames,  
With purer joy my soul beguiles,  
Than beauty's bloom, or beauty's smiles.

As to the Turkish poets, I confess I do not read them with the same pleasure, although I am willing to allow that some of them have merit. In my opinion, Ruhi, of Bagdat, is the most agreeable of them all ; he has written some admirable satires. Perhaps you are not acquainted with him. The Turkish poets in general, are no better than slavish imitators of the Persians, and often deficient in taste and harmony.

I cannot comprehend how you have discovered an indelicate meaning in these beautiful lines of Mesihi :

Send me not, O God, to the tomb, before I  
have embraced my friend :——

unless you annex an idea of obscenity to the expression of embracing a youth ; a subject which perpetually occurs not only in Oriental poetry, but in Greek and Latin. I send you a recent translation,

translation, with a request that you will return it when you are tired with it, as I have no copy.

I am, with the greatest esteem and veneration,

Sir, &c.

\* REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*London, March 7, 1768.*

I am at a loss to determine whether your letter has afforded me most pleasure or instruction ; it is indeed so admirable, that I must point out the only fault which I find in it, that of brevity, although you seem apprehensive of being thought tedious. I suspect that I am indebted to your partiality and politeness only, for the excessive encomiums which you have bestowed upon my translation of the two odes which I sent to you, as well as for the favourable opinion which you entertain of my trifles. I am, however, seriously obliged to you for your animadversions upon my inaccuracies, though when I consider their number, I must impute it to your indulgence that you have been so sparing in your corrections. Without wishing to lessen my obligations to your kindness, I cannot avoid mentioning by way of apology, that it is only three months since I resumed the task of writing verses, which I renounced when I left school ; and not from any motive of vanity, or desire of reputation, but merely as an amusement of my leisure hours. My relapse has produced the translation of about fifty odes of our learned Hafez,

For whom, each hour a growing fondness brings,†  
As by degrees the vernal alder springs.

But observing, in the progress of the work, the immense inferiority of my version to the original, I began to be disgusted with it.

\* Appendix, No. 4.

† These lines are taken from a juvenile translation of Sir William Jones.

I recol-



I recollect to have read somewhere with great pleasure, the Prelections of the Bishop of Oxford, of which you speak so highly, and which you propose to imitate, but I remember nothing more of this work, than that I thought both the style and arrangement of it, equally admirable. The Grecian and Oriental flowers scattered throughout your letter, delighted me exceedingly, and your selection of them shews your judgment. I also approve your idea of visiting the East; but previously to your undertaking it, I would recommend to you, to make yourself master of the common language of the Turks, or of the vulgar Arabic, not only as indispensably necessary to your communications with the Mohammedans, but as a means of deriving pleasure and profit from the journey.

I do not mean to apply my censures on the servile imitations of Turkish authors to every species of imitation; for in some instances the imitation, as in the case of Virgil with respect to Hesiod, has surpassed the original. Nor can Hafez himself deny the imputation of plagiarism, having actually transcribed whole lines from other poets; his collection of poems begins with an instance of this kind, for the very first hemistich is transcribed from one of Yezid\*, the son of Mowavea, with an alteration only in the collocation of the words, not to mention nearly a complete ode in another place; but I am disgusted with the flat and perpetual imitation of the many Turkish poets, to whom we may aptly apply the words of Horace:

*O servile herd of imitators!—*

\* Yezid was the son of Mowavea, the first Caliph of the race of Ommiah, and being reproached by his father for excessive drinking, replied as follows:

Does this thy wrath inspire, because I quaff'd  
The grape's rich juice?—then doubly sweet the draught.  
Rage—I will drink unmoved, for to my soul,  
Sweet is thy wrath, and sweet the flowing bowl.

Do

Do you wish to know my opinion respecting the other Persian poets, and whether I think Hafez alone elegant? far from it; for who can read without ecstasy the first page of Sadi? Indeed, my passion for Oriental literature was first excited by hearing the following lines of Sadi accidentally repeated by my teacher at Constantinople, who explained them to me:

All-bounteous Lord! whose providential care  
 E'en on thy proud rebellious sons descends;  
 How canst thou bid thy votaries despair,  
 Whose boundless mercy to thy foes extends?

But who can suppress his indignation, when he reads the wretched translation of this elegant writer, by Gentius? I acknowledge however, that I am more delighted with Hafez, who unites fine morality with cheerfulness. With respect to Jami, whose works I do not at present possess, I remember enough of what I read at Constantinople to venture to assert, that he is the most successful of the Persian poets. In the judgment of Sadi, Hafez is unequal; some of his odes are excellent, others very inferior, and some very tame, whilst Jami preserves an equality throughout. I have not translated the ode of Hafez, "If that fair maid," &c.\* into Latin verse, as the sense is so unconnected: but a prose translation of it with notes, if you wish to have it, is at your service. In the meantime, I send you my latest production, not complete indeed, but a mere embryo. Farewel.

P. S. It is little to say, I approve your Arabic verses; I really admire them, but dare not in this instance attempt to imitate you.

REVICZKI.

\* See a poetical translation of this ode, in Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

RE-

## \* REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*London, March 17th, 1768.*

I was highly delighted with your letter, particularly with your various translations, imitations, and compositions; they not only prove you have

Made the Greek authors your supreme delight,  
Read them by day, and studied them by night :

(FRANCIS)

but that you have attained all the peculiar elevation, as well as elegance of that language. Your Ode to Venus is as beautiful as Venus herself; and you have imitated with wonderful success so divine an original.

Is it not melancholy to reflect, that not only so much of the compositions of this elegant writer should be lost, but that the little which remains is so mutilated and corrupted ?

That the text of the ode selected by you, and even that preserved by Dionysius, and published by Upton, is preferable to that of Stephens, or whoever made the emendations (such as they are), I freely admit; for the rules of dialect are not only better observed, but it contains stronger marks of being genuine: yet, after all, it is impossible to deny, that there are many chasms in it, as well as errors, which cannot be satisfactorily amended by any explanation or twisting of the sense.

That Sappho wrote in the dialect of her own country, which cannot at this time be perfectly understood, is sufficiently probable; but it would be absurd to suppose the *Æolic* dialect irreconcilable

to metre and prosody; not to mention the evident corruption of the sense in some passages.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your translation of the Epigram on the Kiss of Agatho, is very elegant, and the idea in it resembles that of Hafez in the following lines :

Anxious thy blooming charms to see,  
Quick to my lips my soul ascends ;  
Must it expire or live ?—decree ;—  
For on thy voice my fate depends.

I send you, as I promised, a prose translation of the Persian Ode, together with an attempt at a poetical version of it, which I will hereafter improve. Pray inform me, whether there is any translation of Hafez, printed or manuscript, in Latin, or any other European language ; for I know of no other attempt at a translation of this poet, than that of the first ode, lately published in the *Analecta* of Professor Hyde.

I request likewise to be informed, where I am likely to find the first book of the *Iliad* of Homer, with an analysis and notes, for the use of scholars, printed in England, which a friend of mine wishes to procure for his son.

The ode, of which you praise the concluding verse, is elegant ; I remember only the first couplet.—

Bring wine, and scatter flow'rs around,  
Nor seek the depths of fate to sound :—  
Such was the morning rose's tale ;—  
What say'st thou, warbler of the vale ?

Although I have begun the preparations for my departure, and have packed up my books, if you wish to have a translation of this ode,

ode, or if it will be of any use to you, I will undertake it before I go. I wait your commands. Farewel.

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*London, March 29th, 1768.*

That I have deferred longer than usually my reply to your obliging letter, you must impute to the novel, and strange appearance of things here. You will not, I trust, be disposed to blame a delay, occasioned by the attention of a foreigner to customs which are peculiar to your country, and which I never observed in any other; for I confess to you that I never saw any thing similar to the mode here pursued of electing members of parliament. The novelty of it at first amused me, but the increasing tumult sickened and disgusted me, and, by compelling me to remain at home, afforded me an opportunity of writing to you. I rejoice that my version of the Persian ode pleases you, and that it has induced you to think me equal to the translation of the whole collection. But highly as I am honoured by your opinion, I cannot but think your advice somewhat unmerciful, for what mortal, unless

Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,  
Around his daring bosom roll'd,

(FRANCIS,)

would undertake a translation in prose and verse of six hundred odes? The attempt would not only require many years, but an entire exemption from all other occupations; which is not my case; I can only make these studies my occasional amusement. I mean, however, some time or other, to publish as much as I can.

The person who applied to me for the first book of the Iliad, with a verbal analysis, already possesses the key to Homer; but he

\* Appendix, No. 6.

thinks

thinks the other work better adapted to the use of boys, because the notes in it are subjoined to the text, which is not the plan of the Clavis. If you have one at hand, oblige me by just looking into it; for, if my memory does not fail me, there is a catalogue prefixed, mentioning the work which I want, and the name of the printer.

Although your politeness has excused any further efforts, I nevertheless send the ode which you requested in your last letter but one, as I think it will please you. It is by no means one of the easiest, either to understand, or translate; and indeed, the force of the peculiar idioms of a foreign language cannot be well conveyed by any circumlocution.

You ask my opinion of the affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and of an idiom common to both, of using the future for the past. Though I seldom read Hebrew, or, to say the truth, though I consider this sacred language rather as an object of veneration than of delight, (for, excepting the Old Testament itself, and some rabbinical dreams about it, there is nothing in it worth perusal,) I well remember, from the little of it which I have read, having remarked a close connection between the grammar of the Hebrew and Arabic, the moods and tenses in both are so few, as to require the frequent substitution of one for another; the Greek, however, which is so redundant in moods and tenses, sometimes does the same; for instance, when it uses the infinitive for the imperative. With respect to the measures used in the two languages, I am of a different opinion, for I consider the metrical art of the Arabs of much later invention, and to have assumed its present form only a short time before Mohammed, there being no trace whatever among them of a more ancient poetry. If the Hebrew poetry had a similar construction, which may indeed be suspected  
from



from a similar use of the vowels, we might by this time have traced, without difficulty, the laws of Hebrew metre by the rules of analogy\*.

If the text of the ode, which you mention to have read in the miscellaneous works of some anonymous author, had been correct, you would not have wanted my humble assistance; but it is so full of errors, that I must be an Œdipus to interpret it. Every one knows, that the mere irregularity of the diacritical points occasions infinite difficulty in the Oriental languages; but this is doubly increased by the casual omission or alteration of the letters themselves. It is therefore absolutely necessary in my opinion, as it is impossible to find manuscripts without errors, to possess two copies of every one which you read, that the faults of the one may be corrected by the other; and this is my method.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have only to conclude by thanking you for your Italian sonnet, and expressing the commendation to which it is entitled.—Farewel.

† Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*April 1768.*

Nothing can afford a stronger proof of your polite attention to me, than your last very friendly letter, which you

\* The probability that the metrical compositions of the Hebrews and Arabs were founded on the same rules of prosody, is intimated by Sir W. Jones, in his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, and proposed to the investigation of the learned. This opinion is suggested, by the close affinity of the languages of those ancient people, whence he argues to a presumption that their poets used the same numbers, feet, and measures, in their compositions.

† Appendix, No. 7.

contrived to write in the midst of city bustle, during the noise of riotous mobs, and the tumult of a parliamentary election, and to accompany it with a most beautiful Persian Ode, and a Latin translation. Our favourite Hafez deserves indeed to be fed with ambrosia, and I daily discover, with increasing delight, new beauties and elegances in him. The principal difficulty attending the translation and publication of his poems as you have begun, consists in giving them a poetical dress ; but this will prove easier than you imagine ; for there are many of his odes, which I conclude you will not attempt to translate, as containing expressions wholly foreign to our manners, lofty and daring figures, or abrupt unconnected lines ; and this will in some measure alleviate the Herculean labour of the task.

\* \* \* \* \*

If I were not a sincere lover of truth, and averse from all dissimulation, I should lament that our capital has fallen under your inspection in these times of turbulence and distraction, when the liberty of my country, so universally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiousness, not to say outrage. The original form of our constitution is almost divine ; —to such a degree, that no state of Rome or Greece could ever boast one superior to it ; nor could Plato, Aristotle, nor any legislator, even conceive a more perfect model of a state. The three parts which compose it are so harmoniously blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Aristoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to devise a constitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the sovereign and liberty of the people, from any encroachment by the influence and power of the nobility, preserves the force and majesty of the laws from violation, by the popular liberty ? This was the case formerly in our island, and would be so still, if the folly of some

some had not prompted them to spur on the populace, instead of holding them in. I cannot therefore restrain my indignation against *Wilkes*, a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of sedition: but what can be said in defence of the honour and consistency of some of our nobility, who, after having given him their countenance and support, shamefully deserted and betrayed him.

If you wish to obtain more accurate information respecting our laws and customs, I recommend to your perusal Smith's Treatise on the English Constitution, and the Dialogue of Fortescue in praise of the Laws of England. Thomas Smith was the English ambassador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Fortescue's little tract, we may apply the words of Xenophon to the Teleboas; "it is not large, but beautiful." He was Chancellor of England under Henry the Sixth, and was compelled by the distractions of the times, to take refuge with his pupil Prince Edward in France, where, in an advanced age, he composed his little golden dialogue. These books will convince you that our laws are framed with the greatest wisdom, and that as Pindar, quoted by Plato in his Gorgias, says,

Sov'reign o'er all, eternal law  
On Gods and Men imposes awe,  
And justice, strengthen'd by her hand,  
O'er all exerts supreme command.

When I reflect on our constitution, I seem as it were to contemplate a game at chess, a recreation in which we both delight. For we have a king whose dignity we strenuously defend, but whose power is very limited; the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have some kind of resemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed in war, and in the management of public affairs; but the principal

principal strength is in the pawns, or people; if these are firmly united, they are sure of victory, but if divided and separated, the battle is lost. The motions of all, as in the game of chess, are regulated by fixed laws: lastly, when I consider myself, I seem like a spectator, contemplating for his mere amusement two parties at the game; but if it ever should be my lot to be concerned in the administration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and pursue one object, and one only, to preserve our beautiful constitution inviolate.

Contrary to my intention, I find I have been prolix; I will, therefore, turn to another subject. I read your last letter with an apprehension, that it might communicate the intelligence of your speedy departure from England; but as you are silent on this head, as my business here will soon be concluded, and as I know the uncertainty of all human affairs, I am determined to embrace an opportunity, which, if I now neglect, may not again occur, of paying you a visit in London about the middle of the month.—Farewel.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—No Date.—1768.

I have received your two letters replete with taste and erudition: your kindness towards me is as conspicuous in them, as the brilliancy of your genius. I now reply to both.

Your approbation of my intention to publish my work, gives me, as it ought, great pleasure; for I cannot but rejoice, as Hector in the tragedy says, “in the praise of one, who is himself entitled to praise.” The perusal of the two odes of the divine poet, afforded me infinite delight; they are very beautiful, but their beauties are

\* Appendix, No. 8.

more

more conspicuous from your luminous interpretation. Your metrical imitation of them is elegant, and if you will allow me to publish it in my work, you will equally oblige me and my readers, who will be glad to hear the Persian poet speak Latin; if you object to this, copies of them shall be deposited with my treasures, and the originals restored to you as soon as possible. You bid me return the verses to you when I am tired with them: this is as much as to say keep them for ever, for it is impossible that I can ever be tired with the perusal.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*Oxford, November 1768.*

I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, although I fear you may have quitted this country before my letter arrives.

I have received your obliging letter, with an elegant ode of Hafez, which I read with the greatest pleasure, or rather devoured.

But what necessity is there to say more, since it is possible that what I write, may never reach you? Let me, again and again, intreat and beseech your remembrance of me wherever you go, and that you will write to me as speedily, and at as great a length as possible. Be assured that nothing has, or ever can, afford me greater pleasure than your friendship.

\* \* \* \* \*

These letters strongly mark the enthusiasm of Mr. Jones, and his learned friend Rvciczki, for Oriental literature; nor am I surprised to find that the former should have been led by it, to entertain an intention of visiting the East: no one, however, will regret that it

\* Appendix, No. 9.

was



was at that period abandoned. Every reader will peruse with pleasure, the enthusiastic veneration expressed by Mr. Jones for the British constitution, and the ardour with which he pronounces himself its champion; they will also remark that his attachment to it was indelible, and acquired strength from his increasing knowledge of its laws and principles.

For an account of his occupations at Wimbledon, where he passed the Spring of 1769, I shall transcribe part of a letter which he wrote to an intimate friend, John Wilmot, Esquire.

“ My life is one unvaried scene of writing letters, and attending  
 “ the donzelle vezzose e tenerolle, by whose beauties I confess my-  
 “ self easily overcome.

“ I have just read Robertson’s Life of Charles the Fifth, the nar-  
 “ rative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing  
 “ and elegant: but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius,  
 “ that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impres-  
 “ sions on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the  
 “ turn of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected  
 “ words.

“ I have also given my favourite Petrarch a second reading, and  
 “ was so much pleased with his lamentations over Laura, that I  
 “ selected the most beautiful passages, and threw them all together  
 “ in the form of an Elegy\*, which I send you inclosed, but beg  
 “ you will return it as soon as you can, as I have no other copy.  
 “ I fear I shall not be at Oxford this Spring, but am not certain.  
 “ Give my compliments to Poore, and tell him, if he will descend  
 “ from the starry temple of philosophy, and write to a very idle

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 459.

“ fellow,



“fellow, I shall be glad to hear from him, especially as I am desirous of knowing his sentiments about my Treatise De Poesi Asiaticâ.”

I \* \* \* \* \*

In the summer of this year, Lord Althorpe was settled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones, who accompanied him there, had the satisfaction of seeing himself restored to the society of Dr. Sumner. Their enthusiasm for literature was equal: the master contemplated, with delight unmixed with envy, a rival of his own erudition in his scholar, who acknowledged with gratitude his obligations to his preceptor. Their intercourse, although interrupted, had never been discontinued; and Mr. Jones seldom suffered any considerable time to elapse without visiting Harrow. During his residence there at this period, he transcribed a Persian Grammar, which he had three years before composed for the use of a school-fellow who had been destined for India, but had since relinquished that object for a commission in the army.

I find also from his correspondence, that he had begun a Dictionary of the Persian Language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East: but he expressed at the same time his determination not to continue the work, unless the India Company would purchase it at a considerable expense.

The serious reader has probably remarked, that, amidst the attention of Mr. Jones to general literature, Religion has not been mentioned as an object of his study, and he may be solicitous to know his opinions on this important subject, and whether he had made any, and what, progress in that knowledge, in comparison of which all erudition is trifling, and human science vain. Notwithstanding

withstanding the anxiety of Mrs. Jones for the improvement of her son, and her indefatigable exertions to promote it in his early years, she had initiated him no further in the principles of our holy faith, than to teach him the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. During his residence at Harrow, at the warmest recommendation of Dr. Glasse, whose name I mention with reverence, Mr. Jones was induced to peruse a work, intitled, "Private Thoughts on Religion," by Bishop Beveridge, with considerable attention; and he was particularly struck with a passage, in which the pious author argues, that a profession of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid enquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mohammedans have for theirs. The observation readily suggested to his recollection a famous couplet in Zayre, which he did not hesitate to apply to himself:

*J'eusse été près du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,  
Chrétienne dans Paris, Mussulmane en ces lieux.*

I wish for my own satisfaction, as well as that of my reader, that I were able to pronounce what impression the perusal of this work made upon the mind of Mr. Jones. It is probable, and the presumption is not advanced without reason, that it induced him to reflect with more seriousness than he had ever before entertained on the subject of religion, and to investigate the grounds on which the Old and New Testament had been received, during so many ages, as the Word of God. It is evident however, from a conversation with two of his clerical friends at Harrow at this time, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, that his belief in Christianity was not unmixed with doubts. These doubts were stated by him, in hopes of obtaining a solution of them; but being disappointed, he declared his determination to peruse the whole of the Scriptures in the original uninterruptedly, that he might be enabled to form a correct judgment

ment of the connection between the two parts, and of their evidence both internal and external. The exposition of his doubts to those whom he thought qualified to solve them, was a proof of his anxiety to know the truth; and the determination which he formed in consequence of his disappointment, is no less a proof of his sincerity in the search of it. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of anticipating the conclusion to which his investigation led, a firm belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

In a Hebrew copy of the book of Hosea, I find a series of Propositions in the hand-writing of Mr. Jones, containing the sketch of a demonstration of the divine authority of the Christian Religion. These Propositions appear to have been written near the period of the preceding conversation at Harrow. They are not expressed with such accuracy or elegance, as to justify a supposition that they were intended to be made public; but as I know that he always considered the demonstration contained in them satisfactory, I exhibit them as evidence of his early conviction of the truth and completion of the prophecies respecting our Saviour.

## PROPOSITION I.

There is *as much* reason to believe, that the writings of Isaiah and the Hebrew Prophets, as that those of Homer and the Greek Poets, are *more ancient* than the time of Jesus.

*Objection.* Some men might have an interest in forging Isaiah.

*Answer.* Forged writings would have been more *in point*. Those of Isaiah bear no marks of forgery; and the Jews themselves, who were puzzled by them, acknowledged their *antiquity*.

## PROPOSITION II.

These ancient writings, especially Isaiah, allude to some great event, and to some real extraordinary person, who was put to "death, and complained not;" &c. Isaiah, chap. liii.

## PROPOSITION III.

The life and death of Jesus, his virtues and doctrines, though not his miracles, are as much to be believed, as the life and death of Socrates, his virtues, and his doctrine.

## PROPOSITION IV.

No person in the history of the Jews, before or after Jesus, coincides with this account, except Jesus.

Therefore Jesus was the subject of their writings, which are consequently inspired, and he a person of an extraordinary nature, that is, the Messiah.

If this be just reasoning, we may believe his miracles, and *must* obey his law.

If difficulties occur, and we are asked, "how they can be solved," we may safely answer, "We do not know;" yet we may truly be, and justly be called Christians.

To these Propositions, the following note is subjoined:—"What *must* be the importance of a book," of which it may be truly said, "if this book be not true, the religion which we profess is *false*?"

Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow, in the Autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himself of this opportunity to visit his friends at Oxford. During his residence there, he made an excursion to Forest Hill, the occasional habitation of Milton;  
for

for whose genius and learning, he early and ever entertained the highest veneration. The public will read with pleasure his own relation, of what he saw and felt on this occasion, in an animated letter of the first to Lady Spencer.

### To Lady SPENCER.

7th Sept. 1769:

The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history, prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakespeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning in company with a friend to visit a place, where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro* :

Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.

\* \* \* \* \*

While the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe ;  
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures :  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;

Mountains,



## MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF

Mountains, on whose barren breast,  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
 Towers and battlements it sees,  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks. &c.



It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description ; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe ; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot, whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images ; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides : the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large, in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical



poetical enthusiasm over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

There the fire-house was close to the church, the greatest part of it has been ~~blown~~ <sup>blown</sup> down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them shewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the Summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon. I have the honour, &c.

Towards

'Towards the end of this year, Mr. Jones accompanied the family of Lord Spencer in a journey to the Continent. I cannot better describe his occupations and reflections during the excursion, than in his own words :

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

N 4th Feb. 1770.

The date of my letter will not fail to surprize you ; for I do not write from the plains, through which the Thames or Isis, so justly dear to me, glides, but from the foot of the Alps, and in front of the Ligurian sea.

I have resided in this delightful little spot nearly three months ; it was not possible therefore for me to receive your two most acceptable letters, dated in September and January, before my departure from England : I have read them with singular pleasure, to which their length did not a little contribute. You cannot conceive my anxiety to peruse your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks ; it is, I understand, deposited in Lord Spencer's house in London, but I expect to receive a copy by the first vessel which sails from England for this port, and I will take care that the three remaining copies shall be safely and expeditiously delivered to your friends, and if yours, mine also, although I do not even know them by sight.

The approbation which your work has received in Germany, delights, without surprizing me. It was first mentioned to me by a nobleman of that country, apparently a man of taste and amiable manners, who holds, I believe, a public office at Milan ; and he promised not only to send it to me, but to inform me of your health, and where to address you ; a promise which gave me the

\* Appendix, No. 11.

greatest

greatest satisfaction: for I suspected (forgive the injustice of the suspicion) that I no longer retained a place in your remembrance, and in consequence I despaired of hearing from you, unless I first wrote ~~to the fire~~ this suspense, I received your two most welcome letters with ~~the~~ <sup>thirteen</sup> odes: they are not only worthy of the lyre, but the lyre <sup>on</sup> which they are sung, ought to be of gold. I am indeed proud<sup>n</sup> of your condescension in asking my opinion of them, as I can by no means think myself entitled to such an honour. I will however make my remarks upon them as well as I can, and return them to you when I receive an answer to this letter; for I should be sorry to trust such precious writings to the uncertain conveyance of the post.

This letter will probably reach you in a fortnight, and I beg you to gratify me by an early acknowledgment of it; for I assure you with great truth, that nothing ~~can~~ give me more pleasure than a letter from you, however hasty. You perhaps wish to know how I employed my time after your departure from England; a short explanation will suffice. Amongst other occupations, I revised and corrected my Commentaries on Oriental Poetry, and when I was preparing an accurate transcription of the manuscript for your perusal, I was unexpectedly interrupted by a business of more importance\*.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had scarcely brought this work to a conclusion, when, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the younger sister of my pupil, (who frequently talks of you) her father determined to pass

\* The business here alluded to, is the translation of the life of Nadir Shah, the circumstances of which have been already detailed, and are repeated in another letter; the particular mention made of them in the letter before the reader, is therefore untranslated.

the

*Perkins*

the winter with his family in Italy, or the South of France. I was therefore under the necessity of entrusting my history (as the King of Denmark was anxious for its publication) to a Frenchman, upon whose accuracy I could depend, for correcting the errors of the press. I have just learned from him, that the work is printed; and I will take care that not even his Danish Majesty shall receive a copy of it before you. Having thus left England, we repaired to Paris, and after rather a tedious residence there, we proceeded with great rapidity by the Rhone to Lyons, and from that place continued our journey by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice,

Where Spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,  
And banish'd Winter flies the blooming plains.

Even here we shall remain longer than I wish; but I hope to return to England by the beginning of June. I propose, however, if I should have an opportunity, to cross the sea about the middle of this month, and visit Florence, that celebrated colony of the Triumviri, and the cradle of reviving literature, as well as Rome, the nurse of all elegant arts, and perhaps Naples; but on this plan you shall hereafter know my determination. You may perhaps enquire, what are my occupations at this place: I will tell you in few words; music, with all its sweetness and feeling; difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics; the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting; these occupy all my senses and thoughts; nor do I neglect the study of the military art, which it would be the greatest disgrace to an English gentleman, not to be acquainted with. I have written much in my native language, and amongst other things a little Tract on Education, in the manner of Aristotle, that is, the analytic manner. I have moreover begun a tragedy, to which I have given the title of Soliman, whose most amiable son perished miserably, as you know, by the treachery of a step-mother. The story is full of the most affecting incidents, and has more sublimity even than the tragedies of Æschylus, as it abounds with

with Oriental images. I send you translations of two odes, one from Hafez, the other from the very ancient Arabic poet ; but I have adapted the ideas of the latter to the Roman manners, and I fill the remainder of the paper with a Greek epigram, in imitation of a little English song. Farewell. You shall have your papers as soon as I am informed that you have received this letter.

\* Mr. JONES to N. B. HALHED.

*Nice, March 1, 1770.*

I received your short letter with great pleasure, as it convinced me, that you were not insensible of my esteem for you, and such as resemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you desired, most earnestly requesting them to promote your views, as if my own interest were concerned ; if they accede to my wishes in this respect, they will oblige me and themselves too ; for doubtless I shall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think however that I shall have it in my power to serve you more effectually, after my return to England ; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts on my part, shall ever be wanting to promote your wishes.

My health is good ; but I long for those enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I first arrived here, I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country,—olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased ; I am now satiated, and begin to feel somewhat of disgust. The windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea, and, as Ovid beautifully says—

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

• Appendix, No. 12.

L

I have



I have therefore no other resource than, with Cicero, to count the waves, or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to measure the sands. I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, or my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest, or philosophize with Poore. If it be not inconvenient, I wish you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are: but write if you please in Latin, and with gaiety, for it grieves me to observe the uneasiness under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine; continue to cultivate polite literature; woo the muses; reverence philosophy; and give your days and nights to composition, with a due regard however to the preservation of your health.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*Nice, April 1770.*

It is impossible to describe my vexation at not hearing from you, and I can only conclude that you have not received my letter of February, or, what would be more unpleasant, that your letter has miscarried, or finally, what I dread even to suspect, that I no longer retain a place in your remembrance. I have written to you from this place, not (as Cicero says to Lucceius) a very fine epistle, but one that I cannot but think would be acceptable to you, because it was very long, and contained, besides, much information respecting myself. After a sufficient time for the receipt of an answer, which I most anxiously expected, I daily enquired if there were any letters from Vienna;—none, none, was the reply day after day. My anxiety and uneasiness at this disappointment daily increased, and nearly two months are now elapsed without a line from you. What can I do? or what shall I devise? I fear to trust your papers, which you desired me to

\* Appendix, No. 18.

return,



return, to a conveyance so hazardous as the post ; although I am persuaded it will be inconvenient for you to be so long without them, but although I cannot venture to send them before I hear from you, I will use my remarks, which you may throw into the fire, if you do not like them :—they are, as you seemed to wish, somewhat hypercritical, and perhaps too severe.

Your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, delighted me exceedingly ; nothing can be more useful or opportune. As I cannot depend upon this letter reaching you, I write but little, having no wish to talk to the winds, and risk the loss of time, which I can better employ. I expect to leave this town about the middle of the month. My proposed Italian expedition is deferred to a future period. Farewell, my Charles, and remember me, as I do you. After my return to England, I will write to you frequently, and my letters shall be longer and more cheerful.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—Date erased.

Although I cannot possibly receive an answer to my letter before I leave this place, I will not have to reproach myself for neglecting an opportunity of writing to you. I concur most heartily in your sentiments on the pleasures of travelling, as on all other subjects ; nothing, in my opinion, can be more useful or more delightful. How much more agreeable would my journey be, if I could make Vienna a part of it, where I might enjoy your conversation, philosophize with you, trifle away an idle hour, or explore with you the hidden treasures of poetry. As I am deprived of this happiness, I shall take the liberty of saying something not so favourable of the pleasures, which I actually enjoy. I am disgusted with the odious rattle of French gaiety ; and the

\* Appendix, No. 14.

calm

calm serenity of an Italian sky has something gloomy in it. I am so much in love with myself, *i. e.* so much beside myself, that, in my own eyes, I appear more worthy of your friendship than ever. You cannot conceive how different I am from what you knew me in England. I was then young and thoughtless; now I devote myself wholly to polite literature, and the great objects of my ambition are virtue, fame, and, above all, your friendship; objects than which nothing can be more divine, estimable, or dear to me. That I may not altogether write an *unlettered letter*, I send you a Greek version of an English epigram. It was composed in a calm night, by a friend of mine, and I translated it at his request. I think it will please you, as it appears to have an affinity to the style of Meleager, and other poets in the *Anthologia*\*.

### To Lady SPENCER.

Nice, April 14th, 1770.

It is with great pleasure, that I acquaint your Ladyship, that Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Harriet, and her brother, are perfectly well; Mrs. Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca; I am to be her knight, and am just equipped to mount my Rosinante; Mademoiselle Annette is to go upon Lady Mary Somerset's ass; so we shall make a formidable procession. It is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleased with her jaunt. We have had very bad weather, violent rains, and storms of thunder in the night, a close, sultry heat all day, and a very sharp cold every evening; but the spring seems now to be pretty well settled; and I fancy we shall have a continually clear sky, and a mild air, as long as we stay. We all promise ourselves great pleasure in our journey homewards; and we have great reason to believe it will be

\* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 133.—In the original, Mr. Jones indulges himself with a play on words, which cannot be imitated in the translation.

enchantingly

enchantingly pleasant. I have every day more and more reason to be pleased with the unfolding of my pupil's disposition: your Ladyship will perhaps I think these to be words of course, and what you might expect from any other person in my situation; but, believe me, I say them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to speak to any one what I do not think, I should at least speak truly to your Ladyship, of whom I am, with the greatest truth,

The obliged and grateful humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

To Lady SPENCER.

*Paris, 4th June, 1770.*

Your Ladyship will be surprised at receiving such a parcel of papers from me; but I am willing to make amends for not writing all last month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to say at that time; but on my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very spirited ode composed by him upon the marriage of the Archduchess. I dare say Lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to inclose it for him. I have marked in this manner ⊙ two or three passages that are faulty; and I have put this sign ☾ to one stanza that I do not quite understand. I have also sent with it the Baron's letter to me, which will serve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the shocking accidents that happened here the night of the fire-works. Above one hundred and thirty people were killed; and several people of fashion were crushed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful catastrophe; which perhaps has saved some of us, if not from real danger, at least from the apprehension of it. We shall not be sorry to see England again, and hope to have that pleasure very soon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford.

Oxford for a short time: but if Lord Althorpe goes back to school this summer, as I sincerely hope he will, I shall not go to College till August; for I am convinced that a public school has already been, and will continue to be, of the highest advantage to him in every respect. While Mrs. Poyntz staid at Lyons, I made an excursion to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed. I sent him a note with a few verses, implying that the muse of tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this answer: "The worst of French poets and philosophers is almost dying; age and sickness have brought him to his last day; he can converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity him. He presents him with his humble respects." But he was not so ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his house just as I came to it. The servants shewed me somebody at a window, who they said was he; but I had scarce a glimpse of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather serious, when he finds himself upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuses to see company, because he cannot display his former wit and sprightliness. I find my book\* is published; I am not at all solicitous about its success: as I did not choose the subject myself, I am not answerable for the wild extravagance of the style, nor for the faults of the original; but if your Ladyship takes the trouble to read the dissertation at the end, you may perhaps find some new and pleasing images. The work has one advantage, it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is so good as to enquire how Soliman goes on; pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to suspect the innocence of Mustafa, who is just slain. To be serious; my tragedy is just finished; and I hope to shew it to your Ladyship in a short time.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

\* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

De La Fontaine is with us; he seems very well, but is still weak and complaining. I must add a little stroke of French courage, which I have just heard. In the midst of all the disasters of the fire-works, the Mareschal de Richlieu was in such a panic, that he got out of his carriage, and screamed out, *Est-ce qu'on veut laisser perir un Mareschal de France? N'y a-t-il personne pour secourir un Mareschal de France?*—This will be an eternal joke against him!—

• Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*Spa, July 1770.*

What an idle, unsettled fellow I am! I fly over Europe, scarcely stopping any-where. We passed the winter at Nice, enjoyed the spring in France, and I am now spending the summer (if this rainy season may be so called) on the borders of Germany. I certainly can without any risk send your manuscripts from this place, and I advise you by all means to publish them. They are worthy of your acknowledged talents, and will ensure you the applause of all the learned. I say this without flattery, which is indeed foreign to my character. The criticisms which I sent to you, are full of errors; and you must receive them with great allowance; for during my residence at Nice, I was wholly without ancient books, or other aids, to which I am in the habit of applying, nor do I now possess them.

I have received your French letter, with an incomparable ode: I was particularly charmed with that happy transition in it;

O'er kindred, or o'er friendship's bier  
Affection pours a transient tear:—  
Soon flies the cloud; the solar rays  
Disperse the gloom, and brighter blaze.

• Appendix, No. 15.

Believe



Believe me, when I read these lines, I could scarcely restrain my tears; for nature has that power over me, that I am more affected by the beauties of a tender simplicity, than by the loftiest figures of poetry; and hence I am more delighted with a passage in the first Pythian ode of the divine Pindar concerning the Muses, than by his elaborate description of the Eagle and *Ætna*\*.

What shall I send in return for your present? Accept the accompanying ode, which is at least valuable for its antiquity. You will perhaps smile; it is not an epithalamium on the marriage of Antoinette the Dauphiness, but contains the eulogium of a very ancient Chinese monarch, whose name, though a monosyllable only, I have forgotten. When I read the works of Confucius, translated by Couplet and others, I was struck with admiration at the venerable dignity of the sentiments, as well as at the poetical fragments, which adorn the discourses of that philosopher. They are selected from the most ancient records of Chinese poetry, and particularly from a work, entitled *Shi-king*, of which there is a fine copy in the royal library at Paris. I immediately determined to examine the original; and, referring to the volume, after a long study, I succeeded in comparing one of the odes with the version of Couplet, and analysed every word, or, more properly, every figure in it. Of this ode, I now send you a literal translation†: it is a composition of a wonderful dignity and brevity; each verse contains four words only, hence the ellipsis is frequent in it, and the obscurity of the style adds to its sublimity. I have annexed a

\* But they on earth, or the devouring main,  
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,  
With envious horror hear the heav'nly strain,  
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the muse.

WEST'S Translation.

† Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 351.

poetical



poetical version, making every verse correspond with the sense of Confucius ; you will judge whether I have succeeded or not, it will be sufficient for me if it please you. You know that this philosopher, whom I may venture to call the Plato of China, lived about six hundred years before the Christian æra, and he quotes this ode, as very ancient in his time. It may therefore be considered as a most precious gem of antiquity, which proves, that poetry has been the admiration of all people in all ages, and that it every-where adopts the same images. I must say a few words upon another work, lest my long letter of February, containing a particular account of it from first to last, should have miscarried. I allude to the translation of the life of Nadir Shah, from Persian into French, a most disagreeable task, which I undertook at the request of my Augustus, the King of Denmark, who, I doubt not, will verify the high expectations entertained of him in Europe. It was his special injunction, that the translation should be strictly literal, that I should supply such notes as might be necessary, and finally, that I should add a short dissertation on the poetry of the Persians. I finished this tiresome work to the best of my ability, and with such expedition, in compliance with the importunities of his Majesty, that the whole book, and more particularly the dissertation, is full of errors. In the latter, I ventured to insert a translation of ten odes of Hafez, from a very splendid but incorrect manuscript, and without the aid of any commentary. I have written to the Under-Secretary of State, requesting him to send you a copy of it as expeditiously as possible ; and I trust he will not disappoint me. Excuse those errors which I could not perhaps have avoided, if I had possessed the greatest leisure, and which the total want of it made almost inevitable. Excuse also the insertion of the two odes, which you sent to me with a French translation only ; and lastly, I must beg your excuse for the liberty which I could not avoid taking of mentioning my friend ; for I could not

resist the desire of letting the King know, how highly I valued you. You will greatly add to the other proofs I have experienced of your kindness towards me, by noticing the errors of the work, and particularly of the dissertation, which I mean to publish in a separate volume.

The King of Denmark, as I am informed, approves my work much, and has some honours in view for me; but of what nature I know not. When he was considering what recompence he should bestow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his Majesty, that I neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation.

I have directed a copy of your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, to be sent to his Majesty, because it is worthy his perusal, and because you are the author of it. Do not suppose that I now conclude, because I have nothing more to say; my mind, in truth, overflows with matter, and I have more difficulty in restraining my pen, than to find topics for writing. But I will not abuse and exhaust your patience with my loquacity. For my sake, take care of your health.

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*Vienna, August 9, 1770.*

Indeed, my dear Sir, I cannot think you much to be pitied, for having past a year in travelling through various climates and regions; on the contrary, I think it extremely fortunate that you have had an opportunity which you are well qualified to improve. You have escaped the severity of winter in the mild and temperate climate of Italy, you have enjoyed the spring in France

\* Appendix, No. 16.

and

and England, and you are now spending the summer on the confines of Germany, in a place, which is the general rendezvous of Europe; and where you may see, at a glance, an assemblage of various nations. Is not this delightful? Is not the great advantage of travelling, to explore the characters of different people? I can however easily conceive the inconvenience which a man of letters must suffer from the want of means and opportunity to pursue his studies, and this alone is sufficient to diminish the pleasure of it.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the extraordinary composition with which you favoured me; it is indeed a literary curiosity. But pray inform me, when you learned the Chinese language; I did not suspect that this was one of your accomplishments, but there are no bounds to your acquisitions as a linguist. I am the more delighted with this little performance, as I can rely upon it as a faithful translation from the Chinese language, of which the few things we have translated appear very suspicious; it has not only the merit of being very ancient, but in your version appears even elegant. I impatiently expect your life of Nadir Shah; and I beg you to accept my thanks for your attention, in requesting the Under-Secretary of State to forward a copy of it to me; nor am I less anxious to peruse the essay, which you have annexed to it, on Oriental poetry. I admire your condescension in submitting this work to my criticism; you must be sensible that you incur little risk by it, and that you are sure of my approbation. I shall however be obliged to point out one fault, which is no trifle,—your mentioning me in such honourable terms. I have no claim to this distinction, although, if I had foreseen your intention, I would have at least exerted myself to deserve it. There are several of our Vienna ladies and gentlemen now at Spa, who are all well worthy of your acquaintance. I am informed that Lady  
Spencer

Spencer is an intimate friend of the Princess Ezterhazy; she can introduce you to the acquaintance of an amiable and respectable lady, who knows how to estimate the value of persons of merit. I have nothing at present worth troubling you with. I reserve this pleasure for a future opportunity, and in the mean time am, with great respect and veneration,

Your very humble servant,

REVICZKI.

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

*Vienna, Oct. 16th, 1770.*

Although your last letter gives me no information of your intended destination after your departure from Spa, I conclude from your very silence, that you are now in London. This opinion is confirmed by the late receipt of your letter. I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you during my excursion into Hungary; nor did your letter reach me till after my return to Vienna long subsequent to its date, and when the subject of it was in fact obsolete. Most sincerely do I hope that your wishes may be gratified, and that after so much travelling, I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Vienna.

The French are light and frivolous, the Italians effeminate and enervate, and the Germans may perhaps be dull and morose; yet they are not on this account to be despised, for if nature has not endowed them with the more elegant qualities, they possess what is more valuable, and win the affections of strangers by plain dealing and simplicity of manners.

I give this testimony to the character of the Germans, without partiality, for I am as much a stranger in Germany, as I lately

\* Appendix, No. 17.

was



was in England; and no one, at all acquainted with the character and country of the Germans and Hungarians, can possibly consider them the same, for they are not only dissimilar in disposition, language, and manners, but in their very nature. I will not however dissemble, but candidly confess the truth, that my way of life here is extremely pleasant; nor have I any doubt that you, who are so accurate a judge of mankind, will one day readily subscribe to my opinion of this nation.

I smile at your declaration that you are changed, and that you hope to be more agreeable to me, from having renounced youthful gratifications, and devoted yourself to the cultivation of literature and the pursuit of virtue; for my own part, I only wish to find you again precisely the same as when I knew and admired you in England, faultless and irreproachable. I confess indeed, that what I particularly valued in you, was the happy talent of blending pleasure and recreation, with the most intense study and thirst for literature.

Take care however, that you do not suffer the ardour of application to deprive you of the gratifications of life, sufficiently brief in their own nature; they are indeed so connected with literature, that the wise and the learned only are qualified for the true enjoyment of them. Take care also, that you have not hereafter reason to complain, in the words of Horace:

Ah why, while slighted joys I vainly mourn,—

Why will not youth, with youthful thoughts, return?

The chastity of the Muses, and their enmity to Venus, is a mere fable adapted to fiction; *for poetry delights to repose on downy pillows.* I now turn to another subject. I have not yet received your translation of the Persian manuscript which you promised me,  
and

and which indeed you seem to have sent ; what has delayed its arrival I know not, and will trouble you to enquire about it.

I have read again and again the beautiful English song, with your elegant translation of it in two languages, and I am delighted with it. I wonder however that you are so little satisfied with the Latin version of it, with which I am highly pleased.

The last letter was received by Mr. Jones, after his return to England. It may be regretted that his correspondence during his excursion to the Continent, should have been confined chiefly to literary topics, and that his letters contain no observations of a particular nature, on the characters and manners of the French, Italians, and Germans, amongst whom he so long resided. They exhibit however what may be more interesting to those who are anxious to explore his mind and feelings, an undisguised picture of them ; and for this reason, I more particularly regret that so few of his letters should have been preserved. The account which he gives of his success in deciphering an ode of Confucius, is a remarkable proof of his ardour for universal literature, and of his invincible application in the pursuit of it. He had before acquired the keys of the Chinese language, and having accidentally discovered, through the medium of an inelegant translation, a treasure locked up in it, he applies them skilfully, and, with great perseverance, obtains access to it.

Nothing remains of the Treatise on Education, mentioned by Mr. Jones, except the plan ; as it is short, I present it to the reader in this place. He will probably regret with me, that the Treatise, if it ever were completed, no longer exists. In the culture of his own talents, Mr. Jones appears strictly to have pursued the objects  
which



which he points out as the end of education in general, and to have attempted the attainment of them, by the means which he recommends to others. This little sketch was written in his twenty-third year.

PLAN OF AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

A celebrated Eastern philosopher begins his first dissertation with the following period. The perfect education of a great man, consists in three points: in cultivating and improving his understanding; in assisting and reforming his countrymen; and in procuring to himself the chief good, or a fixed and unalterable habit of virtue.

I have chosen the words of this sublime author, as my subject for a series of essays, in which I design to discourse on education in its fullest extent, tracing it from its beginning with the elementary parts of language, to the great end proposed by it, that is, the ability to benefit mankind and ourselves, either in war or in peace, by action or by speculation. I shall, however, make a slight deviation from the definition of the philosopher, by fixing the good of ourselves and our fellow-creatures, as the primary end proposed by a liberal education; and by considering the cultivation of our understanding, and the acquisition of knowledge, as the secondary objects of it. For knowledge must certainly be acquired before it can be conveyed to others; the consequence of actions must be known, before the good can be selected from the evil; and the mind must be enlightened by an improvement of our natural reason, before a proper distinction can be made between the real and the apparent good. Now, as neither this knowledge can be perfectly obtained, nor the reason completely improved, in the short duration of human life, unless the accumulated experience and wisdom of all ages and all nations, be added to that which we can gain by our own researches. it is necessary to understand the  
*languages*

*languages* of those people who have been, in any period of the world, distinguished for their superior knowledge; and that our own attainments may be made generally beneficial, we must be able to convey them to *other nations*, either in their respective dialects, or in some language, which, from its peculiar excellence and utility, may be in a manner universal. It follows, therefore, that the more immediate object of education is, to learn the languages of celebrated nations both ancient and modern. But as these cannot, consistently with reason and propriety, be taught before our native tongue, our first step must be to make ourselves perfect masters of the language of the country in which we are born.

In consequence of this analysis, I intend to distribute my dissertation into several distinct treatises; on *language*, on the *understanding*, on *knowledge*, on the *good of mankind*, and on the *good of ourselves*, or *private happiness*.

But there are other acquisitions which must go, as it were, hand in hand with those above mentioned. I mean those which refresh and enliven the mind, and those which improve and adorn the body. For as the human mind, by reason of its earthly impediments, cannot at all times support with equal advantage its attention to abstracted subjects, but requires many intervals of relaxation, it is necessary that some state be found between labour and rest, to prevent the faculties from lying totally inactive. Hence proceeds the use of polite literature, and of the liberal arts, of poetry, of painting, and of music, which relieve the mind after any violent exertion of its powers, and prepare it for the reception of fresh knowledge with greater alacrity. And as the mind can neither attend to instruction nor receive refreshment, unless the body enjoy at least a moderate share of health, those exercises are essentially necessary, which tend to procure or preserve it, and  
which

which have the double advantage, of strengthening the constitution, by promoting a free and regular circulation, and of giving grace to the body, by forming it to easy and elegant motions. Hence arises the great advantage of manly sports, of dancing, of swimming, of managing the horse, and of using every sort of weapon; to which must be added, the habit of declaiming with an oratorical voice and gesture, an exercise by no means general, but perhaps more useful and more ornamental than any of the others. Consistently with this division of necessary accomplishments, I shall add two discourses, on the polite arts, and on exercise.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the terms in which Mr. Jones speaks of the tragedy of Soliman, in one of his letters, it appears, that he was considerably advanced towards its completion; and from the mention which he afterwards makes of it, in another to Reviczki, it would seem that it was actually finished, but I have in vain attempted to discover any traces of it. The preface to Soliman, written by Mr. Jones, has been communicated to me, but does not appear sufficiently correct for publication. He notices in it the custom of poets to send abroad their pieces with prefatory discourses calculated to mislead the taste or judgment of their readers, and exemplifies the remark, by reference to Dryden, La Motte, and Corneille. Of Dryden, he observes, that, having composed tragedies in rhyme, he thought it necessary to prepare the public for so novel an attempt by telling them in his advertisements, that every tragedy should be written in rhyme; that La Motte purposely violated the unities of the Drama; while Corneille preserved them with an exactness approaching to affectation; and that each endeavoured in a prefatory discourse to prove himself alone in the right. He disclaims all idea of imitating a conduct, which he pronounces absurd and useless, and contents himself with a few hints on the principles which had directed him in the composition of the tragedy.

The object of theatrical representation, he remarks, is to convey pleasure, and the hope of receiving it, is the inducement which carries people to the theatre; observing, that Shakespeare delights and transports him, while Corneille lulls him to sleep, and judging of the feelings of others by his own, he concludes, that all who understand both authors perfectly, must be affected in the same manner. He determines therefore to take Shakespeare for his model, not by adopting his sentiments, or borrowing his expressions, but by aiming at his manner, and by striving to write as he supposes he would have written himself, if he had lived in the eighteenth century.

Mustapha, upon whose story the tragedy is founded, was put to death by his father, Soliman the Magnificent, about the year 1553. The history of this unnatural murder is pathetically related by Knolles, in his General History of the Turks, who styles Mustapha "the mirror of courtesie, and rare hope of the Turkish nation." In the representation of his tragedy, Mr. Jones intended to observe closely the costume of the Turks, which he had attentively studied.

Mr. Jones now determined to enter upon a new career of life. Whatever satisfaction he might derive from his connection with the noble family, in which he had undertaken the office of tutor, or whatever recompence he might ultimately hope to receive from their gratitude or friendship, the situation did not altogether correspond with his feelings, nor the extent of his views. To a spirit of independence, which from his earliest years strongly marked his character, he united the laudable desire of acquiring public distinction, and of making his fortune by his own efforts; above all, he was animated with the noble ambition of being useful to his country. In the capacity of private tutor, his expectations were bounded by a narrow prospect, and his exertions circumscribed; whilst



whilst in the profession of the law, he saw an ample scope for the gratification of all his wishes; and from his extensive knowledge, studious habits, and indefatigable industry, he had every reason to expect the most brilliant success. The advice and importunity of his friends confirmed the suggestions of his own reflection, and he resolved to resign his charge in Lord Spencer's family, and to devote himself in future to the study and practice of the law. In consequence of this determination, which he immediately executed, he was admitted into the Temple on the nineteenth of September 1770.

His attention, however, was not at first exclusively confined to his professional studies, nor was it indeed to be expected, that he would at once renounce his attachment to Oriental learning and literature in general. It would have required more than ordinary resolution to abandon at once, what had cost him so much pains to acquire; the attainment of which had been the source both of pleasure and distinction to him. But as his letters and those of his friends, during the two following years, contain all that I can say of him, I refer the reader to them for information, rather than to a narrative of my own.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*March 1771.*

A plague on our men in office, who for six months have amused me with idle promises, which I see no prospect of their fulfilling, that they would forward my books and a letter to you! They say, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the apprehension of a Spanish war (which is now no more) furnishes them with incessant occupation. I have however so much to say to you, that I can no longer delay writing; I wish indeed

\* Appendix, No. 18.

I could!

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I could communicate it in person. On my late return to England, I found myself entangled, as it were, in a variety of important considerations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent solicitations to banish poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myself to oratory and the study of the law ; in other words, to become a barrister, and pursue the track of ambition. Their advice in truth was conformable to my own inclinations ; for the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law, and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect in future, that my correspondence will have somewhat more of public business in it. But if it ever should be my fortune to have any share in administration, you shall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confidant of my secrets. Do not however suppose, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend shortly to publish my English poems, and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the stage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend also composing an epic poem, on a noble subject, under the title of Britanneis : but this I must defer until I have more leisure, with some degree of independence. In the mean time, I amuse myself with the choicest of the Persian poets ; and I have the good fortune to possess many manuscripts, which I have either purchased or borrowed from my friends, on various subjects, including history, philosophy, and some of the most celebrated poetry of Persia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yusef and Zuleika ; it contains somewhat more than four thousand couplets, each of which is a star of the first brilliance. We have six copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct ; it has the vowel points, and is illustrated with the notes of Golius. I also possess a copy, which, as soon as I have leisure, I will print. Let me ask in the  
mean



mean time how you are employed? Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will most willingly give all the assistance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but I scarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expense, unless the poems are accompanied with an English or French translation, for you cannot conceive how few English gentlemen understand Latin. Let me recommend to you therefore to give a literal version of Hafez in French, with annotations in the same language; and this I think will be more acceptable even to your own countrymen, than a Latin translation; though indeed you may annex to your work such odes as you have translated into that language. The new edition of Meninski goes on tolerably well; I inclose a specimen of the new Arabic types, and earnestly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as soon as possible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez, and may perhaps, when my circumstances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the same manner. A work of this kind on silken paper, would I doubt not be very acceptable to the Governor of Bengal, and the other principal persons in India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I sent to you, but I will take the first opportunity of transmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together with my little Treatise on the Literature of Asia, and my Grammar of the Persian Language, which is printed with some degree of elegance; and I earnestly entreat you to tell me, if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leisure to publish my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

Do not however imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more delight in singing and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate use of wine, nor in the exquisite beauty

of the ladies, of whom London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my supreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water, by day and by night. Oh! my Charles, (for I renounce all ceremony, and address you with ancient simplicity) what a boundless scene opens to my view! if I had two lives, I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

Mr. BATES to W. JONES, Esq.

SIR;

*March 27th, 1771.*

Last night, I received from Mr. Williams your most ingenious and satisfactory letter, for which my heartiest thanks are due. If you have no objection to it, as I think you cannot, I propose to embellish my MS. with it, by sticking it into the book, in like manner as I have done my own account of it. It will be no small addition to the curiosity of the book; for I can easily foresee, that in times to come, a piece of your hand-writing will be looked upon as a curiosity by virtuosi yet unborn.

In the mean time, I hope this letter does not preclude your fulfilling your promise of obliging me with another visit (and I hope still more) after your return from Oxford, at the end of the holidays. I assure you, I wait for the end of those holidays, as impatiently as most schoolboys dread and abhor it. Therefore I beg you would favour me with a line to apprise me of your return back to town, that in case I should, in the dialect of Deptford, be moored head and stern by the gout, I may let you know as much, to save you the trouble of a visit, that will answer no end; but if I keep clear from that malady, as I am at present, I shall beg you to take a nightcap here, that we may spend one entire morning in Oriental speculation, without the interruption of other company. For I  
have

have still many queries which you must resolve. I heartily wish you a pleasant journey; and hope that, for the good of the Literati, you'll be blessed with life and health to go on with the noble undertaking you are engaged in, and that you'll meet with the merited success.

I am, Sir, &c.

JAMES BATES.

\* Mr. JONES to D. B.

*London, April 1771.*

Your Persian book is more valuable than the costliest jewel. Meninski, that universal scholar, has a copy exactly like yours, and he describes it in his usual manner, that is, inelegantly, and in miserable Latin. From his description, you may however estimate the real excellence of your book. I shall beg leave to say something more about it myself, and as a poet, venture to affirm, that the six most beautiful poems in the volume are far more valuable for their intrinsic merit; than for the elegance of the characters in which they are written, or for the glowing tints of the pictures which adorn them.

The author of these poems was the very celebrated Nezami, who assumed the name of Kenjavi; he flourished towards the close of the twelfth century, and was the favourite of that illustrious warrior, and patron of literature, Togrul, the son of Erslan.

The book comprises five poems, the last of which is divided into two parts; the first, which is entitled *The Treasury of Secrets*, contains many fables, and various discourses on moral duties and human affairs; Nushirovan, King of Persia, who, towards the end of the sixth century, waged a successful war against the first Justin,

\* Appendix, No. 19.

and

and Justinian are frequently introduced in it; Mohammed, the legislator of Arabia, was born during his reign, and praises him for his justice, in the Coran. The Persian poets Sadi, Hafez, Jami, and others, frequently extol his virtues, and one of them has this couplet:

For ages mingled with his parent dust,  
Fame still records Nushirovan the Just.

The second poem commemorates the lives of a most amiable youth, (named Mujnoon, or the Frantic, from his mad passion) and his mistress, the beautiful Leili. The loves of Khosro and the adorable Sherin, form the subject of the third poem. Khosro was the twenty-third in descent from Sassan, and the grandson of Nushirovan. The fourth poem has the title of *The Seven Figures*, and recites the history of King Beharam, whom the Greeks, with their usual inaccuracy, call Varanes: but it more particularly describes his seven palaces, each of which is said to have been distinguished by a particular colour. In the fifth, we have the life and actions of Alexander; it is however to be remarked, that the Asiatics perpetually confound the Macedonian monarch with another and very ancient king of the same name, and blend their actions most ridiculously. Thus much about your book, and you may depend upon what I say, as certain and not conjectural. I sincerely rejoice, that St. John's College, at Cambridge, will possess this treasure by your gift; and I no less sincerely hope, that your own University will boast some future scholar, capable of thoroughly understanding the elegance of the charming Nezami. If any one wishes to obtain further information respecting this poet, let him consult the pleasing work of Dowlat Shah of Samercand, on the lives of the Persian poets. I saw a beautiful manuscript of it at Paris.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to J. WILMOT, Esq.

*Univ. Coll. Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.*

MY DEAR WILMOT,

It makes me very happy to hear that my Lord Chief Justice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the highest honour. He will now enjoy the greatest happiness of human life, ease with dignity, after having passed through the most honourable labour without danger. I should think myself highly blessed, if I could pursue a similar course in my small sphere, and, after having raised a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,—

“The gather’d wisdom of a thousand years,”—

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone’s Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge. I have opened two commonplace books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is surely too much neglected by our modern speakers. I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar, but that correctness of style, and elegance of method, which at once pleases and persuades the hearer. But I must lay aside my studies for about six weeks, while I am printing my Grammar, from  
 o which



which a good deal is expected; and which I must endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finished, I shall attend the Court of King's Bench very constantly, and shall either take a lodging in Westminster, or accept the invitation of a friend, in Duke Street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am sorry the characters you sent me are not Persian but Chinese, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at present, but tous Chinois qu'ils sont, I shall be able to make them out, when the weather will permit me to sit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would advise you to enquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but shall know when I come to town, which will be to-morrow or Saturday. I shall be at Richardson's till my Grammar is finished, unless I can buy a set of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your house, there was a beautiful copy of Persian verses, which I will beg leave to transcribe, and should be glad to print it, with a translation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Persian proposals engraved, but when you write to your brother, you would much oblige me by desiring him to send me a little Persian manuscript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a small poem which I intend to print; we have six or seven copies of it at Oxford, but if I had one in my possession, it would save me the trouble of transcribing it. I have inclosed its title in Persian and English. I am very glad that your family are well. I wish them joy upon every occasion; my mother and sister desire their compliments to you, and I am, with great regard,

Yours, most affectionately,

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr.



Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Nov. 5, 1771.

I shall ever gratefully acknowledge, dear Sir, my obligation to you for the trouble you take in inspecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with such a friend, their poems would have been more polished, and consequently more fit to see the light. Your observations are so judicious, that I wish you had not been so sparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years, in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no consequence to the public; but (unless it be very absurd) I would wish to specify them, for it would hurt me as a student at the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myself to poetry; and I mean to insinuate that I have given it up for several years, which I must explain more fully in the preface. For a man who wishes to rise in the law, must be supposed to have no other object.

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1771.

I have waited nearly twelve months to no purpose, for an opportunity of sending you my last work, which at your recommendation has been published; the politeness of one of the secretaries of the English embassy, who is returning to England, has at last supplied it, by kindly offering to take charge of this production of mine (unless you will call it yours) and deliver it to you. It is my wish to avail myself of the same opportunity to thank you for your present, but it is not in my power to make you the due acknowledgements: it is sufficient to proclaim your deeds.

\* Appendix, No. 20.

I admire

I admire your wonderful labour and learning, and more particularly your diligence in the triple work, with which you have favoured me; but I blush at the extravagant encomiums which you have bestowed upon me. If you persevere as you have begun in cultivating Oriental literature, the republic of letters will be greatly obliged to you. I am extremely anxious to know what recompence his Danish Majesty, or your own Sovereign, at his recommendation, has conferred upon your learned labours. I should rejoice to have it in my power to congratulate you, and those who esteem you as much as I do, on your distinguished merit having been honourably rewarded.—Farewell.

\* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*Oxford, Dec. 1771.*

Thirteen months, or rather I may say years, have elapsed, without a line from my friend! I have however written to you twice, once and very fully in Latin, last March, and again in July, in a great hurry, in French. These letters contained a detailed account of my occupations and views, of the profession which I had adopted, and of the splendid objects to which I ambitiously looked forward. You have, I trust, received my four books, which Mr. Whitchurch, Chaplain to our Ambassador, at my request promised to deliver to you at Vienna. I recommend him to your particular attention, as a young man of an excellent disposition, and very fond of literature. This will be presented to you by Mr. Drummond, a man of letters, who proceeds to Vienna for the purpose of studying physic. You know that the medical profession is held in the highest estimation with us, and, as Homer says,

A wise Physician, high distinction claims.

\* Appendix, No. 21.—This letter must have been written before the receipt of the last from REVICZKI.

your reception of them both will, I hope, do credit to my recommendation.

I beg your acceptance also of a little Philippic\*, which I wrote against an obscure coxcomb, who had the audacity to abuse our University, not with impunity, I trust, if the edge of my discourse have any effect upon the senseless knave. "*I have disquieted,*" (as Cicero says of his Commentaries) "*the French nation.*" How goes on Hafez, our mutual delight? Shall we never see your translation of his charming odes? Tell me, if you like my English version of the second ode†? it has been favourably received by my own countrymen. I should like to translate several more of his odes, but I want leisure.

I have not yet found any translator capable of doing justice to your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks. All agree that your preface is both learned and elegant; but they urge, as you yourself remark in the introduction, that the book does not correspond with its title, *The Principles of the Science of Government*.

The original of this work in the Turkish language, with many others printed at Constantinople, including a most beautiful copy of the Odes of Mesîhi, are deposited in the library of our Royal Society. I beg to be informed if all the works published by Ibrahim, which you so much commend, are to be purchased in Germany, Hungary, or the Eastern parts of Turkey; as in that case, I should wish to procure them.

What news from Turkey? no mention of Peace? Whenever the war with Russia is at an end, I propose making an open and direct application for the office of Minister at Constantinople; at present,

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 183.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

I can only privately whisper my wishes. The King is very well disposed towards me; so perhaps are the men in power; and the Turkish Company wish much to oblige me; all that I have to apprehend, is the appearance of some powerful competitor who may drive me off the stage. If I should succeed in my wishes, how shall I bound for joy! First, I shall enjoy your company at Vienna, then I shall drink deep of Asiatic literature, and I shall explore the Turkish manners in their most hidden sources. If I am disappointed, philosophy remains; the bar is open, and I shall not, I trust, want employment; for the harvest of litigation is always abundant. I shall apply to the study of eloquence, to poetry, history, and philosophy, each of which, if properly cultivated, would occupy a complete life of

“Such men as live in these degenerate days.”

I could say much more, but I yield to the imperious summons (not of Proserpine I hope, but) of the goddess, if there be one, who presides over our tribunals. You may expect longer letters in future from me: and in the mean time I hope to hear very fully from you.—Farewell, my dear friend.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

*Westminster, Jan. 16, 1772.*

As I have a frank directed to you, I take the liberty to inclose a letter for my mother, which I beg you will be so kind as to send to her. I have nothing at present to say on the subject of my publication, except that you will be so good as to send me the sheets of the Essays, under cover, to Mr. Brudenell, lest there should be any thing that may be altered. I entreat you also to criticise my prose, as you have done my verse, and to reprimand me severely, where you find it stiff, forced, or obscure. I forgot to mention another respectable scholar, who saw and approved

proved my poems, I mean the present Bishop of St. Asaph, whose learning, to say a great deal, is as extensive as his virtues are amiable. Dr. Warton, of Winchester, is another excellent critic, through whose hands my trifles shall pass before they see the light. I have dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where he paid me a compliment before the whole company, which I cannot write without blushing: he said, my Greek poems which he had seen in manuscript, were worthy of ancient Greece. I dare say this learned and ingenious man, will suffer me to send to him a copy of the poems at Winchester; and that he will make his remarks very sincerely. When I have collected the criticisms of these gentlemen, I will compare them, and add my corrections at the end, under the title of emendations, as Pope has inserted his alterations in the text of his poems, and set down the variations, or first readings, in the margin. I think it will be better (as we must not lose the season for publication) to send the copies to my friends, as soon as the trifle on Chess is printed, and to shew them the prose afterwards.

My Turkish History will go to the press on Monday. Lord Radnor has given me leave, in the most flattering terms, to inscribe it to him.

\* I have a notion I shall be a great talker when I am at the bar; for I cannot take up my pen without filling three sides of paper, though I have nothing to say when I sit down.

I am, &c.

\* Mr. JONES to ROBERT ORME, Esq.

*April 1772.*

It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the

\* Appendix, No. 22

War

War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those, who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom ; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions ; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me ; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked, that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucydides describes the Achelôus, and Xenophon the Teleboas, and both admirably, though in a different manner ; the latter with his usual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it ; for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement ; and this is almost the greatest praise, which a composition can claim.

The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those whose opinions you respect ; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world*.

\* \* \* \* \*

If the reader should complain that the correspondence presented to him, is not always important or interesting, I can only plead in excuse, my inability to make any selection that would obviate this remark, without being liable to the weightier objection of exhibiting an imperfect picture of the character of Mr. Jones. To me it is  
pleasing



pleasing to trace him in his closet, unfold his meditations, develop his projects, and follow him in his familiar intercourse with his friends; and whilst my admiration is excited by the ardour of his mind, embracing in idea excellence unattainable even by him, and conceiving works impracticable from their extent, I participate with equal pleasure in his relaxations and amusements.

The plan of the Epic Poem, which he mentions in his letters to his Polish friend, was sketched during his residence at Spa, in July 1770. The original manuscript has been preserved; and I am enabled to communicate it to the public\*. The subject of the poem was the supposed discovery of our island by Tyrian adventurers, and he proposed to exhibit under the character of the prince of Tyre, that of a perfect king of this country; a character which he pronounces the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents (to quote his own words) the dangers to which a King of England is necessarily exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues, and 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, and 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.

He reserved the completion of the poem to a period of leisure and independence which never arrived; and although after an in-

\* Appendix, A.

terval of some years, he resumed the idea of composing an Epic Poem on the same subject, but with considerable alterations, he never extended the execution of it beyond a few lines.

Whether the Turkish History, which Mr. Jones mentions as ready for the press, was ever finished, I am not informed; part of the original manuscript still remains; the introduction\* to it was printed, but not published, and will form a number in the Appendix.

The anticipation of future prospects suggested by the fervour of youthful imagination, is too common to all, but particularly to men of genius, to excite much surprise; and of them it has been generally and justly remarked, that what has been performed by them, bears little proportion to what was projected. In their progress through life, impediments occur to the execution of their plans, which the mind at first eagerly overlooks; whilst time, imperceptibly advancing, deprives them of the power and even of the inclination to complete what has been designed with so much ardour. They find what experience daily proves, that the duties of life can only be properly performed, when they are the primary objects of our regard and attention.

The little discourse, to which Mr. Jones humourously alludes in his letter to Reviczki, was a letter in French, addressed to Monsieur Anquetil du Perron, and printed in 1771. The Frenchman had published, in three quarto volumes, an account of his travels in India, the life of Zoröaster, and some supposed works of that philosopher. To this publication he prefixed a discourse, in which he treated the University of Oxford, and some of its learned members and friends of Mr. Jones, with ridicule and disrespect. From the perusal of his works, Mr. Jones was little disposed to agree with

\* Appendix, B.

Monsieur du Perron, in the boasted importance of his communications; he was disgusted with his vanity and petulance, and particularly offended by his illiberal attack upon the University, which he respected, and upon the persons whom he esteemed and admired. The letter which he addressed to M. du Perron was anonymous; it was written with great force, and expresses his indignation and contempt with a degree of asperity, which the judgment of maturer years would have disapproved. Professor Biorn Sthal, a Swedish Orientalist, says of it, that he had known many Frenchmen so far mistaken in the writer, as to ascribe it to some *bel esprit* of Paris. Such in their opinion was the brilliancy and correctness of its style. Dr. Hunt, the Laudian Professor of Arabic, at Oxford, who had been contemptuously mentioned by du Perron, addressed the two following letters to Mr. Jones on this occasion :

DEAR SIR,

Ch. Church, Oct. 25, 1771.

I have now found the translation of all the remains of Zoroaster, mentioned in your last, and think, upon an attentive perusal of it, that the account which Dr. Fraser has given of it is true.

I never told Perron, that I understood the ancient Persic language; and I am authorized by Mr. Swinton, who was present all the time Perron was with me, to say, that he never heard me tell him so. I might perhaps say, that I knew the old Persic *character*, as given by Dr. Hyde; but to a further knowledge of the language I never pretended, nor could I tell him that I did. But for a proof of the veracity of this fellow, I beg leave to refer you to page 461. of his preliminary discourse, where he says, that he made me a present of a fine *Sanskirrit*, (or, as he calls it, Sanskrotan) alphabet, and that he promised Dr. Barton and Mr. Swinton, to send them

alphabets of the several Asiatic languages ; whereas he neither made me the present, nor performed the promise to them. Mr. Swinton says, he can furnish us with other instances of this Frenchman's veracity, which he has promised to do in a few days. In the mean time,

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

DEAR SIR,

*Ch. Church, Nov. 28, 1771.*

I received the welcome present of your excellent pamphlet against Perron\* in due time, and yesterday I was favoured with your kind letter ; for both which I return you my hearty thanks. I should have thanked you for your pamphlet sooner, but have been out of town. I have read it over and over again, and think the whole nation, as well as the University and its members, are much obliged to you for this able and spirited defence. I acknowledge myself to be so in a particular manner, and so does Mr. Swinton, who desires his compliments and thanks. But there is one thing which Mr. Swinton seems to doubt of, which is, whether there has been such a general destruction of the writings of the ancient Persians as you imagine there has been. For my own part, till some better proof can be given of the authenticity of those books, which have been produced as the genuine compositions of that ancient people, than what I have yet seen given, I am inclined to be of your opinion. At least, this I am sure of, that if the books, which Alexander, Omar, &c. destroyed, were no better than those which have been published, the world has had no great loss ; witness the insufferable jargon which you have given from their writings in the 38th and 41st, &c. pages of your letter ; to which, as this bulky performance of Perron† will be but in few hands,

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 583.

† Mons. Anquetil du Perron made a voyage to India, in 1755, for the purpose of acquiring the ancient language of Persia, and that of the Bramins. His ardour for this undertaking

hands, it may not perhaps be amiss to add some others. But, as Mr. Swinton has suggested, that he has some doubts about the fate of the writings of the old Persians, I think you would do well to consult him, before you publish your English translation.

I am glad you intend to oblige the world with an English translation of your letter; and if, among the anecdotes which Mr. Swinton sent you, you will be so good as to insert that, wherein he says, that he was present all the time that Perron was with me, but does not remember that I ever told him that I understood the ancient Persian language, I shall be much obliged to you. I am

undertaking was so great, that he engaged himself to the French East-India Company as a private soldier, as affording the speediest means of accomplishing the voyage, but some friends procured his discharge, and a small pension for him from the Crown of France. He arrived at Pondicherry, in 1755, and, after travelling over various parts of India, by the assistance of the Government of Bombay, was enabled to return to Europe in an English vessel, and landed at Portsmouth, in November 1761. He brought with him many Oriental manuscripts, which he afterwards carried to France, and in 1771 published three quarto volumes, containing an account of his travels, and the information which he had obtained in the course of them, under the general title of *Zind-Avesta*, Ouvrage de Zoroaster.

In a discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, in 1789, Sir William Jones speaks of him, as "having had the merit of undertaking a voyage to India in his earliest youth, with no other view than to recover the writings of Zeratus (Zoroaster) and who would have acquired a brilliant reputation in France, if he had not sullied it by his immoderate vanity and virulence of temper, which alienated the good-will even of his own countrymen." In the same discourse, he affirms, that M. Anquetil most certainly had no knowledge of Sanscrit.

In 1798, M. Anquetil published a work, entitled, *L'Inde en rapport avec l'Europe*, which is more remarkable for the virulence of its invectives against the English, and for its numerous misrepresentations, than for the information which it contains, or the soundness of the reflections which it conveys. In the summary of its contents, stated in the title-page, he professes to give a detailed, accurate, and terrific picture of the English Machiavelism in India, and he addresses his work in a ranting bombast dedication to the manes of Dupleix and Labourdonnais. It does not appear that the temper of Mr. A. has been meliorated, although he had then nearly attained his 70th year.



sure I never pretended, nor could pretend, to any further knowledge of it, than that of the alphabet, as given by Dr. Hyde.

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

The small volume of poems\*, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic languages, with two prose dissertations annexed, was published in 1772. We may be allowed to smile at the solicitude, which Mr. Jones expresses in his correspondence on the subject of this publication, to avoid the imputation of devoting that time to the Muses, which belonged to his professional studies, whilst we participate with pleasure the effects of his devotion to the objects of his admiration; but his anxiety for his literary reputation, in deferring the publication of his poems until they had received all the improvements which care and attention, assisted by the criticisms of his friends, could bestow, is highly praise-worthy.

On the 30th of April, 1772, Mr. Jones was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted on May the 14th of the same year. He does not appear to have communicated any paper for the Philosophical Transactions.

From the first entrance of Mr. Jones into the University, until Michaelmas 1768, when he took the degree of A. B., he had kept the terms regularly; from that period to 1773, only occasionally. In the Easter term of that year, during the Encænia, he took his master's degree. It was on this occasion, that he composed an oration with an intention, which he did not execute, of speaking it in the Theatre. The speech was published ten years after, and exhibits a striking memorial of independent principles, and well-cultivated abilities:—to vindicate learning from the malevolent as-

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 399.



persion of being destructive of manly spirit, unfavourable to freedom, and introductive to slavish obsequiousness; to support the honour and independence of learned men, to display the transcendent advantages of the University of Oxford,—were the topics, which he had proposed to discuss; but on which the limits prescribed to his oration, forbade him to expatiate.

The animation of his language shews, that these topics were ever near his heart: an ardent love of liberty, an enthusiastic veneration for the University, a warm and discriminate eulogium on learned men, who devoted their talents and labours to the cause of religion, science, and freedom, characterise his discourse; of which, part has been lately quoted with applause by Dr. Parr\*.

The kindness of a contemporary student has communicated an anecdote in proof of his particular aversion to the logic of the schools, that, in an oration which he pronounced in University-Hall, he declaimed violently against Burgersdicius, Cracanthorpius, and the whole body of logicians in the College of Queen Philippa, his opposite neighbour. Of his uncommon industry, many proofs might be enumerated, and among others the copying of several Arabic manuscripts, of which one was the entertaining romance of *Bedreddin Hassan*, or, *Aladdin's Lamp*, from a most elegant specimen of Arabian calligraphy.

Nor was he less remarked for an affectionate attention to his mother and sister, who resided at Oxford; such portion of his time as he could spare from his studies was given to their society, and during his occasional absence from the University, he was regular in his correspondence with his mother.

\* Notes to Spital Sermon, p. 136.

We may conceive and participate the delight of a fond parent, contemplating the increasing reputation of her son ; she now found her maternal care and anxiety repaid in a degree equal to her most sanguine expectations, and her affection rewarded by a full measure of filial duty and gratitude. The progress of the virtues is not always in proportion to literary improvement ; and learning, which ought to meliorate the affections, and strengthen the principles of duty, has been known to distort the mind by pride, and engender arrogance. In Mr. Jones, we have the pleasure to see every moral principle promoted and invigorated by his literary attainments.

In the commencement of 1774, he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry. This work was received with admiration and applause by the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country. It was perhaps the first publication on Eastern literature, which had an equal claim to elegance and erudition. This work was begun by Mr. Jones in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year : but with the same solicitude which he had exhibited on other occasions, to lay his compositions before the public in the greatest possible perfection, he had repeatedly submitted the manuscript to the examination and critical remarks of his learned friends. Their approbation of it was liberal and general : but the opinion of Dr. Parr on any subject of literature is decisive, and I select from a letter, which he wrote to Mr. Jones in 1769, some passages, in which he expresses his admiration of the work.

“ I have read your book *De Poësi Asiaticâ* with all the attention  
“ that is due to a work so studiously designed, and so happily  
“ executed. The observations are just and curious, and equally  
“ free from indiscriminate approbation, licentious censure, and ex-  
“ cessive refinement.

“ Through

“Through the hurry of the first composition, the same expression frequently occurs, and sentences begin in the same manner, and now and then two words are improperly combined.

“These inaccuracies are very rare, and very trifling. On the whole, there is a purity, an ease, an elegance in the style, which shew an accurate and most perfect knowledge of the Latin tongue. Your Latin translations in verse gave me great satisfaction. I am uncommonly charmed with the idyllium, called Chrysis. The flow of the verses, the poetic style of the words, and the elegant turn of the whole poem, are admirable.

“On the whole, I have received infinite entertainment from this curious and learned performance, and I look forward with pleasure, to the great honour such a publication will do our country.”

It will readily be supposed, that in the interval between the date of the letter and the publication of the Commentaries, Mr. Jones had not neglected to make the corrections suggested by the criticisms of his learned correspondent; and that such further emendations were adopted, as the growing maturity of his own judgment pointed out.

In the preface to the Commentaries, Mr. Jones mentions and laments the death of Dr. Sumner, in terms which strongly mark his affection for the memory of his respected friend and instructor, who died in September 1771:—

“There never was a man more worthy of being remembered, for his talents, integrity, admirable disposition, amiable manners, and exquisite learning; in the art of instructing, I never  
Q “knew

“knew any master equal to him; and his cheerfulness and sweetness were such, that it is difficult to say, whether he was most agreeable to his friends or his pupils. In Greek and Latin literature he was deeply versed: and although, like Socrates, he wrote little himself, no one had more acuteness or precision in correcting the faults, or in pointing out the beauties of others; so that if fortune or the course of events, instead of confining his talents to a school, had placed him at the bar, or in the senate, he would have contested the prize of eloquence with the ablest orators of his own country, where only this art is successfully cultivated. For if he did not possess all the qualities of an orator in perfection, he had each of them in a great degree. His voice was clear and distinct, his style polished, his expression fluent, his wit playful, and his memory tenacious; his eyes, his countenance, his action, in short, were rather those of a Demosthenes than of an ordinary speaker; in short, we may say of him what Cicero said of Roscius, that whilst he seemed the only master qualified for the education of youth, he seemed at the same time, the only orator capable of discharging the most important functions of the state.”

Those who had the good fortune to receive their tuition under Dr. Sumner, will not think this eulogium exaggerated, and must read with pleasure a testimony, which their own recollection confirms\*.

The

\* The following epitaph, said to be composed by Dr. Parr, is inscribed on the monument of Dr. Sumner, at Harrow on the Hill:

H. S. E.

ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.

Coll. Regal. apud Cantab. olim socius :

Scholæ Harroviensis, haud ita pridem,

Archididascalus.

Fuit

The dedication of his *Commentaries* to the University of Oxford, which he pronounced "would be the most illustrious of all universities, as long as she remained the most free," was a pleasing proof of his gratitude to his *alma mater*; and he concludes the preface with some animated thoughts, which I shall endeavour to

Fuit huic præstantissimo viro  
Ingenium naturâ peracre, optimarum  
disciplinis artium sedulò excultum,  
Usu diuturno confirmatum, et quodam  
modo subactum.

Nemo enim  
Aut in reconditis sapientiæ studiis illo  
subtilior extitit,  
Aut humanioribus literis limatior.  
Egregiis cum dotibus naturæ, tum  
doctrinæ præditus.

Insuper accedebant  
In sententiis, vera ac perfecta elo-  
quentia;  
In sermone, facetiarum lepos, planè  
Aucius,

Et gravitate insuper aspersa urbanitas;  
In moribus, singularis quædam  
integritas et fides;

Vitæ denique ratio constans sibi, et ad  
virtutis normam diligentèr  
severèque exacta,

Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo,  
vel magistro usi,

Doctrinæ, iugenii, virtutis justum  
reliquit desiderium.

Subitâ, cheu! atque immaturâ morte  
corruptus,

Prid. Id. Septemb.

Anno Domini M,DCC,LXXI.

Ætat. suæ 41.

convey,



convey, with the full consciousness, at the same time, of the imperfection of my attempt.

“ Whether this work will please the French, or their admirers, is to me of little concern, provided it prove acceptable to my country, and to that renowned University, in which I received my education ; with a view to the honour of both, these Commentaries were undertaken and completed ; nor is there any wish so near to my heart, as that all my labours, past or future, may be useful and agreeable to them. I lament, indeed, the necessity, which compels me to renounce the pursuit of polite literature : but why do I say, lament ? let me rather rejoice, that I am now entering upon a career, which will supply ampler and better opportunities of relieving the oppressed, of assisting the miserable, and of checking the despotic and tyrannical.

“ If I am asked, who is the *greatest man* ? I answer the *best* : and if I am required to say, who is the best ? I reply, he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we deserve better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens. I think not. I have been long enough engaged in preparatory exercises, and I am now called to the field. What my fortune may be, I know not ; this, however, I know, that the most anxious object of my heart is, after having run my career, to retire, in advanced life, to the ever-beloved retreat of the University ; not with a view to indulge myself in indolence, which my disposition abhors, but to enjoy a dignified leisure in the uninterrupted cultivation

“tivation of letters, which the profession I am preparing to embrace, no longer suffers me to pursue.”

At the conclusion of the Commentaries, we find an elegant address to the Muse, in which Mr. Jones expresses his determination to renounce polite literature, and devote himself entirely to the study of the law. He was called to the Bar, in January 1774, and had discovered, as he writes to an intimate friend, that the law was a jealous science, and would admit no partnership with the Eastern muses. To this determination he appears to have inflexibly adhered for some years, notwithstanding the friendly remonstrances and flattering invitations of his learned correspondents. He had about this time an intention of publishing the mathematical works of his father, and with this view circulated proposals; but, for what reason I know not, he abandoned it.

I now revert to his correspondence, of which I repeat my regret that so little remains.

Dr. HUNT to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR,

*Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.*

I return you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgments for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end) that I have not had time to think of its worthy author any otherwise, than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person, who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into

into his hand, to lay it aside again without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations, and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with the sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Asiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, an happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Oriental languages, and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the divinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us.

I hope this will find you well, and am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

P. S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend, your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

\* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

*March 1774.*

I have received a most elegant copy of your Treatise on the Phœnician Language and Colonies, and I am at a loss to decide whether it is most learned or entertaining. Although I fear, like Diomedes, that I shall give you brass in exchange for your gold; yet I send you, as a proof of my gratitude and esteem, my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry; and it will afford me great satisfaction to learn that they please you.—Farewell.

• Appendix, No. 23. •

## \* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

*July 1774.*

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Campbell, a young gentleman of great modesty and worth, and I recommend him to your particular attention. He intends going to India as a merchant, but, previous to his embarkation, wishes to give some time to the study of foreign languages, European and Asiatic, and particularly the Persian. Any assistance which you may afford him in his studies, or other little affairs, I shall esteem a favour done to myself, and he will consider it a great obligation.

How goes on our *Hariri*? Will it ever be published with your elucidations? My time is employed in the courts; and whatever leisure I can command is exclusively devoted to the study of law and history. I hope you have received my *Commentaries*, which I sent you.—Farewell.

## † H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES,

The phoenix of his time, and the ornament of the age—Health!

*Amsterdam, Sept. 1774.*

When I reflect, my dear Jones, upon the fortunate period, which I passed in your happy island, I feel the most exquisite delight at the recollection of the pleasure and improvement, which I derived from your society; at the same time, my anxiety for your company excites the most lively regret at our separation. If I cannot altogether conquer it, I can at least alleviate it by corresponding with you.

• Appendix, No. 24.

† Appendix, No. 25.

Nothing but a variety of unusual occupations could have delayed my writing to you so long after my return to Amsterdam ; I was moreover apprehensive of interrupting your studies by my intrusion. The receipt of the obliging present of your Commentaries, has removed all my fear on this account, and affords me a most agreeable proof of your remembrance. Accept my sincerest thanks for your finished and most elegant work, which I have eagerly read again and again with admiration and astonishment.

As sincere a lover as yourself of the Muses, how much I regret their unhappy lot, that whilst they have so few admirers, one of their most distinguished votaries should be seduced from their service by the discordant broils of the bar ! Do they not then possess such charms and graces as to merit a preference to others, who have no portion but wealth and honour ? Is not their beauty so attractive, their dress so elegant and enchanting, as to fascinate their admirers to a degree, which makes them despise all others, and feel no delight but in their society ? Forgive, my dear Jones, this friendly expostulation.

Two or three copies only of your work have reached us ; I beg you will not suffer the inattention of booksellers to deprive us of a larger supply. You will receive shortly a little inaugural discourse which I pronounced here, *On extending the limits of Oriental literature*. It was done too much in haste to be as perfect as it ought to have been, and as I could have made it with more leisure. The office which I hold here is most agreeable to me, but is attended with this inconvenience, that the duties of it allow me no time for the pursuit of other studies ; and the attention which I am forced to bestow on grammatical institutions, on explanatory lectures on the Old Testament, and in disquisitions on the Jewish antiquities, precludes the perusal of Arabic, and still more of Persian authors. But I  
submit



submit the more cheerfully to this restraint, as the assiduity of my present exertions will produce more leisure in future; and when I have once committed to paper the mass of lectures which I have annually to repeat, I shall then be at full liberty to employ myself as I please. I have absolutely determined to publish Meidani, but it will require the labour of ten years: you well know, that without a competent knowledge, not only of the language of the East, but of Oriental history, ceremonies, and manners, it would be madness to attempt it. Whether my labours will ever have the assistance of a midwife, time must shew. Professor Scheidius is employed in publishing Giewhari: the expense of the undertaking far exceeds his means, but he hopes to provide against this difficulty, by publishing one, or more numbers annually, according to alphabetical arrangement, by which means the sale of each may furnish the expense of the succeeding.

I have nothing further to communicate to you, but I most anxiously long to see you. If you have the ambition of your countryman, Banks, to expose yourself to the inclemency of winter by visiting me here, all my fear of the cold will be lost in the hope, that a long and intense frost may detain you. Nothing however can give me more pleasure, either in winter or summer, than to have you for my guest. My wife, whom I married about five months since, is equally anxious to see a man, of whom she hears her husband perpetually talking; she, as well as my father, who received inexpressible delight in the perusal of your Commentaries, desires to be remembered to you; he entertains the highest respect and esteem for you. Let me know how you are, and whether your mother and sister are well. Do me the favour also to inform them, that I shall ever remember with gratitude the obligations which I owe to their great politeness and attention to me. Consider me ever

as the humble servant of yourself and friends.---Farewell, and love me ever.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention our Damascene prince; his name, I think, is Joseph Abas. I regret that during his residence at this place, he only called upon me two days before his departure for Brussels. I was highly delighted with his liberal, manly, and truly Arabian spirit; neither did he appear deficient in polite literature, but of this you are a better judge than I am. For my own part, I must ever retain a regard for a man, whose conversation so entertained and interested me, under the attack of a fever, that it absolutely prevented the return of it.

\* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

*October 1774.*

I have had the pleasure to receive your letter dated in September, which did not however reach me, till after my return to London, from a summer excursion to the Kentish coast.

I am highly gratified by your father's and your approbation of my Commentaries, and I acknowledge the kindness of your friendly and polite expostulation in telling me that you cannot bear to see me desert the cause of literature. But, my friend, the die is cast, and I have no longer a choice; all my books and manuscripts, with an exception of those only which relate to law, and oratory, are locked up at Oxford, and I have determined, for the next twenty years at least, to renounce all studies but those which are connected with my profession. It is needless to trouble you with my reasons at length for this determination, I will only

\* Appendix, No. 26.

say,

say, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens, connected as they were with banishment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The Constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens; this is my fixed opinion, which I formed in my earliest years, and shall ever retain. Although I sincerely acknowledge the charms of polite literature, I must at the same time adopt the sentiment of Neoptolemus in the tragedy, that we can philosophize with a few only; and no less the axiom of Hippocrates, that life is short, art long, and time swift. But I will also maintain the excellence and the delight of other studies. What! shall we deny that there is pleasure in mathematics, when we recollect Archimedes, the prince of geometricians, who was so intensely absorbed in the demonstration of a problem, that he did not discover Syracuse was taken? Can we conceive any study more important, than the single one of the laws of our own country? Let me recall to your recollection the observations of L. Crassus and Q. Scævola on this subject, in the treatise of Cicero de Oratore. What! do you imagine the goddess of eloquence to possess less attractions than Thalia or Polyhymnia, or have you forgotten the epithets which Ennius bestows on Cethegus, the quintessence of eloquence, and the flower of the people? Is there a man existing who would not rather resemble Cicero, (whom I wish absolutely to make my model, both in the course of his life and studies,) than be like Varro, however learned, or Lucretius, however ingenious as a poet? If the study of the law were really unpleasant and disgusting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wisest of the antients, and of Minerva herself, the goddess of wisdom and protectress of Athens, would justify me in preferring the fruitful and useful olive to the barren laurel.

To

To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are so often obliged to submit. Accept this friendly reply to your friendly expostulation, and believe my assurances, that I entertain the highest value for your esteem, of which I have received so many proofs. I most anxiously expect your dissertation. May the Almighty prosper your labours, and particularly your laborious task of Meidani! May the most learned Scheidius persevere with resolution in completing the gigantic work, which he meditates! I admire his most laudable industry; but after the fate of Meninski, (I do not speak of his works, but of his fortunes) no prudent man (for he that is not wise to himself, is wise to no end) will venture to expose his vessel to the perils of shipwreck in so uncertain a sea. The work is worthy of a king, but the expense of it will require the revenue of a king.

My mother and sister cordially unite with me in congratulations on your marriage, and I beg you to make my compliments to your amiable consort, and most respectable father. I thank you for your invitation to Amsterdam, and assure you that I should be most happy to avail myself of it. In your society, I should prefer a winter in Holland to the gardens of the Hesperides, nor indulge a wish for the vales of Tempè, but my legal occupations make the summer more convenient for travelling. I promise you therefore to pass some time with you in the July, or August, of the next or following year.

I rejoice to find you pleased with Joseph the Syrian, and equally so that he means to travel through Germany. His history is somewhat long. If I had not exerted myself in my application to some men of rank in London, who have access to the  
King,

King, he must have passed a life of misery here, or have died most wretchedly.

The bookseller keeps for you the books which you desired to purchase. You cannot as yet have received a short letter which I wrote to you in July, and sent by a young gentleman of the name of Campbell. The son of the king of Spain, Prince Gabriel, did me the honour to send me a most splendid copy of his Sallust, for which I returned my grateful acknowledgments.

You have doubtless heard of the travels of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, into Syria, Arabia, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. He is as well acquainted with the coast of the Red Sea, and the sources of the Nile, as with his own house. He has brought with him some Æthiopic manuscripts, and amongst them the Prophecies of Enoch, an ancient book, but to be ranked only with the Sibylline oracles.

Whilst I was writing this letter, a person called upon me with a manuscript, which he had received at Venice from Mr. Montague, a man of family. I immediately perceived it to be a most beautiful and correct copy of Motanabbi, with a letter addressed to myself in Arabic verse, from some person named Abdurrahman, whom Mr. Montague had probably seen in Asia. I owe great obligations to the politeness of the learned Arab, but I by no means think myself worthy of his exaggerated encomiums;—but you know the pompous style of the Orientals. Do not suppose that I have any present intention of reading the poems of Motanabbi; that must be reserved for Oxford, when I have leisure to attend to this, and my other treasures of the same kind. Believe my assurance, that I entertain the highest esteem for you, and that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear from you frequently



frequently and at length. Take care of your health, and continue your regard for me.

Mr. HOWARD to Mr. JONES.

SIR,

*Paris, September 13, 1774.*

As my stay here may be considerably longer than I at first proposed, it is a duty incumbent on me to acquit myself of a charge committed to my care in the month of June last by Mr. Montague, at Venice, by transmitting to you the manuscript which accompanies this letter. I should indeed have sent it to you much sooner, but the hopes I had of an earlier return to England, was the cause of my postponing it, that I might myself have had the pleasure of delivering it, which I flattered myself might have served as an introduction to the honour of your acquaintance, a happiness which, without compliment, I have long been very ambitious of. But as my affairs are likely to detain me some time longer in this city, I cannot with any propriety prefer my own interest to a more material one; nor ought I longer to injure the public, by depriving them of the pleasure and advantage they may reap from this manuscript's coming to your hands. Mr. Montague loaded me with compliments to you, meant as real testimonies of the esteem he has for you, which I am very unfortunate in not having the pleasure of delivering.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MID.<sup>d</sup> HOWARD.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HOWARD.

SIR,

*Oct. 4, 1774.*

I cannot express how much I am flattered by the kind attention, with which you honour me. I have just received your most obliging letter, with a fine Arabic manuscript, containing the works of a celebrated poet, with whom I have been

long

long acquainted ; this testimony of Mr. Montague's regard is extremely pleasing to me, and I have a most grateful sense of his kindness. I am conscious how little I have deserved the many honours I have lately received from the learned in Europe and Asia ; I can ascribe their politeness to nothing but their candour and benevolence. I fear they will think me still less deserving, when they know that I have *deserted*, or rather *suspended*, all literary pursuits whatever, and am wholly engaged in the study of a profession, for which I was always intended. As the law is a jealous science, and will not have any partnership with the Eastern muses, I must absolutely renounce their acquaintance for ten or twelve years to come. This manuscript however is highly acceptable to me, and shall be preserved among my choicest treasures, till I have leisure to give it an attentive perusal. There is a compliment to me written in Arabic verse in the first leaf of the book, and signed Abdurrahman Beg; the verses are very fine, but so full of Oriental panegyric, that I could not read them without blushing. The present seems to come from the learned Arabian ; but as he has not inserted my name in his verses, and speaks of Oxford, he must have heard me mentioned by Mr. Montague, to whom therefore I am equally indebted for the present. If I knew Mr. Montague's direction, I would send him a letter of thanks for his indulgence to me, and would also return my compliments in Arabic to his Asiatic friend, who seems to have sent the book. Before your return to England, I shall probably be removed to the Temple, where I shall wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing you.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. WADDILOVE to Mr. JONES.

SIR,

*St. Ildefonso, Aug. 1, 1774.*

Upon my arrival at Madrid, I delivered your present of your Asiatic Commentaries to my friend Dr. Feo Perez Bayer ;  
he

he desires me to return you his compliments and thanks for your politeness to him, and begs your acceptance of a copy of the Infant Don Gabriel's Sallust, which he accordingly sent to me the night before we left Madrid. As we shall not be there again till next Christmas, I shall have no opportunity of forwarding it to you very soon; whenever any one offers, you may depend upon receiving it, but as this probably will not be before next spring, I hope you will not defer acknowledging the favour till then. If you should wish to see the Sallust before you write again to Mr. Bayer, you will find a copy in the Museum. If you have had any time to examine the Dissertation upon the Phœnician Language, &c., Dr. F. P. Bayer will be glad of any remarks upon it, as a new edition of it in Latin will soon be printed. He has a curious collection of Samaritan coins, and is now employed upon that subject; and if he could be prevailed upon to publish more of his enquiries into the antiquities of this and other countries, the learned world would be much indebted to him. Casiri is engaged at present in deciphering Moorish inscriptions, which have been found in different parts of Spain. Some are already engraved, but not yet published. He reduces first the characters to the modern Arabic, and then gives a translation and comment in Latin. Your Sallust is unbound, and you have already the dissertation to add to it.

I am, &c.

R. D. WADDILOVE.

\* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

Oct. 4, 1774.

I can scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me, a private untitled individual, an honour which heretofore

\* Appendix, No. 27.

has

has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illustrious universities. I really was at a loss to decide, whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition, capable of translating and illustrating with learned notes, the first of the Roman historians; how few youths amongst the nobility in other countries possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity: to understand it well, is no small praise; to explain it properly, is still more commendable; but to translate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth, that of prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit.

Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it with great delight the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and the humorous stories of Cervantes: but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust, and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth continue to deserve well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine

works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world; his books on offices, on moral ends, and the Tusculan questions, merit a hundred perusals; and his orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language; nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus, are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration,—nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa. I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only for the present to conclude by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters.—Farewell.

\* Mr. JONES to G. S. MICHAELIS.

*November 1774.*

I beg you will do me the justice to believe that I have read your books with great attention. I neither entirely admit, nor reject your opinion on the fables of the Hebrews; but until the subject be better known and explored, I am unwilling to depart from the received opinions concerning them. Your approbation of my Commentaries gives me sincere pleasure. Nothing is more true than that I have renounced the Asiatic muses and polite literature, and that for twenty years at least I have determined

\* Appendix, No. 28.

neither



neither to write nor think about them. The Forum is my lot, and the Law engrosses all my attention. Be assured, however, that I shall ever retain my esteem both for yourself and your works.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM,

*Duke Street.*

I take the liberty to present your Ladyship with a copy of my poems, and cannot refrain from acquainting you with a plain truth, that the first of them, called Solima, would never have been written, if I had never had the honour of knowing your Ladyship.

\* \* \*

I am just come from Harrow, where it gave me inexpressible happiness to see Lord Althorpe perfectly well, extremely improved, and deservedly beloved by all, as much as by his real friend, and

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Lady SPENCER to Mr. JONES.

SIR,

*Althorpe, Jan. 10, 1775.*

The continual hurry occasioned by having a house full of company, added to my not having been quite well, has prevented my thanking you sooner for your letter; you cannot doubt of my being much flattered, at your thinking you find any resemblance between my character and that of Solima, and still more at your telling the world you do: I shall always look upon that poem, as a model you have set up for my imitation, and shall only be sorry I do not approach nearer to it, especially after you have called upon me in so public a manner, to improve myself in the ways of virtue and benevolence. I must decline your second request,

request, of criticising, as I have neither time nor talents for such an office, nor do I think your works require it.

I am delighted with your invention of the Andrometer, and wish every body would form one for themselves; it would be of infinite use to numbers of people, who, from indolence and dissipation, rather go backwards than forwards in every useful attainment.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

\* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

*Amsterdam, Jan. 6, 1775.*

Although the incessant and extraordinary occupations in which I am at this time engaged, do not allow me to think even of writing to my friends, I cannot refuse a few lines to the most learned Bjornstahl, both for the purpose of introducing him to you, and to shew that I have not forgotten you. You will find our Philarabic Swede, a most agreeable companion; he has not only travelled much, but is deeply versed in Oriental literature, of which he is very fond. I think I may venture to promise that the society of a person, who loves what you *still* delight in, (for I will not with you say, what you once delighted in) will be most acceptable to you. \* \* \* \* \*

† Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

*London, February 1775.*

Do not suppose that I have forgotten you, because I write to you so seldom; I have not met with any person to whom I could entrust my packet, and I have no inclination to risk my

\* Appendix, No. 29.

† Appendix, No. 30.

familiar

familiar letters by the post. I doubt if this will ever reach you, and I fear therefore to write to you on any subject with my usual freedom, as your last letter of January, from Warsaw, was delivered to me opened ; it is probable that you will receive this in the same manner. I am so constantly occupied with law and politics, that I have no leisure for literature. I have published two books, and only want a safe opportunity to send them to you. Write to me, I beseech you, for your friendship is my greatest delight. How much I wish that you were in England, or I in Germany, that we might live together !

After all, I could not think of accepting the Turkish embassy. I will live in my own country, which cannot easily spare good subjects : it is scarcely yet free from commotion.—Oh ! how I should rejoice if I could see you here in a diplomatic character : I should not then envy the monarchs of Europe or Asia.—Farewell again and again.

\* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

If you are fully sensible of the very great regard I entertain for you, you will then conceive how much pleasure I felt at the receipt of your highly valued letter. Incessantly occupied for a long time, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of corresponding with you, and I the more readily acknowledge your kindness in writing to me, when I could have no expectation of hearing from you. Though I think it more prudent not to say any thing, the disclosure of which might be attended with unpleasant consequences, I impute the opening of my letter which you mention, rather to accident than design. Your business as a lawyer must necessarily engage your closest attention ; I cannot therefore ask you to write to me often, but thus much I wish you to know, that

\* Appendix, No. 31.

I shall soon have more leisure for corresponding with you, as the late close of the Diet, which lasted for two years (in my estimation a century) has almost left me at liberty. So much for the affairs of this part of the world. Of what is doing in your country, your letter gives me no information; but I hear from other quarters, of the agitations amongst you, in consequence of the commotions in the colonies, which I consider worse than a foreign war. For my own part, I confess to you that I am tired both of my situation and my office, not so much on account of their difficulty as their unpleasantness, and all the consolation I feel arises from the hope that my present troublesome occupation will not last more than a year.

I heartily wish I were in London, and at liberty to sit seriously down to the composition of some political work on the subject of our republic; the task would be no less useful than agreeable, indeed I can conceive nothing more pleasant than such an employment.

If, contrary to my expectations, my wish should be gratified, I hope to find you there, and to enjoy as formerly your society and conversation. I am anxious to have your last publication, (the subject of which you do not mention,) and doubt not that the perusal of it will afford me great pleasure. Farewell, and think of me always with affection.

\* \* \* \* \*

The preceding correspondence proves the high degree of estimation in which the learning and abilities of Mr. Jones were holden by the literati of Europe; and we find that his reputation had extended into Asia. From the manner in which he mentions his renunciation of the embassy to Constantinople, it is evident that his attention was strongly fixed upon the political state of his own country.

The

The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a striking specimen of the extent of his views, in the acquisition of intellectual excellence. It may be defined, *A scale of human attainments and enjoyment*; he assumes seventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and with a view to progressive improvement, each year is appropriated to a particular study or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned, or practised, during this period, admits of a fourfold division.

The first, comprising thirty years, is assigned to the acquisition of knowledge as preparatory to active occupation.

The second, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and professional employment.

Of the third, which contains ten years, the first five are allotted to literary and scientific composition, and the remainder to the continuation of former pursuits.

The last ten, constituting the fourth division, which begins with the sixty-first year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours; and the conclusion of the whole is specified to be a *preparation for eternity*.

The *Andrometer*, is to be considered as a mere sketch, never intended for publication. In the construction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity which stands at the top of the scale, was to be deferred until the seventieth year; it is rather to be considered as the object to which



which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was *exclusively* to engross the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence, to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare, on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew moreover too well the power of habit, to admit a supposition, that it could be effectually resisted or changed at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose, that moral and religious lessons which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that they should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer, could never be strictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents (if it were intended) is evident; but to those who from their situation are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress. With respect to Mr. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions in his thirtieth year, when he constructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a higher degree in the scale.

With these explanations, I present it to the reader; reversing, for the sake of convenience, the order of the scale.

## ANDROMETER.

	3	6	9	12	
1					Ideas received through the senses.
					Speaking and pronunciation.
					Letters and spelling.
					Ideas retained in the memory.
5					Reading and repeating.
					Grammar of his own language.
					Memory exercised.
					Moral and religious lessons.
					Natural history and experiments.
10					Dancing, music, drawing, exercises.
					History of his own country.
					Latin.
					Greek.
					French and Italian.
15					Translations.
					Compositions in verse and prose.
					Rhetoric and declamation.
					History and law.
					Logic and mathematics.
20					Rhetorical exercises.
					Philosophy and politics.
					Compositions in his own language.
					Declamations continued.
					Ancient orators studied.
25					Travel and conversation.
					Speeches at the bar or in parliament.
					State affairs.
					Historical studies continued.
					Law and eloquence.
30					Public life.
					Private and social virtues.
					Habits of eloquence improved.
					Philosophy resumed at leisure.
					Orations published.
35					Exertions in state and parliament.

		—	Civil knowledge mature.
		—	Eloquence perfect.
		—	National rights defended.
		—	The learned protected.
40		—	The virtuous assisted.
		—	Compositions published.
		—	Science improved.
		—	Parliamentary affairs.
		—	Laws enacted and supported.
45		—	Fine arts patronized.
		—	Government of his family.
		—	Education of his children.
		—	Vigilance as a magistrate.
		—	Firmness as a patriot.
50		—	Virtue as a citizen.
		—	Historical works.
		—	Oratorical works.
		—	Philosophical works.
		—	Political works.
55		—	Mathematical works.
			{ Continuation of former pursuits.
60			{ Fruits of his labours enjoyed.
			{ A glorious retirement.
65			{ An amiable family.
			{ Universal respect.
			{ Consciousness of a virtuous life.
			{ Perfection of earthly happiness.
70		—	Preparation for eternity.

I have

I have mentioned that Mr. Jones was called to the bar in 1774, but he declined practice; from this period however he seems to have been fully sensible of the necessity of devoting himself exclusively to his legal studies. The ambition of obtaining distinction in his profession could not fail to animate a mind always ardent in the pursuit of the objects which it had in view, nor was he of a temper to be satisfied with mediocrity, where perfection was attainable. His researches and studies were not confined to any one branch of jurisprudence, but embraced the whole in its fullest extent. He compared the doctrines and principles of ancient legislators with the later improvements in the science of law, he collated the various codes of the different states of Europe, and collected professional knowledge wherever it was to be found. If the reader recollects the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Jones in the prosecution of his Oriental studies, the extent and depth of his attainments in the literature of Asia, and the high reputation which he had acquired from them, he will readily applaud his resolution and perseverance in renouncing his favourite pursuits. That he acted wisely, will be admitted, but the sacrifice of inclination to duty, affords an example of too great use and importance to pass without particular observation.

In 1775, for the first time, he attended the spring circuit and sessions at Oxford, but whether as a spectator, or actor, on that occasion, I am not informed. In the following year, he was regular in his attendance at Westminster-Hall.

The only part of his correspondence of this year which I possess, is a letter to his friend Schultens, and I insert it as a memorial of an incident in his life. •

Mr.

## \* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

*December 1776.*

Behold me now no longer a free man; me, who ever considered perfect liberty superior to every thing! Under the impression of the most eager desire to see you, I promised to visit Amsterdam this year, but I am detained in London by various and important occupations. The fact is, that I am appointed one of the sixty commissioners of bankrupts. It is an office of great use, but little emolument; it confines me however to London during the greatest part of the year. Add to this, my necessary studies, my practice at the bar, and the duty of giving opinions on legal cases submitted by clients. However, I read the Grecian orators again and again, and have translated into English the most useful orations of Isæus. How go on Meidani and Hariri? Continue, I beseech you, your labours upon them, with due regard however to your health.

\* \* \* \* \*

Notwithstanding the increasing application of Mr. Jones to the duties and studies of his profession, and his attention to political transactions, the philosophical discoveries of the times did not escape his observation. The hopes and fears of the nation were at this period anxiously engaged in the event of the unfortunate contest, which had taken place between the mother country and her colonies, and whilst the justice of the war, and the expectation of a successful conclusion of it, were maintained by one party, by another their sentiments were opposed, and their measures arraigned and condemned. But it is no part of my plan to invade the province of the historian by discussing the questions of those times. These cursory remarks are chiefly introduced as preliminary to the

\* Appendix, No. 32.

insertion



insertion of two letters from Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe, with whom he continued to cultivate that friendship which had so naturally been formed between the tutor and the pupil. I add also a short letter to Schultens, in answer to one which Mr. Jones had received from him, requesting him to assist by his own contributions a new publication, then on foot in Holland, and complaining of his finances in a style calculated to console his friend for renouncing the haunts of the Muses, for the thorny but more productive field of the law.

### Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

*Temple, Nov. 13.*

As I have a few minutes of leisure this evening, can I employ them better than in writing to my friend? I hasten, my dear Lord, to impart to you the pleasure I received to-day, from seeing a series of experiments exhibited by Mr. Walsh on the American eel, by which he clearly proved that the animal has a sensation wholly distinct from any of the five senses. When he announced the proposition to be demonstrated, I thought it might possibly be true, but could not conceive how a new sense could be made perceptible to any sense of mine, as I imagined it would be like talking to a deaf man of harmonic sounds, or to one who had no palate, of nectarines and pine apples; but he produced the fullest conviction in me, that his position was in a degree just. His first experiment was by fixing four wires, about two inches in the water where the fish was swimming, one in each quarter of the elliptical trough; each of these wires communicated with a large glass of water placed on a table at a little distance, though the distance signified nothing, for the experiment, had the wires been long enough, might have been conducted in another room; while the four glasses remained separate, the gymnotus (for that is his technical name) was perfectly insensible of the wires, but in the

very instant when a communication was made by an instrument between any two of the glasses, he seemed to start, and swam directly to the wires which were thus joined, paying no attention to the others, till a junction was made between them also. This could not be sight, because he did not see the wires while they were insulated, though they were equally conspicuous; it could not be feeling (at least not like our feeling) because the water was not in the least agitated; still less could it be hearing, and least of all smell, or taste. It was therefore a distinct electrical sense of feeling, or power of conceiving any stronger conductor than the water around him, for which reason he did not perceive the wires till their junction, because they were at the extremities of the tub, and so little in the water, that they were less powerful conductors. Several other experiments were exhibited with equal success; one of them only I will mention. A triangular instrument of brass was held over the tub, and one of the legs placed gently in the water, to which the fish was wholly inattentive, though he swam close to it; but when the other leg was immersed to complete the circulation, he instantly started. It is by this faculty that the wonderful animal has notice of his prey, and of his enemies. These are pleasant amusements, and objects of a just curiosity when they fall occasionally in our way; but such experiments might have been exhibited at Paris, Madrid, or Petersburg, where the philosophers, who are discovering new senses in other animals, are not permitted to use their own freely; and believe me, my dear Lord, it is not by electrical experiments, nor by triangular instruments, nor by conductors of wire, that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and me, therefore, be philosophers now and then, but citizens always; let us sometimes observe with eagerness the satellites of Jupiter, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the satellites of the King. Do you hear any certain intelligence concerning America? Mr. Owen Cambridge has just informed me, that

that a New York Gazette is brought over, in which the late uncertain accounts are confirmed in their full extent, with this important addition, that three counties of Maryland have offered not only submission, but assistance to General Howe. This may, or may not be true.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to LORD ALTHORPE.

November 22.

I rejoice, my dear friend, that you have acquired that ingenuous distrust, which Epicharmus calls a *sinew of wisdom*. It is certain that doubt impels us to enquire, and enquiry often ends in conviction. You will be able when you come to London, to examine with the minutest *scrupulosity*, as Johnson would call it, the properties of that singular animal, who is in the rivers of South America, what Jupiter was feigned to be among the gods, a *darter of lightning*, and should be named ἀστραπηφόρος, instead of gymnotus. He certainly has (if an academic may venture to affirm any thing) a mode of perception peculiar to himself; but whether that perception can properly be called a *new sense*, I leave you to determine: it is a modification indeed of feeling, but are not all our senses so? I desire however, that in this and in every thing, you will form your own judgment. As to the παλιγγενεσία of our noble Constitution, which has happily presented itself to your imagination, the very idea fixes me with rapture. No, my dear Lord, never believe that any thing is impossible to virtue; no, if ten such as you conceive such sentiments as your letter contains, and express them as forcibly, if you retain these sentiments, as you certainly will, when you take your place in parliament, I will not despair of seeing the most glorious of sights, a *nation freely governed by its own laws*. This I promise, that, if such a decemvirate should ever attempt to restore our constitutional liberty by constitutional means, I would exert in their cause, such talents as I have, and, even if I were oppressed

oppressed with sickness, and torn with pain, would start from my couch, and exclaim with Trebonius, "if you mean to act worthily, "O Romans! I am well." The speech, you find, was composed and delivered without my news about Maryland, it is \* λόγος μάλα μοναρχικὸς καὶ στρατιωτικὸς, and breathes a deliberate firmness. Lord Chatham spoke with a noble vigour for a veteran orator, and your bishop pronounced an elegant harangue: I wish Lord Granby had more courage as a public speaker; all men speak highly of him, but he will never be eloquent, till he is less modest. Charles Fox poured forth with amazing rapidity a continued invective against Lord G. Germaine, and Burke was so pathetic, that many declare they saw him shed tears. The ministers in both houses were sullen and reserved, but Lord Sandwich boldly contradicted the Duke of Richmond on the state of the navy. I grieve that our senate is dwindled into a school of rhetoric, where men rise to display their abilities rather than to deliberate, and wish to be admired without hoping to convince. Adieu, my dear Lord; I steal these few moments from a dry legal investigation; but I could not defer the pleasure of answering a letter, which gave me inexpressible delight.

† H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

May 1777.

I know not how to express my delight at the receipt of your short, but very friendly and obliging letter. I take shame to myself at having so long delayed the acknowledgment of it, and you might indeed justly censure me, for an apparent forgetfulness of your kindness towards me. This would indeed be a most serious accusation, which I cannot in any degree admit; I wish I could as fairly exculpate myself from the charge of negligence. You have now, my friend, my confession, but you will pardon me in con-

\* Too despotic and military.

Appendix, No. 33.

sideration

sideration of my promise to be more attentive in future. I may indeed plead occupations so incessant, that they scarcely allow me time to breathe, and have often compelled me to defer writing to you, when I most seriously intended it; you will the more readily admit this apology, when I tell you, that for five months I have never once thought of Meidani.

I have now a little respite, and mean soon to resume my work, which has been so long interrupted; the singular kindness of the superintendants of the library at Leyden, by permitting me to take home for my use, and retain as long as I please, not only the manuscript of Meidani, but any others which I may want, will much diminish the weight of my labour. With this assistance, I shall proceed as fast as my other employments allow to copy the manuscript, finish the indexes (which are absolutely necessary to such a work), and add whatever is wanted to render it as elegant and complete as possible;—it gradually advances. I most heartily wish it were in my power to bestow upon this favourite occupation, those hours which I am obliged most reluctantly to give to my various public and private lectures; but I foresee that it will still require three or four years of hard labour to collect such an ample stock of materials, as will enable me to deliver my lectures fluently without much previous study, or “to shake them out of a bag,” as the phrase is. In the mean time, Hariri lies untouched, the Arabic poets are neglected, and the soft and elegant literature of Persia, which above all I sincerely regret, remains unexplored; such however is the ardour with which you have inspired me, that I am determined, if I enjoy life and health, at all hazards, and at the risk of singularity, to devote myself to the acquisition of it. I almost however despair of publishing Hariri. I had determined to give the text only from the best procurable manuscripts, annexing to it the translation of my grandfather, which is complete. This I



should be able to accomplish with little sacrifice of time; and without neglecting other business, I could give the public an useful work. But there are some, to whose judgement as well as inclination I owe much deference, who disapprove of this plan, and advise me not to publish the work, without extracts from Tebrizi and other grammarians, nor even without my own annotations. Though I do not agree with them, I must submit to their authority, at the necessity of protracting the publication, till I can give it as they wish.

Scheidius has lately published the first part of Jaohari's Lexicon, consisting of about two hundred pages. He calculates that the whole work will not be comprised in less than ten volumes, of a thousand pages each. Opinions about it are various. He himself foresees so little impediment in completing this immense undertaking, that he even talks of publishing Phiruzbadi, &c.; but others consider the obstacles so insuperable, that they think it never will be finished, unless it should rain gold upon him. This is all relating to the Arabic that is now going on amongst us, excepting a glossary to Hariri, Arab Shah, and the Coran, which Mr. Wilmot, a young, but learned theologian has undertaken. It will be very useful to beginners, who from the difficulty and expense of procuring Golius, are deterred from the study of the language. Latin and Greek literature receive more encouragement here. This neither excites my envy nor surprise; but I should be still more reconciled to it, if some small part of this patronage were to overflow upon the Orientalists. Ruhnkenius is at work upon Velleius Paterculus, Burman on Propertius, Wytenbach on Plutarch, Tollius upon the Homeric Lexicon of Apollonius, an edition of which has been published by Villoison in France. The epistles of Phalaris, respecting the author of which your countrymen, Boyle and Bentley, had such a controversy, will soon be published. Have you seen the very elegant  
Essay

Essay of Ruhnkenius on the Life and Writings of Longinus? Many copies have been sent to England;—if you wish to have one, I will take an opportunity of procuring it for you. In the course of a few weeks, a critical miscellany will appear, and it is intended to publish two or three numbers of it annually. This publication has a double view; to notice the best new books on every subject which relate to learned antiquity, and to introduce occasionally new and unpublished compositions. The authors are unknown, or, rather, wish to be so; for some of them will certainly be discovered by their superior erudition, and uncommon elegance of style. I am sufficiently acquainted with them, to affirm confidently that the work will please you. With some of the persons concerned in it, I am intimately connected, and they have requested me to recommend to them some London bookseller, to whom a few copies may be sent for sale. For this purpose I have thought of Elmsley, who will probably have no objection to try the success of the work in England, by taking twenty or even fewer copies. I wish however in the first place to mention the business to you, that Elmsley, or some other by your interest, may be the more readily induced to undertake it. There is also another favour of more importance, which my friends, through my agency, anxiously hope to obtain from you; the circumstance is this: upon their expressing a wish that their miscellany should contain extracts from Oriental authors, particularly Persic and Arabic, I recommended to them, as there are but few works of this nature, and still fewer worthy of notice, that they should leave a space for short dissertations, under the heads of tracts, or essays, or any other title, by which they may be communicated, as a means of promoting these studies. I promised, for my own part, to contribute some biographical memoirs from Eben Cháli Khán, if they should have nothing better to insert. They approved my advice, and earnestly entreated me to prevail upon you to furnish them with some essays of this kind; adding, that

that they would prove the greatest ornament and recommendation of this part of the work, and that if I really enjoyed your friendship, which I was perpetually asserting, I could not fail of obtaining this favour from you. You see, my friend, to what I have been led, by boasting of your regard for me. I have yielded the more readily to their solicitations, in the hopes of retrieving by it, in some degree, the heavy loss which we sustained in you. I therefore most earnestly entreat and beseech you, by your ancient love of the Oriental muses, who so feelingly and fondly regret you, not to omit any convenient opportunity of gratifying our wishes. Examine your shelves;—you will find many things ready, and sufficiently perfect for publication. Whatever you send, will be most acceptable, and it shall appear in our miscellany with or without your name, as you may think proper. If you have any thing in English, and want time to turn it into Latin, I will readily undertake the translation of it, and submit it to the examination of others who are better scholars than myself, that your reputation may suffer no impeachment from it. Nothing shall be added, omitted, or changed; but it shall appear exactly as you send it; to this if you think it necessary, I will pledge my word. I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to favour me with an early reply to this letter, and I rely upon your obliging acquiescence in our request.

I congratulate you upon your new office, as an introduction to something more honourable and lucrative; and as to the loss of your liberty, I regret it rather on my account, than on yours. No one, not even an Englishman, can object to service for the public good, which is the just recompence of virtue and merit. To me, however, your confinement is grievous; for, if I was disappointed in the expectation of seeing you, when you were your own master, I can scarcely now indulge a distant hope of that pleasure. Do not however leave me in despair: you have fifty-nine associates; some

interval of leisure may occur, and if it should, do not neglect it, but run over and make us happy by the enjoyment of your company and conversation. It is not from want of inclination that I do not pay you another visit; the recollection of the pleasure I had in your society, is so strongly impressed upon me, that I have nothing more anxiously at heart, than to fly over to you with all speed, that I may again enjoy it. Neither is it want of time, that detains me; for my office, which exclusively occupies me for nine months, leaves me at liberty the remaining three. What is it then? I will tell you the truth, nor blush to reveal to my friend, "that, when my purse is heavier, I shall find the journey to you lighter\*."

The soil of Oriental literature in Holland, as elsewhere, is barren; it produces only the mere conveniences of life, but no superfluities whatever. I must therefore defer all hope of accomplishing a journey to England, without some unexpected improvement of my circumstances. I shall however bear my lot, whatever it may be, with patience. Having mentioned this subject to you, I will add something in which you may essentially serve me. With a view to improving my fortune, and procuring that affluence, which, though it may be dispensed with, is most acceptable to those who possess it, I have determined to undertake the charge of a pupil, to receive him into my house, and superintend his morals and education. I am particularly anxious, however, that he should be of your country, not only because the system of private education is little known or followed here, but because it would be more agreeable to me to part with my liberty to an Englishman, (you see how openly I speak,) from whom I might expect a more substantial recompence. My paper will not allow me to say much more. Oblige me with a few lines in reply; I am certain you will willingly assist me as far as you can, and you may depend upon the strictest attention

\* An Arabic proverb, adopted, to the situation of the writer.

on my part, to any request from you which I can possibly execute. My wife sends her best compliments to your excellent mother and sister. Farewell, my dear Jones; and continue to honour me with your esteem.

H. A. SCHULTENS.

\* \* \* \* \*

At an interval of more than twenty-five years from the date of this letter, I cannot but acknowledge a disposition to sympathize with the feelings of the learned writer, and participate the regret which he expresses, at the deprivation of the society of his friend, from his want of means to defray the expence of a journey to England. At this period, Schultens enjoyed an extensive reputation, and was perhaps the object of envy to many, who, without any claim to distinction, possessed that opulence, which, with all his indefatigable labours in cultivating and promoting literature, he had not been able to procure. We feel the more for him, because his complaints, (if the confidential communication of his circumstances authorize the expression,) are neither deficient in dignity, nor resignation. In truth, the tract of literature which he had chosen to cultivate, was more calculated to produce a harvest of celebrity, than profit.

\* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

*July 1777.*

I should have great pleasure in complying with your kind and friendly request, by furnishing my contribution to the new work which is soon to appear amongst you, and would exert myself for this purpose, but the absolute want of leisure makes it impossible. My law employments, attendance in the courts, incessant studies, the arrangement of pleadings, trials of causes, and

\* Appendix, No. 34.

opinions



opinions to clients, scarcely allow me a few moments for eating and sleeping. I thank you sincerely for your very entertaining account of your own occupations, and of what is going on in your country. If I should hear of any wealthy English gentleman, who wishes to send his son as a pupil to Holland, to study literature, you may rely upon my recommendation of your merits, as well as upon my assistance on all occasions. I must however at the same time tell you, that an opportunity of this nature is very uncertain.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

MY DEAR LORD,

*Bath, Dec. 28, 1777.*

I told you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I should pass my vacation at Amsterdam or at Bath; the naiads of the hot springs have prevailed, you see, over the nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no less pleasure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I ascribe, however, in great measure, to my regular exercise on the downs, and to abstinence from any study that requires too much exertion of the mind. I should have scated indeed in Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have dissipated my bile, if I had any: but that scheme I must postpone till another winter, and have sent an excuse to my Dutch friend who expected me.

As I came hither entirely for the purpose of recreating my exhausted spirits and strengthening my stomach, I have abstained with some reluctance from dancing, an amusement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water-drinker; and as for the idler diversions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot

cannot long please. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourself, from the severer pursuits of science and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exercise of the field, from which you will return with a keener appetite to the noble feast which the Muses are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parenthesis, I must tell you that I joined a small party of hunters the other morning, and was in at the death of a hare; but I must confess, that I think hare-hunting a very dull exercise, and fit rather for a huntress than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taste and vigour of Actæon, without his indiscreet curiosity, my game would be the stag or the fox, and I should leave the hare in peace, without sending her to her many friends. This heresy of mine may arise from my fondness for every thing vast, and my disdain of every thing little, and for the same reason I should prefer the more violent sport of the Asiatics, who inclose a whole district with toils, and then attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the sound of trumpets and clarions. Of music, I conclude, you have as much at Althorpe, as your heart can desire; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini; but, as I live in the house of my old master, Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as much as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who shewed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot; as I have you know a quick memory, I brought away the substance of it, and give it to you in a translation almost literal:—"Friend Wilkes, it delights me  
"to hear that you still have sufficient employment for your active  
"mind, without which you cannot long be happy. I have just read  
"the several speeches which you have delivered on the subject of  
"your

“ your present war against the provincials ; they are full of elo-  
“ quence, force, and dignity. I too have composed a speech on  
“ the same subject, which I would deliver in your senate, had I  
“ a seat in it. I will wave for the present, my countrymen, all  
“ consideration of the justice or injustice of the measures you are  
“ pursuing ; I well know that to be an improper topic at the time  
“ when the public welfare is immediately concerned. I will not  
“ even question at present your power to reduce an exasperated  
“ and desperate people ; but consider, I entreat you, that you are  
“ surrounded by nations by whom you are detested ; and say, for  
“ Heaven’s sake, how long you will give them reason to laugh at the  
“ ridiculous figure you are making. This is my harangue ; it is  
“ short in words, but extensive in meaning.”—So far, my dear Lord,  
we have no reason to censure the thoughts or expressions of the  
learned Encyclopedist ; what follows is so profligate, that I would  
not transcribe it, if I were not sure, that you would join with me  
in condemning it. “ As to yourself, (he adds,) be cheerful, drink  
“ the best wines, keep the gayest company, and should you be  
“ inclined to a tender passion, address yourself to such women as  
“ make the least resistance ; they are as amusing and as interesting  
“ as others. One lives with them without anxiety, and quits them  
“ without regret.”—I want words, Diderot, to express the base-  
ness, the folly, the brutality of this sentiment. I am no cynic,  
but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of such  
pleasures as a man of virtue need not blush to enjoy ; but if the  
philosophy of the French academicians be comprised in your  
advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourself, and to such as  
you. I am of a different sect. He concludes his letter with some  
professions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young  
Frenchman, who told Wilkes some speeches of Diderot, to the  
Empress of Russia, which you shall hear at some other time. I

am interrupted, and must leave you with reluctance till the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

An apology, I trust, will not be thought necessary for introducing that passage in Diderot's letter, which Mr. Jones reprobates in terms of asperity and indignation suitable to the rectitude of his own mind. His remarks upon it will serve to explain, if it be at all necessary, certain expressions in his letters, which may be thought to border upon a levity, that never entered into the composition of his character. His mind was never tainted with vice, nor was the morality of his conduct ever impeached. He valued the pleasures of society, and enjoyed them as long as they were innocent, whilst he detested the principles and practice of the debauchee and sensualist, and, like his favourite Hafez, could amuse his leisure hours with poetical compositions in praise of love or beauty, without sacrificing his health, his time, or his virtue. His censure of Diderot is equally a proof of his own abhorrence of vice, and of his anxiety to impress it strongly on the mind of his friend and late pupil\*.

In

\* Of Diderot, thus casually introduced to the notice of the reader, it may not be irrelevant to give a short account. His works I have never read, nor, from the character of the man, have any wish to peruse them. Diderot (I take my information from the Abbé Barruel) was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian Religion. He not only professed Atheism, but made a boast of it, and inculcated it in his writings. He was invited to Russia, by the Empress Catharine, who at first admired his genius, but soon found sufficient reason in his conduct and principles to send him back to France.

There were moments in which this professed friend and admirer of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of truth to pay homage to the New Testament. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning; but after all, "where is it possible to find better lessons for her instruction?" The devils believe, and tremble.

At

In 1778, Mr. Jones published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

The works of Isæus had long been neglected ; the subject of them was dry, and his technical language, as Mr. Jones observes, was unintelligible to the herd of grammarians and philologers, by whom the old monuments of Grecian learning were saved from destruction. To rescue them from obscurity, and to present them to the student of our English laws in his native language, was a task which required the united qualifications of classical erudition and legal knowledge, and which he discharged with equal pleasure and success.

“ There is no branch of learning, from which a student of the law  
 “ may receive a more rational pleasure, or which seems more likely  
 “ to prevent his being disgusted with the dry elements of a very  
 “ complicated science, than the history of the rules and ordinances  
 “ by which nations, eminent for wisdom, and illustrious in arts,  
 “ have regulated their civil polity: nor is this the only fruit that  
 “ he may expect to reap from a general knowledge of foreign laws,  
 “ both ancient and modern; for whilst he indulges the liberal  
 “ curiosity of a scholar in examining the customs and institu-  
 “ tions of men; whose works have yielded him the highest delight,  
 “ and whose actions have raised his admiration, he will feel the

At the close of a life of profligacy and impiety, consistent with the sentiments expressed in his letter to Wilkes, Diderot shewed some signs of contrition, and even went so far as to declare an intention of publicly recanting his errors. But the barbarity of his *philosophic friends* interfered to prevent it, and they resolved as far as they could, that he should die without repentance. Under the pretence that a change of air would promote his restoration to health, they secretly removed him into the country, and never left him until he expired, in July 1784.

“ satisfaction