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London the 25 September 97

Dear Sir,

I received last week the friendly lines you favoured me with and I haste to answer - but before I proceed, I must quarrel with you about your calling me a Frenchman in England, in that part of your letter where you leave it to my choice to write to you either in English or in French. Of all the nicknames you might have given me, that is, in my eyes, the worst and - let me add - the least deserved. I am neither a Frenchman by birth, nor by adoption, nor by my principles. Born, educated in Germany, attached to it by all that is dear and sacred to men, I should be very sorry indeed to lose the honor of being your countryman and if I had not supposed that an English letter would be most acceptable to you, I should have

would these lines in our native language
 by way of confirmation of my true origin -
 Germany is the constant object of my thoughts;
 its happiness is as near to my heart as my own;
 all the great and good men that live in
 that interesting country, are frequently present
 to my mind; and my fondest wish is to
 spend there the rest of my life after having
 acquired a competent knowledge of the other
 parts of Europe - So much in reply to the
 words alluded to before - Now to a
 more agreeable task - that of expressing
 to you the real pleasure I have felt in
 finding you had not forgot an old friend
 that never ceased to regret the happy
 moments he has pass'd in your company
 and whose esteem for your merits can
 only be equalled by his ~~own~~ satisfaction
 at seeing them properly rewarded. The
 very flattering proposals that have been

made to you from Dantzic, show sufficiently
 that your publications have attracted the
 notice and gained the applause of the learned
 and I must confess, that if I was in your
 place, I should accept of them without the
 least hesitation. Dantzic is in every
 respect a very desirable spot and though
 Tyr & Sidon, Carthage and Alexandria may
 be better known there than Rome and
 Athens, and the muses less esteemed than
 the god Mercury, I dare say you will
 find opportunities enough of displaying
 your abilities, improving your talents
 and increasing your reputation.

I am glad to hear that Plato is always
 the favourite object of your literary pursuit;
 This admirable writer is not yet sufficiently
 known nor understood and the Republic
 of letters will be very much ~~the~~ indebted
 to you for adding your labour to those

of Meiner, Tiedemann &c. in order to explain,
 to examine the opinions of the founder of the
 academy and to bring them into a more
 general circulation. Have you read a
 translation of Plato's letters, lately published
 at Paris, by a Mr. Dugour, who informs
 the public that a French divine, whose name
 is Papin is the author of it. as well as
 of a translation of the first Alcibiades, which
 is to be found in the same volume.
 I found it in general very good — Aristotle's
Politics have occupied me very much of
 late! what a master piece! — If I am
 not mistaken, Garve, was to publish a
 translation of that beautiful performance,
 accompanied with a commentary — You
 know, I fancy, the new french translation
 of it with ~~the~~ explanatory notes by
 Professor Champagne — Dr. Gillies

the well known author of the history of Greece, is going to commit to the press a translation of the same work but I doubt whether he will out-do Champagne or Garve.

According to your desire, I made some inquiry about Sydenham and the following is all I have been able to collect. The chief information I am going to give you is drawn from an account of the institution of the Society for the establishment of a literary fund published London. 1796. This Society has been established in order to assist deserving authors and their families in distress and Sydenham's death has given the first idea of this so useful and laudable an institution — The

excellent translator of Plato, died like Chatterton, Atway, Butler, Spenser and many other men of genius — in the utmost want.

"During the summer recess of the year 1788, [] says the abovementioned account of an event which took place, which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity and afflicted the votaries of knowledge.

"Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most useful if not of the most competent Greek scholars of his age; a man revered for his knowledge and beloved for the candour of his temper and the gentleness of his manner; died in consequence of having been arrepted and detained for a debt to a victualler, who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner."

After this account of Sydenham's death the author relates how it occasioned the establishment of the Literary fund — The

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following lines, written and recited by Capt. Morris
at the London Tavern, at the annual meeting
of the Society I am speaking of, April 21. 1795,
will perhaps give you some pleasure —

On scatter'd roses Plato's child reclin'd
Poor Sydenham, once the pride of human kind;
Whose depth of science all the learn'd approv'd;
Whom every Son of Virtue sought and lov'd:
While this mean soul, unfit to bustle here
Dwelt with his master in the highest sphere
Pres'd for a paltry debt, yet loath to crave
Despair and honour sum him to the grave:
More than one tongue the mournful tale can tell
How Sydenham languish'd and how Sydenham fell.
His shade it was that spread the joyful news
Of this Society's propitious views;
Unusual rapture seiz'd the spectre throng
They sang; and this the burden of the song:

"The reign of British cruelty is over
 and starving wuthery curse the land no more".
 I was Sydney's happy fate that mov'd each gentler breast
 To tenderest sympathy with wretched distress;
 To plead the cause of self-devoted men
 and save from death the martyrs of the pen"

Before I conclude, I must inform you
 that Sydney's translation is out of
 print and extremely scarce in England;
 a single copy sells sometimes nine or
 ten guineas. It is a matter of surprise
 to me that nobody should think
 of publishing a second edition of so
 valuable a book.

Here, my dear friend, I must close my letter,
 begging for the continuation of those sentiments
 of which you have given me a recent testimony.
 — Pray, call me back to the remembrance of all
 my friends at Hall, particularly of Prof. Eberhard,
 Prof. Wolff and Falck — B.