

of the systematic Doctrines of a Satyr, that can fashion his Mouth to blow hot and cold, in one and the same Moment.

Page 55. "Will ye, degenerate Men, behold *Britannia*, like *Prometheus* chain'd to a Rock, whilst the *German* Eagle is devouring her Vitals? Believe me, the Moment of that Catastrophe may not be at a great Distance, when it arrives I shall not fail to give you Warning of the Evil." As to the first Part of this Paragraph it must be observed, that the Liver of *Prometheus* never suffered the minutest Decrease, but as often as the Vulture feasted upon it, so often did the Liver instantaneously recruit itself afresh: Now if we recover our vital Strength as fast as the *German* can be supposed to devour it, and if we perceive no Diminution, I am for giving my Vote to keep fattening on this Eagle of *Germany*, at least till he becomes an equal Match against the Cock of *France*. As to the latter Part of this Paragraph, that you will give us Warning of the Evil when it arrives, it has so much of the good old Woman in it, that it reminds me of a shrewd Remark *Scarron* makes in his *Virgil Travesti*. The *Latin* Poet cries out in the Shades below,

*Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.*

The *French* Poet gives us an humorous Parady in the following Distich,

*Cette Sentence est bonne et belle :*

*Mais en enfer de quoi sert elle ?*

Which applied to you may be translated thus, "What the Devil signifies the giving us Warning, when it is too late to follow any Advice at all?"

Thus,