

A  
**LETTER** //  
TO  
**HENRY HUNT, Esq. M. P.**  
FOR PRESTON,  
ON THE  
**HOCUS-POCUS**  
OF THE  
**Necromancer-Theologer,**  
**R. TAYLOR,**  
IN HIS  
**PANDEMONIAL SERMON**  
AT THE  
**ROTUNDA.**

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## ROTUNDA

### Morus=Morus.

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SIR,

SINCE you have conferred on the *Reverend R. Taylor* the diploma of *Bishop of Hell and Pandemonium*, and since, in virtue of that office, he has displayed his Necromancer's functions for *Raising the Devil*, we beg leave to inform you as a Christian duty that we were present last week at his Pandemonial Lecture in the Rotunda. However, we must say that we felt disappointed, since the *raising the Devil*, as promised in the bills, was nothing more than a vulgar *Burletta* for *raising Mammon* in the shape of *coppers* (a real penny-catching). Thus, whilst he clamours against *Priestcraft*, for their money-getting, his *Devilcraft* is not less thirsty after coined metal, and this in a pantomimical manner.

First of all, we do not consider his person a *Parson*, since he reviles *Priests*, though dressed in *Priestly Robes*; nor is he a *Rabbi*, or *Dervis*, or *Bonze*, or *Quebra*, or *Lama*, since he has no religion at all; and as he hates Christianity, Bible, Christ, &c. he must be considered really an Envoy of the *Subterraneous Metropolis*—a Paranymp of the *Mulato Angels* of the *Lower Negroland*. This is not an injury to him, since he glories in that capacity.

Yet, ludicrous it is, that a man who burlesques Scriptures, Godhead, Eternity, and the Soul's Immortality, should believe in *Serpentine Angels*, and boast of being their *Champion*. Really, in all records of past ages it is difficult to light upon such a figure as Master *Taylor* cut in the Rotunda as a *Conjuror*. Nor have we ever heard a discourse in so *astronomical-comical, frenetical-poetical, dogmatical-lunatical* a manner. We could not observe other than a real *Buffoon*, representing a *Tailor* cutting pantaloons for devils, being himself a *Pantaloons* in the infernal arena. Never did his lips pronounce a truth during two hours, except when he stated himself to be the Devil's Minister, and this was truth in word and deed; sliding from a *Clergyman* into a *Comedian*, and from a *Comedian*

is given to know the mysteries of the Heavenly Kingdom: but to them (the Jews) it is not given: they having eyes do not see.\*

Here, alas! is the case of Mr. Taylor. Reprobates and outcasts cannot have a peep into the *Divine Sublimities*, but only gape at the outward Stars, seeing through quizzing glasses how the ahissial figures counterdance in the Zodiac above, without reflecting that these grandeurs of the Starry Heights are nothing but low vaults of the *TETRAGRAMMATON'S* Higher Tabernacles. But Reprobates are crawling Crocodiles on the surface of this muddy swampy Earth, being for superior things Blind Minds. A just doom from the Sovereign Deity. If impious Blasphemers think they disdain God, it is God who has first reprobated and disdained them, as sentenced to everlasting doom.† And this doom will soon come, since Life is but a Day; and on the verge of that Day is Mr. Taylor. Soon he will know that there is an AVENGING GOD and a Hell. And this Hell is for *unbelievers, sorcerers, and dogs*.‡ And who are these dogs? Sempiternal Barkers against Eternal Truths, Deniers of the Soul, classifying themselves with Baboons and Ourang-outangs, being no more than Walking Pillars of Matter, in fine, *Barking Dogs*, and more so, if we add to this Animality the low appendage of *Tail or De'il*.

But to return to the point. Mr. Taylor does not approve that our Saviour should be tempted by the Dèvil: nor does he approve that after forty days fasting, the Man-God should avoid the tempting bread hinted by the infernal Prompter; nor that He should reject the promises of a World, which Mr. Taylor paints an *Utopian Land*, (with some water running in the roof of his palate,) as showing that were he himself in the place of Christ, he would accept immediately the *Friendly Fiend's offer*. But Master Taylor must know, that if he delights himself in good goose and dressed ragouts, Christ disdained mundane mud, he being himself Author of *Immaterial Delights*, and having come to overcome the *World, Devil, and Flesh*.

Another comical sight, just to raise the dead into bursts of laughter, is when Mr. Taylor argues from the *Bible* to the *Globes*; and from the *Globes* to the *Bible*, squeezing words in Holy Writ to find out by contortions *allegorical senses* for his *Maniac Zodiac*, thus editing with a *Tailor's* scissors the Bible for raiment for his Zodiacal Animals, and reserving only for himself a poor *Devil's Skin*. He might as well say, that since a *Tailor's* trade is ruled by mathematical principles, it is founded on the *Globes*, and that everything *formally formed* (since *form* everything must have) is in the Constellations, and applicable to the Skies by virtue of the *Compass*. However, Mr. Taylor must know that the *Eternal Word* and *Eternal Truth* existed before the Stars. Besides the sacred Writings are so ancient and primary in the rank of human Records, that the most renowned Philosophers (as Pythagoras, Plato, and others) travelled to Syria, Chaldea, and Egypt, to hold conference with the Rabbins; thus imbibing from these inspired truths rich peculium for their philosophies. Even the *règles* we still observe in Gentilism (as ablutions,

\* Matt. xiii. 11, 13.

† The ss. ii. 10. Ibid. iv.

‡ Rev. xii. 19.

illustrations, censers, altars, sacrifices) were all taken from the Mosaic revelations; since from the Hebrews did the Egyptians copy; from the Egyptians the Greeks, and from the Greeks the Romans. Even Mythology itself derived many moral maxims from that Book of Revelations, though disguised in symbols (as Tertullian, Turmenin, and others demonstrate). \* Great is the antiquity of this Book, original fountain of recorded morals, if we consider Moses the first known register of Dogmas and Facts, who wrote 1450 years before Christ, and 500 before Homer, the first celebrated profane writer. But this *Book* teaches Morality and Dogma, and not Astrology. The new Testament too, being penned by plain barefooted fishermen, smells more of a *Barge* and *Net* than contemplations of Constellations. It is ridiculous to confound Theology with Astrology; but more ridiculous to confound Christ with Satan, allegorizing this notion in the succession of the Day and Night, Night and Day, as if we could not apply every alternative in nature to that GRAND DISCOVERY of Mr. Taylor, more so, when the Book itself (which he pretends to burlesque) says *that everything in creation is made of two opposites—Good, Evil, Life, Death†—so Day, Night, Truth, Error, &c.?*

In fine, if the Bible is a composition of Falsehoods; **HAPPY FALSEHOODS**, we say, that have such effect upon human nature, as to correct our Morals and angelize our Minds. **HAPPY FALSEHOODS**, that must be divine, since they raise Man above his Nature. This Fable never did; and this is more than all the *cant* that any lying *Ranter* can prompt, with four dancing *gestures* and two farsical *jestings*. Besides if we dispute these sacred Records, we must *deny* ALL historical and scientific Registry among mankind; even attested Authorities in all branches of Science; since all must stand upon the faith given to their Authors. The Sacred Pages are *attested* by Jewish Authors, as Flavius Josephus: are attested by Profane Writers, as Suetonius, Tacitus, Plinius: are attested by the Sybils in several ages. But what characterizes more this Book above the *Schonyon* of Confucius, the Turkish *Koran*, the Indian *Veidam*, and the Jewish *Thalmud*, is the sound Doctrine and angelical Morality it inspires, and this more than the gifts of Miracle and Prophecy. I say, Prophecy, for we see verified in the Law of Christ what was shadowed in the Mosaic Law. And to point out another example in the New Law; we see the Apostles (called Impostors) prophesied *that in the latter times there should appear False Masters, teaching Doctrines of Devils, denying the Lord their Redeemer, blaspheming Majesty, reviling every thing they know not, &c.‡* This we see accomplished in Mr. Taylor as Functionary of the Dark Realms. He is our Demon Python in the Rotunda's *Pit*, in a *pitiful* manner, degraded to the very dregs of Humanity—a real “**ROBERT THE DEVIL**.” The Sacred Oracles proclaim aloud, there will come at last Antichrists and False Christs: Mr. Taylor, however, is forward in his mission; he must await a bit; because times are not yet fully ripe for public Necromancers. We have heard that the Devil spoke once in the haunts of Delphi and Dodon, and from trunks of trees; but we never

\* Tert. Apolog. c. 37. Turnem. Memoires de Trevous, 1703, Janvier. † Eccl. xxxiii. 15. ‡ 2 Pet. ii. from 1 to 19. Jc. i. from 4 to 19.

thought he would now speak to us in the shape of a *Goose*, as we saw in the Rotunda.

Now let us try the weight of some of his Etymological discoveries. It seems that Mr. Taylor derives from the English *Deuce* the Latin *Deus* (God). This is a little *quid pro quo*, the same as deriving the *fountain* from the *stream*, and not the *stream* from the *fountain*. But even supposing he made a mistake in his expression against his meaning, pretending to derive *Deuce* from the Latin *Deus*, it is another *quid pro quo* if we listen to Dr. Johnson, whose words are these, "*Deuce*, or rather *Deuse*, derives from *Dusius*, an ancient Species of *evil Spirits*, as attested by Congreve." Here we have two authorities against Mr. Taylor, who wants to *bob* the *mob* with his scientific scraps, making *wax noses* of his own manufacture. Another discovery. The seven churches in the Revelations are transplanted by Mr. Taylor into the Zodiac, and Asia (being *Land of Fire*) means the Ethereal Spheres. Thus by this system of *transplantation*, Philadelphia (being *Brotherly Love*) is applied to the sign of Gemini: Laodicea (meaning *Just People*) to Libra, &c. &c. Then, says Mr. Taylor, these passages being at first enigmatical and senseless, everybody must laugh: but after he opened the *Sessama* with his Conjuror's key, he asks who now shall laugh? Well: he must know that we laugh heartily. We never saw a thing so plain as a *Church*, which he calls an *enigma*, explaining it by another *enigma*. Here there is no occasion to force the literal sense; especially when there exist evidences of such names in modern Asia. Mr. Taylor interprets against the Hermeneutical rules, confounding *historical facts* with his chimerical jingling of Judaizing, or Zodiacizing the Scriptures, and mistaking the *Visible* in the *World* for the *Visionary* in his *Noddle*. Who would say that St. John the Fisherman turned Mathematician by four tailor's teachings?!!! However, much can be done by the power of *Hocus Pocus*. Our Theologer-Astrologer converts Christ into Satan; the Old Serpent into the Terraqueous Globe; the Churches in Asia into the Spherical Balls. (Without being seen, how he plays these balls.) He only touches each Church with his magical stick, reading by his book, and *tah!* in the twinkling of an eye off they go into the Sky. PRO-DI-GI-OUS!!! However, we do not admire this trick: because the Celestial Signs being *twelve*, there wants *five* Churches more to make up the other five signs. Therefore either St. John was a bad Astrologer, or Mr. Taylor is a bad *Interpreter*. Perhaps he means to say that Religion fled from Men into the Stars in this epoch: but he should not explain an allegory by another allegory. However, thanks for his *Discoveries*, he being a higher man than Hipparchus, Tycho, Kepler, Hevelius, Galileo, Cassini, Herschel, Olbers, Harding, and others who have only found out some Stars or Groups, without seeing Inhabitants; but Mr. Taylor has seen *real Churches*!!! PRO-DI-GI-OUS!!!!!!!!!!!!

From the above remarks we may judge of the rest. Mr. Taylor wants to supplant the Bible by hook and by crook. Yet his *person* will soon disappear like a phantom, and the *Book* will remain as it has stood through all centuries, maugre the puny pinches of the impious of all ages. If he pretends to a *new wil* and a *new system*, he must know that his tales have