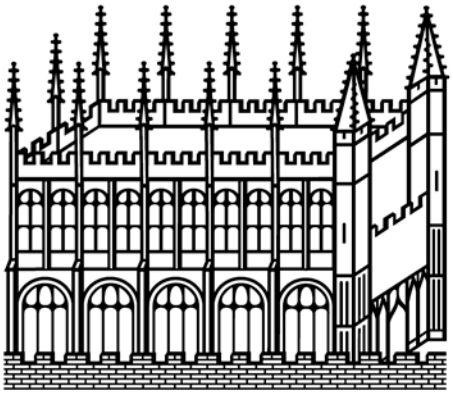

THE
WORKS
OF
VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XVII.

Being VOL. XIII. of his

PROSE WORKS.


D.r Swift.
Bannerman Sculp.

THE WORKS OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

WITH

Notes, Hiſtorical and Critical.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

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NOW

THE CONTENTS OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

Concluſion

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Of

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES

IN

HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

OF CEREMONIES.

THE arm-chair, the eaſy-chair, the court-ſtool, the right and the left hand, have for ſeveral ages been conſidered as important objects of policy, and illuſtrious ſubjects for diſputes. I fancy that the ancient ceremonial relating to arm-chairs, took its riſe from our barbarous anceſtors having but one of theſe chairs at moſt in a houſe, and that this was commonly appropriated to the uſe of any perſon who was ſick. There are ſtill ſeveral provinces in France, and counties in England, where the arm-chair is called a groaning-chair.

Long after the times of Attila and Dagobert, when luxury began to creep into courts, and that the great-ones of the earth had two or three arm-chairs in their mighty dungeons, it was eſteemed a ſingular mark of diſtinction to ſit on one of theſe thrones; and the maſter of a

caſtle took care to have preſerved among the records of his family, that having been to pay his court to ſuch a count, he had been received by him in an arm-chair.

We may read in the Memoirs of Mademoiſelle, ſiſter to Lewis XIV. that this auguſt princeſs paſſed at leaſt a fourth part of her life in mortal agonies, occaſioned by diſputes about eaſy chairs; and a whole court was taken up in caballing whether it was proper to ſit on a chair or a ſtool in ſuch or ſuch a room, or whether to ſit at all. At preſent our manners are more uniform; and ladies make uſe indifferently of couches or ſophas, without the peace of ſociety being diſturbed.

When cardinal Richelieu was negociating the marriage between Henrietta of France and Charles I. of England, with the ambaſſador of that nation, the affair was on the point of being broken off, on account of two or three ſteps nearer to a door that was claimed by the ambaſſador, till the Cardinal, to get over the mighty difficulty, received him in bed; and this precious anecdote has been carefully preſerved in hiſtory. I am of opinion, that, if it had been propoſed to Scipio to place himſelf at his length naked between two ſheets to receive Hannibal's viſit, he would have thought it a droll ceremony.

One coach going before another, and what is called taking the way in a ſtreet or a road, has alſo been a mark of grandeur, and occaſioned claims, diſputes, and petty combats, for a whole century together; and it was eſteemed a ſignal victory for the equipage of one perſon to oblige that of another to yield the way.

When foreign ambaſſadors paſſed through a ſtreet, it was like diſputing the prize in a circus; and if a Spaniſh miniſter made a Portugueſe coachman back his horſes, he immediately diſpatched a courier poſt-haſte to Madrid, to inform the king his maſter of the advantage he had gained.

In proportion as a nation is more or leſs barbarous, or the court weak or powerful, theſe ceremonies are more or leſs in vogue. True power and real politeneſs deſpiſe oſtentation.

It is probable that we ſhall one time or other ſee an end to the ridiculous cuſtom which ſtill prevails among the ambaſſadors of ſome courts, to beggar themſelves for the ſake of going in proceſſion through the ſtreets with a number of hired coaches, vamped up and new gilt, and preceded by a croud of ſervants walking on foot. This is called making their entry; and it is pleaſant enough to hear of a perſon making his entry into a city ſeven or eight months after his arrival.

The important affair of the *punctilio*, which conſtitutes the grandeur of the modern Romans; the theory of the number of paces to be made in conducting a ſignor to the door at his departure; of opening a curtain half way, or altogether; of taking the right or left hand of a perſon in a room; this noble art, I ſay, which would never have entered the heads of a Fabius or a Cato, begins now to give way; and the train-bearers to the cardinals lament, with tears in their eyes, that every thing ſeems to denounce a general lapſe of theſe eſſential ceremonials.

A French colonel happening to be at Bruſſels about a year ago, and not knowing how to ſpend his time, propoſed going to the public aſſembly; one of his acquaintance told him it was held at the houſe of a princeſs. With all my heart, replied the officer; but what of that? Why, princes go there. Are you a prince? Piſh, man! ſaid he, they are very good kind of princes: laſt year, when we took the town, I had a dozen of them waiting in my anti-chamber; they are the civileſt creatures breathing.

FOLLY ON BOTH SIDES.

FOLLY on both Sides is the true device of all diſputants and their diſputes. I do not ſpeak here of thoſe that have occaſioned bloodſhed. The ruin and devaſtation ſpread through all Weſtphalia by the Anabaptiſts; the wars excited in France by the Calviniſts; the bloody factions of the Armagnacs * and the Burgundians; the puniſhment of the Maid of Orleans, whom one half of France revered as an heroine ſent from heaven, and the other half detected as a vile ſorcereſs; the petition of the Sorbonne to have her committed to the flames; the aſſaſſination of the duke of Orleans juſtified by the divines; a decree of the Sacred Faculty releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance; the

* The factions of Armagnac and Burgundy diſtinguiſhed the unfortunate reign of Charles VI. of France, and contributed in a great meaſure to the ſucceſs of the Engliſh in conquering the kingdom.

employing

employing of executioners to maintain tenets and opinions; the kindling of fires to burn unhappy wretches who were perſuaded to own themſelves magicians or heretics; all this ſurpaſſed folly: and here, by the way, let it be obſerved, that ſuch execrable doings were the growth of the age of purity, and the effects of Germanic good faith and Gaulic ſimplicity; to which I refer thoſe honeſt people who are perpetually regretting paſt times.

And here I propoſe, purely for my own edification, to draw up a ſhort memorandum of the curious matters that employed the attention and divided the opinions of our anceſtors.

In the eleventh century, that good time when we knew nothing of the art of war, though we were continually fighting, and were equally ignorant of police, trade, and the rules of ſociety; when we knew neither how to read or write; people of great parts engaged in ſolemn, long, and even ſharp diſputes, concerning what paſſed in the privy cloſet at the performing a certain office, which decency requires to be ſpoken of with the greateſt reſerve. This was called the diſpute of the Stercoriſts *; a diſpute which did not excite a war indeed, and was therefore on that account the moſt ſufferable of all the follies of the human mind.

The diſpute about the Moſarabic verſion, which engaged the attention of the learned kingdom of Spain in the ſame century, terminated likewiſe without occaſioning the deſolation of provinces, or the effuſion of blood.

* The ſect of Stercoriſts were thoſe who maintained, that part of the ſacramental bread, when ſwallowed, was digeſted and converted to ordure.

The ſpirit of chivalry, which reigned at that time, permitted no other method of clearing up this controverſy, but by referring it to the deciſion of two noble knights; and him of the two Don Quixotes who firſt threw his adverſary to the ground, was to eſtabliſh that verſion of which he was the champion. Don Ruis de Martanza, knight of the Moſarabic ritual, unhorſed the Don Quixote of the Latin ritual; but as the laws of noble chivalry did not poſitively determine that a ritual was to be proſcribed, becauſe its knight was unhorſed, they had recourſe to a more certain expedient (and which was then greatly in vogue) to determine which of the two books was to have the preference; and this was by throwing them both into the fire, when there was no doubt that the true ritual * would come out unhurt. But, I know not by what accident, they were both conſumed, and the diſpute remained undecided, to the great aſtoniſhment of the pious and learned Spaniards. By degrees the Latin ritual prevailed; and, if any knight had afterwards offered himſelf to defend the Moſarabic cauſe, the knight, and not the ritual, would have been thrown into the fire.

In theſe glorious times, we civilized people, when we were taken ill, were obliged to have recourſe to an Arabian phyſician; and, if we wanted to know the age of the moon, we muſt apply to the Arabians; if we had occaſion for

* It was in the papacy of Gregory VII. that the Roman ſervice or Latin ritual was eſtabliſhed in Leon and Caſtile, by the intrigues of Cardinal Hugo, ſurnamed the White, even after the preceding pope Alexander II. had declared, that the old Gothic liturgies were perfectly orthodox.

a piece

a piece of cloth, it was to be purchaſed of a Jew; and when a huſbandman wanted rain, he addreſſed himſelf to a conjurer. But when, in proceſs of time, we had learned Latin, and had gotten a miſerable tranſlation of Ariſtotle, we began to make a figure in the world, and for three or four hundred years employed ourſelves in explaining a few pages of the Stagyrite, in worſhipping them, and condemning them. Some have aſſerted, that but for him we had been deſtitute of the articles of faith; and others again as poſitively maintained that he was an Atheiſt. A Spaniard undertook to prove that Ariſtotle was a ſaint, and his nativity ought to be kept as a feſtival; a council in France condemned his divine writings to the flames; whole colleges, univerſities, and religious orders, have reciprocally anathematized each other on account of certain paſſages in this great man, which neither themſelves, the judges who interpoſed their authority, nor the author himſelf, underſtood. Many fiſty-cuffs were dealt on each ſide in Germany in conſequence of th oſe weighty diſputes; but very little or no blood was ſhed. It is a little unlucky for Ariſtotle's fame that there was no civil war raiſed, nor any pitched battle fought, in favour of the *Quiddities*, and *the Whole of the Part of the Thing*. Our anceſtors have cut each other's throats for controverſies of as little ſignification.

It is true, indeed, that a very famous madman called Occam *, and ſurnamed the *Invincible Doctor*,

* William Occam, a native of England, was a Cordelier, who lived in the fourteenth century, and had been a diſciple of Scot, whoſe doctrines he afterwards oppoſed. He was

Doctor, the chief of thoſe who maintained *the Whole of a Part of the Thought*, deſired the emperor, Lewis of Bavaria, to draw the ſword of the empire in defence of his writings againſt one Scot, or *Scotus*, another madman, ſirnamed the *Subtile Doctor*, who ſtickled for *the Whole of the Part of the Thing*. Happily Lewis of Bavaria kept his ſword in its ſcabbard. Who would imagine that theſe idle diſputes ſhould have continued even down to theſe later ages; and that the parliament of Paris, in 1614, iſſued a curious decree in favour of Ariſtotle?

Much about the time of the doughty Occam and his intrepid rival Scot, there aroſe a diſpute of a more ſerious nature, in which the reverend fathers Cordeliers found means to engage the whole Chriſtian world; namely, whether they had a right to the porridge * they eat, or were to be conſidered only as uſufructuaries. The form of the cowl and the depth of the ſleeve were alſo ſubjects of this holy war. Pope John XXII.

ſurnamed the *Invincible Doctor*, the *Singular Doctor*, and the *Venerable Preceptor*. He eſpouſed the cauſe of Lewis of Bavaria, the declared enemy of the church of Rome; and uſed to ſay to that prince, "Defend me with your ſword, "and I will ſupport you with my pen." He was accuſed of having taught, that neither Chriſt nor his apoſtles had any poſſeſſion, either in particular or in common. He wrote ſeveral tracts againſt the church of Rome, for which he was excommunicated; and the Proteſtants ſometimes made uſe of his writings in their diſpute with the papal ſee.

* The regulations of the Cordeliers not permitting them to have any poſſeſſion of their own, pope Nicholas III. who had been of their order, reſolved to enrich them without hurting their delicacy. With this view, he put them in poſſeſſion of great eſtates, at the ſame time ordaining, that they ſhould only have the uſe of thoſe eſtates; but that the property of them ſhould be veſted in the church. This bull, however, was repealed by pope John XXII.

having

having interfered in theſe diſputes, was ſoon made to know whom he had to deal with. The Cordeliers quitted him to ſide with Lewis of Bavaria, who then unſheathed his ſword. At that time three or four of theſe reverend diſputants were burnt as heretics. This was carrying the jeſt rather too far; but, however, as this affair neither overturned thrones nor ruined whole ſtates, it may be ranked in the number of peaceable follies.

There has never been a want of theſe; but moſt of them have ſunk in ſilent oblivion; and of four or five hundred ſects that have, at different times, made their appearance, mankind retain the remembrance of ſuch only which have produced either exceſſive diſorders or exceſſive abſurdities; two things which are eaſily remembered. Who recollects at preſent that there were Orebites, Oſmites, or Inſdorfians? or knows any thing of the Cornacians or the Iſcariotiſts?

One day, that I dined with a Dutch lady, I was charitably cautioned by one of the company to take care how I acted, and not to ſpeak in commendation of Voetius *. And pray why this

* Geſbert Voet was, in the laſt century, a celebrated profeſſor of theology in the univerſity of Utrecht. He aſſiſted at the ſynod of Dordrecht, and from that time became a zealous defender of Calvin's doctrines. He wrote virulently againſt Des Cartes, John Coccius, and Samuel Deſmarets, which laſt did not fail to retort his abuſe. John Henry Cocceius, or Cock, was a native of Bremen, and made ſuch great progreſs in the Greek tongue, and in theology, that he was choſen profeſſor of both at Francker, and afterwards removed to Leyden. He compiled a Hebrew dictionary, and wrote commentaries upon the Old Teſtament, which are tedious, diffuſed, and chimerical. He

this caution? ſaid I. Becauſe, ſaid my friendly adviſer, the lady of the houſe is a Cocceian; adding, that there were ſtill four of that ſect in Holland, and that it would be a great unhappineſs the race ſhould become extinct. A time will come, when the Janſeniſts, who have made ſo much noiſe amongſt us, and who are now hardly known, will ſhare the ſame fate with the Cocceians. An old doctor ſaid to me one day, Sir, in my younger days, I was a warm ſtickler for the *mandata impoſſibilia volentibus et conantibus*; I wrote againſt the formulary and the pope, and imagined myſelf a confeſſor; I was thrown into priſon, and looked upon myſelf as a martyr. At preſent I meddle with nothing, and think myſelf reaſonable. How do you employ yourſelf now? ſaid I. Sir, replied he, I am very fond of money. In this manner do the greateſt part of mankind, when they come to be old, laugh within themſelves at the follies that they eagerly run after in their youth. Sects grow old, like men. Thoſe which have not been ſupported by powerful princes, nor been the cauſe of great calamities, grow old ſooner than others. They are epidemic diſorders, which paſs off like the ſweating ſickneſs, or the hooping cough.

We no longer hear of the pious reveries of a Madame Guion; we no longer read the unintelligible jargon of the *Maxims of Saints*, but in

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pretends to have diſcovered many myſtical meanings in the Scripture, which had eſcaped all former critics, and was indeed a viſionary and enthuſiaſt. Voetius and Deſmarets called him an Innovator and Scriptuarian; and, in a word, he was but ſcurvily treated by his Proteſtant brethren.

its

its room Telemachus; we remember not the writings of the eloquent Boſſuet againſt the ſoft, the elegant, the charming Fenelon, and only give the preference to his funeral orations. The whole of the controverſy about what was called *Quietiſm*, was nothing but the ſecond edition of the old ſtory of the good woman who carried a chafing-diſh of coals to ſet fire to heaven, and a pitcher of water to extinguiſh hell, that mankind might for the future ſerve God neither through fear nor hope. I ſhall only obſerve one ſingular circumſtance in this affair, that fell ſhort of the ſtory of the good woman, which is, that the Jeſuits, who were ſo violently accuſed by the Janſeniſts as a body inſtituted by St. Ignatius on purpoſe to deſtroy the love of God, ſollicited the court of Rome in favour of the archbiſhop of Cambray's favourite tenet of true love. The ſame thing happened to him as did to Mr. de Langeais, who had an action brought againſt him in the parliament of Paris, by his wife, for impotency, and another in that of Rennes by a young girl, for having got her with child. One would think he muſt have been cleared upon one or other of the two indictments, and yet he was caſt in both. The doctrine of pure love, for which the Jeſuits beſtirred themſelves ſo violently, was condemned at Rome, and they themſelves paſſed with all Paris for perſons who wanted to aboliſh the love of God. This opinion was ſo rooted in all minds, that ſome years ago, when they publiſhed for ſale a copper-plate repreſenting our Saviour in the dreſs of a Jeſuit, an arch wag (undoubtedly the *Louiſtik* of the Janſeniſts party) wrote theſe line underneath:

Admirez l'artifice extrême
De ces peres ingénieux ;
Ils vous ont habillé comme eux,
Mon Dieu, de peur qu'on ne vous aime.

"How admirable is the artifice of theſe inge-
"nious Fathers! They have dreſſed our God
"like themſelves, for fear we ſhould be temp-
"ted to love him."

At Rome, which is never perplexed with diſputes of this kind, and to whoſe tribunal all thoſe of other places are referred, they ſoon began to grow weary of the controverſies about pure love. Cardinal Carpegne, who was one of the council in the archbiſhop of Cambray's affair, happened to be afflicted with a grievous diſorder in a certain part that is not more exempt from pains and maladies in a cardinal than in thoſe of a leſs facred character. His ſurgeon one day dreſſing him with ſome tents made of a fine cloth they call *Cambray* * in Italy, as well as in many other parts, and putting him to ſome pain, his eminence roared out. Sure, ſaid the ſurgeon, it cannot hurt your eminency; it is ſoft Cambray. How! replied the cardinal, is Cambray got there too? Is it not enough that he has already almoſt turned my head? Happy the controverſies that end in this manner; happy for mankind if all the diſputants and arch-heretics in the univerſe had ſubmitted with the ſame moderation and magnanimous compliance as the great archbiſhop of Cambray, who of all mankind had the leaſt inclination to be the leader of an hereſy. I know not whe-

* What we call cambrick. The difference of the termination in Engliſh will not allow us to preſerve the whole force of the play in the word that is in the French.

ther

ther he was right in wanting us to love God purely for his own ſake; but I am certain this amiable prelate highly merited to be loved in that manner.

In controverſies that are merely literary, there is often as much rancour and party ſpirit as in diſputes of the moſt intereſting nature to mankind. If it was poſſible, we ſhould ſee the factions of the circus revived amongſt us, that for ſo long a time diſtracted the Roman empire. Two rival actreſſes are capable of ſetting a whole city by the ears. Mankind have in general a ſecret diſpoſition to faction and party; and if they cannot cabal againſt, perſecute, or deſtroy each other, for crowns, tiaras, or mitres, they will fall out about a fidler or a dancer. Rameau has had a violent party againſt him, who did all in their power to ruin him; but he knew nothing of it. I myſelf have had a party ſtill more violent againſt me, and I was very ſenſible of it.

MEMNON;

OR,

HUMAN WISDOM.

ONE day Memnon formed the mad project to be perfectly wise. Few men have not, at at one time or other, been infected with this folly. Memnon argued thus with himself: To be very wise, and consequently very happy, nothing more is necessary than to divest one's self of the passions, and every one knows this is easily done. In the first place, I will never love any woman; for, when I behold a perfect beauty, I will say to myself, Those blooming cheeks will one day be furrowed with wrinkles; those lively eyes sore and red with galling rheum; those swelling breasts, whose roundness is now so inviting to the touch, will become lank and shrivelled; those charming tresses grey and few in number; therefore I have nothing more to do than to look upon these charms now with the same eyes as I should then, and assuredly they can never cause me any emotions.

In the second place, I will be always sober. If at any time I am tempted by excellent cheer, delicious wines, or the charms of society, I shall have only to represent to myself the consequences of a debauch; such as an aching head, an over-loaded stomach, and the loss of reason, health, and time. I shall then eat and drink only

only to ſatisfy nature; I ſhall always enjoy an equal ſtate of health; my ideas will be always pure and bright. All this is ſo eaſy, that there is no merit in attaining to it.

In the next place, ſaid Memnon, continuing his ſoliloquy, I muſt think a little of my fortune. My deſires are very moderate; my eſtate is well ſecured in the funds of Niniveh; I have enough to live independent, and that alone is a treaſure. I ſhall never be under the diſagreeable neceſſity of dancing attendance at courts; I ſhall envy no one, nor will any one ever envy me. Is there any difficulty in this? I have friends too; thoſe I ſhall preſerve, becauſe I will never give them any occaſion to quarrel with me; for I will ſhew no ill humour to them, nor they to me. How eaſy is all this?

Having thus planned his little ſcheme of wiſdom in his own room, Memnon put his head out of the window to look about him. He ſaw two women walking under the ſhade of the plantanes before his houſe. The one was old, and ſeemed to think of nothing; the other young, handſome, and apparently buried in thought: ſhe wept, ſhe ſighed, and this air of ſorrow added to her charms. Our ſage was touched, not with the beauty of the lady (for he was very certain he could not be ſuſceptible of ſuch a weakneſs), but with the affliction he ſaw her in. He deſcended into the ſtreet, and accoſted the fair Ninevite with an intention to comfort her by his wiſdom. This charming creature related to him in the moſt ſimple, yet pathetic manner, how an uncle, which ſhe had never had, by a thouſand villanies, artifices, and ſtratagems, had robbed her of an eſtate,

which

which ſhe never poſſeſſed; and that ſhe had every thing to dread from his cruelty and oppreſſion. You appear to me, ſaid ſhe, to be a perſon of ſo much wiſdom and prudence, that if you will only be ſo obliging to go home with me to examine my affairs, I am certain you will be able to extricate me out of all my preſent difficulties. Memnon followed her without the leaſt heſitation, in order to examine her affairs according to the rules of wiſdom, and he gave her prudent counſel.

The afflicted lady led him into an apartment where the richeſt perfumes were burning, and very politely made him ſit down by her on a ſopha, where they continued for ſome time, with their legs acroſs, facing each other. The lady, while ſhe was talking, kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and every now and then a tear ſtole down her cheeks: ſometimes ſhe would gently lift them up, and then they always met thoſe of the wiſe Memnon. Their converſation was full of a melting ſoftneſs that encreaſed every time they looked at each other. Memnon intereſted himſelf warmly in her affairs, and every inſtant felt a ſtronger deſire to oblige a perſon, who was at once ſo perfectly well bred, and ſo unfortunate. Carried away by the warmth of the converſation, they inſenſibly altered their poſitions; they were no longer over againſt each other. Memnon plied his counſel ſo cloſe, and gave her ſuch tender advice, that at length they both forgot the buſineſs they were talking about, and were left to the world and themſelves.

While they were in this critical ſituation, in comes the uncle, as may eaſily be ſuppoſed. He

was

was armed cap-a-pié; and the firſt word he uttered was, that he would cut Memnon's and his niece's throat, as to be ſure he had great reaſon to do; and concluded with obſerving, that he might be prevailed on to ſpare their lives, in conſideration of a round ſum of money. Memnon found himſelf obliged to part with all he had about him. People were happy in thoſe times to get ſo well out of theſe ſort of adventures. America was not then diſcovered, and afflicted ladies were not then half ſo dangerous as they are at preſent.

Memnon, overwhelmed with confuſion and deſpair, returned home, where he found a letter from one of his moſt intimate friends to invite him to dinner. If I remain alone, ſaid he to himſelf, I ſhall have my mind ſo occupied with my unhappy adventure, that I ſhall not be able to eat a morſel, and may fall ill. It will be better to go and take a frugal repaſt with my friends; their agreeable ſociety will make me forget the folly I have been guilty of this morning. Accordingly to the rendezvous he goes: his friends find him melancholy: they urge him to drink, to drive away care. A little wine, taken in moderation, is an exhilerator of the ſpirits, and a ſtrengthener of the faculties. Thus thought the wiſe Memnon, and he got drunk. After dinner, it was propoſed to ſet down to play. Play within proper bounds, and among friends, is an agreeable and harmleſs recreation. He plays, he loſes all his ready money, and four times as much upon his word. A diſpute ariſes concerning the game; both parties grow warm; one of Memnon's intimate friends throws the dice-box at his head, and beats out one of his eyes.

eyes. The wife Memnon is carried home drunk, pennyleſs, and with the loſs of an eye.

After ſleeping himſelf ſober, he ſends his man to his banker's for money to pay his intimate friends what he had loſt to them. His man returns with the melancholy tidings that his banker had gone off that morning with a vaſt ſum of money, which had thrown a hundred of the beſt families in Nineveh into a dreadful alarm. Memnon, enraged at this piece of villainy, repairs to court with a plaiſter on his eye, and a petition in his hand, to demand juſtice of the king againſt his banker. In the drawing-room he meets with ſeveral ladies walking about with hoops of twenty yards in circumference, with all the eaſe imaginable. One of them, who knew him, cried out, holding her fan up before her eyes, Oh! the fright! Another, who was more intimate with him, accoſts him thus: Servant, Mr. Memnon: upon my word, I am very glad to ſee you, Mr. Memnon; but pray, Mr. Memnon, how came you to loſe one of your eyes? And then ſwam acroſs the room, without waiting for his anſwer. Memnon hid himſelf in a corner, waiting an opportunity of throwing himſelf at the king's feet. The monarch appears. Memnon bows himſelf thrice to the earth, and preſents his petition; which his majeſty was pleaſed moſt graciouſly to receive; and then handed to one of his ſatraps, with orders to give him an account of its contents. The ſatrap takes Memnon aſide; and with an air of authority, accompanied with the moſt bitter ſneer, ſays to him, What a pretty one-eyed ſcoundrel you are, to apply to the king before you had ſpoken to me; and preſume

ſume to demand juſtice againſt a worthy bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is no leſs than nephew to my wife's waiting-woman. Heark ye, my friend! if you have any regard for the eye you have left, take my advice, and drop this affair.

Thus Memnon, the wiſe Memnon, who, in the morning, had forſworn all commerce with women, made a vow of temperance, renounced gaming and quarrelling, and had determined never to be ſeen at court, was, before the night of the ſame day, cheated and robbed by a fine woman, got drunk, gamed, quarrelled with his moſt intimate friends, which coſt him the loſs of an eye, and made a viſit to court, where every one laughed at him.

Petrified with aſtoniſhment, and pierced with grief, he returned home with a heavy heart. He attempts to enter his own houſe, an officer puſhes him rudely back, and tells him, that his creditors have ſeized on all his goods for the money he owes them. Oppreſſed with theſe accumulated diſaſters, he throws himſelf lifeleſs under a plantane. At that inſtant the fair lady, whom he had comforted in the morning, paſſed by with her dear uncle; and ſeeing Memnon in that condition, and with a plaiſter on one eye, they both ſet up a horſe-laugh, and continued their way. Night came on, and Memnon was glad to lie upon a truſs of ſtraw before his own door. He is ſeized with a fever. In the interval of the fit he falls aſleep, when a celeſtial ſpirit appears to him in a dream—

A bright glory environed him: he had ſix beautiful wings; but neither head, feet, nor tail; and reſembled nothing that has ever been

ſeen. Who art thou? ſaid Memnon. Thy good genius, replied the phantom. Reſtore me my eye then, ſaid Memnon, my health, my wealth, and my wiſdom; and then he related to him how he had loſt them all in a day. Theſe accidents never happen to us in the world we inhabit, ſaid the ſpirit. And pray what world may that be? aſked the man of ſorrows. My country, replied the other, is about five hundred millions of leagues beyond the ſun, in a little ſtar called Sirius, which you may ſee from hence. A charming country, I warrant it, ſaid Memnon. I ſuppoſe now you have no jilts there, that fret a poor man? no intimate friends, that ſtrip him at play, and afterwards beat one of his eyes out? no raſcally bankers, that break with all your effects in their hands? nor no ſatraps, that make a jeſt of you when you come to demand juſtice? No, ſaid the ſtarry inhabitant, we have nothing of all this. We are never cheated by women, becauſe we have no commerce with them; nor are we guilty of exceſs at table, becauſe we never eat or drink any thing; we have no bankrupts amongſt us, becauſe we have neither gold nor ſilver; we are in no danger of having our eyes beat out, becauſe we have no material bodies like yours; nor are there any ſatraps who can do us injuſtice, becauſe in the ſtar Sirius every one is equal.

But pray, good dinnerleſs and womanleſs Sir, demanded Memnon, how may you paſs your time? In watching over the other globes that are committed to our care, ſaid the genius; and I am now come to comfort thee. Ah! cried Memnon, ſtung with bitter remembrance, why waſt thou

thou not preſent with me laſt night, to prevent my being guilty of ſo many follies? I was attending on thy elder brother Haſſan, ſaid the heavenly being: his fate is more deplorable than thine. His moſt gracious majeſty the king of the Indies, at whoſe court he has the honour to be, has ordered both his eyes to be picked out for a little indiſcretion he has been guilty of; and he is at this inſtant chained hands and feet in the bottom of a dungeon. It is of great uſe indeed, cried out Memnon, to have a good genius in a family, when one brother loſes an eye, and the other is ſtark blind; one lies upon ſtraw, and the other in a priſon! Thy fortune ſhall change, replied the ætherial meſſenger: thou wilt be always blind of an eye indeed; but, that excepted, thy life will be tolerably happy, provided thou never more formeſt the ridiculous deſign of being perfectly wiſe. Alas! cried Memnon with a ſigh, is it impoſſible then to attain to it? As much ſo, replied the genius, as to be perfectly ſkilful, perfectly ſtrong, perfectly powerful, or perfectly happy. We ourſelves are at a great diſtance from it. There is a globe, indeed, where all theſe are found; but in the hundred millions of millions of worlds that are diſperſed through the immenſity of ſpace, every thing holds its degree. In the ſecond globe there is leſs wiſdom and felicity than in the firſt; leſs again in the third than in the ſecond; and ſo of the reſt to the very loweſt, where the inhabitants are all fools. I am very much afraid then, ſaid Memnon, that this ſame terraqueous globe of ours is the bedlam of the univerſe you have been pleaſed

to deſcribe to me. Not quite, ſaid the ſpirit; but it comes pretty near to it. Every thing muſt be in its place. Well, but, ſaid Memnon, certain philoſophers and poets muſt have been confoundedly out, when they tell us, "that whatever is, is right." They were juſt, replied the philoſopher of the upper regions, ſo far as relates to the diſpoſition of the whole univerſe. Ah! cried poor Memnon, you ſhall never make me believe that, ſo long as I have only one eye.

A Letter from a TURK, concerning the FAQUIRS and his Friend BABABEC.

WHEN I was in the city of Benarez, on the borders of the Ganges, the country of the antient Brachmans, I endeavoured to inſtruct myſelf in their religion and manners. I underſtood the Indian language tolerably well. I heard a great deal, and remarked every thing. I lodged at the houſe of my correſpondent Omri, who was the moſt worthy man I ever knew. He was of the religion of the Bramins: I have the honour to be a Muſſulman. We never exchanged one word higher than another about Mahomet or Brama. We performed our ablutions each on his own ſide; we drank of the ſame ſherbet, and we eat of the ſame rice, as if we had been two brothers.

One

One day we went together to the pagoda of Gavani. There we ſaw ſeveral bands of Fakirs, ſome of whom were Janguis; that is to ſay, contemplative Fakirs; and others diſciples of the antient Gymnoſophiſts, who led an active life. They have all a learned language peculiar to themſelves; it is that of the moſt antient Brachmans; and they have a book written in this language, which they call the Hanſcrit. It is, beyond all contradiction, the moſt antient book in all Aſia, not excepting the Zend.

I happened to croſs a Fakir, who was reading in this book. Ah! wretched Infidel! cried he, thou haſt made me loſe a number of vowels that I was counting, which will occaſion my ſoul to paſs into the body of a hare inſtead of that of a parrot, with which I had before the greateſt reaſon to flatter myſelf. I gave him a roupee to comfort him for the accident. In going a few paces farther, I had the misfortune to ſneeze; the noiſe I made rouzed a Fakir who was in a trance. Heavens! cried he, what a dreadful noiſe! Where am I? I can no longer ſee the tip of my noſe*! the heavenly light has diſappeared. If I am the cauſe, ſaid I, of your ſeeing further than the length of your noſe, here is a roupee to repair the injury I have done you: ſquint again, and reſume the heavenly light.

Having thus brought myſelf off diſcreetly enough, I paſſed over to the ſide of the Gymnoſophiſts, ſeveral of whom brought me a parcel

* When the Fakirs have a mind to ſee the heavenly light, which very frequently happens with them, they turn their eyes downwards towards the tip of their noſe.

of

of mighty pretty nails to drive into my arms and thighs, in honour of Brama. I bought their nails, and made uſe of them to faſten down my boxes. Others were dancing upon their hands, others cut capers on the ſlack rope, and others went always upon one foot. There were ſome who dragged a heavy chain about with them, and others carried a pack-ſaddle; ſome had their heads always in a buſhel; the beſt people in the world to live with. My friend Omri carried me to the cell of one of the moſt famous of theſe. His name was Bababec: he was as naked as he was born, and had a great chain about his neck, that weighed upwards of ſixty pounds. He ſate on a wooden chair, very neatly decorated with little points of nails, that run into his poſteriors; and you would have thought he had been ſitting on a velvet cuſhion. Numbers of women flocked to him to conſult him: he was the oracle of all the families in the neighbourhood; and was, truly ſpeaking, in great reputation. I was witneſs to a long converſation that Omri had with him. Do you think, father, ſaid my friend, that, after having gone through ſeven metempſichoſes, I may at length arrive at the habitation of Brama? That is as it may happen, ſaid the Fakir. What ſort of life do you lead? I endeavour, anſwered Omri, to be a good ſubject, a good huſband, a good father, and a good friend: I lend money without intereſt to the rich who want it, and I give it to the poor: I preſerve peace amongſt my neighbours. But have you ever run nails into your backſide? demanded the Bramin. Never, reverend father. I

am ſorry for it, replied the father; very ſorry for it, indeed: It is a thouſand pities; but you will certainly not reach above the nineteenth heaven. No higher! ſaid Omri. In troth, I am very well contented with my lot. What is it to me whether I go into the nineteenth or the twentieth, provided I do my duty in my pilgrimage, and am well received at the end of my journey? Is it not as much as one can deſire, to live with a fair character in this world, and be happy with Brama in the next? And pray what heaven do you think of going to, good Maſter Bababec, with your nails and your chain? Into the thirty-fifth, ſaid Bababec. I admire your modeſty, replied Omri, to pretend to be better lodged than me: this is ſurely the mere effects of an exceſſive ambition. How can you, who condemn others that covet honours in this world, arrogate ſuch diſtinguiſhed one's to yourſelf in the next? What right have you to be better treated than me? Know, that I beſtow more alms to the poor in ten days, than the nails you run into your backſide coſt for ten years! What is it to Brama, that you paſs the whole day ſtark naked with a chain about your neck? This is doing a notable ſervice to your country, doubtleſs! I have a thouſand times more eſteem for the man who ſows pulſe or plants trees for all your tribe, than they who look at the tip of their noſes, or carry a pack-ſaddle to ſhew their magnanimity. Having finiſhed this ſpeech, Omri ſoftened his voice, embraced the Bramin, and, with an endearing ſweetneſs, beſought him to throw aſide his nails and his chain, to go home with him, and live with decency and comfort. The Faquir

was perſuaded: he was waſhed clean, rubbed with eſſences and perfumes, and clad in a decent habit: he lived a fortnight in this manner, behaved with prudence and wiſdom, and acknowledged that he was a thouſand times more happy than before: but he loſt his credit among the people; the women no longer crouded to conſult him: he therefore quitted the houſe of the friendly Omri, and returned to his nails and his chain, to regain his reputation.

OF VAIN-GLORY:

BEING

The Subſtance of a CONVERSATION with a Chineſe.

IN the year 1723, there was a Chineſe in Holland, who was both a learned man and a merchant, two things that ought by no means to be incompatible; but which, thanks to the profound reſpect that is ſhewn to money, and the little regard that the human ſpecies do, and ever will, pay to merit, are become ſo among us.

This Chineſe, who ſpoke a little Dutch, happened to be in a bookſeller's ſhop, at the ſame time that ſome literati were aſſembled there. He aſked for a book; they offered him Boſſuet's Univerſal Hiſtory, badly tranſlated. At the title Univerſal Hiſtory, how pleaſed am I, cried the Oriental, to have met with this book; I ſhall now ſee what is ſaid of our great empire; of a nation that has ſubſiſted for upwards of fifty thouſand years; of that long dynaſty of emperors who have governed us for ſuch a number of ages. I ſhall ſee what theſe Europeans think of the religion of our literati, and of that pure and ſimple worſhip we pay to the Supreme Being. What a pleaſure will it be to me to find how they ſpeak of our arts, many of which are of a more antient date with us than the æras of all the kingdoms of Europe! I fancy

the author will be greatly miſtaken in relation to the war we had about twenty-two thouſand five hundred and fifty-two years ago, with the martial people of Tonquin and Japan, as well as the ſolemn ambaſſy that the powerful emperor of Mogulitan ſent, to requeſt a body of laws from us in the year of the world 500000000000079123450000. Lord bleſs you, ſaid one of the literati, there is hardly any mention made of that nation in this book, it is too inconſiderable. Almoſt the whole of it is taken up with an account of the firſt nation in the world, the only nation, thoſe great people the Jews.

The Jews! ſaid the Chineſe, thoſe people then muſt certainly be maſters of three parts of the globe at leaſt. They hope to be ſo one day, anſwered the other; but at preſent they are thoſe pedlars that you ſee going about here with toys and knicknacks, and that ſometimes do us the honour to clip our gold and ſilver. Surely you are not ſerious, ſaid the Chineſe, could thoſe people ever have been in poſſeſſion of a vaſt empire? Here I joined in the converſation, and told him, that for a few years they were in poſſeſſion of a ſmall country to themſelves; but that we were not to judge of a people from the extent of their dominions, any more than of a man by his riches.

But does not this book take notice of ſome other nations, demanded the man of letters. Undoubtedly, replied a learned gentleman who ſtood at my elbow; it treats largely of a ſmall country about ſixty leagues wide, called Egypt, in which it is ſaid that there is a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, made

made by the hands of man. My god! exclaimed the Chineſe, a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, within a ſpot of ground only ſixty leagues wide, this is very curious! The inhabitants of that country, continued the doctor, were all ſages. What happy times were thoſe, cry'd the Chineſe, but is that all? No, reply'd the other, there is mention made of thoſe famous people the Greeks. Greeks! Greeks! ſaid the Aſiatic, who are thoſe Greeks? Why, reply'd the philoſopher, they were maſters of a little province, about the two hundredth part as large as China, but whoſe fame ſpread over the whole world. Indeed! ſaid the Chineſe, with an air of openneſs and ingenuouſneſs, I declare I never heard the leaſt mention of theſe people, either in the Mogul's country, in Japan, or in Great Tartary.

Oh, the barbarian, the ignorant creature! cry'd out our ſage, very politely. Why then I ſuppoſe you know nothing of Epaminondas the Theban, nor of the Piræan Haven, nor the names of Achilles's two horſes, nor of Silenus's aſs? You have never heard ſpeak of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Laïs, nor of Cybele, nor of ——

I am very much afraid, ſaid the learned Oriental, interrupting him, that you know nothing of that eternally memorable adventure of the famous Xixofan Concochigramki, nor of the myſteries of the great Fi-pſi hi-hi. But pray tell me what other unknown things does this Univerſal Hiſtory treat of? Upon this my learned neighbour harangued for a quarter of an hour together about the Roman republic, and when he came to Julius Cæſar, the Chineſe ſtopped him, and very gravely

I think I have heard of him, was he not a Turk? *

How! cry'd our ſage in a fury, don't you ſo much as know the difference between Pagans, Chriſtians, and Mahometans? Did you never hear of Conſtantine? Do you know nothing of the hiſtory of the popes? We have heard ſomething confuſedly of one Mahomet, reply'd the Aſiatic.

It is impoſſible ſure, ſaid the other, but you muſt have heard at leaſt of Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmin, and Oecolampadius. I ſhall never remember all thoſe names, ſaid the Chineſe; and ſo ſaying he quitted the ſhop, and went to ſell a large quantity of Pekoa tea, and fine callicoe, with which he bought two fine girls, and a young lad, and ſet ſail for his own country, adoring *Tien*, and recommending himſelf to Confucius.

As to myſelf, the converſation I had been witneſs to, plainly diſcovered to me the nature of vain-glory; and I could not forbear exclaiming, Since Cæſar and Jupiter are names unknown to the fineſt, moſt ancient, moſt extenſive, moſt populous, and moſt civilized kingdom in the univerſe, it becomes ye well, O ye rulers of petty ſtates! ye pulpit orators of a narrow pariſh, or a little town! ye doctors of Salamanca, or of Bourges! ye trifling authors, and ye heavy commentators! It becomes you well, indeed, to aſpire at reputation.

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* Not long ſince the Chineſe took all the Europeans to be Mahometans.

OF

SUICIDE;

OR,

SELF-MURDER.

PHILIP MORDAUNT, couſin-german to the famous earl of Peterborough, who was ſo well known in all the courts of Europe, and who made his boaſt that he had ſeen more poſtilions, and more crowned heads, than any other man in the world; this Philip Mordaunt, I ſay, was a young man about twenty-ſeven, handſome, well-made, rich, of an illuſtrious family, and one who might pretend to any thing; and, what was more than all the reſt, he was paſſionately beloved by his miſtreſs. However, this man took a diſtaſte to life, diſcharged all that he owed, wrote to his friends to take leave of them, and even compoſed ſome verſes upon the occaſion, which concluded thus, that "tho' opium might be ſome relief to a wiſe man, if diſguſted with the world, yet in his opinion a piſtol, and a little reſolution, were much more effectual remedies." His behaviour was ſuitable to his principles; and he diſpatched himſelf with a piſtol, without giving any other reaſon for it than that his ſoul was weary of his body, and that when we diſlike our houſe we ought to quit it. One would imagine he choſe to die becauſe he was weary of being happy.

One Richard Smith has lately exhibited a moſt extraordinary inſtance of this nature to the world. This Smith was tired of being really unhappy: he had been rich, and was reduced to poverty: he had been healthy, and was become infirm: he had a wife, to whom he had nothing to give but a ſhare in his misfortunes; and an infant in the cradle was the only thing he had left. Richard Smith and his wife Bridget then, after having affectionately embraced, and given each a formal kiſs to their child, firſt cut the poor little creature's throat, and then hanged themſelves at the foot of their bed. I do not remember, to have heard any where of ſuch a ſcene of horrors committed in cold blood; but the letter which theſe unhappy wretches wrote to their couſin Mr. Brindley before their death, is as remarkable as the manner itſelf of their death. "We are certain, ſaid they, of meeting with forgiveneſs from God, &c. We put an end to our lives becauſe we were miſerable, without any proſpect of relief; and we have done our child that ſervice to put it out of life, for fear it ſhould have been as miſerable as ourſelves, &c." It is to be obſerved, that theſe people, after having murdered their child out of their paternal affection, wrote to a friend, recommending their dog and cat to his care. They thought, probably, that it was eaſier to make their dog and cat happy in this world than their child, and that the keeping them would not be any great expence to their friend *.

The

† Richard Smith was a bookbinder, and priſoner for debt within the liberty of the king's-bench; and this ſhocking

The earl of Scarborough has lately quitted life with the ſame indifference as he did his place of maſter of the horſe. Having been told in the houſe of lords that he ſided with the court, on account of the profitable poſt he held in it, My lords, ſaid he, to convince you that my opinion is not influenced by any ſuch conſideration, I will inſtantly reſign. He afterwards found himſelf perplexed between a miſtreſs he was fond of, but to whom he was under no engagements, and a woman whom he eſteemed, and to whom he had made a promiſe of marriage. My lord Scarborough, therefore, killed himſelf to get rid of difficulty †.

The many tragical ſtories of this nature, with which the Engliſh news-papers abound, have made the greateſt part of Europe imagine, that the Engliſh are fonder of killing themſelves than any other people: and yet I queſtion much whether there are not as many madmen at Paris as at London; and if our news-papers were to keep an exact regiſter of thoſe who have either had the folly, or unhappy reſolution to deſtroy themſelves, we might in this reſpect be found to vye with the Engliſh. But our compilers of news are more prudent; the adventures of private perſons are never ſet forth to public ſcandal in any of the papers licenſed by the govern-

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ſhocking tragedy was acted in the year 1732. Smith and his wife had been always induſtrious and frugal, invincibly honeſt, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

† Lord S---------h's immediate motive for ſuicide was ſaid to be remorſe for having weakly diſcovered to a lady a ſecret of ſtate, intruſted to him by his ſovereign: but, in truth it ſeems to have been the effect of a temporary delirium, owing to a conſtitutional diſorder.

ment: however, I believe I may venture to affirm, that this rage of ſuicide will never become epidemical. Nature has ſufficiently guarded againſt it, and hope and fear are the powerful curbs ſhe makes uſe of to ſtop the hand of the wretch uplifted to be his own executioner.

I know it may be ſaid, that there have been countries where a council was eſtabliſhed to give licence to the people to kill themſelves, when they could give ſufficient reaſons for doing it. To this I anſwer, that either the fact is falſe, or that ſuch council found very little employment.

There is one thing indeed which may cauſe ſome ſurprize, and which I think deſerves to be ſeriouſly diſcuſſed, which is, that almoſt all the great heroes among the Romans, during the civil wars, killed themſelves when they loſt a battle, and that we do not find an inſtance of a ſingle leader, or great man, in the diſputes of the League, the Fronde, or during the troubles of Italy and Germany, who put end to his life with his own hand. It is true, that theſe latter were Chriſtians, and that there is great difference between a Chriſtian ſoldier and a Pagan; and yet, how comes it that thoſe very men who were ſo eaſily with-held by Chriſtianity, from putting an end to their own lives, ſhould be reſtrained either by that or any other conſideration, when they had a mind to poiſon, aſſaſſinate, or publicly execute a vanquiſhed enemy? Does not the Chriſtian religion forbid this manner of taking away the life of a fellow creature, if poſſible more than that of our own? The advocates for ſuicide tell us, that it is very allowable to quit our houſe when we are weary of it. Agreed: but

but moſt men had rather lie in a bad houſe, than ſleep in the open fields.

I one day received a circulatory letter from an Engliſhman, in which he propoſes a premium to the perſon who ſhould the moſt clearly demonſtrate that it was allowable for a man to kill himſelf. I made him no anſwer, for I had nothing to prove to him, and he had only to examine within himſelf if he preferred death to life.

But then let us aſk why Cato, Brutus, Caſſius, Anthony, Otho, and ſo many others, gave themſelves death with ſo much reſolution, and that our leaders of parties ſuffered themſelves to be taken alive by their enemies, or waſte the remains of a wretched old age in a dungeon? Some refined wits pretend to ſay, that the antients had no real courage; that Cato acted like a coward in putting an end to his own life; and that he would have ſhewed more greatneſs of ſoul in crouching beneath the victorious Cæſar. This may be very well in an ode, or as a figure in rhetoric; but it is very certain there muſt be ſome courage to reſign a life coolly by the edge of a ſword, ſome ſtrength of mind thus to overcome the moſt powerful inſtinct of nature: in a word, that ſuch an act ſhews a greater ſhare of ferocity than weakneſs. When a ſick man is in a phrenzy, we cannot ſay he has no ſtrength, though we may ſay it is the ſtrength of a madman.

Self-murder was forbid by the Pagan as well as by the Chriſtian religion. There was even a place allotted in hell to thoſe who put an end to their own lives. Witneſs theſe lines of the poet.

Proxima deinde tenent mœſti loca, qui ſibi lethum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi
Projecere animas; quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros perferre labores!
Fata obſtant, triſtique Palus anamabilis unda
Adligat, & novies Styx interfuſa coërcet.

VIRG. Æn. lib. vi. v. 434, &c.

Then crowds ſucceed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themſelves anticipate the doom of death;
Tho' free from guilt, they caſt their lives away,
And ſad and ſullen hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil, and woe, to breathe, the vital air!
In vain! by fate for ever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound;
And Styx with nine wide channels roars around.

PITT.

This was the religion of the heathens; and notwithſtanding the torments they were to meet with in the other world, it was eſteemed an honour to quit this by giving themſelves death by their own hands; ſo contradictory are the manners of men! Is not the cuſtom of duelling ſtill unhappily accounted honourable amongſt us, tho' prohibited by reaſon, by religion, and by all laws divine and human? If Cato and Cæſar, Anthony and Auguſtus, did not challenge each other to a duel, it was not that they were leſs brave than ourſelves. If the duke of Montmerenci, marechal Marillac, de Thou, Cinq-Mars, and many others, rather choſe to be dragged to execution like the vileſt miſcreants, than put an end to their own lives like Cato and Brutus, it was not that they had leſs courage than thoſe Romans: the true reaſon is, that it was not then

then the faſhion at Paris to kill one's ſelf on ſuch occaſions; whereas it was an eſtabliſhed cuſtom with the Romans.

The women on the Malabar coaſt throw themſelves alive into the flames, in which the bodies of their dead huſbands are burning. Is it becauſe they have more reſolution than Cornelia? No; but the cuſtom of the country is for wives to burn themſelves.

Cuſtom and fancy of our fate decide,
And what is this man's ſhame is t'other's pride.

OF THE

RELIGION of the QUAKERS.

BEING of opinion that the doctrine and hiſtory of ſo extraordinary a ſect as the Quakers were very well deſerving the curioſity of every thinking man, I reſolved to make myſelf acquainted with them, and for that purpoſe made a viſit to one of the moſt eminent of that ſect in England, who, after having been in trade for thirty years, had the wiſdom to preſcribe limits to his fortune, and to his deſires, and withdrew to a ſmall but pleaſant retirement in the country, not many miles from London. Here it was that I made him my viſit. His houſe was ſmall, but neatly built, and with no other ornaments but thoſe of decency and convenience. The quaker himſelf was a hale ruddy complexioned old man, who had never ſuffered from ſickneſs, becauſe he had always been a ſtranger to paſſions and intemperance. I never

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in my life ſaw any one have a more noble, or a more engaging aſpect. He was dreſt after the faſhion of thoſe of his perſuaſion, in a plain coat, without plaits in the ſide, or buttons on the pockets and ſleeves; and he wore a beaver hat, the brim of which flapped downwards like thoſe of our clergy. He advanced towards me without moving his hat, or making the leaſt inclination of his body; but there appeared more real politeneſs in the open humane air of his countenance, than in drawing one leg behind the other, and carrying that in the hand which is made to be worn on the head. Friend, ſays he, I perceive thou art a ſtranger, if I can do thee any ſervice thou haſt only to let me know it. Sir, I reply'd, bowing my body, and ſliding one leg towards him, as is the cuſtom with us, I flatter myſelf that my curioſity, which you will allow to be juſt, will not give you any offence, and that you'll do me the honour to inform me of the particulars of your religion. The people of thy country, anſwered the Quaker, are too full of their bows and their compliments; but I never yet met with one of them who had ſo much curioſity as thyſelf. Come in and let us dine firſt together. I ſtill continued to make ſome ſilly compliments, it not being eaſy to diſengage one's ſelf at once from habits we have been long accuſtomed to; and after taking part of a frugal meal, which began and ended with a prayer to God, I began to put queſtions to my plain hoſt.

I opened with that which good Catholics have more than once made to Huguenots. My dear Sir, ſays I, were you ever baptized? No, friend, replied the Quaker, nor any of my bre-

thren.

thren. Zounds! ſays I to him, you are not Chriſtians then! Friend, replies the old man, in a ſoft tone of voice, do not ſwear; we are Chriſtians, but we do not think that ſprinkling a few drops of water on a child's head makes him a Chriſtian. My god! exclaimed I, ſhocked at his impiety, have you then forgot that Chriſt was baptized by St. John? Friend, replies the mild Quaker, once again, do not ſwear. Chriſt was baptized by John, but he himſelf never baptized any one: now we profeſs ourſelves diſciples of Chriſt, and not of John. Mercy on us, cry'd I, what a fine ſubject you would be for the holy inquiſitor! In the name of God, my good old man, let me baptize you. Were that all, replied he very gravely, we would ſubmit chearfully to be baptized, purely in compliance with thy weakneſs; for we do not condemn any perſon who uſes that rite; but, on the other hand, we think that thoſe who profeſs a religion of ſo holy and ſpiritual a nature as that of Chriſt, ought to abſtain to the utmoſt of their power from Jewiſh ceremonies.

Why there again! ſays I, baptiſm a Jewiſh ceremony! Yes, my friend, ſays he, and ſo truly Jewiſh, that many Jews uſe the baptiſm of John to this day. Peruſe ancient authors, and they will ſhew thee, that John only revived this practice, and that it was in uſe among the Hebrews long before his time, the ſame as the pilgrimage to Mecca was among the Iſhmaelites. Jeſus indeed ſubmitted to be baptized of John, in the like manner as he had undergone circumciſion; but both the one and the other ceremony were to end in the baptiſm of Chriſt, that baptiſm of the ſpirit, that ablution of the ſoul which is the ſalvation of mankind. Thus the forerunner John ſaid, *I indeed baptize you with water unto repen-*

repentance, but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whoſe ſhoes I am not worthy to bear: he ſhall baptize you with the Holy Ghoſt, and with fire. St. Paul likewiſe, the great apoſtle of the Gentiles, writes thus to the Corinthians, Chriſt ſent me not to baptize but to preach the goſpel. Accordingly Paul never baptized but two perſons with water, and that againſt his inclination. He circumciſed his diſciple Timothy; and the other apoſtles circumciſed all thoſe who were deſirous of it. Art thou circumciſed? added he. I really have not that honour, reply'd I. Wilt thou, friend? reply'd the Quaker; thou art a Chriſtian without being circumciſed, and I am one without being baptized.

Thus did my pious hoſt make a falſe but very ſpecious application of three or four paſſages of holy writ, which ſeemed to favour the tenets of his ſect; but at the ſame time forgot, very ſincerely, above an hundred others that directly overturned them. I reſolved, not to contend with him, as there is nothing to be gained by arguing with an enthuſiaſt: one ſhould never pretend to diſcover to a lover his miſtreſs's faults, to a lawyer the weakneſs of one's cauſe, nor force the truth upon a fanatic. Accordingly I proceeded to other queſtions.

Pray, ſays I to him, in what manner do you communicate? We have no ſuch ceremony amongſt us, replied he. How! ſaid I, have you no communion? No, anſwered he, no other than that of hearts. He then began again to quote his texts of ſcripture, and read me a very curious lecture againſt the ſacrament; and harangued with a tone of inſpiration to prove that the ſacraments were mere human inventions, and that the word *ſacrament* was not once mentioned

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in the Scripture. I muſt ask thy excuſe, ſaid he, for my ignorance; for I am ſenſible I have not employed an hundredth part of the arguments, that might be made uſe of, to prove the truth of our religion: but thou mayſt ſee them all amply unfolded in the Expoſition of our Faith, written by Robert Barclay. It is one of the beſt books that ever came from the hand of man: our very adverſaries confeſs it is dangerous, and that is ſufficient alone to prove its goodneſs. I promiſed to peruſe this piece; and my Quaker thought he had already made a convert.

He then proceeded to give me a brief account of certain ſingularities, which make this ſect the contempt of others. Confeſs, ſaid he, that it was very difficult for thee to refrain from laughing, when I anſwered all thy compliments without uncovering my head, and at the ſame time ſpoke to thee only with *thee* and *thou*. However, thou appeareſt to me too well read not to know, that, in Chriſt's time, no nation was ſo ridiculous as to uſe the plural for the ſingular. They ſaid to Auguſtus Cæſar himſelf, *I love thee, I beſeech thee, I thank thee*; and he would not even ſuffer himſelf to be called *Domine*, Sir. It was not till long after his time that men took the ridiculous notion of having themſelves called *you*, inſtead of *thou*, as if they were double, and uſurped the impertinent titles of *lordſhip*, *eminence*, and *holineſs*, which poor reptiles beſtow on other reptiles like themſelves; aſſuring them, that they are, *with the moſt profound reſpect*, and an infamous falſhood, their *moſt obedient humble ſervants*. It is the more effectually to ſecure ourſelves againſt this

ſhame-

ſhameful traffic of lies and flattery, that we *thee* and *thou* a king, with the ſame freedom as we do his meaneſt ſervant; and ſalute no perſon, as owing mankind only charity, and reſpect only to the laws.

We dreſs alſo differently from others, and this purely that it may be a perpetual warning to us not to imitate them. While others pride themſelves on wearing the badges of their ſeveral dignities, we confine ourſelves to thoſe of chriſtian humility. We ſhun all the aſſemblies of the gay, we avoid places of diverſions of all kinds, and carefully abſtain from gaming; for wretched would be our ſtate, indeed, were we to fill with ſuch levities the heart that ought to be the habitation of God. We never ſwear, not even in a court of juſtice; being of opinion, that the name of the Moſt High ought not to be proſtituted in the frivolous conteſts between man and man. When we are obliged to appear before a magiſtrate, upon the concerns of others (for law-ſuits are unknown among *the Friends*), we affirm the truth by our *yea* or *nay*, and they believe us on our ſimple affirmation, while other Chriſtians are daily perjuring themſelves on the bleſſed Goſpels. We never take up arms, not that we are fearful of death: on the contrary, we bleſs the inſtant that unites us to the Being of Beings. The reaſon is, that we are neither wolves, tygers, nor maſtiffs, but men and chriſtians. Our God, who has commanded us to love our enemies, and to ſuffer without repining, can certainly not order us to croſs the ſeas, and cut the throats of our fellow-creatures, as often as murderers, cloathed in ſcarlet, and wearing

caps

caps two feet high, enliſt peaceful citizens by a noiſe made with two ſticks on an aſs's ſkin extended. And when, after the gaining of a battle, all London blazes with illuminations, when the air glows with fireworks, and a noiſe is heard of thankſgivings, of bells, of organs, and of cannon, we groan in ſilence for the cruel havock which occaſions theſe public rejoicings.

OF THE

RELIGION of the QUAKERS, continued.

SUCH was the ſubſtance of the converſation I had with this very ſingular perſon *; and I was greatly ſurpriſed when, the Sunday following, he came to take me with him to one of

* The name of this Quaker was Andrew Pit; and the whole of the preceding chapter is ſtrictly true, except in a very few circumſtances. Andrew Pit lately wrote to the author, to complain that he had a little amplified facts; aſſuring him at the ſame time, that God was greatly offended at his having diverted himſelf and his readers at the expence of the Quakers †.

† In conſequence of the firſt publication of theſe letters concerning the Quakers, an anſwer was written and ſent to the author by one of that people. The deſign of it was to give him an opportunity of correcting, in the ſubſequent editions, the errors of his firſt: but theſe letters having been ſince publiſhed without any ſuch correction, the anſwer was printed, that every reader might judge for himſelf.

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of their meetings. There are ſeveral of theſe in London; but that which he carried me to, ſtands near the famous pillar called the Monument. The brethren were already aſſembled when I entered with my guide. There might be about four hundred men, and three hundred women, in the place. The women hid their faces with their hoods, and the men were covered with their broad-brimmed hats. All were ſitting, and there was an univerſal ſilence amongſt them. I paſt through the midſt of them; but not one lifted up his eyes to look at me. This ſilence laſted a quarter of an hour; when at laſt an old man roſe up, took off his hat, and after making a number of wry faces, and groaning in a moſt lamentable manner, he, half mouthing, half ſnuffling, threw out a heap of unaccountable ſtuff, (taken, as he thought, from the Goſpel) which neither himſelf nor any of his auditors underſtood. When this religious buffoon had ended his curious ſoliloquy, and that the aſſembly broke up, very much edified, and very ſtupid, I asked my guide, how it

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The Quakers complain, that M. de Voltaire miſtook his talents, when he meddled with religion; the facetious levity of his expreſſion being quite unſuitable to the ſerious gravity of ſuch a ſubject. The vivacity of his ſtile, and the delicacy of his diction (ſay they), are very pleaſant and entertaining: but *errors* in *fact*, ſo clad, are the more dangerous; the frequency of which, in his third and fourth letters, beſpeaks him not well read in the hiſtory he undertook to write. For a refutation of thoſe errors, and as the means of obviating the author's miſrepreſentations of the Quakers, the curious reader is referred to the Letter abovementioned, and to Penn's Riſe and Progreſs of that People, printed by L. Hinde in George-yard, Lombard-ſtreet.

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was poſſible the judicious part of them could ſuffer ſuch incoherent prating? We are obliged, ſaid he, to ſuffer it, becauſe no one knows, when a brother riſes up to hold forth, whether he will be moved by the ſpirit or by folly. In this uncertainty, we liſten patiently to every one. We even allow our women to ſpeak in public: two or three of them are often inſpired at the ſame time, and then a moſt charming noiſe is heard in the Lord's houſe. You have no prieſts, then? ſaid I. No, no, friend, replied the Quaker, heaven make us thankful! Then opening one of the books of their ſect, he read the following words in an emphatic tone: God forbid we ſhould preſume to ordain any one to receive the Holy Spirit on the Lord's day, in excluſion to the reſt of the faithful! Thanks to the Almighty, we are the only people upon earth that have no prieſts! Wouldſt thou deprive us of ſo happy a diſtinction? Wherefore ſhould we abandon our child to hireling nurſes, when we ourſelves have milk enough to nouriſh it? Theſe mercenary creatures would quickly domineer in our houſes, and oppreſs both the mother and the child. God has ſaid, You have received freely, give as freely. Shall we, after this injunction, barter, as it were, the Goſpel; ſell the Holy Spirit, and make of an aſſembly of Chriſtians a mere ſhop of traders? We do not give money to a ſet of men, cloathed in black, to aſſiſt our poor, to bury our dead, or to preach to the brethren: theſe holy offices are held in too high eſteem by us to intruſt them to others." "But how, ſaid I, with ſome warmth, how can you pretend to know whether

ther your diſcourſe is really inſpired by the Almighty? Whoſoever, replied my friend, ſhall implore Chriſt to enlighten him, and ſhall publiſh the truths contained in the Goſpel, of which he inwardly feels, ſuch a one may be aſſured that he is inſpired by the Lord. He then overwhelmed me with a multitude of ſcripture quotations, which proved, as he imagined, that there is no ſuch thing as Chriſtianity, without an immediate revelation; and added theſe remarkable words: When thou moveſt one of thy limbs, is it moved by thy own power? Certainly not; for this limb is often liable to involuntary motions; conſequently he who created thy body gives motion to this earthy tabernacle. Or are the ſeveral ideas, of which thy ſoul receives the impreſſion, of thy own formation? Still leſs ſo; for they come upon thee whether thou wilt or no, conſequently thou receiveſt thy ideas from him who created thy ſoul. But as he leaves thy heart at full liberty, he gives thy mind ſuch ideas as thy heart may deſerve: if thou liveſt in God, thou acteſt and thinkeſt in God. After this, thou needeſt but open thine eyes to that light which enlightens all mankind, and then thou wilt perceive the truth, and make others perceive it. Why, this, ſays I, is our Malbranche's doctrine to a tittle. I am acquainted with thy Malbranche, ſaid he: he had ſomething of the Quaker in him; but he was not enough ſo.

Theſe are the moſt conſiderable particulars I have been able to gather, concerning the doctrine of the Quakers. In the enſuing pages you will find ſome account of their hiſtory, which is ſtill more ſingular than their opinions.

THE

HISTORY of the QUAKERS.

YOU have already heard that the Quakers date their epocha from Chriſt, who, according to them, was the firſt Quaker. Religion, ſay they, was corrupted almoſt immediately after his death, and remained in that ſtate of corruption about ſixteen hundred years. But there were always a few of the faithful concealed in the world, who carefully preſerved the ſacred fire, which was extinguiſhed in all but themſelves; till at length this light ſhone out in England in 1642.

It was at the time when Great Britain was diſtracted by inteſtine wars, which three or four ſects had raiſed in the name of God, that one George Fox, a native of Leiceſterſhire, and ſon to a ſilk-weaver, took it into his head to preach the Word, and, as he pretended, with all the requiſites of a true apoſtle; that is, without being able either to read or write. He was a young man, about twenty-five years of age, of irreproachable manners, and religiouſly mad. He was clad in leather from head to foot, and travelled from one village to another, exclaiming againſt the war and the clergy. Had he confined his invectives to the military only, he would have had nothing to fear; but he inveighed againſt churchmen. Fox was ſeized at Derby, and being carried before a juſtice of peace, he ſtood with his leathern hat on: upon which an officer gave him a great box on the ear,

ear, and cried to him, "You unmannerly raſcal, don't you know you are to appear uncovered before his worſhip?" Fox very deliberately preſents his other cheek to the officer, and begged him to give him another box of the ear for God's ſake. The juſtice would have had him ſworn before he put any queſtions to him; but Fox refuſed, ſaying, "Friend, know that I never ſwear." The juſtice, finding himſelf *thee'd* and *thou'd* by him, and enraged at his inſolence, ordered him to the houſe of correction, there to be whipt. Fox returned thanks to the Lord all the way he went to priſon, where the juſtice's orders were executed with great ſeverity. Thoſe who whipt him were greatly ſurpriſed to hear this enthuſiaſt beſeech them to give him a few more laſhes, for the good of his ſoul. Theſe gentlemen did not wait for many intreaties: Mr. Fox had his doſe doubled, for which he thanked them very cordially, and then began to hold forth. At firſt the attendants fell a laughing; but they afterwards liſtened to him: and as enthuſiaſm is a catching diſtemper, many were perſuaded, and thoſe who had ſcourged him became his diſciples. Being afterwards ſet at liberty, he went up and down the country, with a dozen proſelytes at his heels, declaiming againſt the clergy, and receiving flagellations from time to time. One day being ſet in the pillory, he made ſo moving an harangue to the crowd, that fifty of the auditors became his converts; and he won ſo much over the reſt, that they tumultuouſly pulled his head out of the hole, and then went in a body to ſearch for the church of England clergyman who had been chiefly in-

inſtrumental in bringing him to this puniſhment, and ſet him on the ſame pillory where Fox had ſtood.

Fox had the boldneſs to make converts of ſome of Oliver Cromwel's ſoldiers, who immediately quitted the ſervice, and refuſed to take the oaths. Oliver, having as great a contempt for a ſect which would not fight, as pope Sixtus V. had for another ſect, *dove non ſi chiavava*, began to perſecute theſe new converts. The priſons were crouded with them; but perſecution ſeldom has any other effect than to increaſe the number of proſelytes. They came forth from their confinement more full of zeal than ever, and followed by their jailors, whom they had likewiſe converted. But what contributed chiefly to the ſpreading of this ſect were the following circumſtances. Fox thought himſelf inſpired, and was therefore of opinion, that he muſt ſpeak in a manner different from the reſt of mankind: upon which he began to writhe his body, to ſcrew up the muſcles of his face, to hold in his breath, and to exhale it again in a forcible manner, inſomuch that the prieſteſs of the Delphic god could not have acted her part to better advantage. Inſpiration ſoon became ſo habitual to him, that he could ſcarce deliver himſelf in any other manner. This was the firſt gift he communicated to his diſciples: theſe copied their maſter cloſely in his grimaces and contortions, and ſhook from head to foot at the inſtant of inſpiration; and from hence they got the name of Quakers. The vulgar, ever the dupes of novelty, amuſed themſelves with mimicking theſe people, trembled, ſpoke through the noſe, quaked, and fancied

themſelves inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt. They only wanted a few miracles, and thoſe they wrought.

This new patriarch Fox ſaid one day to a juſtice of peace, before a large aſſembly of people, "Friend, take care what thou do'ſt: God will ſoon puniſh thee for perſecuting his ſaints." This magiſtrate, being one who beſotted himſelf every day with bad beer and brandy, died of an apoplexy two days after, juſt as he had ſigned a *Mittimus* for impriſoning ſome Quakers. The ſudden death of this juſtice was not aſcribed to his intemperance; but was univerſally looked upon as the effect of the holy man's predictions; ſo that this accident made more Quakers than a thouſand ſermons, and as many ſhaking fits, would have done. Cromwel, finding them increaſe daily, was willing to bring them over to his party, and for that purpoſe tried bribery: however, he found them incorruptible, which made him one day declare, that this was the only religion he had ever met with that could reſiſt the charms of gold.

The Quakers ſuffered ſeveral perſecutions under Charles II. not upon a religious account; but for refuſing to pay the tythes, for *theeing* and *thouing* the magiſtrates, and for refuſing to take the oaths enacted by the laws.

At length Robert Barclay, a native of Scotland, preſented to the king, in 1675, his Apology for the Quakers; a work as well drawn up as the ſubject could poſſibly admit. The dedication to Charles II. inſtead of being filled with mean flattering encomiums, abounds with bold truths and the wiſeſt counſels. "Thou haſt

haſt taſted," ſays he to the king, at the cloſe of his Epiſtle Dedicatory, " of proſperity and adverſity: thou haſt been driven out of the country over which thou now reigneſt, and from the throne on which thou ſitteſt: thou haſt groaned beneath the yoke of oppreſſion; therefore haſt thou reaſon to know how hateful the oppreſſor is, both to God and man. If, after all theſe warnings and advertiſements, thou do'ſt not turn unto the Lord, with all thy heart; but forget him who remembered thee in thy diſtreſs, and give thyſelf up to follow luſt and vanity, ſurely great will be thy guilt, and bitter thy condemnation. Inſtead of liſtening to the flatterers about thee, hearken only to the voice that is within thee, which never flatters. I am thy faithful friend and ſervant, ROBERT BARCLAY."

The moſt ſurpriſing circumſtance is, that this letter, though written by an obſcure perſon, was ſo happy in its effects as to put a ſtop to the perſecution.

CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY of the QUAKERS.

ABOUT this time appeared the illuſtrious William Pen, who eſtabliſhed the power of the Quakers in America, and would have rendered them reſpectable in the eyes of the

Europeans, if mankind could reſpect virtue when appearing in the ſhape of folly. This man was the only ſon of vice-admiral Pen, favourite to the duke of York, afterwards king James II.

William Pen, when only fifteen years of age, chanced to meet a Quaker in Oxford, where he was then following his ſtudies. This Quaker made a proſelyte of him; and our young man, being naturally ſprightly and eloquent, having a very winning aſpect and engaging carriage, ſoon gained over ſome of his companions and intimates, and in a ſhort time formed a ſociety of young Quakers, who met at his houſe; ſo that at the age of ſixteen he found himſelf the head of a ſect. Having left college, at his return home to the vice-admiral his father, inſtead of kneeling to aſk his bleſſing, as is the cuſtom with the Engliſh, he went up to him with his hat on, and accoſted him thus; "Friend, I am glad to ſee thee in good health." The vice-admiral thought his ſon crazy; but ſoon diſcovered he was turned Quaker. He then employed every method that prudence could ſuggeſt, to engage him to behave and act like other people. The youth anſwered his father only with repeated exhortations to turn Quaker alſo. After much altercation, his father confined himſelf to this ſingle requeſt, that he would wait on the king and the duke of York with his hat under his arm, and that he would not *thee* and *thou* them. William anſwered that, his conſcience would not permit him to do theſe things. This exaſperated his father to ſuch a degree, that he turned him out of doors. Young Pen gave God thanks

that

that he permitted him to ſuffer ſo early in his cauſe, and went into the city, where he held forth, and made a great number of converts; and being young, handſome, and a graceful figure, both court and city ladies flocked very devoutly to hear him. The patriarch Fox, hearing of his great reputation, came to London (notwithſtanding the length of the journey) purpoſely to ſee and converſe with him. They both agreed to go upon miſſions into foreign countries; and accordingly they embarked for Holland, after having left a ſufficient number of labourers to take care of the London vineyard.

Their labours met with all the ſucceſs they could wiſh in Amſterdam: but a circumſtance, which reflected the greateſt honour on them, and at the ſame time put their humility to the ſtrongeſt teſt, was the reception they met from the princeſs Palatine, Elizabeth, aunt to George I. of Great Britain, a lady conſpicuous for her genius and knowledge, and to whom De cartes had dedicated his Philoſophical Romance.

She was then retired to the Hague, where ſhe received theſe *Friends*; for ſo the Quakers were at that time called in Holland. This princeſs had ſeveral conferences with them: they held ſeveral of their meetings at her houſe, and, if they did not make a perfect convert of her, they at leaſt acknowledged that ſhe was not far from the kingdom of heaven. The Friends ſowed the good ſeed likewiſe in Germany; but had only an indifferent harveſt; for the mode of *theeing* and *thouing* was not reliſhed in a country where every one was obliged to make uſe of Your Highneſs, and Your Excellence.

cellence. Pen ſoon quitted that country, and returned to England, having received advice that his father was ill, to ſee him before he died. The vice-admiral was reconciled to his ſon, and, though of a different perſuaſion, embraced him tenderly. William, in vain, exhorted his father not to receive the ſacrament, and to die a Quaker; and the good old man intreated his ſon William to wear buttons on his ſleeves, and a crape hatband in his beaver; but all to no purpoſe.

William inherited very large poſſeſſions, part of which conſiſted in crown-debts, due to the vice-admiral for ſums he had advanced for the ſea-ſervice. No moneys were at that time leſs ſecure than thoſe owing from the king. Pen was obliged to go, more than once, and *thee* and *thou* Charles and his miniſters, to recover the debt; and at laſt, inſtead of ſpecie, the government inveſted him with the right and ſovereignty of a province of America, to the ſouth of Maryland. Thus was a Quaker raiſed to ſovereign power.

He ſet ſail for his new dominions with two ſhips filled with Quakers, who followed his fortune. The country was then named by them Penſylvania, from William Pen; and he founded Philadelphia, which is now a very flouriſhing city. His firſt care was to make an alliance with his American neighbours; and this is the only treaty between thoſe people and the Chriſtians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never infringed. The new ſovereign likewiſe enacted ſeveral wiſe and wholſome laws for his colony, which have remained invariably the ſame to this day. The chief is,

to

to ill-treat no perſon on account of religion, and to conſider as brethren all thoſe who believe in one God. He had no ſooner ſettled his government, but ſeveral American merchants came and peopled this colony. The natives of the country, inſtead of flying into the woods, cultivated by degrees a friendſhip with the peaceable Quakers. They loved theſe new ſtrangers as much as they diſliked the other Chriſtians, who had conquered and ravaged America. In a little time theſe ſavages, as they are called, delighted with their new neighbours, flocked in crowds to Pen, to offer themſelves as his vaſſals. It was an uncommon thing to behold a ſovereign *thee'd* and *thou'd* by his ſubjects, and addreſſed by them with their hats on; and no leſs ſingular for a government to be without one prieſt in it; a people without arms, either for offence or preſervation; a body of citizens without any diſtinctions but that of public employments; and for neighbours to live together free from envy or jealouſy. In a word, William Pen might, with reaſon, boaſt of having brought down upon earth the Golden Age, which, in all probability, never had any real exiſtence but in his dominions.

Some time afterwards he returned to England, to ſettle ſome affairs relating to his new dominions. King James II. who had loved his father, had the ſame affection for the ſon, and conſidered him rather as a great man than an obſcure ſectary. The king's politics, on this occaſion, agreed with his inclinations. He was deſirous of pleaſing the Quakers, by annulling the laws made againſt Nonconformiſts, in order to have an opportunity, by this general

toleration, to introduce the Romiſh religion. All the ſectaries in England ſaw the ſnare that was laid for them, and took care to be upon their guard: they always unite when the Romiſh religion, their common enemy, is to be oppoſed. But Pen did not think himſelf bound, in any manner, to renounce his principles, merely to favour Proteſtants who hated him, in oppoſition to a king who loved him. He had eſtabliſhed liberty of conſcience in his American dominions, and he would not appear to intend to deſtroy it in Europe. He therefore adhered to James, and ſo ſtrictly, that he was generally accuſed of being a Jeſuit. However, the unfortunate king James II. was, like moſt princes of the Stuart family, an odd medley of grandeur and weakneſs; and, like them, always did too much or too little, loſt his kingdom in a manner that could not be accounted for. All the Engliſh ſectaries accepted from William III. and his parliament, the toleration and indulgence which they had refuſed, when offered by king James. It was then the Quakers began to enjoy, by virtue of the laws, the ſeveral privileges they poſſeſs at this time.

Pen, having at length ſeen Quakeriſm firmly eſtabliſhed in his native country, returned back to Penſylvania; where, at his arrival, he was received by his own people and the Americans with tears of joy, as if he had been a father, who was returned to his children after a long abſence. The laws he had enacted had been religiouſly obſerved in his abſence; a circumſtance which had happened to no legiſlator but himſelf. After having reſided ſome years in Penſylvania, he quitted it, but with great reluctance,

luctance, to return to England, there to ſolicit ſome matters in favour of the trade of Penſylvania. But he lived not to reviſit it again, being taken off by death in London, *anno* 1718.

It was in the reign of Charles II. that they obtained the noble diſtinction of being exempted from giving their teſtimony on oath in a court of juſtice, and being believed on their bare affirmation. On this occaſion the chancellor, who was a man of wit, ſpoke to them as follows: "Friends, Jupiter one day ordered that all the beaſts of burthen ſhould repair to be ſhoed. The aſſes repreſented, that their laws would not allow them to ſubmit to that operation. Very well, ſaid Jupiter; then you ſhall not be ſhoed; but the firſt falſe ſtep you make, you may depend upon being ſeverely drubbed."

I cannot gueſs what may be the fate of Quakeriſm in America; but I perceive it loſes ground daily in England. In all countries, where the eſtabliſhed religion is of a mild and tolerating nature, it will at length ſwallow up all the reſt. Quakers cannot ſit as repreſentatives in parliament, nor can they enjoy any poſt or office under the government, becauſe an oath muſt be always taken on theſe occaſions, and they never ſwear; ſo that they are reduced to the neceſſity of ſubſiſting by traffick. Their children, when enriched by the induſtry of their parents, become deſirous of enjoying honours, and of wearing buttons and ruffles; are aſhamed of being called Quakers, and become converts to the church of England, merely to be in the faction.

OF THE

CHURCH of ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is truly the country of ſectaries, (*in my father's houſe there are many manſions.*) An Engliſhman, in virtue of his liberty, goes to heaven his own way. And yet, notwithſtanding that every one is permitted to ſerve God after his own way, the true religion of the nation, that in which a man makes his fortune, is the ſect of Epiſcopalians, called the Church of England, or ſimply *the Church*, by way of eminence. No one can poſſeſs an employment, either in England or Ireland, unleſs he be ranked among the orthodox, or a member of the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed. This reaſon (which carries its conviction with it) has operated ſo effectually on the minds of diſſenters of all perſuaſions, that not a twentieth part of the nation is out of the pale of the eſtabliſhed church.

The Engliſh clergy have retained a great number of the ceremonies of the church of Rome; and, in particular, that of receiving, with a moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, their tithes. They have alſo the pious ambition of aiming at ſuperiority; for where's the ſimple curate of a village who would not willingly be pope?

Moreover, they make a religious merit of inſpiring their flock with a holy zeal againſt every one who diſſents from their church. This zeal burnt fiercely under the Tories during the four laſt years of queen Anne's reign; but happily produced no greater miſchief than the

breaking the windows of ſome few meeting-houſes: for the rage of religious parties ceaſed in England with the civil wars, and was under queen Anne no more than the murmurings of a ſea, whoſe billows ſtill heaved, after a violent ſtorm. When the Whigs and the Tories laid waſte their native country, in the ſame manner as the Guelphs and Gibelines formerly did Italy, it was abſolutely neceſſary for both parties to call in religion to their aid. The Tories were for Epiſcopacy, the Whigs for aboliſhing it; but when theſe had got the upper hand, they contented themſelves with only abridging it of its power.

At the time when the earl of Oxford and lord Bolingbroke uſed to drink healths to the Tory cauſe, the church of England conſidered theſe noblemen as defenders of its holy privileges. The lower houſe of convocation, a kind of houſe of commons, compoſed wholly of the clergy, was in ſome credit at that time; at leaſt, the members of it had the liberty to meet, to diſcuſs eccleſiaſtical matters; to ſentence, from time to time, to the flames, all impious books, that is, books written againſt themſelves. The miniſtry, which is compoſed of Whigs at preſent, does not now ſo much as allow theſe gentlemen to aſſemble; ſo that they are at this time reduced (in the obſcurity of their reſpective pariſhes) to the dull occupation of praying for the proſperity of that government, whoſe tranquility they would not unwillingly diſturb.

With reſpect to the biſhops, who are twenty-ſix in all, they ſtill maintain their ſeats in the houſe of lords in ſpite of the Whigs; becauſe antient cuſtom, or, if you pleaſe, abuſe, of con-

ſidering them as barons, ſtill ſubſiſts. There is a clauſe, however, in the oath they are obliged to take to the government, that puts theſe gentlemen's chriſtian patience to a ſevere trial; namely, that they ſhall be of the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed. There is hardly a biſhop, dean, or other dignitary, but imagines himſelf ſo *jure divino*; and conſequently it cannot but be a great mortification to them to be obliged to confeſs, that they owe their dignities to a pitiful law made by a ſet of profane laymen. A learned monk (father Courayer) wrote a book, not long ago, to prove the validity and ſucceſſion of Engliſh ordinations. This book was forbid in France: but think you the Engliſh miniſtry were pleaſed with it? No ſuch thing. Thoſe curſed Whigs do not care a ſtraw whether the epiſcopal ſucceſſion among them hath been interrupted or not; or whether biſhop Parker was conſecrated in a tavern *, (as ſome pretend) or in a church, chuſing rather that the biſhops ſhould derive their authority from the parliament than from the apoſtles. Lord B—— obſerved, that the notion of divine right would only ſerve to make tyrants in lawn ſleeves and rochets; but that the law made citizens.

With reſpect to the morals of the Engliſh clergy, they are more regular than thoſe of France, and for this reaſon: the clergy, in general, are educated in the univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, at a diſtance from the depravity and corruption that are found in the capital. They are not called to the dignities

* Alluding to the Nag's-Head Conſecration.

of

of the church till very late, at a time of life when men are ſenſible of no other paſſion but avarice, and their ambition wants a ſupply. Employments are here beſtowed, both in church and army, as the rewards for long ſervices only; and there is hardly any inſtances of boys being made biſhops or colonels, immediately upon their leaving ſchool. Beſides, moſt of the clergy are married. The pedantic airs contracted at the univerſity, and the little commerce men of this profeſſion have with the women, commonly oblige a biſhop to confine himſelf to his own. Clergymen ſometimes take a chearful glaſs at the tavern, becauſe it is the cuſtom ſo to do; and if they chance to take a cup too much, it is with great ſobriety, and without giving the leaſt ſcandal.

That mixed kind of mortal (not to be defined), who is neither of the clergy nor the laity; in a word, the thing called *abbé* in France, is a ſpecies utterly unknown in England. All the clergy here are very much upon the reſerve, and moſt of them pedants. When theſe are told, that in France young fellows, diſtinguiſhed for their diſſoluteneſs, and raiſed to the prelacy by female intrigues, addreſs the Fair publicly in an amorous way, amuſe themſelves with writing tender ſongs, entertain their friends ſplendidly every night at their own houſes, and, after the feaſt is over, withdraw to invoke the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit, and boldly aſſume the title of ſucceſſors to the apoſtles; when the Engliſh, I ſay, are told theſe things, they bleſs God that they are Proteſtants. But theſe are ſhameleſs heretics,

who

who deſerve to fry in hell with all the devils, as maſter Rabelais ſays; and, for this reaſon, I ſhall trouble myſelf no more about them.

OF THE PRESBYTERIANS.

THE church of England is confined wholly to England and Ireland, Preſbyterianiſm being the eſtabliſhed religion in Scotland. This Preſbyterianiſm is exactly the ſame with Calviniſm, as it was eſtabliſhed in France, and is now profeſſed at Geneva. As the prieſts of this ſect receive but very inconſiderable ſtipends from their churches, and conſequently cannot live in the ſame luxurious manner with biſhops, they very naturally exclaim againſt honours they cannot attain to. Figure to yourſelf the haughty Diogenes trampling under foot the pride of Plato. The Scotch Preſbyterians are not very unlike that proud and beggarly reaſoner. Diogenes did not treat Alexander with half the inſolence as theſe treated King Charles II. for when they took up arms in his cauſe againſt Cromwell, who had deceived them, they compelled that poor prince to undergo the hearing of three or four ſermons every day; would not ſuffer him to play; reduced him to a ſtate of pennance and mortification; inſomuch, that Charles very ſoon grew weary of theſe pedants, and made his eſcape from them with as much joy as a youth does from ſchool.

In

In preſence of the young, the gay, the ſprightly French graduate, who bawls for a whole morning together in the divinity-ſchool, and makes one at a concert in the evening with the ladies, a church of England clergyman is a Cato. But this Cato is a very Jemmy, when compared with a Scotch Preſbyterian *. The latter affects a ſolemn gait, a ſour countenance, wears a broad-brimmed hat and a long cloak over a ſhort coat, preaches through the noſe, and calls by the name of *Whore of Babylon* all churches where the miniſters are ſo fortunate as to enjoy a good five or ſix thouſand a year, and where the people are weak enough to ſuffer this, and give them the titles of My Lord, Your Grace, or Your Eminence. Theſe gentlemen, who have alſo ſome churches in England, have brought an outſide of gravity and auſterity in ſome meaſure into faſhion. To them is owing the ſanctification of Sunday in the three kingdoms. People are forbid to work or take any recreation on that day, which is being twice as ſevere as the Romiſh church. No operas, plays, or concerts, are allowed in London on Sundays; and even cards are ſo expreſly forbid, that none but perſons of quality, and thoſe we call genteel, play on that day; the reſt of the nation go either to church, to the tavern, or to a kept miſtreſs's.

Though the Epiſcopal and Preſbyterian ſects are the two prevailing ones in Great Britain,

* With reſpect to the Preſbyterians, times are much altered ſince our author publiſhed this deſcription, which, by the bye, ſeems to have been taken from the Puritans of the laſt century; at leaſt, we do not remember to have ſeen ſuch an animal, with a broad beaver and a ſhort coat, covered with a long cloak.

yet

yet all others are very welcome to come and ſettle in it, and they live very ſociably together, though moſt of their preachers hate one another, almoſt as cordially as a Janſeniſt damns a Jeſuit.

Take a view of the Royal Exchange in London, a place more venerable than many courts of juſtice, where the repreſentatives of all nations meet for the benefit of mankind. There the Jew, the Mahometan, and the Chriſtian, tranſact buſineſs together, as though they were all of the ſame religion, and give the name of Infidels to none but bankrupts; there the Preſbyterian confides in the Anabaptiſt, and the Churchman depends on the Quaker's word. At the breaking up of this pacific and free aſſembly, ſome withdraw to the ſynagogue, and others to take a glaſs. This man goes and is baptized in a great tub, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; that man has his ſon's foreſkin cut off, and cauſes a ſet of Hebrew words (to the meaning of which he himſelf is an utter ſtranger) to be mumbled over the infant; others retire to their churches, and there wait the inſpiration of heaven with their hats on; and all are ſatisfied.

If one religion only were allowed in England, the government would very poſſibly become arbitrary; if there were but two, the people would cut one another's throats; but, as there are ſuch a multitude, they all live happy, and in peace.

Of the SOCINIANS, or ARIANS, or ANTITRINITARIANS.

THERE is a little ſect here, compoſed of clergymen, and a few the moſt learned of the laity, who neither aſſume the name of Arians or Socinians, and yet are directly oppoſite in opinion to St. Athanaſius with regard to the Trinity; not ſcrupling to declare frankly, that the Father is greater than the Son.

Do you remember what is related of a certain orthodox biſhop, who, in order to convince an emperor of the reality of conſubſtantiation, put his hand under the chin of the monarch's ſon, and gave him a tweak by the noſe in preſence of his Moſt Sacred Majeſty. The emperor was going to order his attendants to throw the biſhop out of the window, when the good old man gave him this polite and convincing reaſon: "Since your majeſty, ſays he, is "angry when your ſon has not due reſpect "ſhewn him, what puniſhment do you think "will God the Father inflict on thoſe who re-"fuſe his Son Jeſus the titles due to him?" The perſons I am ſpeaking of declare, that the holy biſhop was a raſh old fool; that his argument was by no means concluſive; and that his Imperial Majeſty ſhould have anſwered him in this manner: "Learn that there are two ways "by which men may be wanting in the reſpect "they owe to me: firſt, in not doing honour "ſufficient to my ſon; and, ſecondly, in pay-"ing him the ſame honours as to me."

Be this as it will, the principles of Arius began to revive, not only in England, but in Holland and Poland. The celebrated Sir Iſaac Newton honoured this opinion ſo far as to countenance it. This philoſopher thought that the Unitarians argued more mathematically than we do; but the moſt zealous ſtickler for Arianiſm is the illuſtrious Dr. Clark. This man is rigidly virtuous, and of a mild diſpoſition; is more fond of his tenets than deſirous of propagating them; and ſo totally abſorbed in problems and calculations, that he is a mere reaſoning machine. 'Tis he who wrote a book, which is very much eſteemed, and little underſtood, on the Exiſtence of God; and another, more intelligible indeed, but pretty much contemned, on the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion.

He never engaged in thoſe curious ſcholaſtic diſputes which our friend calls *venerable Trifles*. He only publiſhed a work containing all the teſtimonies of the primitive ages, for and againſt the Unitarians, and leaves to the reader the counting of the voices, and the liberty of paſſing ſentence. This book won the doctor a great number of partizans, and loſt him the archbiſhoprick of Canterbury; for when Queen Anne was about to beſtow that ſee on him, a reverend doctor, whoſe name was Gibſon, for certain reaſons known to himſelf, and which were doubtleſs very good ones, obſerved to her majeſty, that Dr. Clark was undoubtedly the moſt learned and upright man in the kingdom, and that he wanted only one qualification to be the moſt deſerving object of her majeſty's gracious favour. And pray what is that, doctor?

tor? aſked the queen. May it pleaſe your majeſty, to be a Chriſtian, replied the humane and benevolent prieſt. In my opinion, Dr. Clarke was a little out in his calculation; and had better have been an orthodox primate of all England, than a mere Arian curate.

You ſee that opinions are ſubject to as many revolutions as empires. Arianiſm, after having triumphed during three centuries, and buried in oblivion for twelve, riſes at length out of its own aſhes; but it has choſen a very improper time to make its appearance in, the preſent age being quite cloyed with diſputes and ſects. The members of this ſect are as yet too few to be indulged the liberty of holding public aſſemblies, which, however, they will doubtleſs be permitted to do, in caſe they ſpread conſiderably: but people are now-a-days ſo cold, with reſpect to all things of this kind, that there is little probability of making a fortune, either in a new religion, or in one revived. Is it not whimſical enough, that Luther, Calvin, and Zwinglius, whoſe writings no-body now reads, ſhould have founded ſects that are at preſent ſpread over a great part of Europe? That Mahomet, though ſo ignorant, ſhould have given a religion to Aſia and Africa? and that Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Locke, Mr. Le Clerc, and others, the greateſt philoſophers, as well as the ableſt writers of their ages, ſhould ſcarce have been able to raiſe a better flock. This it is to be born at a proper period of time. Were cardinal de Retz to return again into the world, he would not draw ten women in Paris after him; were Oliver Cromwell, he who beheaded his ſovereign, and ſeized upon the regal dignity,

nity, to riſe from the dead, he would be a wealthy city trader, and nothing more*.

Of the PARLIAMENT.

THE members of the Engliſh parliament are fond of comparing themſelves, on all occaſions, to the old Romans.

Not long ſince, Mr. Shippen opened a ſpeech in the houſe of commons with theſe words: "The majeſty of the people of England would "be wounded." The ſingularity of this expreſſion occaſioned a loud laugh; but this gentleman, ſo far from being diſconcerted, repeated the ſame words again with a reſolute tone of voice, and the laugh ceaſed. I muſt own, I ſee no reſemblance between the majeſty of the people of England and that of the Romans, and ſtill leſs between the two governments. There is in London a ſenate, ſome of the members whereof are accuſed (doubtleſs very unjuſtly) of ſelling their votes, on certain occaſions, as was done at Rome; and herein lies the whole reſemblance†. In other reſpects, the two na-

* Probably a Methodiſt haberdaſher.

† It would have been no more than juſtice in our author to own, that the people of England reſemble the Romans in their fierce unconquerable ſpirit, in their unquenchable hate of tyrants, and in their invincible paſſion for liberty. With reſpect to religious quarrels, England has been as little harraſſed by them, and perhaps not ſo much, as any of her neighbours: nor do we remember one battle ever fought in this kingdom between the Epiſcopalians and Preſbyterians merely on the ſcore of religion.

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tions appear to be quite oppoſite in character, with regard both to good and evil. The Romans never knew the terrible madneſs of religious wars. This abomination was reſerved for devout preachers of patience and humility. Marius and Sylla, Cæſar and Pompey, Anthony and Auguſtus, did not draw their ſwords againſt each other to determine whether the Flamen ſhould wear his ſhirt over his robe, or his robe over his ſhirt; or whether the ſacred chickens ſhould both eat and drink, or eat only, in order to take the augury. The Engliſh have formerly deſtroyed one another, by ſword or halter, for diſputes of as trifling a nature. The ſects of the Epiſcopalians and Preſbyterians quite turned the heads of theſe gloomy people for a time: but I believe they will hardly ever be ſo ſilly again, as they ſeem to have grown wiſer at their own expence; and I do not perceive the leaſt inclination in them to murder one another any more for mere ſyllogiſms. But who can anſwer for the follies and prejudices of mankind?

Here follows a more eſſential difference between Rome and England, which throws the advantage entirely on the ſide of the latter; namely, that the civil wars of Rome ended in ſlavery, and thoſe of the Engliſh in liberty. The Engliſh are the only people upon earth who have been able to preſcribe limits to the power of kings by reſiſting them, and who, by a ſeries of ſtruggles, have at length eſtabliſhed that wiſe and happy form of government where the prince is all-powerful to do good, and at the ſame time is reſtrained from committing evil; where the nobles are great without inſolence

lence or lordly power, and the people ſhare in the government without confuſion.

The houſe of lords and that of the commons divide the legiſlative power under the king; but the Romans had no ſuch ballance *. Their Patricians and Plebeians were continually at variance, without any intermediate power to reconcile them. The Roman ſenate, who were ſo unjuſtly, ſo criminally, formed as to exclude the Plebeians from having any ſhare in the affairs of government, could find no other artifice to effect their deſign, but by employing them in foreign wars. They conſidered the people as a wild beaſt, whom they were to let looſe upon their neighbours, for fear they ſhould turn upon their maſters. Thus the greateſt defects in the government of the Romans was the means of making them conquerors; and, by being unhappy at home, they became maſters of the world, till in the end their diviſions ſunk them into ſlavery.

The government of England from its nature can never attain to ſo exalted a pitch †, nor can it ever have ſo fatal an end. It has not in view the ſplendid folly of making conqueſts, but only to prevent their neighbours from conquering. The Engliſh are not only jealous of their own liberty, but even of that of other na-

* This is an imaginary ballance; nor do we find from hiſtory, that in any parliamentary conteſt, the king and peers, when joined, were able to counter-ballance the power of the commons; yet, while individuals are corruptible, the crown of Britain will always be in poſſeſſion of the means to ſecure a majority.

† The ſucceſs attending the operations of Great Britain in the preſent war, plainly proves, that the government of England is extremely well calculated for conqueſt.

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tions. The only reaſon of their quarrels with Lewis XIV. was on account of his ambition.

It has not been without ſome difficulty that liberty has been eſtabliſhed in England, and the idol of arbitrary power has been drowned in ſeas of blood; nevertheleſs, the Engliſh do not think they have purchaſed their laws at too high a price. Other nations have ſhed as much blood; but then the blood they ſpilt in defence of their liberty, ſerved only to enſlave them the more.

That which riſes to a revolution in England, is no more than a ſedition in other countries. A city in Spain, in Barbary, or in Turkey, takes up arms in defence of its privileges, when immediately it is ſtormed by mercenary troops, it is puniſhed by executioners, and the reſt of the nation kiſs their chains. The French think that the government of this iſland is more tempeſtuous than the ſeas which ſurround it; in which, indeed, they are not miſtaken: but then this happens only when the king raiſes the ſtorm by attempting to ſeize the ſhip, of which he is only the pilot. The civil wars of France laſted longer, were more cruel, and productive of greater evils, than thoſe of England: but none of theſe civil wars had a wiſe and becoming liberty for their object.

In the deteſtable times of Charles IX. and Henry III. the whole affair was only, whether the people ſhould be ſlaves to the Guiſes. As to the laſt war of Paris, it deſerves only to be hooted at. It makes us think we ſee a crowd of ſchoolboys riſing up in arms againſt their maſter, and afterwards whipped for it. Cardinal de Retz, who was witty and brave, but employed

employed thoſe talents badly; who was rebellious without a cauſe, factious without deſign, and the head of a defenceleſs party, caballed for the ſake of caballing, and ſeemed to foment the civil war for his own amuſement and paſtime. The parliament did not know what he aimed at, nor what he did not aim at. He levied troops, and the next inſtant caſhiered them: he threatened; he begged pardon; he ſet a price on Cardinal Mazarin's head, and afterwards made him his congratulations in a public manner. Our civil wars under Charles VI. were bloody and cruel, thoſe of the League execrable, and that of the Frondeurs * ridiculous.

That for which the French chiefly reproach the Engliſh nation, is the murder of king Charles I. a prince who merited a better fate, and whom his ſubjects treated juſt as he would have treated them, had he been powerful and at eaſe. After all, conſider, on one ſide, Charles I. defeated in a pitched battle, impriſoned, tried, ſentenced to die in Weſtminſter-hall, and then beheaded; and, on the other, the emperor Henry VII. poiſoned by his chaplain in receiving the ſacrament; Henry III. of France ſtabbed by a monk; thirty different plots contrived to aſſaſſinate Henry IV. ſeveral of them put in execution, and the laſt depriving that great monarch of his life. Weigh, I ſay, all theſe wicked attempts, and then judge.

* As this name has occurred frequently in the courſe of this work, eſpecially in the hiſtorical part, it may not be improper to inform the reader, that *Frondeurs*, in its proper ſenſe, ſignifies *Slingers*, and figuratively *cavillers*, or lovers of contradiction; and was a name given to a party that oppoſed the French miniſtry under cardinal Mazarin in 1648.

ON THE

ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

THIS mixture of different departments in the government of England, this harmony between the king, lords, and commons, has not always ſubſiſted. England was for a long time in a ſtate of ſlavery, having, at different periods, wore the yoke of the Romans, Saxons *, Danes, and, laſt of all, the Normans. William the Conqueror in particular governed them with a rod of iron. He diſpoſed of the goods and lives of his new ſubjects like an eaſtern tyrant: he forbid, under pain of death, any Engliſhman to have either fire or light in his houſe after eight o'clock at night †. Whether it was that he intended by this edict to prevent their holding any aſſemblies in the night, or that, by ſo whimſical a prohibition, he had a mind to try to what a degree of abjectneſs men might be ſubjected by their fellow-creatures. It is, however, certain the Engliſh had parliaments both before and ſince the time of William the Conqueror; they ſtill boaſt of them, as if the aſſemblies which then bore the title of Parliaments, and which were compoſed of the ec-

* The Engliſh were abſolutely free under the Saxon government, to which indeed they owe the beſt privileges they now enjoy.

† The Engliſh doubtleſs complained of this regulation, which, however, was common in all the kingdoms of the continent, where the houſes, being built of wood, were the more ſubject to conflagration.

cleſiaſtical tyrants and of the barons *, had been actually the guardians of their liberties, and the preſervers of the public felicity.

Theſe Barbarians, who poured like a torrent from the ſhores of the Baltic, and over-ran all the eaſt of Europe, brought the uſe of theſe eſtates or parliaments, which are the ſubject of ſo much noiſe, though very little known, along with them. It is true, kings were not then deſpotic, which is preciſely the reaſon why the people groaned under ſo intolerable a yoke. The chiefs of thoſe barbarians, who had ravaged France, Italy, Spain, and England, made themſelves monarchs. Their captains divided and ſhared with them the lands of the conquered: hence thoſe margraves, lairds, barons, with all that gang of petty tyrants who have often diſputed with ſovereigns, who were not firmly fixed on their thrones, the ſpoils and plunder of the people. It was ſo many birds of prey fighting with an eagle, that they might ſuck the blood of the doves; and every nation, inſtead of one good and indulgent maſter, which might have happened to their ſhare, had a hundred of thoſe blood-ſucking monſters. Preſently after prieſt-craft began to mingle in civil matters; from the earlieſt antiquity, the fate of the Gauls, Germans, and inhabitants of Great Britain, depended on the Druids, and on the heads of their villages, an antient kind of barons, tho' a leſs tyrannical ſort than their predeceſſors. Theſe Druids called themſelves Mediators between Men and the Deity: it was

* Our author is here miſtaken. Every free man had a ſeat in the Micklegemot, or great aſſembly of the Saxons, where every law received its final ſanction.

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they who made laws, excommunicated, and, laſtly, puniſhed criminals with death. The biſhops ſucceeded by imperceptible degrees to their temporal authority in the Gothic and Vandal government. The popes put themſelves at their head, and with their briefs, bulls, and their other more miſchievous inſtruments, the monks, made kings tremble on their thrones, depoſed or aſſaſſinated them at pleaſure, and, in a word, drew to themſelves all the treaſure of Europe. The weak Ina *, one of the tyrants of the Engliſh heptarchy, was the firſt who, in a pilgrimage which he made to Rome, ſubmitted to pay *Peter's pence* (about a French crown, or half crown ſterling nearly) for every houſe in his kingdom. The whole iſland preſently followed this example; England became inſenſibly a province to the pope; and the holy father ſent thither, from time to time, his legates to levy extraordinary impoſitions. At laſt John, ſurnamed Sans Terre, or Lack Land, made a formal ceſſion of his kingdom to his holineſs, who had excommunicated him. The barons, who were by no means gainers by this proceeding, expelled this wretched prince, and ſet up in his place Lewis VIII. father to St. Lewis king of France; but they were preſently

* Ina, ſovereign of Eſſex, and afterwards declared monarch of the Anglo Saxons, was the moſt illuſtrious of all the kings who had reigned in this country. He compiled a body of laws, which ſerved as the ground-work of thoſe publiſhed by Alfred. The only weak part of his character was an unkingly ſpirit of devotion, which prompted him to abdicate the throne: but he was not blameable for the eſtabliſhment of Peter-pence, which was originally no other than an elymoſinary donation for the ſupport of the Engliſh college built by him at Rome.

diſguſted with this new monarch, and then compelled him to croſs the ſeas again.

Whilſt the barons, with the biſhops and popes, were tearing all England to pieces, where each of them would fain have ruled, the people, that is to ſay, the moſt numerous, the moſt uſeful, and even the moſt virtuous part of mankind, compoſed of thoſe who addict themſelves to the ſtudy of the laws and of the ſciences, of merchants, mechanics, and, in a word, of labourers, that firſt and moſt deſpiſed of all profeſſions; the people, I ſay, was conſidered by them as animals of a nature inferior to the reſt of the human ſpecies. The commons were then far from enjoying the leaſt ſhare in the government: they were then villains or ſlaves, whoſe labour, and even whoſe blood, was the property of their maſters, who called themſelves the Nobility. Far the greateſt part of the human ſpecies were in Europe, what they ſtill are in ſeveral parts of the world, the ſlaves of ſome lord, and at beſt but a kind of cattle, which they bought and ſold with their lands. It was the work of ages to render juſtice to humanity, and to find out what a horrible thing it was, that the many ſhould ſow whilſt a few did reap: and is it not the greateſt happineſs for the French, that the authority of thoſe petty tyrants has been extinguiſhed by the lawful authority of our ſovereign, and in England by that of the king and nation conjointly?

Happily in thoſe ſhocks which the quarrels of kings and great men gave to empires, the chains of nations have been relaxed more or leſs. Liberty in England has ariſen from the quarrels of tyrants. The barons forced *John*

Sans Terre and Henry III. to grant that famous charter, the principal ſcope of which was in fact to make kings dependant on the lords; but, at the ſame time, the reſt of the nation were favoured, that they might ſide with their pretended protectors. This great charter, which is looked upon as the palladium and the conſecrated fountain of the public liberty, is itſelf a proof how little that liberty was underſtood: the very title * ſets it beyond all doubt, that the king thought himſelf abſolute, *de jure*; and that the barons, and even the clergy, forced him to relinquiſh this pretended right, only becauſe they were ſtronger than he. It begins in this manner: "We, of our free will, grant the following privileges to the archbiſhops, biſhops, abbots, priors, and barons of our kingdom," &c. In the articles of this charter there is not one word ſaid of the houſe of commons; a proof that no ſuch houſe then exiſted; or, if it did, that its power was next to nothing. In this the

* M. de Voltaire ſeems to have conſidered this ſubject ſuperficially. The two great charters were no other than a confirmation and augmentation of thoſe rights and privileges which the Engliſh had enjoyed under the Saxon monarchs; to the maintenance of which, indeed, all the kings ſince the Conqueſt had ſworn, at or after their coronation. The expreſſion of "we grant of our free will," &c. implies no more than his voluntary compliance with the demands of the barons. They demanded ſuch privileges as their right, and he declared he granted them freely. The moſt eſſential articles of the great charter were theſe: "No freeman ſhall be taken, impriſoned, or diſſeized of his freehold, liberties, or free cuſtoms, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by legal proceſs—Amerciaments ſhall be proportioned to the offence and circumſtances of the offender, ſo as not to affect his landed eſtate, or diſable him from following his vocation; but be rated by a verdict of twelve creditable men in the neighbourhood."

free men of England are ſpecified; a melancholy proof that there were then ſome who were not ſo. We ſee, by the thirty-ſecond article, that thoſe pretended free men owed their lords certain ſervitude. Such a liberty as this ſmelled very rank of ſlavery. By the twenty-firſt article, the king ordains, that from henceforth officers ſhall be reſtrained from forcibly ſeizing the horſes and carriages of free men, except on paying for the ſame. This regulation was conſidered by the people as real liberty, becauſe it deſtroyed a moſt intolerable kind of tyranny. Henry VII. that fortunate conqueror and politician, who pretended to cheriſh the barons, whom he both feared and hated, bethought himſelf of the project of alienating their lands. By this means the villains, who afterwards acquired property by their induſtry, bought the caſtles of the great lords, who had ruined themſelves by their extravagance; and by degrees all the eſtates almoſt in the kingdom changed maſters.

The houſe of commons became every day more powerful; the families of the antient peerage became extinct in time; and as, in the rigour of the law, there is no other nobility in England beſides the peers, the whole order would have been annihilated, had not the kings created new barons from time to time; and this expedient preſerved the body of the peers they had formerly ſo much dreaded, in order to oppoſe the houſe of commons, now grown too powerful. All the new peers, which form the upper houſe, receive nothing beſides their titles from the crown; ſcarce any of them poſſeſſing the lands from whence thoſe titles are derived. The duke of Dorſet, for example, is one of them,

them, though he poſſeſſes not a foot of land in Dorſetſhire; another ſhall be earl of a village, who hardly knows in what quarter of the iſland ſuch a village lies. They only have a certain power in parliament, and no where out of it, which, with ſome few privileges, is all they enjoy.

Here is no ſuch thing as the diſtinction of high, middle, and low juſtice in France; nor of the right of hunting on the lands of a citizen, who has not the liberty of firing a ſingle ſhot of a muſket on his own eſtate.

A peer or nobleman in this country pays his ſhare of the taxes as others do, all of which are regulated by the houſe of commons; which houſe, if it is ſecond only in rank, is the firſt in point of credit. The lords and biſhops, it is true, may reject any bill of the commons, when it regards the raiſing of money; but are not entitled to make the ſmalleſt amendment in it: they muſt either paſs it or throw it out, without any reſtriction whatever. When the bill is confirmed by the lords, and approved of by the king, then every perſon is to pay his quota without diſtinction; and that not according to his rank or quality, which would be abſurd, but in proportion to his revenue. Here is no *taille*, or arbitrary poll-tax, but a real tax on lands; all of which underwent an actual valuation under the famous William III. The taxes ſubſiſt always the ſame, notwithſtanding the value of lands has riſen; ſo that no one is ſtripped to the bone, nor of conſequence can there be any ground of complaint: the feet of the peaſant are not tortured with wooden ſhoes; he eats the beſt wheaten bread, is well and warmly cloath-

ed, and is in no apprehenſions on account of the increaſe of his herds and flocks, or terrified into a thatched houſe, inſtead of a convenient ſlated roof, for fear of an augmentation of the *taille* the year following. There are even a number of peaſants, or, if you will, farmers, who have from five to ſix hundred pounds ſterling yearly income, and who are not above cultivating thoſe fields which have enriched them, and where they enjoy the greateſt of all human bleſſings, liberty.

OF THEIR COMMERCE.

NEVER has any people, ſince the fall of Carthage, been at the ſame time powerful by ſea and land, till Venice ſhewed the example. The Portugueſe, from their good fortune in diſcovering the paſſage by way of the Cape of Good Hope, have been for ſome time great lords on the coaſts of the Eaſt Indies, but have never been very reſpectable in Europe. Even the United Provinces became warlike, contrary to their natural diſpoſition, and in ſpite of themſelves; and it can in no ſort be aſcribed to their union among themſelves, but to their being united with England, that they have contributed to hold the balance in Europe at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Carthage, Venice, and Amſterdam, were undoubtedly powerful; but their conduct has been exactly like that of merchants grown rich by traffic, who afterwards purchaſe lands with the

the dignity of lordſhip annexed to them. Neither Carthage, nor Venice, nor Holland have, from a warlike and even conquering beginning, ended in a commercial nation. The Engliſh are the only people exiſting who have done this: they were a long while warriors before they learned to caſt accounts. They were entirely ignorant of numbers when they won the battles of Agincourt, Creſſy, and Poictiers, and were likewiſe ignorant that it was in their power to become corn-factors and woollen-drapers, two things that would certainly turn to much better account. This ſcience alone has rendered the nation at once populous, wealthy, and powerful. London was a poor country-town when Edward III. conquered one half of France; and it is wholly owing to this that the Engliſh have become merchants; that London exceeds Paris in extent, and number of inhabitants; that they are able to equip and man two hundred ſail of ſhips of war, and keep the kings their allies in pay. The Scotch are a people born warriors, and who, from the purity of their air, inherit good ſenſe. Whence comes it then that Scotland, under the name of an *Union*, is become a province to England? It is becauſe Scotland * has ſcarce any other commodity than coal, and that England has fine tin, excellent wool, and abounds

* Scotland is by nature ſurpriſingly adapted to the growth of commerce and manufacture. Beſides coal, her mountains afford inexhauſtible mines of lead, iron, and copper. Her hills and vallies produce excellent paſturage for black cattle and ſheep; her ſoil is capable of raiſing hemp, flax, and corn; her ſeas teem with myriads of fiſh for food and exportation;

abounds in corn, manufactures, and trading companies.

When Lewis XIV. made Italy tremble, and his armies, already in poſſeſſion of Savoy and Piedmont, were on the point of reducing Turin, prince Eugene was obliged to march from the remoteſt parts of Germany to the aſſiſtance of the duke of Savoy. He was in want of money, without which cities can neither be taken nor defended. He had recourſe to the Engliſh merchants. In half an hour's time they lent him five millions, with which he effected the deliverance of Turin, beat the French, and wrote this ſhort note to thoſe who had lent him the money: "Gentlemen, I have received "your money, and flatter myſelf I have em-"ployed it to your ſatisfaction." This gives an Engliſhman a kind of pride, which is extremely well founded, and cauſes him, not without reaſon, to compare himſelf to a citizen of Rome. Thus the younger ſon of a peer of the realm is not above traffic. My lord Townſhend, ſecretary of ſtate, has a brother who is ſatisfied with being a merchant in the city. At the time when my lord Oxford ruled all England, his younger brother was a factor at Aleppo, whence he could never be prevailed on to return, and where he died. This cuſtom, which is now unhappily beginning to be laid aſide, appears monſtrous to a German, whoſe

exportation; her coaſt abounds with the beſt harbours in Europe; and her ſituation between the Atlantic and German oceans is peculiarly favourable to foreign trade: her ſubordination to England was the natural conſequence of her adjoining to a more populous, wealthy, induſtrious, and united people.

head

head is full of the coats of arms and pageants of his family. They can never conceive how it is poſſible the ſon of an Engliſh peer ſhould be no more than a rich and powerful citizen, whilſt in Germany they are all princes. I have known above thirty highneſſes of the ſame name, whoſe whole fortunes and eſtate put together amounted to a few coats of arms, and the ſtarving pride they inherited from their anceſtors.

In France every body is a marquis; and a man juſt come from the obſcurity of ſome remote province, with money in his pocket, and a name that ends with an *ac* or an *ille*, may give himſelf airs, and uſurp ſuch phraſes as, *A man of my quality and rank!* and hold merchants in the moſt ſovereign contempt. The merchant again, by dint of hearing his profeſſion deſpiſed on all occaſions, at laſt is fool enough to bluſh at his condition. I will not, however, take upon me to ſay which is the moſt uſeful to his country, and which of the two ought to have the preference; whether the powdered lord, who knows to a minute when the king riſes or goes to bed, perhaps to ſtool, and who gives himſelf airs of importance in playing the part of a ſlave in the antichamber of ſome miniſter; or the merchant, who enriches his country, and from his counting-houſe ſends his orders into Surat or Cairo, thereby contributing to the happineſs and convenience of human nature.

ON INOCULATION OF THE SMALL-POX.

THE reſt of Europe, that is, the Chriſtian part of it, very gravely aſſert that the Engliſh are fools and madmen; fools, in communicating the contagion of the ſmall-pox to their children, in order to hinder them from being ſubject to that dangerous and loathſome diſorder; madmen, in wantonly expoſing their children to this peſtilence, with deſign to prevent a contingent evil. The Engliſh, on their ſide, call the reſt of Europe unnatural and cowardly; unnatural, in leaving their children expoſed to almoſt certain death by the ſmall-pox; and cowardly, in fearing to give their children a trifling matter of pain from a purpoſe ſo noble and ſo evidently uſeful. In order to determine which of the two are in the right, I ſhall now relate the hiſtory of this famous practice, which is in France the ſubject of ſo much dread.

The women of Circaſſia have from time immemorial been accuſtomed to give their children the ſmall-pox, even as early as at ſix months old, by making an inciſion in the arm, and afterwards inſerting in this inciſion a puſtule carefully

carefully taken from the body of ſome other child. This puſtule ſo inſinuated produces in the body of the patient the ſame effect that leaven does in a piece of dough; that is, it ferments in it, and communicates to the maſs of blood the qualities with which it is impregnated. The puſtules of the child infected in this manner ſerve to convey the ſame diſeaſe to others. This diſorder therefore is perpetually circulating through the different parts of Circaſſia; and when, unluckily, there is no infection of the ſmall-pox in the country, it creates the ſame uneaſineſs as a dearth, or an unhealthy ſeaſon, would have occaſioned.

What has given riſe to this cuſtom in Circaſſia, and which is ſo extraordinary to other nations, is, however, a cauſe common to them with all the nations on the face of the earth; that is, the tenderneſs * of mothers, and motives of intereſt. The Circaſſians are poor, but have handſome daughters; which, accordingly, is the principal article of their foreign commerce. It is they who furniſh beauties for the ſeraglios of the grand ſignior, the ſophi of Perſia, and others who are rich enough to purchaſe and to maintain theſe precious commodities. Theſe people bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that is, in virtuous and honourable principles, which contain the whole ſcience of wheedling the male part of the creation; the art of dancing, with geſtures expreſſive of uncommon effeminacy and laſciviouſneſs; and laſtly, that of rekindling,

* This is a ſtrange effect of maternal tenderneſs, to breed up their children for ſale.

by

by the moſt bewitching artifices, the exhauſted appetites of thoſe haughty lords to whom their fates have deſtined them. Theſe poor creatures repeat their leſſon every day with their mothers, in the ſame manner as our girls do their catechiſm; that is, without underſtanding a ſingle ſyllable of what is taught them. Now it often happened, that a father and mother, after having taken an infinite deal of pains in giving their children a good education, are all of a ſudden fruſtrated of their hopes. The ſmall-pox getting into the family, one daughter perhaps died; another loſt an eye; a third recovered, but with a diſfigured noſe; ſo that here was an honeſt couple ruined paſt all remedy. Often too an entire ſtagnation of all kind of commerce has enſued, and that for ſeveral years running, when the diſorder happened to be epidemical, to the no ſmall detriment of the ſeraglios of Turkey and Perſia.

A commercial people are always exceedingly vigilant with regard to their intereſt, and never neglect thoſe pieces of knowlege that may be of uſe in the carrying on their traffic. The Circaſſians found, that upon computation, in a thouſand perſons there were hardly one that was ever twice ſeized with the ſmall-pox completely formed; that there had been inſtances of a perſon's having had a ſlight touch of the ſmall-pox, or ſomething reſembling it, but there never were any two relapſes known to be dangerous: in ſhort, that in fact the ſame perſon has never been known to have been twice infected with this diſorder. They further remark, that when the diſeaſe is mild, and the breaking out has only to pierce through

a thin

a thin and delicate ſkin, they leave no ſort of mark on the face behind them. From theſe natural obſervations they concluded, that if a child of ſix months or a year old was to have a mild kind of the ſmall-pox, that not only the child would certainly ſurvive, but would get the better of it without ſo much as bearing any marks of it, and would aſſuredly be quit of it during the remainder of its life. From hence it followed of courſe, that their only method would be to communicate the diſorder to their children betimes, which they did, by inſinuating into the child's body a puſtule taken from the body of one infected with the ſmall-pox, the moſt completely formed, and at the ſame time the moſt favourable kind that could be found. The experiment could ſcarce poſſibly fail. The Turks *, a very ſenſible people, ſoon adopted this practice; and, at this day, there is ſcarce a baſhaw in Conſtantinople who does not inoculate his children while they are at the breaſt.

There are ſome who pretend the Circaſſians formerly learned this cuſtom from the Arabians. We will leave this point in hiſtory to be elucidated by ſome learned Benedictine, who will not fail to compoſe ſeveral volumes in folio upon the ſubject, together with the neceſſary vouchers. All I have to ſay of the matter is, that in the beginning of the reign of George I. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, one of the moſt celebrated ladies in England for her ſtrong and ſolid good ſenſe, happening to be with her

* The Turks never adopted the practice of inoculation, if we may depend upon the lateſt and beſt accounts received from Conſtantinople.

huſband

huſband at Conſtantinople, reſolved without any kind of difficulty to give the ſmall-pox to a child ſhe had had in that country. In vain did her chaplain remonſtrate that this practice was by no means conſiſtent with Chriſtian principles, and could only be expected to ſucceed with infidels; my lady Wortley's ſon recovered, and was preſently as well as could be wiſhed. This lady, on her return to London, communicated the experiment ſhe had made to the princeſs of Wales *, now queen of Great Britain. It muſt be acknowleged that, ſetting crowns and titles aſide, this princeſs is certainly born for the encouragement of arts, and for the good of the human race, to whom ſhe is a generous benefactor: She is an amiable philoſopher ſeated on a throne, who has improved every opportunity of inſtruction, and who has never let ſlip any occaſion of ſhewing her innate generoſity. It is ſhe who on hearing that a daughter of Milton was ſtill living, and in extreme miſery, immediately ſent her a conſiderable preſent; ſhe it is, who encourages the celebrated father Courayer; in a word, it is ſhe who deigned to become the mediatrix between doctor Clarke and Mr. Leibnitz †. As ſoon as ſhe heard of inoculation for the ſmall-pox, ſhe cauſed an experiment of it to be tried on four criminals under ſentence of death, who were thus doubly indebted to her for their lives: for ſhe not only reſcued them from the gallows, but, by means of this artificial kind

* The late Queen Caroline.

† Leibnitz attacked the philoſophy of Sir Iſaac Newton, which was defended by Dr. Clarke.

of the ſmall-pox, prevented them from having it in the natural way, which they, in all human probability, would have had, and of which they might have died in a more advanced age. The princeſs, thus aſſured of the utility of this proof, cauſed her own children to be inoculated. All England, or rather Britain, followed her example; ſo that from that time at leaſt ſix thouſand children ſtand indebted for their lives to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, as do all the fair of the iſland for preſerving their beauty.

In an hundred perſons that come into the world, at leaſt ſixty are found to catch the ſmall-pox; of theſe ſixty, twenty are known to die in the moſt favourable times, and twenty more wear very diſagreeable marks of this cruel diſorder as long as they live. Here is then a fifth part of the human ſpecies aſſuredly killed, or, at leaſt, horribly diſfigured. Among the vaſt numbers inoculated in Great Britain, or in Turkey, none are ever known to die, except ſuch as were in a very ill ſtate of health, or given over before. No one is marked with it, no one is ever infected a ſecond time, ſuppoſing the inoculation to be perfect, that is, to have taken place as it ought. It is therefore certain, that, had ſome French lady imported this ſecret from Conſtantinople into Paris, ſhe would have rendered an ineſtimable and everlaſting piece of ſervice to the nation. The duke de Villequier, father to the preſent duke d'Aumont, a nobleman of the moſt robuſt conſtitution, would not have been cut off in the flower of his age; the prince de Soubiſe, who enjoyed the moſt

moſt remarkable ſtate of good health ever known, would not have been carried off at five and twenty; nor would *Monſeigneur*, the grandfather of Lewis XV. been laid in his grave by it in his fiftieth year. The twenty thouſand perſons who died at Paris in 1723 would have been now alive. What ſhall we ſay then? Is it that the French ſet a lower value upon life? or are the ladies of France leſs anxious about the preſervation of their charms? It is true, and it muſt be acknowleged, we are a very odd kind of people! It is poſſible, that in ten years we may think of adopting this Britiſh cuſtom, provided the doctors and curates, allow us this indulgence; or, perhaps, the French will inoculate their children, out of mere whim and maggot, ſhould thoſe iſlanders leave it off, from their natural inconſtancy *.

I learn that the Chineſe have practiſed this cuſtom theſe two hundred years laſt paſt; the example of a nation that has the firſt character in point of natural good ſenſe, as well as of their excellent internal police, is a ſtrong prejudice in its favour. It is true, the Chineſe follow a method peculiar to themſelves; they make no inciſion, but take the ſmall-pox up the noſe in powder, juſt as we do a pinch of ſnuff: this method is more pleaſant, but amounts to much the ſame thing, and ſerves equally to prove, that had inoculation been practiſed in France, it muſt aſſuredly have ſaved the lives of thouſands.

* This chapter is taken from a letter written in 1727. the reſt has been added ſince that time.

It

It is ſome years ſince a Jeſuit miſſionary having read this chapter, and being in a province of America, where the ſmall pox makes horrible ravages, bethought himſelf of cauſing all the Indian children he baptized to be inoculated, ſo that they are indebted to him not only for this preſent life, but alſo for life eternal at the ſame time: what ineſtimable gifts for ſavages!

The biſhop of Worceſter has lately preached up the doctrine of inoculation at London; he has proved, like a good citizen and patriot, what a vaſt number of ſubjects this practice preſerves to a nation; a doctrine which he has alſo inforced by ſuch arguments as might be expected from a paſtor and a Chriſtian. They would preach at Paris againſt this ſalutary invention, as they wrote twenty years ago againſt Sir Iſaac Newton's philoſophy: in ſhort, every thing contributes to prove that the Engliſh are greater philoſophers, and poſſeſſed of more courage than we. It will require a conſiderable ſpace of time before a true ſpirit of reaſon and a particular boldneſs of ſentiment, will be able to make their way over the Straits of Dover.

It muſt not, however, be imagined, that no perſons are to be met with from the Orkneys to the South Foreland but philoſophers; the other ſpecies will always form the greateſt number. Inoculation was at firſt oppoſed in London; and a great while before the biſhop of Worceſter preached this goſpel from the pulpit, a certain curate had taken it into his head to declaim againſt this practice: he told his congregation, that Job had certainly been inoculated by the devil. This man ſpoiled a good

Capuchin,

Capuchin, for which nature ſeems to have intended him; he was certainly unworthy the honour of being born in this iſland. So we ſee prejudice, as uſual, firſt got poſſeſſion of the pulpit, and reaſon could not reach it till long after; this is no more than the common progreſs of the human mind.

On CHANCELLOR BACON.

IT is not long ſince that ridiculous and threadbare queſtion was agitated in a celebrated aſſembly; who was the greateſt man, whether Cæſar or Alexander, Tamerlane or Cromwell. Somebody made anſwer, that it muſt undoubtedly be Sir Iſaac Newton. This man was certainly in the right; for if true greatneſs conſiſts in having received from heaven the advantage of a ſuperior genius, with the talent of applying it for the intereſt of the poſſeſſor and of mankind, a man like Mr. Newton, and ſuch an one is hardly to be met with in ten centuries, is ſurely by much the greateſt; and thoſe ſtateſmen and conquerors which no age has ever been without, are commonly but ſo many illuſtrious villains. It is the man who ſways our minds by the prevalence of reaſon and the native force of truth, not they who reduce mankind to a ſtate of ſlavery by brutiſh force and downright violence; the man who by the vigour of his mind, is able to penetrate into the hidden ſecrets of nature, and whoſe

whoſe capacious ſoul can contain the vaſt frame of the univerſe, not thoſe who lay nature waſte, and deſolate the face of the earth, that claims our reverence and admiration.

Therefore, as you are deſirous to be informed of the great men that England has produced, I ſhall begin with the Bacons, the Lockes, and the Newtons, &c. The generals and miniſters will come after them in their turn.

I muſt begin with the celebrated baron of Verulam, known to the reſt of Europe by the name of Bacon, who was the ſon of a certain keeper of the ſeals, and was for a conſiderable time chancellor under James I. Notwithſtanding the intrigues and buſtle of a court, and the occupations incident to his office, which would have required his whole attention, he found means to become a great philoſopher, a good hiſtorian, and an elegant writer; and what is yet more wonderful is, that he lived in an age where the art of writing was totally unknown, and where ſound philoſophy was ſtill leſs ſo. This perſonage, as is the way amongſt mankind, was more valued after his death than whilſt he lived. His enemies were courtiers reſiding at London, whilſt his admirers conſiſted wholly of foreigners. When the marquis d' Effiat brought the princeſs Mary, daughter to Henry the Great, over to be married to king Charles, this miniſter paid Bacon a viſit, who being then confined to a ſick bed, received him with cloſe curtains. "You are like the angels," ſaid d' Effiat to him; "we hear much talk of them, and whilſt every body thinks them ſuperior to men, we are never favoured with a ſight of them."

You

You have been told in what manner Bacon was accuſed of a crime which is very far from being the ſin of a philoſopher *; of being corrupted by pecuniary gifts; and how he was ſentenced by the houſe of peers to pay a fine of about four hundred thouſand livres of our money, beſides loſing his office of chancellor, and being degraded from the rank and dignity of a peer. At preſent the Engliſh revere his memory to ſuch a degree as, with great difficulty, to allow him to have been in the leaſt guilty. Should you aſk me what I think of it, I will make uſe of a ſaying I heard from Lord Bolingbroke. They happened to be talking of the avarice with which the duke of Marlborough had been taxed, and quoted ſeveral inſtances of it, for the truth of which they appealed to Lord Bolingbroke, who, as being of a contrary party, might perhaps, without any treſpaſs againſt the laws of decorum, freely ſay what he thought. "He was," ſaid he, "ſo great a man that I do not recollect whether he had any faults or no." I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to let you know what theſe qualities are which have

* Lord Verulam being committed to the Tower, and conſcious of that corruption which was laid to his charge, preſented a petition to the houſe of peers, confeſſing himſelf guilty, and requeſting that he might not be expoſed to the ſhame of a public trial. He was deprived of his office of chancellor; rendered incapable of ſitting in the upper houſe of parliament; fined in forty thouſand pounds; and condemned to be impriſoned in the Tower during the king's pleaſure. James, in conſideration of his great genius, remitted his fine, releaſed him from priſon, and indulged him with a very conſiderable penſion. After all, the crime laid to his charge was rather the effect of weakneſs and inattention, than owing to a vicious heart or ſordid diſpoſition.

acquired chancellor Bacon the eſteem of all Europe.

The moſt ſingular, as well as the moſt excellent of all his works, is that which is now the leaſt read, and at the ſame time the moſt uſeful; I mean his *Novum Scientiarum Organum*. This is the ſcaffold by means of which the edifice of the new philoſophy has been reared; ſo that when the building was compleated, the ſcaffold was no longer of any uſe. Chancellor Bacon was ſtill unacquainted with nature, but he perfectly knew, and pointed out extraordinary well, all the paths which lead to her receſſes. He had very early deſpiſed what thoſe ſquare-cap'd fools teach in thoſe dungeons called *Colleges*, under the name of philoſophy, and did every thing in his power that thoſe bodies, inſtituted for the cultivation and perfecting the human underſtanding, might ceaſe any longer to mar it, by their *quiddities*, their *horrors of a vacuum*, their *ſubſtantial forms*, with the reſt of that jargon which ignorance and a nonſenſical jumble of religion had conſecrated.

This great man is the father of experimental philoſophy. It is true, wonderful diſcoveries had been made even before his time; the mariner's compaſs, the art of printing, that of engraving, the art of painting in oil, that of making glaſs, with the remarkably advantageous invention of reſtoring in ſome meaſure ſight to the blind; that is, to old men, by means of ſpectacles; the ſecret of making gunpowder, &c. had been already diſcovered. They had gone in ſearch of, diſcovered, and conquered a new world in another hemiſphere. Who would not have thought that theſe ſublime diſcoveries had

had been made by the greateſt philoſophers, and in times much more enlightened than ours? By no means; for all theſe aſtoniſhing revolutions happened in the ages of ſcholaſtic barbarity. Chance alone has brought forth almoſt all theſe inventions; it is even pretended, that chance has had a great ſhare in the diſcovery of America; at leaſt, it has been believed that Chriſtopher Columbus undertook this voyage on the faith of a captain of a ſhip who had been caſt by a ſtorm on one of the Caribbee iſlands. Be this as it will, men had learned to penetrate to the utmoſt limits of the habitable globe, and to deſtroy the moſt impregnable cities with an artificial thunder, much more terrible than the real; but they were ſtill ignorant of the circulation of the blood, the weight and preſſure of the air, the laws of motion, the doctrine of light and colour, the number of the planets in our ſyſtem, &c. And a man that was capable to maintain a theſis on the *Categories of Ariſtotle*, the *univerſale a parte rei*, or ſuch-like nonſenſe, was conſidered as a prodigy.

The moſt wonderful and uſeful inventions are by no means thoſe which do moſt honour to the human mind. And it is to a certain mechanical inſtinct, which ſubſiſts in almoſt every man, that we owe far the greater part of the arts, and in no manner whatever to philoſophy. The diſcovery of fire, the arts of making bread, of melting and working metals, of building houſes, the invention of the ſhuttle, are infinitely more uſeful than printing and the compaſs; notwithſtanding, all theſe were invented by men who were ſtill in a ſtate of barbarity. What aſtoniſhing things have the

Greeks

Greeks and Romans ſince done in mechanics? Yet men believed, in their time, that the heavens were of chryſtal, and the ſtars were ſo many ſmall lamps, that ſometimes fell into the ſea; and one of their greateſt philoſophers, after many reſearches, had at length diſcovered that the ſtars were ſo many pebbles, that had flown off like ſparks from the earth.

In a word, there was not a man who had any idea of experimental philoſophy before chancellor Bacon; and of an infinity of experiments which have been made ſince his time, there is hardly a ſingle one which has not been pointed out in his book. He had even made a good number of them himſelf. He conſtructed ſeveral ſorts of pneumatical machines, by which he diſcovered the elaſticity of the air; he had long brooded over the diſcovery of its weight, and was even at times very near catching it, when it was laid hold of by Torricelli. A ſhort time after, experimental phyſicks began, at the ſame inſtant, to be cultivated in almoſt all parts of Europe. This was a hidden treaſure of which Bacon had ſome glimmerings, and which all the philoſophers whom his promiſes had encouraged, made their utmoſt efforts to lay open: We ſee in his book mention made in expreſs terms of that new attraction of which Mr. Newton paſſes for the inventor. "We muſt enquire," ſaid Bacon, "whether there be not a certain magnetical force, which operates reciprocally between the earth and other heavy bodies, between the moon and the ocean, between the planets, &c." In another place he ſays, "Either heavy bodies are impelled towards the center of the earth, or they are mu-

tually attracted by it; in this latter caſe it is evident, that the nearer falling bodies approach the earth, the more forcibly are they attracted by it. We muſt try, continues he, whether the ſame pendulum clock goes faſter on the top of a mountain, or at the bottom of a mine. If the force of the weight diminiſh on the mountain, and increaſe in the mine, it is probable the earth has a real attracting quality."

This precurſor in philoſophy was alſo an elegant writer, an hiſtorian, and a wit. His moral eſſays are in high eſtimation, though they ſeem rather calculated to inſtruct than to pleaſe; and as they are neither a ſatire on human nature, like the maxims of Rochefoucault, nor a ſchool of ſcepticiſm, like Montagne, they are not ſo much read as theſe two ingenious books. His life of Henry VII. paſſed for a maſter-piece; but how is it poſſible ſome people ſhould have been idle enough to compare ſo ſmall a work with the hiſtory of our illuſtrious M. de Thou? Speaking of that famous impoſtor Perkins, ſon of a Jew convert, who aſſumed ſo boldly the name of Richard IV. king of England, being encouraged by the ducheſs of Burgundy, and who diſputed the crown with Henry VII. he expreſſes himſelf in theſe terms: "About this time king Henry was beſet with evil ſpirits, by the witchcraft of the ducheſs of Burgundy, who conjured up from hell the ghoſt of Edward IV. in order to torment king Henry. When the ducheſs of Burgundy had inſtructed Perkins, ſhe began to conſider with herſelf in what region of the heavens ſhe ſhould make this comet ſhine, and reſolved immediately that it ſhould make its appearance in the horizon of Ireland." I think

our

our ſage de Thou ſeldom gives into this gallimaufry, which uſed formerly to paſs for the ſublime, but which at preſent is known by its proper title, the *bombaſt*.

ON LOCKE.

THERE ſurely never was a more ſolid and more methodical underſtanding, nor a more acute and accurate logician than Locke, though he was far from being an excellent mathematician. He never could bring himſelf to undergo the drudgery of calculation, nor the dryneſs of mathematical truths, which offer no ſenſible image to the underſtanding: and no one has more fully evinced than he has done, that a man, without the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance from geometry, might ſtill poſſeſs the moſt geometrical intellect poſſible. The great philoſophers before his time, had made no difficulties in determining the eſſence or ſubſtance of the human ſoul; but as they were wholly ignorant of the matter, it was but reaſonable they ſhould be all of them of different opinions.

In Greece, which was at one the cradle of arts, and of errors, where the greatneſs and folly of the human mind were puſhed to ſo great a heighth, they reaſoned on the ſoul exactly as we do. The divine Anaxagoras, who had altars erected to him, for teaching men that the ſun was bigger than the Peloponneſus, that ſnow was black, that the ſky was of ſtone, affirmed that

the ſoul was an aerial ſpirit, though immortal. Diogenes, a different perſon from him, who became afterwards a Cynic from a counterfeiter of money, aſſerted, that the ſoul was a portion of the ſubſtance of God; a notion which had at leaſt ſomething ſtriking. Epicurus maintains the ſoul is compoſed of parts in the ſame manner as matter. Ariſtotle, whoſe works have been interpreted a thouſand different ways, becauſe they were in fact abſolutely unintelligible, was of opinion, if we may truſt ſome of his diſciples, that the underſtandings of all mankind were but one and the ſame ſubſtance. The divine Plato, maſter to the divine Ariſtotle, and the divine Socrates, maſter to the divine Plato, ſaid, that the ſoul was at the ſame time corporeal and eternal. The demon of Socrates had, no doubt, let him into the ſecret of this matter. There are actually ſome who pretend, that a fellow who boaſted of having a familiar, was moſt aſſuredly either knave, or fool; poſſibly they who ſay ſo may be rather too ſqueamiſh.

As for our fathers of the church, ſeveral of them, in the firſt ages, were of opinion that the human ſoul, as well as the angels and God himſelf, were all corporeal. The world is every day improving. St. Bernard, as father Mabillon is forced to own, taught, with reſpect to the ſoul, that after death it did not behold God in heaven, but was obliged to reſt ſatisfied with converſing with the humanity of Jeſus Chriſt. Poſſibly they took it for once on his bare word; though the adventure of the cruſade has ſomewhat leſſened the credit of his oracles: Whole drones

drones of ſchoolmen came after him: there was the irrefragable doctor*, the ſubtil doctor†, the angelic doctor§, the ſeraphic doctor‖, the cherubimical doctor, all of whom made no ſcruple of ſaying they were perfectly clear as to the ſoul's ſubſtance, but who have, for all that, ſpoken of it exactly as if they neither underſtood one ſyllable of what they ſpoke of, and wanted that nobody elſe ſhould. Our Deſcartes, born to diſcover the miſtakes of antiquity, only that he might ſubſtitute his own in their place, and bore down by the ſtream of ſyſtem, which hoodwinks the greateſt men, imagined he had demonſtrated, that the ſoul was the ſame thing with thought, in the ſame manner as matter is the ſame with extenſion. He firmly maintained, that the ſoul always thinks, and that at its arrival in the body, it is provided with a whole magazine of metaphyſical notions, as of God, ſpace, infinity, and fully ſupplied with all ſorts of abſtract ideas, which it unhappily loſes the moment it comes forth from its mother's womb. Father Mallebranche, of the oratory, in his ſublime illuſions, admits of no ſuch thing as innate ideas, though he made no manner of doubt of our ſeeing every thing in God; and that God himſelf, if it is lawful to ſpeak in this manner, was the very eſſence of our ſoul.

After ſo many ſpeculative gentlemen had formed this romance of the ſoul, one truly wiſe man appeared, who has, in the moſt modeſt manner imaginable, given us its real hiſtory. Mr. Locke has laid open to man the anatomy of his own

* Hales. † Scot. § Thomas. ‖ Bonaventure.

ſoul, juſt as ſome learned anatomiſt would have done that of the body. He avails himſelf throughout of the help of metaphyſical lights; and altho' he is ſometimes bold enough to ſpeak in a poſitive manner, he is on other occaſions not afraid to diſcover doubts. Inſtead of determining at once what we were entirely ignorant about, he examines, ſtep by ſtep, the objects of human knowledge; he takes a child from the moment of its birth; he accompanies him through all the ſtages of the human underſtanding; he views what he poſſeſſes in common with the brutes, and in what he is ſuperior to them. Above all, he is ſolicitous to examine the internal evidence of conſciouſneſs. "I leave, ſays he, thoſe who are poſſeſſed of more knowledge than I am, to determine whether our ſouls exiſts before or after the organization of the body; but cannot help acknowledging that the ſoul that has fallen to my ſhare, is one of thoſe coarſe material kinds of ſouls which cannot always think; and I am even ſo unhappy as not to be able to conceive how it ſhould be more indiſpenſably neceſſary that the ſoul ſhould always think, than it ſhould be that the body ſhould always be in motion."

For my own ſhare, I am proud of the honour of being every whit as ſtupid in this point as Mr. Locke. No body ſhall ever perſuade me that I always think; and I don't find myſelf in the leaſt more diſpoſed than he to think, that a few weeks after I was conceived my ſoul was very learned, and acquainted with a thouſand things that I forgot the moment I came into the world, and that I poſſeſſed to very little good purpoſe in the *uterus*, ſo many valuable ſecrets in philoſophy, all of which abandoned me the inſtant they

they could have been of any advantage, and which I have never ſince been able to recover.

Locke, after demoliſhing the notion of innate ideas; after having renounced the vain opinion that the mind always thinks; having fully eſtabliſhed this point, that the origin of all our ideas is from the ſenſes *; having examined our ſimple and compound ideas; having accompanied the mind in all its operations; having ſhewn the imperfection of all the languages ſpoken by men, and what a groſs abuſe of terms we are every moment guilty of; Locke, I ſay, at length proceeds to conſider the extent, or rather the nothingneſs, of human knowledge. This is the chapter in which he has the boldneſs to advance, though in a modeſt manner, "That we ſhall never be able to determine, whether a being, purely material, is capable of thought or no?" This ſagacious propoſition has paſſed with more than one divine as a ſcandalous aſſertion, that the ſoul is material and mortal. Some Engliſh devotees as uſual gave the alarm. The ſuperſtitious are in ſociety what poltroons are in an army; they infect the reſt with their own panics. They cried out, that Mr. Locke wanted to turn all religion topſy-turvy: there was, however, not the ſmalleſt relation to religion in the affair, the queſtion was purely philoſophical, and altogether independent of faith and revelation. They had only to examine, without rancour, whether it were a contradiction to ſay, that

* This is expreſly the doctrine of Ariſtotle. The ſoul has no knowledge but that which ſhe acquires through the canal of the ſenſes.

" matter is incapable of thought," and, " God is able to endow matter with thought." But it is too frequent with theologians to begin with pronouncing that God is offended, whenever we are not of their ſide of the queſtion, or happen not to think as they do: the caſe is pretty much like that of the bad poets, who took it into their heads to imagine Boileau ſpoke high-treaſon, when he was only laughing at the ſillineſs of their wretched compoſitions. Doctor Stillingfleet has acquired the character of a moderate divine, only becauſe he has refrained from abuſe in his controverſy with Mr. Locke. He ventured to enter the liſts with him, but was vanquiſhed, becauſe he reaſoned too much like a doctor; whilſt Locke, like a true philoſopher, fully acquainted with the ſtrength and weakneſs of human underſtanding, fought with arms of whoſe temper he was perfectly well aſſured.

ON THE SOUL.

LET us ſuppoſe a dozen philoſophers in an iſland, where they never ſaw any thing beſides the vegetable world. Such an iſland, and eſpecially half a ſcore or a dozen good philoſophers, are, 'tis true, no eaſy matter to be met with; but however we may very well imagine them, and therefore the hypotheſis is allowable. They admire that life which circulates through the pores and fibres of plants, which ſeems ſometimes to be annihilated, and at others to revive again:

again: and not being over and above well informed of the generation of plants, or in what manner they receive their growth and nouriſhment, they therefore call this the vegetative ſoul. What do you mean by the term *vegetative ſoul?* will ſome one aſk. It is, anſwer they, a word we make uſe of to ſignify that unknown ſpring by which all theſe operations are performed. But, ſays ſome mechanic, do you not ſee all this is done in a natural way, by means of weights, levers, wheels, and pullies? No, ſay our philoſophers, by no means. There is ſomething more in this ſort of vegetation than mere matter and motion; there is beſides a ſecret power with which all plants are endowed, by which they admit the ſap that is neceſſary for their nouriſhment; and this power, which cannot poſſibly be explained by any laws of mechaniſm, is a gift which God has beſtowed on matter, and whereof neither you nor I can comprehend the return.

After a good deal of wrangling, at length our philoſophers diſcover the animals. Aha! ſay they, after a long ſcrutiny, here are beings organized exactly as we are! They have certainly the gift of memory, and that frequently in a degree ſuperior to ourſelves. They have the ſame paſſions too; they have knowledge or conſciouſneſs; they communicate their wants; and perpetuate their ſpecies exactly in the ſame manner, and as well as the beſt metaphyſician of us all could have done. They proceed to the diſection of one of theſe beings, in which they find a heart and a brain. What! ſay they, is it poſſible the author of theſe machines, who makes nothing in vain, ſhould have given them all the

organs of ſenſation, merely to prevent their being in the leaſt capable of ſenſation? The thought teems with abſurdity. There is therefore moſt aſſuredly ſome attribute within them, which is properly what we call *Soul*, for want of a better word; ſomething which is capable of perception, and which is provided with a certain ſtock of ideas. The queſtion is, what this thinking principle is? Can it be ſomething entirely different from matter? Is it a pure unmixed ſpirit? or ſhall we ſay, it is a being of a middle nature between that matter, whoſe properties we know not in any degree, and pure ſpirit, about which we are at leaſt as much in the dark? or ſhall it be a property with which God endowed organized matter?

Then they fall to making experiments on inſects, as on earth-worms, or the polypus; they cut them into ſeveral portions, and are aſtoniſhed, after ſome little time, to ſee new heads grow out of each ſingle part; the ſame animal reproduces itſelf, and draws from its very deſtruction the means of multiplying its ſpecies. Has it ſeveral ſouls, which wait to animate theſe parts ſo reproduced, when the head ſhall have been ſevered from the original trunk? They reſemble the trees which ſhoot out branches, and which reproduce their like from their wounds: Can theſe trees have ſeveral ſouls too? This is by no means likely; it is therefore probable the ſouls of theſe beaſts are of another ſpecies than that to which we gave the name of *vegetative ſoul* in plants; it muſt therefore be a ſuperior faculty, with which God has deſigned to animate certain portions of matter; it is a new proof of his power, and affords new matter of adoration.

Some

Some perſon equally overbearing and falſe in his reaſonings, happens to hear this diſcourſe, and ſays, You are a ſet of impious wretches, whoſe bodies ought to be burned, for the good of your ſouls, for denying man's immortality. Our philoſophers are ſtruck with ſuch unheard of language, and look at one another in amazement; one of them anſwers in a mild and placid tone of voice, Why in ſuch haſte to burn us? What reaſon can you have to think that we hold that cruel ſoul of yours to be mortal? Becauſe you believe, replies the other, that God has given theſe brutes, who are organized as we are, the faculty of forming ideas and ſentiment. Now know that the ſouls of brutes periſh with them; therefore you muſt certainly hold that the ſouls of men periſh alſo.

The philoſopher anſwers, We are far from pretending to any certainty that what we call *ſoul* in the brutes periſhes with them; we are well aſſured matter never periſhes at all; and we are of opinion, it is poſſible God may have endowed animals with ſomewhat that may retain to all eternity, if God ſo pleaſe, the faculty of forming ideas. We are very far from aſſerting, that the thing is really and certainly ſo; it belongs not to man to be ſo confident of himſelf; but we dare not ſet bounds to the power of the Deity. We ſay it is extremely probable that the brutes, which are mere matter, may have received from him a certain portion of intelligence. We diſcover daily certain properties of matter; that is to ſay, ſo many gifts of the Deity, whereof we had here before no manner of conception. We at firſt defined matter to be an extended ſubſtance: afterwards we diſcovered

we ought to have added ſolidity; ſome time after we knew that this matter had a certain power, or force, which is called *inert force*, or *vis inertiæ*; after which again we were quite aſtoniſhed, to be reduced to the neceſſity of acknowledging that matter gravitates.

Upon our attempting to puſh our enquiries ſtill farther, we were forced to own there were beings reſembling matter in ſome points, but which are likewiſe without certain attributes with which matter is ſometimes endowed. The elementary fire, for inſtance, acts on our ſenſes as well as other bodies, yet it tends not to one common center as they do; on the contrary, it diverges from the center in ſtraight lines towards all ſides. It appears contradictory to all the laws of attraction and gravity, to which the other parts of matter are ſubject. Optics has myſteries altogether unaccountable, and for which it is impoſſible to aſſign any reaſon, but by hazarding the ſuppoſition that the rays of light penetrate each other. There is undoubtedly ſome property in light, which diſtinguiſhes it from all the other known parts of matter: it would ſeem that light is a kind of middle ſubſtance between bodies and the other kinds of beings, of which we are entirely ignorant. It is very probable, that thoſe other ſpecies of matter are themſelves a certain middle rank which leads to other creatures, and that there may be, in this manner, a chain of ſubſtances which riſe to infinity.

Uſque adeo quod tangit idem eſt, tamen ultima diſtant.

This

This idea ſeems to us worthy of the greatneſs of God, if any ever was or can be ſo. Amongſt theſe ſubſtances he might no doubt have choſen one, in order to place it in our body, and which is known by the name of the Human Soul; the ſacred books which we have read, tell us this ſoul is immortal. Reaſon in this point agrees with revelation; for how is it poſſible any ſubſtance ſhould periſh? And if all nature is deſtroyed, yet being muſt ever exiſt. We cannot conceive ſuch a thing as the creation of a ſubſtance; and it is equally impoſſible for us to form any idea of its annihilation. But we dare not venture to aſſert, that the Sovereign Lord of all things may not alſo have given ſentiment and perception to the being called matter. You are perfectly ſure the eſſence of your ſoul is thought, which is what we are by no means ſo poſitive of; for on examining a fœtus, we are at a loſs to imagine its head can poſſibly be ſo well ſtored with ideas, and are quite dubious, that in the caſes of a deep and perfect ſleep, or in a complete lethargy, there is any ſuch thing as meditation. Thus it appears to us, that thought may be, not the eſſence of the thinking ſubſtance, but a gift with which the Creator may have given thoſe we call thinking beings. All this has created in us a doubt, that, were he ſo pleaſed, he might endow a ſingle atom with this faculty, and preſerve this atom to eternity, together with this gift, ordering both or either at his pleaſure. There is leſs difficulty in conceiving how matter may be rendered capable of thinking, than to divine how any ſubſtance whatever ſhould think. You have no ideas, only becauſe it was the will of

God

God you ſhould enjoy this faculty; why then would you hinder him from beſtowing this quality on other ſpecies of beings? Can you be daring enough to believe that your ſoul is exactly of the ſame ſubſtance with thoſe beings which approach neareſt to the Deity? There is abundance of reaſon to think them of a very ſuperior order; and that conſequently God hath deſigned to endue them with a faculty of thinking infinitely ſuperior and more beautiful, in the ſame manner as he has granted a very moderate meaſure of ideas to brute animals, which are of an order inferior to you. I am utterly ignorant how I live, or how I beſtow life, and you require me to comprehend how I come by ideas: the ſoul is as it were a clock which God has given us to regulate, but without telling us of what ſort of ſubſtance the main ſpring of it is formed.

Is there any thing in all this from whence it can be inferred that our ſouls are mortal? Nay, further, we think as you do with reſpect to that immortality which the goſpel announces; but at the ſame time we hold ourſelves too ignorant to be able to affirm, that God has not power to beſtow thought on whatever being he pleaſes. You ſet bounds to the power of the Creator, which is beyond all bounds, and we ſtretch it as far as his exiſtence. You will forgive us if we hold him Almighty, as we forgive you the having reſtrained his power. You are certainly well-informed of what he is capable of doing, whilſt we pretend to know nothing of the matter. Let us therefore live in peace like brothers who adore one common father; you as becomes people poſſeſſed of ſouls at once bold and well-

well-informed; and we like ignorant and cowardly ſpirits, as we certainly are. We have both but a ſpan of exiſtence to enjoy. Let us then enjoy it in peace, without falling together by the ears for quibbles and knotty queſtions, which will be better reſolved on our entering that boundleſs ocean of eternity, which begins the moment our hour-glaſs is entirely ſpent.

ON TOLERATION;

And on the Maxim, That it is impoſſible PHILOSOPHERS ſhould be of Prejudice to Human Society.

THIS brutal perſon unable to make a ſatisfactory reply, talked for a long time, and with great heat. Our poor philoſophers in the mean while applied themſelves to reading hiſtory, and after much ſtudy declared to the barbarian, That he was unworthy to poſſeſs an immortal ſoul.

Friend, we read that throughout all antiquity matters went altogether as well as in our times; that there were even greater virtues, and that philoſophers were never perſecuted for matters of mere opinion; why then would you puniſh us for opinions we never held, and which have no exiſtence but in your own diſtempered brain? We read that all antiquity believed matter to be eternal. Even thoſe who diſcovered it to have been created, let others enjoy their opinions in peace. Pythago-

ras

ras had been a cock, and his parents hogs: nobody had any thing to ſay againſt it, whilſt his ſect was loved and revered by all mankind, except by cooks, and thoſe who had any beans to diſpoſe of.

The Stoics acknowledged God much ſuch another Deity as has been ſo raſhly abandoned by the Spinoſiſts *; yet the Stoics was the ſect of all others that abounded moſt in heroic virtues, and enjoyed the greateſt degree of credit amongſt mankind.

The Epicureans made their gods reſemble our canons, who maintain their *divine right* by a luxurious indolence, ſipping their nectar and ambroſia in perfect peace, and giving themſelves no ſort of trouble how the world went. Theſe Epicureans boldly taught the materiality and mortality of the ſoul. They were not the leſs regarded on that account. They were admitted into all offices of truſt or honour, and yet their jumble of atoms did not occaſion the leaſt diſorder in the world.

The Platoniſts, like the Gymnoſophiſts, did not do us the honour to think ſuch a being as God ever deigned to create us with his own hands. He had, according to them, left this ſervile office to ſubalterns called Genii, who committed a thouſand diſorders and blunders in the exerciſe of their function. The god of the

* The famous Spinoza, the ſon of a Portugueſe Jew, was born at Amſterdam in the laſt century, and has been branded as an atheiſt for maintaining that the whole univerſe, and all it contains, belongs eſſentially to the nature of God, conſidered as one only ſubſtance, of which thought and infinite extent are no more than the properties.

Pla-

Platoniſts was an excellent workman, who employed but bungling apprentices in his work here below. Yet men were not wanting in their reſpect for the ſchool of Plato.

In a word, both with Greeks and Romans, ſo many ſects, ſo many different moods or ways there were of thinking about the Deity, the ſoul, the paſt, and the future; yet none of all theſe ſects were ever perſecuted. They were all miſtaken, a circumſtance we are exceedingly ſorry for; yet were they all peaceable and quiet, which confounds and amazes, becauſe it condemns us, by ſhewing, that moſt of the reaſoners of this day are monſters, whilſt thoſe of antiquity were no other than human beings. They ſung publicly on the ſtage at Rome, *Poſt mortem nihil eſt; ipſaque mors nihil.* "There is nothing after death; and death itſelf is but nothing." Theſe ſentiments rendered them neither better nor worſe; and the world was as eaſily and as well governed as before; whilſt a Titus, a Trajan, and a Marcus Aurelius ſwayed the world, like ſo many beneficent deities.

If we paſs from the Greeks and Romans to the barbarous nations, let us ſtop a-while amongſt the Jews. Superſtitious, cruel, and ignorant as this wretched people certainly were, yet they honoured the Phariſees, who admitted the fatality of deſtiny, and the metempſichoſis. They alſo reſpected the Sadducees, who abſolutely denied the immortality of the ſoul, together with the exiſtence of any manner of ſpirits, founding their dogmas on the law of Moſes, which never makes the leaſt mention either of rewards or puniſhments after this life. The Eſſenians, who held the opi-

opinion of fatality too, and who never offered up any kind of victim in the temple, were ſtill more revered than the Phariſees and the Sadducees; yet did none of their opinions occaſion the leaſt diſturbance in government. There was reaſon, however, ſufficient to promote cutting of one another's throats, burning and exterminating each other by turns, had they had the leaſt inclination to divert themſelves that way. O wretched mortals! profit by theſe examples. Think for yourſelves, and let others enjoy the privilege to do ſo too. It is the ſole conſolation of weak minds in this ſhort and tranſitory life of ours. What! ſhall you receive with politeneſs a Turk, who believes Mahomet made a voyage to the moon? You would be very careful how you would have diſobliged the baſhaw Bonneval, yet would you cut your brother Chriſtian to pieces, becauſe he believes God is able to have beſtowed intelligence and thought on every creature.

In this manner ſpoke one of thoſe philoſophers: a ſecond added; "Believe me, we ought never to admit ſuch a thought as that any philoſophical notion is capable of hurting the eſtabliſhed religion of a country. Although our myſteries contradict our demonſtration; yet they are, not a whit the leſs revered by our chriſtian philoſophers, who know that the objects of faith and of reaſon are of a very oppoſite nature. Never will philoſophers be the founders of any religious ſect: Why? Becauſe they are without the leaven of enthuſiaſm. Divide the human race into twenty parts; nineteen are compoſed of ſuch perſons, who maintuin themſelves by the labour of their hands, and who will hardly know that ſuch men as Locke and Newton

ever

ever exiſted. In the remaining twentieth part, how few ſhall we find who read? And, even of thoſe who do twenty are readers of romances, for one that ſtudies philoſophy. The number of thoſe who ſtudy is infinitely ſmall, and thoſe few will never think of diſturbing the peace of mankind.

Who are they who have brought the flame of diſcord into their country? Was it Pomponacius, Montagne, le Vayer, Deſcartes, Gaſſendi, Bayle, Spinoſa, Hobbes, lord Shaftſbury, the count de Boulainvilliers, the conſul Maillet, Toland, Collins, Fludd, Woolſton, Becker, the author who diſguiſes himſelf under the feigned name of James Maſſey, the writer of the Turkiſh Spy, of the Jewiſh Letters, of the Perſian letters, of the Penſée Philoſophiques, &c.? By no means: they were generally theologians, who, being at firſt actuated with the ambition of becoming heads of ſects, had ſoon afterwards adopted that of being chiefs of a party. What do I ſay? All the books of modern philoſophy put together could not have made ſuch a diſturbance as the diſpute of the Cordeliers formerly did, to determine the orthodox form of their ſleeves and cowls.

ON

ON

DESCARTES and NEWTON.

A Frenchman, on his arrival in London, finds a total change in philoſophy, as in every thing elſe. He has juſt left the world, which abhors a *vacuum*, for one full of emptineſs. At Paris we ſee a world compoſed of vortices of a ſubtile matter; at London there is no ſuch thing in nature. With you, it is the preſſure of the moon that occaſions the flux and reflux of the ſea: amongſt the Engliſh, it is the ſea which gravitates towards the moon; ſo that, when you think the moon ought to give us high water, theſe philoſophers hold we ought to have quite the contrary, or low water. Unhappily for us, there is no coming at the truth † of this, except one had been able to examine the moon and the tides at the firſt moment of their creation. You will farther remark, that the ſun, which in France paſſed for a mere cypher in this affair, clubs in this country for a fourth part of the reckoning. Amongſt your Carteſians, every thing

† It is not a very eaſy matter to underſtand our author's meaning in this paragraph. The greateſt difficulty about the tides was that of accounting for their riſing equally high, or nearly ſo, at the ſame time, on both ſides of the earth, which could not poſſibly be affected equally by the attraction of the moon. But this difficulty is removed by the ingenuity of Mr. Ferguſon, who proves, by experiment, that the centrifugal force of the ſide of the earth furtheſt from the moon, overballances her attraction nearly as much as her attraction on the ſide next her overballances the centrifugal force of that ſide.

is performed by means of a certain impulſe, that is paſt all underſtanding: according to Mr. Newton, it is done by means of attraction, the cauſe of which is altogether as great a ſecret. At Paris, you figure to yourſelves the earth much like a melon; at London, it is flattened on both ſides *. Light, with a Carteſian, exiſts in the air; according to a Newtonian, it travels to us from the ſun, and is about ſix minutes and an half in its paſſage. Your chymiſtry performs all its operations by means of acids and alkalies, and a certain portion of ſubtile manner; in the Engliſh chymiſtry it is attraction which predominates.

Even the eſſence of things has undergone a total change. You agree neither about the definition of the ſoul, nor that of matter. Deſcartes aſſerts the ſoul to be the very ſame individual ſubſtance with thought; whilſt Mr. Locke ſhews the contrary, with all the eaſe and perſpicuity imaginable. Deſcartes maintains, that matter is nothing but extenſion; Newton muſt needs add ſolidity. Here are terrible contradictions truly!

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

This famous Newton, the deſtroyer of the Carteſian ſyſtem, died in the month of March of the year 1727. He lived honoured by his countrymen, and has been venerated as a king who had been a benefactor to his people. He has been read with extreme avidity; and the elogium of Newton, pronounced by Fontenelle in

* That the earth is an oblate ſpheroid is now well known, and univerſally acknowledged.

the

the Academy of Sciences, has been tranſlated into Engliſh. They expected alſo his judgment, as a ſolemn declaration of the ſuperiority of the Engliſh philoſophy. But on finding he not only deceived them in giving an account of this philoſophy, but even that he compared Deſcartes with Newton, the whole Royal Society of London roſe up in arms; and, far from acquieſcing in his determination, they were very ſevere in their criticiſm on that piece. There were even ſome (and theſe not the greateſt philoſophers among them) who were ſhocked at the compariſon, for no other reaſon than that Deſcartes was a Frenchman.

It muſt be acknowledged theſe two philoſophers purſued a very different conduct, as well in regard to their fortune and way of life as their philoſophy. Deſcartes was born with a ſtrong and lively imagination, which rendered him extremely ſingular in his private conduct of life, as well as in his method of reaſoning. His fancy could not be reſtrained even in his philoſophical works, in which we are conſtantly meeting with ingenious and lively turns of thought. Nature had almoſt made him a poet; and he actually compoſed for the queen of Sweden an entertainment in verſe, which, for the honour of his memory, has not been printed. He followed for ſome time the profeſſion of arms; and then, all of a ſudden turning philoſopher, at length he thought fit, in ſpite of the gravity of his character, to fall in love. He had by his miſtreſs a daughter called Francine, who died young, to the great regret of the father. Thus he experienced all the different viciſſitudes incident to human life.

He was for a great while of opinion, that, in order to philoſophize in full liberty, it was neceſſary to fly the ſociety of men, and eſpecially to quit his country. He was certainly in the right, his contemporaries being utterly incapable of giving him any aſſiſtance, and more likely to do him prejudice than be of any kind of advantage to him. He quitted France, therefore, in queſt of truth, which was then perſecuted on all ſides by the wretched philoſophy of the ſchools; but he found reaſon to the full as little encouraged in the univerſities of Holland, whither he retired: for whilſt they condemned in France only ſuch propoſitions in his philoſophy as were true, he was equally perſecuted by the philoſophers in Holland, who did not underſtand it more than the former; and who, as they beheld his credit from a nearer point of view, for that very reaſon hated his perſon more: he was therefore obliged to leave Utrecht. He underwent the accuſation of atheiſm, the laſt reſource of calumny; and the man who had employed all the efforts of his natural ſagacity to find out new proofs of the being of a God, was accuſed of denying his exiſtence. So many perſecutions neceſſarily ſuppoſed an extraordinary ſhare of merit and reputation: and he was well known to enjoy a great ſhare of both. Reaſon began to make ſome ſmall progreſs in the world, and to penetrate the fogs and darkneſs of the ſchools, as well as to thin the mazes of popular prejudices. His name, at length, made ſuch a noiſe, that it was propoſed to engage him to return into France, by rewarding him according to his merit. He was offered a penſion of a thouſand crowns. In hopes of this, he actually re-

returned, payed the charge of the patent, was diſappointed of his penſion, and went back to philoſophize in the ſolitudes of North Holland; whilſt the great Galileo, at the age of fourſcore, groaned away his days in the dungeons of the Inquiſition, becauſe he had demonſtrated, by irrefragable proofs, the motion of the earth. At length our philoſopher ended his life ſuddenly at Stockholm, his premature death being occaſioned by a bad regimen, in the preſence of ſome of the learned, who were his enemies, and in the management of certain phyſicians, who bore him a mortal antipathy.

The career of Sir Iſaac Newton was intirely different from his: his life, which laſted till near fourſcore, was attended throughout with a happy tranquility, honoured and eſteemed by his country. It was his great good fortune not only to be born in a free country, but in an age too in which all the fooleries of the ſchools had been baniſhed, and reaſon alone was cultivated: thus mankind were more diſpoſed to become his ſcholars than his enemies.

There is one very ſingular difference between his fortune and that of Deſcartes; which is this, that, in the courſe of ſo long a life, he was intirely free from the tyranny of paſſion, as he was from any kind of failing. He never had the leaſt commerce with any woman; a circumſtance of which I have been aſſured by the phyſician and ſurgeon in whoſe hands he died: in this we ought certainly to admire Newton, yet without blaming a contrary conduct in Deſcartes.

The public opinion in England, with regard to the two philoſophers we are now ſpeaking of,

is, that the former was properly no more than a dreamer, whilſt the other was a true ſage. There are very few in London who read Deſcartes, whoſe works are, in effect, grown perfectly uſeleſs: there are alſo few who read Newton; but this is owing to its requiring much learning to be able to comprehend him. Yet every body talks of them; and whilſt the Frenchman ſtands excluded from any kind of reſpect or admiration, no praiſes are thought too high for the merit of the Engliſh philoſopher. Some folks imagine, that the exploding that odd notion of the horrors of a *vacuum*, the diſcovery of the weight and ſpring of the atmoſphere, and the invention of teleſcopes, are all of them owing to the ſagacity of Newton: in ſhort, he is in this country a ſecond fabulous Hercules, to whoſe ſingle valour the ignorant have aſcribed the exploits of all the others.

In a critique publiſhed in London on Fontenelle's diſcourſe, they have the boldneſs to aſſert, that Deſcartes is no geometrician. Thoſe who talk in this manner may be juſtly accuſed of turning againſt their benefactor. Deſcartes has made full as great a progreſs, from the point in which he found geometry to that to which he has carried it, as Newton has done after him. He is the firſt who taught the manner of finding the algebraic equation of curves. His geometry, which has, thanks to him for it, become ſo common ſince his time, was then thought ſo very deep, that no profeſſor would take upon him to explain it; and there was no one in France, but Fermat, or in all the United Provinces, beſides Schouten, who underſtood it. He carried this geometrical and inventive genius with him

into the ſtudy of dioptrics, which became an art intirely new in his hands; and if he has made conſiderable miſtakes, it is becauſe they who diſcover new countries cannot be ſuppoſed, at the firſt, to be alike thoroughly acquainted with every part of it. They who have followed him in it, owe him at leaſt the obligation of the diſcovery. At the ſame time, I am far from aſſerting that there are not abundance of miſtakes in Deſcartes.

Geometry was a guide, which he had formed in ſome meaſure himſelf, and which would have conducted him with great certainty in his reſearches in phyſics: but at laſt, abandoning this guide, he was bewildered in the mazes of ſyſtem, which he adopted. From this time forwards his philoſophy became no other than an ingenious romance, and, at beſt, probable only in the eyes of thoſe ignorant philoſophers who were his contemporaries. He was miſtaken with reſpect to the ſoul, the laws of motion, and the doctrine of light and colour. He admitted innate ideas, invented new elements, created a world, and made man after his own fancy; ſo that it was ſaid, with great juſtice, that man, as made by Deſcartes, was a perfect original, wholly different from that formed by God Almighty. He carried his metaphyſical miſtakes ſo very far as to pretend that two and two make four, becauſe it was the will and pleaſure of God it ſhould be ſo; but I think I need hardly fear the imputation of partiality in ſaying, that his very wanderings have ſomewhat amiable. It is true, he was deceived; but it was, at leaſt, according to method, and his errors were the fruit of conſequences very juſtly drawn from their premiſes.

If he invented new chimeras in phyſics, we muſt at the ſame time acknowledge that he deſtroyed the antient ones, and that he taught his contemporaries to reaſon, and even to fight him at his own weapons. In ſhort, if he has not always paid in ſterling coin, we owe him the obligation of having put down the bad.

Deſcartes beſtowed one eye on the blind, which enabled them to diſcover the blunders of antiquity as well as his own: the road he laid open is, ſince his time, become infinitely frequented. Rohault's little book was formerly deemed a complete ſyſtem of phyſics: at this day, all the collections of the ſeveral academies of Europe do not form what may be called a good introduction to this ſcience. By dint of ſounding this abyſs, we have at laſt diſcovered it to be bottomleſs, and really infinite.

On NEWTON.

NEWTON was firſt intended for the church. He ſet out with the ſtudy of divinity, and retained a tincture of it to his dying day. He very ſeriouſly adopted the cauſe of Arius againſt Athanaſius, and even went farther than he, as all the Socinians actually do. There are at preſent a great many of the learned of this opinion; I ſhall not venture to ſay of this communion, as they make no diſtinct body. They are, moreover, divided amongſt themſelves; and ſeveral of them have brought their ſyſtem to pure Deiſm, to which they have adapted the morality

of Jeſus Chriſt. Newton was by no means of the number of theſe latter, and differed from the Engliſh church only on the point of Conſubſtantiation, being orthodox in all the reſt.

A proof of the ſincerity of his faith, is his writing a commentary on the Revelations. Here he finds it clear, to a demonſtration, that the pope is Antichriſt, and explains the reſt of this book exactly as the other commentators have done. Poſſibly he meant, by this commentary, to conſole the reſt of the human race for the great ſuperiority he had over them. There are ſeveral who, having read the little treatiſe of Metaphyſics which Newton has placed at the end of his *Principia Mathematica*, have met with ſomewhat full as obſcure as the Apocalypſe. Metaphyſicians and theologians are much like thoſe kind of gladiators who were obliged to fight hood-winked. But when Newton worked with the bandage removed from his eyes on his mathetics, his ſight pierced to the utmoſt limits of nature.

He invented the calculation of infinites; he has diſcovered and demonſtrated a new principle, which ſets the univerſe in motion. Light was wholly unknown before his time. There were only confuſed and falſe ideas of it, till Newton pronounced the moſt admirable *fiat*, and ſaid, *Let light be known, and light was known.*

He was the inventor of reflecting teleſcopes; and the firſt that ever was ſeen was the work of his own hands. He likewiſe demonſtrated the reaſon why the power and focus of common teleſcopes are not to be augmented. It was owing to this new teleſcope that a German took Newton for a mechanic, that is, for a ſpectacle-

ſpectacle-maker. *Artifex quidam nomine Newton*, ſays he, in ſome paultry book. But poſterity has ſince ſufficiently revenged the affront. He had ſtill greater injuſtice done him in France, where he was held as a blundering trier of experiments; and becauſe Mariotte made uſe of falſe priſms, the diſcoveries of Newton were exploded.

He was admired by his countrymen as ſoon as he had publiſhed and proved the truth of his theory by his new-invented inſtruments; but it was forty years before he was properly known in France. But to make amends, we had the fluted and ramoſe matter of Deſcartes, the little ſoft vortices of the reverend father Mallebranche, and the ſyſtem of M. Privat de Moliere, which is yet much inferior in value to the works of Poquelin de Moliere.

There is no one of thoſe who were in the leaſt acquainted with cardinal Polignac, who has not heard him ſay a number of times, that Newton was certainly a Peripatetic, and that his coloured rays and his attraction bordered very near on atheiſm. Cardinal de Polignac joined to all thoſe advantages he had received from nature, a very great ſhare of eloquence: he compoſed verſes in Latin with a ſurpriſing and a happy facility; but he knew no other philoſophy than that of Deſcartes, all of whoſe arguments he had retained, juſt like ſo many dates. He was not yet become a geometrician, and nature had not formed him for a philoſopher. He was an excellent judge of Catiline's Conſpiracy, or of an Æneis; but by no means fit to decide on the merits of a Locke or a Newton.

When one conſiders that Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Leibnitz, would have been perſe-

cuted in France, impriſoned at Rome, and burned at Lisbon, what are we to think of human reaſon? One would ſwear it was a native of England in the preſent age at leaſt. In the time of queen Mary there was a violent perſecution, on account of the proper way of pronouncing Greek, in which the perſecutors were, as uſual, in the wrong. They who put Galileo into the inquiſition were ſtill more ſo; and every inquiſitor ought to bluſh, from the bottom of his ſoul, at the ſight of the ſphere of Copernicus. Notwithſtanding, had Newton been born in Portugal, and a Dominican friar happened to have diſcovered a hereſy in his inverted ratio of the ſquares of the diſtances of the planets, Sir Iſaac Newton had certainly walked in proceſſion in his *ſanbenito* * at ſome *Auto de Fe*.

It has been often asked, how it comes to paſs that they who, by their function, ought to be learned and humane, have ſo commonly proved, to the laſt degree, ignorant and implacable? Their ignorance was wholly owing to their having ſtudied too cloſely, and too much; and their unrelenting cruelty was occaſioned by the conſciouſneſs, that their wretched learning was the juſt object of the contempt of true philoſophers. Notwithſtanding, thoſe very inquiſitors, who had the effrontery to condemn the ſyſtem of Copernicus, not only as heretical but as abſurd, had not the ſmalleſt grounds of apprehenſion from that ſyſtem. Although the

* This is a corruption of *ſacco benito*, the ſackcloth worn by penitents in the primitive church. It is now the name given to the ſcapulary, or broad piece of cloth marked with the ſign of the Croſs, put upon convicted heretics when they are brought from the Inquiſition to the ſtake.

earth

earth performed her annual revolution round the ſun, together with the reſt of the planets; the church would, for all that, have enjoyed both her revenues and her dignities. Even the eccleſiaſtical dogmas are in perfect ſafety, when impugned only by philoſophers: all the academies under the cope of heaven are not able, with their utmoſt efforts, to make the ſmalleſt revolution in the common creed of a nation, let its tenets be ever ſo abſurd. From what ſource, then, ariſes this pious rage, which has ſo often inflamed the Anitus's againſt the Socrates's? It is becauſe the Anitus's are conſcious, that they merit and enjoy the ſovereign contempt of the Socrates's.

I had a notion in my younger days, that Newton had made his fortune by his extraordinary merit. I made no doubt that both court and city at London had created him, with one common conſent, chief manager and ſupreme director of the coin of the kingdom. I was herein greatly miſtaken; Sir Iſaac Newton had a pretty niece, called Mrs. Conduite, who had the good fortune to pleaſe the lord high treaſurer † Halifax. Had it not been for this handſome niece, his doctrine of gravitation and *infiniteſimalis*, had been wholly uſeleſs to him, and he might have ſtarved with all his talents.

† The earl of Halifax was chancellor of the Exchequer.

ON CHRONOLOGY,

AS REFORMED BY NEWTON,

Who makes the World younger than the common æra by five hundred years.

I Come now to take notice of another work, more within the reach of the human mind; but which, notwithſtanding, diſcovers that creative genius that Mr. Newton diſplayed in all his productions. This is his ſyſtem of Chronology, which is wholly new; for he appears to have been fated, in whatever ſubject he engaged, to make a total revolution, in the common received opinions of the reſt of mankind. Accuſtomed as he was to bring order out of confuſion, and to fetch beauty and regularity from the chaos of opinions he examined, he engaged in this work with a view to throw light upon thoſe remote parts of hiſtory, where fables and facts lay jumbled together, and to fix and aſcertain a very doubtful chronology. One thing is paſt all manner of doubt, that there is ſcarce a family, city, or nation, which does not endeavour, by all poſſible means, to carry their original as far back into antiquity as may be. Beſides, the firſt hiſtorians are generally the leaſt exact in fixing the dates of tranſactions. Books were then a thouſand times ſcarcer than at preſent, and conſequently were leſs obnoxious to criticiſm; they impoſed on mankind with greater impunity: and as it is unqueſtionable that facts have frequently

quently been forged, it is more than probable that dates have been ſo likewiſe. Upon the whole, it appeared to Mr. Newton, that the world was younger by five hundred years than the accounts of the chronologers make it. He grounds his conjecture on the common courſe of nature, and on aſtronomical obſervations.

What is here meant by the common courſe of nature, is the duration of each generation of men. The Egyptians were the firſt that made uſe of this vague way of computation, in their accounts of the firſt periods in their hiſtory. They reckoned three hundred and forty-one generations from Menes to Sethon; and having no fixed dates, they reckoned three generations made up the ſpace of one hundred years. Thus, from the reign of Menes to that of Sethon, they computed eleven thouſand three hundred and forty years. The Greeks, before the inſtitution of the Olympiads, followed the ſame method of computation with the Egyptians, and ſomewhat augmented the duration of each generation, by valuing each at about forty years. Now both Greeks and Egyptians were moſt egregiouſly out by this method of calculation. It is true, according to the common courſe of nature, three generations make pretty nearly from one hundred to ſix-ſcore years; but it is far from following from hence that three reigns make up this number of years. Thus a man, who ſhould ſet about writing a hiſtory, without the aſſiſtance of fixed epochas, and having learned that in ſuch a nation there had been a ſeries of nine kings, would err conſiderably in allowing three hundred years for thoſe nine kings. Each generation is about thirty years, and each reign

about twenty, one with another. If we take the thirty kings who have reigned in England from William the Conqueror to George I. their reigns will be found to amount to ſix hundred and forty-eight years, which, divided by thirty, the number of thoſe kings, will allow about one and twenty years and a half for each reign. This is properly the common courſe of nature. The ancients were therefore deceived in making the duration of reigns and that of generations to be generally equal; they have conſequently over reckoned themſelves, ſo that there is a neceſſity to retrench this computation a little.

Aſtronomical obſervations ſeem to yield our philoſopher ſtill greater aid. He fights to advantage on his ground. The earth, you know, beſides its annual motion which whirls it round the ſun from Weſt to Eaſt in the ſpace of a year, has likewiſe a peculiar revolution altogether unknown till theſe latter ages. Its poles have a very ſlow retrograde motion from Eaſt to Weſt, ſo that its poſition is every day changed with regard to the heavens. This yearly change of poſition, though inſenſible, becomes conſiderable in time, ſo as in ſeventy-two years to amount to one degree; that is to ſay, the three hundredth and ſixtieth part of the heavens. Hence, in the ſpace of ſeventy-two years the vernal equinoctial colure, which, in the beginning of that period, paſſed through a certain fixed ſtar, will at the end of it paſs through a different fixed ſtar. From this it follows that the ſun, inſtead of being in that part of the heavens where the ram was placed in the time of Hipparchus, is found to correſpond to that part of the heavens where the conſtellation of the Bull

is

is ſituated, and the Twins have ſucceeded to the place in which the Bull then was. All the ſigns have changed places; notwithſtanding we have retained the way of ſpeaking aſſumed by the ancients. We ſay, for inſtance, that the ſun in the ſpring is in the Ram, by the ſame complaiſance by which we ſay the ſun moves.

Hipparchus was the firſt of the Greeks who perceived that ſome change happened in the conſtellations with regard to the equinoxes, or rather learned this circumſtance of the Egyptians. Their philoſophers attributed this motion to the ſtars, for at that time of day they were very far from imagining any ſuch revolution in the earth. It was believed by them wholly immoveable: they therefore created a heaven, in which they ſtuck all the fixed ſtars, and this heaven they gave a particular motion, which cauſed it to advance towards the Eaſt, whilſt all the ſtars ſeemed to have a daily revolution from Eaſt to Weſt. To this error they added a ſecond, which was much more conſequential. They believed that this imaginary heaven of the fixed ſtars advanced one degree towards the Eaſt in a hundred years. Thus they were miſtaken in their aſtronomical calculations, as well as in their ſyſtem of the univerſe: for inſtance, an aſtronomer would then have ſaid that the vernal equinox was in the time of ſuch an obſerver, in ſuch a ſign, and in ſuch a fixed ſtar. He has made a progreſs of two degrees from that obſervator to our time: now, two degrees are equal to two hundred years; therefore it follows, that this obſervator muſt have lived two hundred years before us. It is certain that an aſtronomer who ſhould have reaſoned in this manner, would

have been wrong by about fifty years. This is then the reaſon why the ancient aſtronomers, thus doubly deceived, made their great year of the world (that is to ſay, of the revolution of the whole heavens) to conſiſt of about thirty-ſix thouſand years. But the moderns know, that this imaginary revolution of the ſtarry heavens, is no more than the revolution of the poles of the earth, which it performs in twenty-five thouſand nine hundred years. It will be proper to obſerve by-the-by, that Mr. Newton, in determining the figure of the earth, has very happily explained this revolution.

All this being laid down, it remains, in order to aſcertain chronology to ſee at what fixed ſtar the equinoxial colure now cuts the ecliptic in the ſpring, and to know whether ſome of the ancients may not have informed us in what point the ecliptic was cut in his time by the ſame equinoxial colure. Clemens Alexandrinus relates, that Chiron, who was in the expedition of the Argonauts, obſerved the conſtellations in the time of that famous expedition, and fixed the vernal equinox in the middle of the Bear, the autumnal equinox in the middle of the Balance, our ſummer ſolſtice in the middle of Cancer, and the winter ſolſtice in the middle of Capricorn.

A long time after the expedition of the Argonauts, and a year before the Peloponneſian war, Meton obſerved that the point of the ſummer ſolſtice paſſed through the ſixth degree of Cancer.

Now each ſign in the Zodiac conſiſts of thirty degrees. In the time of Chiron the ſolſtice was in the middle of the ſign, that is to ſay, in its fifteenth degree; a year before the Peloponneſian war, it was in the eighth degree; it had there-

fore

fore been retrograde ſeven degrees; a degree then being then equal to ſeventy-two years, it follows that from the beginning of the Peloponneſian war to the expedition of the Argonauts, there are but ſeven times ſeventy-two, which makes five hundred and four years, and not ſeven hundred years as the Greeks ſay.

Thus, by comparing the ſtate of the heavens at this day to the ſtate in which it then was, we ſee the expedition of the Argonauts ought to have been placed nine hundred and nine years before Jeſus Chriſt, and not about fourteen hundred years, and that conſequently the world is younger by about five hundred years than was commonly imagined.

By this means all the epochas are brought nearer to us, and every tranſaction is made to happen later than they are ſaid to have been. This ſyſtem ſeems to me to be true, tho' I dare not take upon me to ſay whether it will be adopted by the multitude, or whether men will hence be brought to reform the vulgar chronology. The learned may poſſibly be of opinion, that it would be doing too much honour to one and the ſame perſon to allow him to have perfected phyſics, geometry, and hiſtory; this would be a kind of univerſal monarchy in literature, which ſelf-love will not eaſily put up with. Thus, whilſt the partizans of vortices and fluted matter attacked gravitation, which had been already demonſtrated, the reverend father Souciet and Mr. Freret were writing againſt Newton's chronology before it was printed.

N. B. The chapters on light and attraction have been retrenched here, but will be found in that part of this edition which treats on philoſophy, which is their proper place.

ON THE

ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

THE Engliſh had a regular theatre, as well as the Spaniards, whilſt the French had as yet but booths. Shakeſpear, whom the Engliſh conſider as another Sophocles, flouriſhed about the time of Lopez de Vega: he was properly the creator of their theatre. His genius was at once ſtrong and abundant, natural and ſublime, but without the ſmalleſt ſpark of taſte, and void of the remoteſt idea of the rules. I will venture to tell you a bold, but yet undoubted truth; which is, that the merit of this author has been the ruin of the Engliſh ſtage: there are in him ſcenes ſo perfectly beautiful, and paſſages ſo very full of the great and terrible, ſpread up and down thoſe monſtrous farces of his which they have chriſtened tragedies, that his pieces have always been played with prodigious ſucceſs. Time, which alone is capable of eſtabliſhing the reputation of authors, ſerves at length to conſecrate their very defects. The greateſt part of thoſe extravagant paſſages, and of that bombaſt which abounds in his works, have, in the courſe of an hundred and fifty years, acquired a kind of title to paſs for the true ſublime. Their modern authors are, generally ſpeaking, no more than copiers of him, though what ſucceeded in *Shakeſpear* is hiſſed in them; and you know the veneration they entertain for this author increaſes in proportion to their contempt of the moderns. They never

once

once reflect that it is abſurd to pretend to imitate him; and it is wholly owing to the ill ſucceſs of thoſe copiers, and not to their want of capacity, that he is thought inimitable.

You know that in the tragedy of the Moor of Venice, a very intereſting piece, a huſband ſmothers his wife on the ſtage, and the poor woman dies aſſerting her innocence. You are not ignorant that in Hamlet a couple of grave-diggers dig a grave upon the ſtage, ſinging and drinking at their work, and paſſing the low jokes common to theſe ſort of people, on the ſkulls they throw up: but what will moſt aſtoniſh you, is, that theſe fooleries have been imitated.

In the reign of Charles the Second, which was the reign of politeneſs, and the æra of the fine arts, Otway, in his *Venice Preſerved*, introduced the ſenator *Antonio*, and his courtezan *Aquilina*, in the midſt of the horrors of *Bedemar*'s conſpiracy; the old ſenator plays all the monkey-tricks, on the ſtage, of an old impotent crazy letcher. He mimicks by turns a bull, and a dog, and he bites his miſtreſs's legs, who alternately whips and kicks him. Theſe buffooneries, however, calculated to pleaſe the rabble, have ſince been omitted in the repreſentation of this piece; but in *Julius Cæſar*, the idle jeſts of Roman ſhoemakers and coblers are ſtill introduced on the ſtage with Caſſius and Brutus.

You will, no doubt, lament that thoſe who have hitherto ſpoken to you of the Engliſh ſtage, and particularly of the celebrated Shakeſpear, have only pointed out his errors, and that no one has tranſlated thoſe ſtriking paſſages

in

in this great man which attone for all his faults. To this I ſhall anſwer, that it is very eaſy to recount in proſe the abſurdities of a poet, but very difficult to tranſlate his fine verſes; thoſe who ſet themſelves up for critics of celebrated writers generally compile volumes; but I had rather read two pages which diſcover only their beauties; for I ſhall always concur with all men of taſte in this opinion, that there is more to be learnt in a dozen verſes of Homer or Virgil, than in all the criticiſms on thoſe great men.

I have ventured to tranſlate ſome paſſages of the beſt Engliſh poets, and I begin with one of Shakeſpear's.—Be indulgent to the copy, in honor to the original; and always remember, that when you ſee a tranſlation, you perceive only a faint copy of a fine picture. I have ſelected the ſoliloquy in the tragedy of Hamlet, which is univerſally known, and begins with this line:

To be, or not to be! that is the queſtion!

It is Hamlet prince of Denmark who ſpeaks.

Demeure, il faut choiſir, & paſſer à l'inſtant
De la vie à la mort, ou de l'être au néant.
Dieux juſtes, s'il en eſt, éclairez mon courage.
Faut-il vieillir courbé ſous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter, ou finir mon malheur & mon ſort?
Qui ſuis-je? Que m'arrête? Et qu'eſt-ce que la mort?
C'eſt la fin de nos maux, c'eſt mon unique azile;
Après de longs tranſports, c'eſt un ſommeil tranquile.
On s'endort, & tout meurt; mais un affreux réveil
Doit ſuccéder peut-être aux douceurs du ſommeil.
On nous menace, on dit, que cette courte vie
De tourmens éternels eſt auſſi-tôt ſuivie.
O mort!

O mort! moment fatal! affreuſe éternité!
Tout cœur à ton ſeul nom ſe glace épouvanté.
Eh! qui pourrait ſans toi ſupporter cette vie?
De nos Prêtres menteurs bénir l'hypocriſie?
D'une indigne maîtreſſe encenſer les erreurs?
Ramper ſous un Miniſtre, adorer ſes hauteurs?
Et montrer les langueurs de ſon ame abattue,
A des amis ingrats, qui détournent la vue?
La mort ſerait trop douce en ces extrémités.
Mais le ſcrupule parle, & nous crie, Arrêtez.
Il défend à nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un Héros guerrier, fait un Chrétien timide.

Do not imagine that I have given you the Engliſh word for word;—woe be to thoſe literal tranſlators, who, by rendering every ſingle word, enervate the ſenſe! It is in this caſe that we may truly ſay, "The letter kills, and the ſpirit revives."*

I ſhall now give you a paſſage from the famous Dryden, an Engliſh poet who flouriſhed in the reign of Charles the Second; an author more fertile than judicious, who would have preſerved an unblemiſhed reputation, if he had wrote only the tenth part of his works.

The paſſage begins thus:

When I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd by hope, men favour the deceit, &c.

De deſſeins en regrets, & d'erreurs en déſirs,
Les mortels inſensés proménent leur folie,

* Were this paraphraſe tranſlated literally, an Engliſh reader would ſcarcely recognize in it any traces of the original. It muſt be owned, however, that M. de Voltaire has avoided the confuſion of metaphors which is to be found in Shakeſpear.

Dans

Dans des malheurs préſens, dans l'eſpoir des plaiſirs.
Nous ne vivons jamais, nous attendons la vie.
Demain, demain, dit-on, va combler tous nos vœux.
Demain vient, & nous laiſſe encor plus malheureux.
Quelle eſt l'erreur, hélas! du ſoin qui nous dévore?
Nul de nous ne voudrait recommencer ſon cours.
De nos premiers momens nous maudiſſons l'aurore,
Et de la nuit qui vient, nous attendons encore
Ce qu'ont en vain promis les plus beaux de nos jours, &c.

It is in theſe detached ſentences that the Engliſh tragedies have hitherto excelled: Their pieces, almoſt always barbarous, void of decency, order, and probability, have yet, amidſt this night of darkneſs, their ſplendid days of light: their ſtile is too ſtiff, too unnatural, too much copied from the Hebrew writers, and too full of Aſiatic bombaſt; but then the mind is tranſported to an amazing height, ſoaring on the pinions of the metaphorical ſtile which adorns the Engliſh language.

It ſometimes ſeems as if nature were not the ſame in England as elſewhere. This ſame Dryden, in his farce of Don Sebaſtian king of Portugal, which he calls a tragedy, makes an officer give the following reply to that monarch:

LE ROI SEBASTIEN.

Ne me connais-tu pas, traitre, inſolent!

DORAX.

Qui moi?
Je te connais fort bien, mais non pas pour mon Roi.

Tu

Tu n'es plus dans Liſbonne, où ta Cour mépriſable
Nourriſſait de ton cœur l'orgueil inſuportable.
Un tas d'illuſtres ſots & de fripons titrés,
Et de gueux du bel air & d'eſclaves dorés,
Chatouillait ton oreille & faſcinait ta vue ;
On t'entourait en cercle ainſi qu'une ſtatue.
Quand tu diſais un mot, chacun le cou tendu,
S'empreſſait d'applaudir ſans t'avoir entendu ;
Et ce troupeau ſervile admirait en ſilence
Ta royale ſottiſe & ta noble arrogance :
Mais te voilà réduit à ta juſte valeur. . . .

SEBASTIAN.

——Be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

DORAX.

Too well I know thee, but for king no more :
This is not Liſbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a ſtatue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By ſycophants and fools, the growth of courts.
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhould catch, and firſt applaud
The ſtuff, or royal nonſenſe.

This ſpeech is in the Engliſh taſte ; and the whole piece is full of buffoonery : How ſhall we reconcile, ſay our critics, ſo much good ſenſe with ſuch abſurdity, ſo much meanneſs with ſuch ſublimity of expreſſion ? Nothing ſo eaſy ; let it be remembered, that they were wrote by men. The Spaniſh ſtage has all the faults of the Engliſh, without its beauties ; and, in reality, what were the Greek authors ? what Euripides, who, in the ſame piece, paints ſo affecting, ſo noble a picture of Alceſtes ſacrifi-

cing

cing herſelf to the manes of her huſband, and puts into the mouth of Admetes and his father ſuch groſs puerilities, that have puzzled even his commentators? A reader muſt have great patience and fortitude not to find Homer's ſleepy fit ſometimes a little tedious, and his dreams inſipid?—It will require many ages to purify good taſte.—Virgil among the Romans, Racine among the French, were the firſt who always preſerved a purity of taſte in capital pieces.

Addiſon was the firſt Engliſhman who wrote a rational tragedy; but I ſhould pity him if he had only made it barely rational. His tragedy of Cato is wrote from the beginning to the end with that maſterly and energic elegance of which Corneille firſt gave us ſuch fine examples in his unequal ſtile. It appears to me that this piece is adapted to an audience ſomewhat philoſophic, and very republican. I much doubt if our young ladies and petits-maîtres would have reliſhed Cato in his night-gown, reading Plato's dialogues, and making reflections on the immortality of the ſoul: but thoſe who ſoar above the cuſtoms, the prejudices, and the foibles of their own nation, who are of every age, and of every country, thoſe who prefer philoſophic grandeur to ſoft tales of love, will be pleaſed to find here a copy, though an imperfect one, of that ſublime ſcene.—It ſeems as if Addiſon, in this fine ſoliloquy, aimed at rivalling Shakeſpear. I will tranſlate the one as I did the other; I mean, with that freedom without which we are too apt to wander from the original, by endeavouring at too cloſe an imitation. The ground-work is faithfully pourtrayed, I ſhall only add a few ſhades. Not being

ing able to equal him, I muſt attempt to improve upon him.

Oui, Platon, tu dis vrai, notre ame eſt immortelle.
C'eſt un Dieu qui lui parle, un Dieu qui vit en elle.
Eh! d'où viendrait ſans lui ſe grand preſſentiment;
Ce dégout des faux biens, cette horreur du néant?
Vers des ſiécles ſans fin je ſens que tu m'entraines.
Du monde & de mes ſens je vai briſer les chaines,
Et m'ouvrir loin d'un corps dan la fange arrêté
Les portes de la vie & de l'éternité.
L'éternité! quel mot conſolant & terrible!
O luniére! O nuage! O profondeur horrible!
Que ſuis-je? où ſuis-je? où vai-je! & d'où ſuis-je tiré?
Dans quels climats nouveaux, dans quel monde ignoré,
Le moment du trépas va-t-il plonger mon être?
Où ſera cet eſprit qui ne peut ſe connaître?
Que me préparez-vous, abîmes ténébreux?
Allons, s'il eſt un Dieu, Caton doit être heureux.
Il eſt un ſans doute, & je ſuis ſon ouvrage.
Lui-méme au cœur du juſte il empreint ſon image.
Il doit venger ſa cauſe & punir les pervers.
Mais comment! dans quel tems? & dans quel Univers?
Ici la vertu pleure, & l'audace l'opprime;
L'innocence à genoux y tend la gorge au crime;
La fortune y domine, & tout y ſuit ſon char.
Ce globe infortuné fut formé pour Céſar.
Hâtons nous de ſortir d'une priſon funeſte.
Je te verrai ſans ombre, ò vérité téleſte!
Tu te caches de nous dans nos jours de ſommeil:
Cette vie eſt un ſonge, & la mort un réveil.

In

In this tragedy of a patriot and philoſopher, the character of Cato appears to me to be one of the moſt complete that ever appeared on any ſtage: The Cato of Addiſon is, in my opinion, greatly ſuperior to the Cornelia of Pierre Corneille, for he is continually great without oſtentation; and the part of Cornelia, beſides being an unneceſſary one, is in many places too declamatory: ſhe would always be the heroine, and Cato never perceives that he is the hero.

It is a great pity that ſo fine a piece ſhould not be a complete tragedy: unconnected ſcenes, which often leave the ſtage empty, injudicious and tedious apart or *aſide* ſpeeches, cold and inſipid amours, a conſpiracy quite foreign to the piece, a certain Sempronius diſguſted and killed on the ſtage; all theſe put together render the celebrated tragedy * of Cato a performance that our comedians would never venture to preſent, even if we were of the ſame way of thinking as the Romans, or the Engliſh themſelves. The barbariſm and irregularity of the theatre at London made an impreſſion on Addiſon's better judgment: methinks, I ſee in him the Czar Peter, who, in reforming the Ruſſians, ſtill retained ſome prejudices of his education, and of the manners of his country.

The cuſtom of introducing love, right or wrong, into dramatic works, paſſed over from Paris to London about the year 1660, with our ribbons and perukes. The ladies, who there as well as here embelliſh the theatre, would no

* After all, the tragedy of Cato is a cold, declamatory piece, which owed its great ſucceſs upon the ſtage to the circumſtances of the time at which it was exhibited.

longer

longer ſuffer any other but love-ſcenes on the ſtage. The ſage Addiſon had the effeminate complaiſance to bend the ſeverity of his character to the manners of his time, and ſpoiled a maſter-piece to comply with the reigning mode.

Since his time the pieces are become more regular, the people more difficult, and the authors more timid. I have ſeen very decent, but very flat, modern compoſitions: it ſeems as if the Engliſh poets had hitherto been born to produce only irregular beauties.

The poetic genius of the Engliſh reſembles, at this day, a ſpreading tree planted by nature, ſhooting forth at random a thouſand branches, and growing with unequal ſtrength: it dies if you force its nature, or ſhape it into a regular tree, fit for the gardens of Marly.

ON THE

ENGLISH COMEDY.

IF in moſt of the Engliſh tragedies the heroes are aukward and the heroines extravagant, in return the ſtile is more natural in comedy; but then this ſtile would appear to us rather the ſtile of debauchery than of politeneſs: it diſtinguiſhes every thing by its proper name; a woman, enraged at her lover, wiſhes him the pox; a drunkard, in a piece that is very often performed, is diſguiſed like a prieſt, makes a great riot, and is arreſted by the watch: he calls himſelf a Curate; he is aſked what cure he has; and

and he replies, An excellent one for the..... In one of the moſt decent comedies, The Careleſs Huſband, this huſband is repreſented having his head rubbed by a ſervant-maid, who is ſeated by his ſide: his wife enters, and exclaims —To what power may one not arrive by being a whore! Some Cynics juſtify theſe groſs expreſſions, and quote the example of Horace, who deſcribes, by their proper names, all the parts of the human body, and all the pleaſures they give. Theſe are images that ſucceed with us only when properly veiled; but Horace, who ſeemed made for the ſtews as well as for the court, and who perfectly underſtood the cuſtoms of both, ſpeaks as freely of the way of a man with a maid, as if he was deſcribing a walk, or a collation. It has been obſerved, that the Romans, in the days of Auguſtus, were as polite as the Pariſians are at preſent; and that this very Horace, who praiſes the emperor Auguſtus for reforming the manners, complied, without ſcruple, with the cuſtoms of the times, which permitted the promiſcuous uſe of girls and boys, and of the proper names of things. Strange it is (if any thing can be ſaid to be ſo) that Horace, while ſpeaking the language of a debauchee, ſhould be the favourite of a reformer; and that Ovid, for ſpeaking only the language of gallantry, ſhould be exiled by a debauchee, an impoſtor, an aſſaſſin, called Octavius, who acquired the empire by crimes which merited death.

However this be, Bayle pretends that expreſſions are indifferent, in which he, the Cynics, and the Stoics, deceive themſelves; for every thing has different names which repreſent it

under different aſpects, and afford different ideas of it. The words "magiſtrate and lawyer, gentleman and 'ſquire, officer and ſharper, monk and friar," have not the ſame ſignification. The conſummation of marriage, and every thing that contributes to the completion of this great work, will be differently expreſſed by the parſon, the huſband, the phyſician, and the rake. The word the latter of theſe would make uſe of would awaken the idea of pleaſure, the terms the phyſician would explain himſelf in would put you in mind of a dead body, the huſband would make that underſtood with decency which the young libertine had deſcribed immodeſtly, and the parſon would attempt to give you the idea of a ſacrament. Words then are not in themſelves indifferent; for they are not ſynonimous.

It muſt further be conſidered, that tho' the Romans permitted theſe groſs expreſſions in ſatires, which were read but by a few people, they never ſuffered indecent words on the ſtage; for, as La Fontaine ſays, "Chaſte are the ears, although the eyes are wanton." In a word, no expreſſion ſhould be made uſe of in public, which a modeſt woman would be aſhamed to repeat.

The Engliſh have ſtolen, diſguiſed, and mangled, moſt of Moliere's plays. They attempted to make a *Tartuffe*. It was impoſſible that this ſubject ſhould ſucceed at London, becauſe the portrait of a ſtranger affords very little pleaſure. One of the bleſſings of the Engliſh nation is, that ſhe has no *Tartuffes* *:

* Our author is very much miſtaken if he thinks there are no religious hypocrites in England.

to have hypocrites, it is neceſſary to have bigots; but the name of bigot is almoſt unknown there, while that of an honeſt man is common. He ſees no dotards committing to others the care of their ſouls; no petty tyrants eſtabliſhing a deſpotic empire, in ſome quarter of the city, over a ſet of ſuperannuated females, who were once coquets, and always weak; and over men ſtill more weak and deſpicable. Philoſophy, liberty, and the climate, lead the way to miſanthropy. London, which has no *Tartuffes*, abounds with Timons. The *Plain Dealer* is one of the beſt Engliſh comedies: it was wrote at the time when Charles II. and his ſplendid court, were endeavouring to laugh away the ſettled gloom that had overſpread the nation. Wycherly, the author of this comedy, was the profeſſed admirer of the ducheſs of Cleveland, the king's miſtreſs. This man, who paſſed his life in the gay world, as it is called, painted its follies and abſurdities in the ſtrongeſt colours. The ſtrokes are bolder in Wycherly's piece than in Moliere's; but they are not ſo delicate, nor ſo refined. The Engliſh author has corrected the only fault in Moliere's piece, the want of plot and intrigue: the Engliſh comedy is intereſting, the intrigue is ingenious, but too bold for our manners.

A captain of a ſhip, of diſtinguiſhed courage and frankneſs, and a profeſſed deſpiſer of mankind, has a ſincere and prudent friend whom he miſtruſts, and a miſtreſs, by whom he is tenderly beloved, whom he ſlights: whilſt he places all his confidence in a falſe friend, the moſt unworthy of men; and gives his heart to a jilt, the moſt perfidious of her ſex.

He

He believes, however, that this woman is a Penelope, and this falſe friend a Cato: he ſets out on an expedition againſt the Dutch, and leaves all his money, jewels, and other effects, in the hands of this woman to the care of this friend he ſo firmly relies on; while the true friend, whom he miſtruſts, embarks with him, and the lady, to whom he has not deigned to pay the leaſt regard, diſguiſes herſelf in the habit of a page, and performs the voyage with him, without diſcovering her ſex the whole time.

The captain's ſhip being blown up in an engagement, he returns to London in the utmoſt diſtreſs, accompanied by his friend and the page, without knowing the friendſhip of the one, or the love of the other. He goes immediately to that paragon of women from whom he expects to receive his ſtrong box, and a freſh proof of her fidelity. He finds her married to the ſharper he had confided in, and can get no account of the treaſure he had committed to her charge. The good man will hardly believe that ſo virtuous a woman could be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs; when the better to convince him of it, this honeſt lady falls in love with the little page, and attempts to take him away by force: but as it is neceſſary, in a dramatic piece, that juſtice ſhould take place, vice be puniſhed, and virtue meet its reward, at the cloſe of the cataſtrophe, the captain ſupplied the place of the page, goes to bed to his inconſtant miſtreſs, cuckolds his treacherous friend, runs him through the body, recovers the remains of his effects, and marries his page. You will obſerve, that this piece is interlarded with an old litigious woman, related to the captain,

who is one of the merrieſt creatures, and one of the beſt characters, on the ſtage.

Wycherly has taken another piece from Moliere not leſs bold and ſingular; 'tis a ſort of a "School for Women." The principal character in the piece is a drole libertine, the terror of the huſbands of London; who, to make ſure of his buſineſs, ſpreads a report, that, in a late illneſs, his ſurgeons had found it neceſſary to make him an eunuch. Having this curious character, the huſbands grant him free acceſs to their wives, and his only difficulty is where to fix his choice. However, at laſt, he gives the preference to a little country-woman, who has a great ſhare of innocence, with a natural warmth of conſtitution, by which ſhe makes her huſband a cuckold with a good-will and readineſs that far exceeds the premeditated malice of experienced dames. This piece is not indeed "The School of Morality;" but it is "The School of Wit and true comic Humour."

The comedies of Sir John Vanbrugh are more facetious, but leſs ingenious. The knight was a man of pleaſure, and beſides a poet and an architect. It is remarked, that he wrote as delicately and as elegantly as he built clumſily: it was he who built the famous caſtle of Blenheim, the heavy but durable monument of our unfortunate battle of Hochſtet. If the apartments were only as large as the walls are thick, this manſion would be convenient enough. In Sir John Vanbrugh's epitaph, the earth is invoked to lie heavy on him, who, when living, had laid ſuch heavy loads upon it. This gentleman took a tour into France juſt before the curious war of 1701, and was put into the Baſtile, where he remained ſome time, without knowing what it

was that had procured him this mark of diſtinction from our miniſtry. He wrote a comedy in the Baſtile, and, what is in my opinion very remarkable, there is not in all the piece the leaſt ſtroke againſt the country where he ſuffered this violence.

Of all the Engliſh writers, the late Mr. Congreve has carried the glory of the comic theatre to the higheſt pitch. He wrote but a few pieces, but they are all excellent of their kind: the laws of the drama are ſtrictly obſerved in them; they are full of characters elegantly varied; no mean pleaſantry, not the leaſt indecency, is introduced: you find in every part the language of politeneſs, even in deſcribing the actions of knaves; which proves that he knew the world, and kept what is called good company. His comedies are the moſt ſprightly and correct, Sir John Vanbrugh's the gayeſt, and Wycherly's the boldeſt. It is to be obſerved, that none of theſe ſublime wits have ſpoken ill of Moliere: it is only writers of no repute that have villify'd this great man. In a word, do not expect from me any extracts from theſe Engliſh performances that I am ſo great an advocate for; nor that I ſhould give you a ſingle *bon mot* or jeſt from Congreve or Wycherly. One cannot laugh in a tranſlation. If you would be acquainted with the Engliſh comedy, you muſt go to London: you muſt reſide there three years; you muſt learn the language perfectly, and conſtantly frequent the theatre. I take no great pleaſure in reading Plautus or Ariſtophanes, becauſe I am neither Greek nor Roman. The delicate turn of *bon mots*, the alluſion, and the *a-propos*, is all loſt to a foreigner.

It is not the ſame in tragedy; that conſiſts alone in the ſublime paſſions, and heroic fooleries, conſecrated by the ſtale error of fables and hiſtories. Œdipus and Electra belong as much to us, to the Engliſh, and to the Spaniards, as to the Greeks: but true comedy is the living picture of the abſurdities of a country; and, if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the country, you can hardly judge of the painting.

It has been objected to the Engliſh, that their ſcene is bloody, and often covered with dead bodies; that their gladiators fight half naked before young girls, and often return from the combat with the loſs of a noſe or a cheek. In anſwer to this, they tell you, that they imitate the Greeks in tragedy, and the Romans in the act of cutting off noſes: but their theatre is widely different from that of Sophocles and Euripides; and, with reſpect to the Romans, it muſt be acknowledged, that a noſe or a cheek are trifles in compariſon of that multitude of victims that mutually butchered each other in the circus for the diverſion of the Roman ladies.

The Engliſh have ſometimes had dances in their comedies, which were allegorical, and of a very ſingular taſte. Deſpotic power and a republican ſtate were repreſented by a very gallant dance in the year 1709. A king appears in the dance, who, after a few capers, gives his prime miniſter a very ſevere kick on the..... the miniſter beſtows it on a ſecond perſon, the ſecond on a third, and, in fine, he who received the laſt repreſented the bulk of the nation, which had no-body to revenge itſelf on: all was performed in cadence. The Republican govern-

ment

ment was repreſented by a round dance, where every one equally received and returned the blow. This, however, is the country that has given birth to Addiſons, Popes, Lockes, and Newtons.

On COURTIERS who have cultivated LEARNING.

THERE was a time when the arts were cultivated in France by perſons of the firſt diſtinction; even the courtiers applied themſelves to the Belles Lettres, in ſpite of that diſſipation, that taſte for trifles, and that paſſion for intrigue, which are the deities of this country. It appears to me, that at preſent learning is not the reigning taſte at court. Perhaps the paſſion of ſtudying may one day return to us. The king has it in his power to do what he pleaſes with this nation. In England it is common to ſtudy, and learning is more in eſteem there than with us. This advantage is a neceſſary conſequence of their form of government. There are about eight hundred perſons at London that have a right to ſpeak in public, and to ſupport the intereſt of the nation: about five or ſix thouſand more pretend in their turns to the ſame happineſs; all the reſt erect themſelves into judges of theſe, and every one gives his thoughts in print on the public affairs. Thus the whole nation is under a kind of neceſſity of being inſtructed. Nothing is talked of but the Athenian and Ro-

man governments. It is neceſſary, nevertheleſs, to read the authors who have treated of them. This ſtudy naturally leads to that of the *Belles-lettres*. In general men have the ſpirit or genius of their peculiar condition. Why have our magiſtrates, our phyſicians, and many of our eccleſiaſtics in general, more learning, taſte, and judgment, than are to be found among other profeſſions? It is becauſe their ſtation requires the cultivation of the mind, as that of a merchant demands a knowledge of commerce.

It is not long ſince a very young Engliſh nobleman paid me a viſit at Paris on his return from Italy: he had compoſed a poetical deſcription of that country, as politely wrote as any of lord Rocheſter's verſes, or thoſe of our Chalieux, our Saraſins, or our Chapelles. The tranſlation I have made of them is ſo far from approaching the energy and lively humour of the original, that I am obliged ſincerely to aſk pardon of the author and thoſe who underſtand Engliſh: however, as I have no other way of making my lord Harvey's verſes known, take them in my language—

Qu'ai-je donc vû dans l'Italie?
Orgueil, aſtuce; & pauvreté;
Grands complimens, peu de bonté,
Et beaucoup de cérémonie.

L'extravagante Comédie,
Que ſouvent l'Inquiſition.
Veut qu'one nomme Religion,
Mais qu'ici nous nommons folie.

La nature en vain beinfaiſante
Veut enrichir ces lieux charmans;

Des

Des Pretres la main déſolante
Etouffe ſes plus beaux préſens.

Les Monſignor, ſoi diſans grands,
Seuls dans leurs Palais magnifiques,
Y ſont d'illuſtres fainéans,
Sans argent & ſans domeſtiques.

Pour les petits, ſans liberté,
Martyrs du joug qui les domine;
Ils ont fait vœu de pauvreté,
Priants Dieu par oiſiveté.
Et toujours jeûnans par famine.

Ces beaux lieux du Pape bénis
Semblent habités par les Diables;
Et les habitans miſérables
Sont damnés dans le Paradis.

I am not of Lord Harvey's opinion. There are countries in Italy which are very unfortunate, becauſe foreigners have for a long time been fighting for the government of them; but there are others where the people are neither ſo beggarly nor ſo fooliſh as he deſcribes them.

OF THE
EARL of ROCHESTER,
AND
MR. WALLER.

THE earl of Rocheſter's reputation is univerſally known. Mr. de St. Evremond has taken great notice of him; but he has only made

made us acquainted with the celebrated Rocheſter as a man of pleaſure and intrigue. I propoſe to diſtinguiſh him as the man of genius and the poet. Among other works that are fraught with that lively imagination which he alone poſſeſſed, he wrote ſome ſatires on the ſame ſubjects as our celebrated Deſpreaux. I know nothing more uſeful towards perfecting true taſte, than the comparing the works of great men who have exerciſed their talents on the ſame ſubject. Obſerve in what manner Deſpreaux ſpeaks againſt human reaſon in his Satire on Man:

Cependant à le voir, plein de vapeurs légéres,
Soi-même ſe bercer de ſes propres chiméres,
Lui ſeul de la Nature eſt la baſe & l'appui,
Et le dixiéme Ciel ne tourne que pour lui.
De tous les animaux il eſt ici le maître;
Qui pourrait le nier? pourſuis-tu: Moi peut-être.
Ce maître prétendu, qui leur donne des loix,
Ce Roi des animaux, combien a-t-il de Rois!

Behold him of his boaſted reaſon vain,
Drunk with the fumes of his diſtemper'd brain;
Of nature he the baſe, and corner-ſtone;
The Heav'n of Heav'ns revolves for him alone;
Of all that breathes on earth the ſov'reign lord,
And who will dare to doubt that ſov'reign's word?
Why, faith, my friend, that doubt belongs to me,
This king of beaſts, how many kings has he?

Obſerve likewiſe how very nearly Lord Rocheſter expreſſes himſelf on the ſame ſubject in his Satire on Man; but let the reader always re-

member, that mine are free tranſlations of the Engliſh poets, and that the curb of our verſification, and the delicate decorum of our language, will never form an equivalent for the impetuous flow of the Engliſh ſtile.

Cet eſprit que je hais, cet eſprit plein d'erreur,
Ce n'eſt pas ma raiſon, c'eſt la tienne, Docteur;
C'eſt la raiſon frivole, inquiéte, orgueilleuſe,
Des ſages animaux rivale dédaigneuſe,
Qui croit entr'eux & l'Ange occuper le milieu,
Et penſe être ici bas l'image de ſon Dieu.
Vil atome imparfait, qui croit, doute, diſpute,
Rampe, s'éléve, tombe, & nie encor ſa chute,
Qui nous dit, je ſuis libre, en nous montrant ſes fers,
Et dont l'œil trouble & faux croit percer l'Univers.
Allez, réverends fous, bienheureux fanatiques,
Compilez bien l'amas de vos riens ſcholaſtiques.
Péres de viſions, & d'énigmes ſacrés,
Auteurs du labyrinthe où vous vous égarez,
Allez obſcurément éclaircir vos myſtéres,
Et courez dans l'école adorer vos chimére.
Il eſt d'autres erreurs, il eſt de ces dévots
Condamnés par eux même à l'ennui du repos.
Ce myſtique enclôtré, fier de ſon indolence,
Tranquille au ſein de Dieu, qu'y peut-il faire? Il penſe
Non, tu ne penſes point, tu végétes, tu dors;
Inutile à la terre, & mis au rang des morts,
Ton eſprit énervé croupit dans la molleſſe.
Réveille-toi, ſois homme, & ſors de ton yvreſſe.
L'homme eſt né pour agir, & tu prétens penſer!

It is this very reaſon I deſpiſe;
This ſupernat'ral gift, that makes a mite
Thinks he's the image of the infinite;

Comparing this ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the eternal and the ever bleſt.
This buſy puzzling ſtirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds 'em out,
Filling with frantick crowds of thinking fools,
Theſe reverend bedlams, colleges, and ſchools;
Borne on whoſe wings, each heavy ſot can
pierce
The limits of the boundleſs univerſe;
* * * * * * * * * * *
'Tis this exalted power whoſe buſineſs lies
In nonſenſe and impoſſibilities;
This made a whimſical philoſopher
Before the ſpacious world his tub prefer;
And we have modern coxcombs who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
But thoughts are given for action's govern-
ment;
Where action ceaſes; thought's impertinent.
Our ſphere of action is life's happineſs;
And he who thinks beyond, is like an aſs.

Be theſe ideas true or falſe, it is certain that they are expreſſed with that energy which conſtitutes the poet. I ſhall guard againſt examining them as a philoſopher, and not quit the pencil for the compaſs: my only end in this letter is to make known the genius of the Engliſh poets; and this point I ſhall continue to adhere to.

The celebrated Waller has been much talked of in France. La Fontaine, St. Evremond, and Bayle, have made his eulogium; but little more is known of him than his name. He had very near the ſame degree of reputation at London, that Voiture had at Paris; and I think he merited

merited it more. Voiture lived at a time when the people were juſt burſting the bands of barbariſm, and were yet in a ſtate of ignorance. Every one wanted genius, but none had it at that time. Witticiſms were ſought after inſtead of ideas: falſe ſtones are much eaſier found than diamonds.

Voiture, born with an eaſy but frivolous genius, was the firſt who made a figure in this dawn of the French literature. Had he come after thoſe great men who have adorned the age of Lewis XIV. he would have been under a neceſſity of poſſeſſing ſomething more than mere wit. His compoſitions might do well enough to amuſe a private family, but are by no means worthy of being tranſmitted to poſterity. It is true, Boileau praiſes him; but it is only in his firſt ſatires, that is to ſay, before his taſte was completely formed; he was then but young, and in an age when we form our opinions of men rather by the reputation they have acquired, than by their real merit. And beſides, Boileau was often very unjuſt both in his praiſes and in his cenſures. He extolled Segrais, whom nobody reads; he cenſured Quinault, whom every one repeats by heart; and he ſpeaks not a ſyllable of la Fontaine.

Waller, tho' a better poet than Voiture, was yet ſhort of perfection. His compoſitions, which are full of gallantry, breathe an air of eaſy gracefulneſs; but his negligence makes them often languid, beſides that his pieces are extremely disfigured with falſe thoughts. The Engliſh underſtood not in his time the ſecret of writing with purity and correctneſs. His ſerious works are manly and vigorous, a circumſtance

no one would have looked for from the peruſal of his other performances. His funeral panegyric on Oliver Cromwell, with all its faults, paſſes for a maſter-piece. To underſtand this poem it is neceſſary to know, that Cromwell died on the ſame day on which a prodigious ſtorm happened. It begins in this manner:

Il n'eſt plus, c'en eſt fait, ſoumettons-nous au ſort.
Le Ciel a ſignalé ce jour par des tempêtes,
Et la voix du tonnerre élatant ſur nos têtes,
Vient d'annoncer ſa mort.
Par ſes derniers ſoupirs il ébranle cette Iſle,
Cette Iſle, que ſon bras fit trembler tant de fois,
Quand dans le cours de ſes exploits
Il briſait la tête des Rois,
Et ſoumettait un peuple, à ſon joug ſeul docile.
Mer, tu t'en es troublée: ô Mer! tes flots émus
Semblent dire en grondant aux plus lointains rivages,
Que l'effroi de la Terre & ton Maître n'eſt plus.
Tel au Ciel autrefois s'envola Romulus,
Tel il quita la Terre au milieu des orages,
Tel d'un peuple guerrier il reçut les hommages;
Obeï dans ſa vie, à ſa mort adoré,
Son palais fut un temple, &c.

We muſt reſign; Heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms as loud as his immortal fame.
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhake our iſle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air; ſo Romulus was loſt.

Now

Now Rome in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him ſpread;
Thoſe his vaſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Raviſh'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As this laſt legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind:
Our bounds enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us priſoners to our iſle.
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And with wiſe conduct to his country ſhow'd,
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too!
Princes that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And ſighing ſwell'd the ſeas with ſuch a breath,
That to the remoteſt ſhores her billow roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

It was on occaſion of this panegyric on Cromwell that Waller made Charles II. that famous anſwer, recorded in Bayle's dictionary: The king, whom Waller, according to the old cuſtom between kings and poets, had waited upon, in order to preſent him with a poem ſtuffed with praiſes, reproached him with having written a better

ter for Oliver. Waller anſwered, "Sir, we poets ſucceed much better in fiction than in truth" This anſwer was not ſo ſincere as that of the Dutch ambaſſador, who, on the ſame king's complaining, that his nation had ſhewed leſs reſpect for him than for Cromwell, made anſwer, "Ah! Sir, Cromwell was quite a very different ſort of a man." There are courtiers even in England, and Waller was certainly one in the trueſt ſenſe of the word; but I conſider men, after their death, by their works only: all the reſt is with me wholly buried in oblivion. I will only remark, that Waller, born in a court, with a fortune of three thouſand pounds a-year, had neither the ſilly pride nor the ſtupidity to abandon the talent with which nature had endowed him. The Earls of Dorſet and Buckingham, my lord Halifax, and many others, did not think they derogated from their high rank and quality in becoming excellent poets, and illuſtrious writers. Their works certainly do them more honour than their titles. They have cultivated letters, as if the making of their fortunes had depended on their ſtudies. They have moreover rendered the arts and ſciences reſpectable in the eyes of the people, who in every thing ſtand in need of being guided by the great, and who, notwithſtanding, are leſs influenced by their example in England than in any other country in the univerſe.

On PRIOR; that ſingular Poem called HUDIBRAS; and Dean SWIFT.

WHEN Prior firſt came over to France as ambaſſador-plenipotentiary from Q. Anne to ſettle the terms of peace granted to Lewis XIV. and previous to the arrival of Lord Bolingbroke, who ſigned the treaty; when this peer, I ſay, firſt came to France, no one imagined him to be at once a ſtateſman and a poet. France has ſince paid England in her own coin; for cardinal Du Bois ſent our Des Touches to London, who paſſed as little for a poet in England, as Prior did in France. Prior, the plenipotentiary, was originally a waiter in a tavern; the earl of Dorſet, who himſelf was an excellent poet, and beſides loved his bottle, found him one day reading Horace on a bench in the tavern, juſt as my lord Ilay found his gardener's boy reading Newton. Ilay made his young gardener a great philoſopher, and Dorſet made a very pleaſant poet of his waiter.

Alma, or the Hiſtory of the Soul, wrote by this poet, is the moſt natural hiſtory that has been given till now, of that being ſo well perceived, and ſo little underſtood. The ſoul has her reſidence at firſt in the extremities of the body, in the feet and hands of children; from thence ſhe inſenſibly places herſelf in the centre of the body at the age of puberty; afterwards ſhe takes poſſeſſion of the heart, where ſhe produces ſentiments of love, gallantry, and heroiſm. In a ſtill riper age, ſhe mounts upwards to the head, where ſhe reaſons in the beſt manner

manner ſhe is able; 'till at laſt, in old age, ſhe retires the Lord knows whither, like the ſap of an old tree, which evaporates, and is at laſt wholly loſt. Poſſibly this work may be rather too prolix; all pleaſantry ought to be conciſe, and perhaps the ſerious kind would hardly be the worſe for a ſmall ſpice of this quality.

The ſame Prior has compoſed a ſmall poem on the battle of Hochſtet. This is by no means comparable to his Hiſtory of the Soul; the only good thing in it is his apoſtrophe to Boileau.

Satyrique flateur, toi qui pris tant de peine
Pour chanter que Louis n'a point paſſé le Rhin, &c.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies,
While virtue leads the noble way;
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where ſordid int'reſt ſhews the way.
When once the poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove;
And Boileau for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

Our plenipotentiary concludes with a paraphraſe, conſiſting of five hundred verſes on theſe words, which are commonly aſcribed to Solomon, *All is vanity*. It were no difficult matter to have written five thouſand on the ſame topic. But wo to him that ſays all he is able to ſay.

Queen Anne being dead, and a change happening in the miniſtry, the peace of which Prior had ſketched the firſt outlines, became the deteſtation of the people; and the political bard had no other reſource left him, but an edition of his works, publiſhed by a ſubſcription ſet on

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foot by thoſe of his own party; after which he died like a philoſopher, that is, as every honeſt Engliſhman dies, or at leaſt is thought to die.

I ſhould be glad now to give you a ſlight idea of the poetical writings of the earl of Roſcommon and Dorſet; but I am ſenſible this would make a little volume, and, after all, I ſhould be able to give you but a very imperfect idea of ſo many different pieces. Poetry is akin to Muſic, which muſt be heard, to form any judgment of its excellence. Even when I attempt to tranſlate ſome paſſages of theſe foreign poets, I can at beſt but give you a very imperfect notion of their harmony or numbers; and I find it utterly impoſſible to convey to you the ſmalleſt notion of their cadences.

But above all, the Engliſh poem called Hudibras, is what puzzles me moſt to make you at all acquainted with. It is a piece wholly in the comic or burleſque ſtile, tho' the ſubject is of no leſs conſequence than the civil wars of Cromwell. This cruel war, which has been the occaſion of ſo many tears, and which has cauſed ſuch an ocean of blood to be ſpilt, has notwithſtanding given birth to a poem, which I defy the graveſt reader to peruſe, without laughing. There is ſomething of this contraſted kind to be met with in our Menippean Satire. The Romans would certainly never have thought of writing a burleſque poem on the civil wars of Cæſar and Pompey, or on the proſcriptions of Antony and Auguſtus. Whence then comes it to paſs, that the dreadful diſaſters occaſioned in France by the League, and thoſe in England between the king and parliament, have

have given riſe to ſo much pleaſantry? It is undoubtedly true, that thoſe fatal broils had actually ſomewhat exceedingly ridiculous at bottom. The citizens of Paris, at the head of the faction of the Sixteen, mingled abundance of folly and impertinence with the horrors of faction. The intrigues of the women, the legate, and the monks, had a droll aſpect, notwithſtanding thoſe numberleſs calamities of which they were the occaſion. The theological diſputes, and the fanaticiſm of the Puritans in England, were fruitful fields for ridicule; and this ſource of ridicule, well laid open, was capable of affording large ſcope for pleaſantry, after theſe tragical horrors, under which it lay concealed, were once removed. Altho' the bull *Unigenitus* has been the occaſion of much bloodſhed, yet is not the little poem of *Philotamus* the leſs adapted to the ſubject; and the only reproach that can, with any juſtice, be made him is, that he is not ſo merry and diverting, and ſo diverſified, as he ought to be, and that he does not introduce in the courſe of the work, what he promiſes in the beginning.

The poem Hudibras I am now mentioning to you, ſeems to be a mixture of the *Menippéan Satire* with *Don Quixote*, with this double advantage, that it is written in verſe, and that it is infinitely more witty. As for the *Menippéan Satire*, it cannot ſtand in competition with it, and is really but a very middling performance. But his ſuperabundance of wit is what has made him inferior to *Don Quixote*. Taſte, pleaſing ſimplicity, the art of narration, of properly diſpoſing the different adventures, of checking the natural fertility of one's genius,

are

are, in my humble opinion, infinitely ſuperior to mere wit. Hence it is, that Don Quixote is read by all the nations of Europe, whilſt Hudibras affords entertainment only for thoſe of his own country.

The name of this extraordinary author is Butler: he was cotemporary with Milton, and had an infinitely greater ſhare of reputation than he, from the pleaſantry and humour of his poem; whereas that of Milton is very diſmal. Butler made the enemies of Charles II. the ſubject of univerſal ridicule, and had this for his ſole recompenſe, that the king often did him the honour to quote his verſes. The battles of the knight Hudibras were much better known than thoſe of the angels and devils of Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*. But the court of England treated the witty and diverting Butler, as ill as the court above did the grave Milton, for both were in a ſtate of ſtarving, or very near it.

The hero of Butler's poem was no feigned perſonage, like the Don Quixote of Michael Cervantes; he was actually a knight-baronet, that had formerly been one of Cromwell's enthuſiaſts, in whoſe ſervice he bore the office of a colonel. His name was Sir Samuel Luke. In order to underſtand the ſpirit of this poem, which is wholly ſingular in its kind, there will be a neceſſity of retrenching, at leaſt three-fourths of the paſſages we want to tranſlate; for Butler is an author who never thinks he has ſaid enough. I have therefore reduced to about fourſcore verſes, the firſt four hundred in his work, to avoid a diſguſting prolixity.

Quand

Quand les profanes & les Saints
Dans l'Angleterre étaient aux priſes,
Qu'on ſe battait pour des Egliſes,
Auſſi fort que pour des Catins;
Lorſqu'Anglicans & Puritains
Faiſaient une ſi rude guerre,
Et qu'au ſortir du cabaret
Les orateurs de Nazareth
Allaient battre la caiſſe en chaire;
Que partout ſans ſavoir pourquoi,
Au nom du Ciel, au nom du Roi,
Les gens d'armes couvraient la terre;
Alors Monſieur le Chevalier,
Longtems oiſif ainſi qu'Achile,
Tout rempli d'une ſainte bile,
Suivi de ſon grand écuyer,
S'échapa de ſon poulaillier,
Avec ſon ſabre & l'Evangile,
Et s'aviſa de guerroyer.
Sire Hudibras, cet homme rare,
Etait, dit-on, rempli d'honneur,
Avait de l'eſprit & du cœur,
Mais il en était fort avare.
D'ailleurs par un talent nouveau,
Il était tout propre au barreau,
Ainſi qu'à la guerre cruelle;
Grand ſur les bancs, grand ſur la ſelle,
Dans les camps & dans un bureau;
Semblable à ces rats amphibies,
Qui paraiſſant avoir deux vies,
Son rats de campagne & rats d'eau.
Mais malgré ſa grande éloquence,
Et ſon mérite & ſa prudence,
Il paſſa chez quelques ſavants
Pour être un de ces inſtruments,

Dont

Dont les fripons avec adreſſe
Savent uſer ſans dire mot,
Et qu'ils tournent avec ſoupleſſe ;
Cet inſtrument s'appelle un ſot.
Ce n'eſt pas qu'en Théologie,
En Logique, en Aſtrologie,
Il ne fût un Docteur ſubtil ;
En quatre il ſéparait un fil,
Diſputant ſans jamais ſe rendre,
Changeant de théſe tout-à-coup,
Toujours prêt à parler beaucoup,
Quand il fallait ne point s'étendre.
D'Hudibras la Religion
Etait tout comme ſa raiſon,
Vuide de ſens & fort profonde.
Le Puritaniſme divin,
La meilleure ſecte du monde,
Et qui certes n'a rien d'humain ;
La vraye Egliſe militante,
Qui prêche un piſtolet en main,
Pour mieux convertir ſon prochain.
A grands coups de ſabre argumente,
Qui promet les céleſtes biens
Par le gibet & par la corde,
Et damne ſans miſericorde
Les péchés des autres Chrêtiens,
Pour ſe mieux pardonner les ſiens ;
Secte qui toujours détruiſante
Se détruit elle-même enfin :
Tel Samſon de ſa main puiſſante
Briſa le temple Philiſtin,
Mais il périt par ſa vengeance,
Et lui-même il s'enſevelit,
Ecraſé ſous la chute immenſe
De ce temple qu'il démolit.

Au nez du Chevalier antique
Deux grandes mouſtaches pendaient,
A qui les Parques attachaient
Le deſtin de la République.
Il les garde ſoigneuſement,
Et ſi jamais on les arrache,
C'eſt la chute du Parlement ;
L'Etat entier en ce moment
Doit tomber avec ſa mouſtache.
Ainſi Taliacotius
Grand Eſculape d'Etrurie,
Répara tous les nez perdus
Par une nouvelle induſtrie :
Il vous prenait adroitement
Un morceau du cu d'un pauvre homme,
L'appliquait au nez proprement ;
Enfin il arrivait qu'en ſomme,
Tout juſte à la mort du prêteur
Tombait le nez de l'emprunteur,
Et ſouvent dans la même biére,
Par juſtice & par bon accord,
On remettait au gré du mort
Le nez auprès de ſon derriére.
Notre grand Héros d'Albion,
Grimpé deſſus ſa haridelle
Pour venger la Religion
Avait à l'arçon de ſa ſelle,
Deux piſtolets & du jambon.
C'était de tout tems ſa manière ;
Sachant que ſi ſa talonnière
Pique une moitié du cheval
L'autre moitié de l'animal
Ne reſterait point en arrière.
Voila donc Hudibras parti ;
Que Dieu béniſſe ſon voyage,
Ses argumens & ſon parti,
Sa barbe rouſſe & ſon courage.

A man

A man whoſe imagination was capable of containing a tenth part of the *vis comica*, true or falſe, that predominates through every part of this work, would ſtill be extremely diverting; but at the ſame time he would do well to have a care how he attempts to tranſlate Hudibras: for how is it poſſible to excite laughter in readers who are foreigners, by means of the follies of perſons long ſince forgotten in the very nation where they were once ſo famous? Dante is now no longer read in Europe, becauſe his work is perpetually alluding to facts utterly unknown. The caſe is exactly the ſame with Hudibras. Moſt of the ridicule in this work falls on the theology and divines of his own time. A commentary is therefore wanted to every line. Humour that ſtands in need of being explained, from that moment ceaſes to be ſuch; and it is very rare to find an explainer of the wit of others, have any of his own.

This is one reaſon why it will never be poſſible for the ingenious Dr. Swift to be underſtood in France, though he has juſtly acquired the title of the Engliſh Rabelais. He enjoys alſo the honour of the prieſthood, while he laughs at the whole cloth. Rabelais, however, was in every reſpect ſuperior to his age, though Swift is infinitely ſuperior to Rabelais.

Our curate of Meudon, in his extravagant and unintelligible book, has diffuſed abundance of gaiety, and a ſtill greater quantity of impertinence. He was equally full of prolixity, order, and erudition. A good ſtory, which fills two pages, is bought at the expence of whole volumes of nonſenſe. There are none

but thoſe of a capricious taſte, that pique themſelves on underſtanding and reliſhing the whole of his performance. The reſt of the nation laugh at the pleaſantries of Rabelais, whilſt they deſpiſe his work, and he paſſes with them for the chief of buffoons. People are ſorry that a man with ſo much wit ſhould make ſuch a low uſe of it. In ſhort, it is a drunken philoſopher, that writ only when he was not able to ſtand.

Dr. Swift is Rabelais in his right ſenſes, but poliſhed by frequenting the beſt company. It is true he has not the gaiety of the former, but he is poſſeſſed of all that delicacy, judgment, proper choice of matter, and that exquiſite taſte which is wholly wanting in the curate of Meudon. His verſes are of a ſingular caſt, and almoſt utterly inimitable. True pleaſantry is his talent in proſe and verſe; but to underſtand him fully, there is a neceſſity to take a ſhort trip into his country.

In this country, which appears ſo extraordinary to the reſt of mankind, nobody was much ſurpriſed to ſee the reverend Dr. Swift, dean of a cathedral, laughing in his *Tale of a Tub* at Catholics, Lutherans, and Calviniſts. He alledges in his own vindication, that he left Chriſtianity untouched. He pretends to have ſhewn all manner of reſpect to the father, by giving a hearty drubbing to each of the three ſons. Nice people will be apt to find this apology rather too ſlight for what paſſes with them for a flagrant enormity.

This famous Tale of a Tub is an imitation of the ancient tale of the Three Inviſible Rings, which a certain father bequeathed to his three

children. Theſe three rings were the Jewiſh, the Chriſtian, and the Mahometan religions. It is likewiſe an imitation of the Hiſtory of Mero and Enegu, by Fontenelle. Mero was the anagram of Rome, and Enegu that of Geneva. Theſe were two ſiſters, who pretended each to have the right of ſucceſſion to the kingdom of their father. Mero was the firſt that mounted the throne. Fontenelle repreſents her as a ſorcereſs, who was wont to ſteal bread, and who performed her inchantments by the help of dead bodies. She is exactly lord *Peter* in Swift, whilſt he is preſenting a piece of bread to his two brothers, and tells them, "Friends, here is ſome excellent Burgundy, this partridge has a moſt exquiſite flavour." The ſame lord Peter plays every where the part of Mero in Fontenelle.

Thus almoſt every compoſition is no more than an imitation. The hint of the Perſian Letters is taken from the Turkiſh Spy. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, as Arioſto has imitated Boiardo. The moſt original geniuſes borrow from each other. Michael Cervantes makes his Don Quixote a fool; but pray is Orlando any other? It would puzzle one to decide whether knight-errantry has been made more ridiculous by the groteſque painting of Cervantes, than by the luxuriant imagination of Arioſto. Metaſtaſio has taken the greateſt part of his operas from our French tragedies. Several Engliſh writers have copied us, without ſaying one word of the matter. It is with books, as it is with the fires in our houſes; one goes and lights his candle at his neighbour's, and then lights one of his own: whence he communi-

cates to his neighbours that want his aſſiſtance, ſo that it becomes abſolutely the property of every one.

On POPE.

I FANCY it will be more eaſy for you to form ſome idea of Mr. Pope. He is in my opinion the moſt elegant, the moſt correct, and, what is ſtill more difficult to find, the moſt harmonious poet that England has hitherto produced. He has reduced the ſhrill harſhneſs of the Engliſh trumpet, to the ſoft ſweetneſs of the Lydian flute. His Eſſay on Criticiſm will ſoon be ſufficiently known in France, by the tranſlations in verſe which the abbé du Renel is about to publiſh.

What follows is a paſſage from his poem called the *Rape of the Lock*, which I have lately tranſlated with my uſual liberty; for I muſt again repeat it, I know nothing ſo execrable as a literal tranſlation of a piece of poetry.

Umbriel à l'inſtant, vieux Gnome rechigné,
Va, d'une aîle peſante, & d'un air renfrogné,
Chercher en murmurant la caverne profonde,
Où loin des doux rayons, que répand l'œil du monde,
La Déeſſe aux vapeurs a choiſi ſon ſéjour:
Les triſtes Aquilons y ſiflent à l'entour,
Et le ſoufle mal-ſain de leur aride haleine
Y porte aux environs la fiévre & la migraine.
Sur un riche ſopha, derriére un paravent,
Loin des flambeaux, du bruit, des parleurs & du vent,

La

La quinteuſe Déeſſe inceſſamment repoſe,
Le cœur gros de chagrin, ſans en ſçavoir la cauſe,
N'ayant penſé jamais, l'eſprit toujours troublé,
L'œil chargé, le teint pâle, & l'hypocondre enflé.
La médiſante Envie eſt aſſiſe auprès d'elle,
Vieux ſpectre féminin, décrépite pucelle,
Avec un air dévot déchirant ſon prochain,
Et chanſonnant les gens, l'Evangile à la main.
Sur un lit plein de fleurs, négligemment panchée,
Une jeune beauté non loin d'elle eſt couchée;
C'eſt l'affectation, qui graſſeye en parlant,
Ecoute ſans entendre, & lorgne en regardant:
Qui rougit ſans pudeur, & rit de tout ſans joie,
De cent maux différens prétend qu'elle eſt la proie,
Et pleine de ſanté ſous le rouge & le fard,
Se plaint avec molleſſe, & ſe pâme avec art.

Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repairs to ſearch the gloomy cave of ſpleen.

Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded eaſt is all the wind that blows;
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne, alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face:

Here ſtood *Ill-Nature*, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights,
and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roſes of eighteen.
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride:
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe;
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs and for ſhow.

Pope's Eſſay on Man is in my opinion the fineſt, the moſt uſeful, and the ſublimeſt didactic poem that has ever been written in any language. The ground-work of the whole, it is true, may be found in lord Shafteſbury's Characteriſtics, for which reaſon I cannot ſee why Mr. Pope has given all the honour of it to lord Bolingbroke, without mentioning a word of the famous Shafteſbury, the diſciple of Locke.

As there is nothing in metaphyſics but what has been often thought in every age and nation where the talents of the mind are cultivated, this ſyſtem has a great conformity with that of Leibnitz; who pretends, that, of all poſſible worlds, God muſt certainly have choſen the beſt; and that, even in this beſt, all the irregularities of our globe, as well as the follies of its inhabitants, ought to have a place. It has alſo a reſemblance to the notion of Plato, which ſays, that, in the infinite chain of beings, our earth, our bodies, and our ſouls, are ſo many neceſſary links. But neither Leibnitz nor Pope admit of thoſe changes, which, according to Plato, have

happened

happened to thoſe links of it, our ſouls and bodies. Plato, in his unintelligible proſe, wrote like a poet; whilſt Pope, in his admirable verſion, is truly a great philoſopher. He ſays, all things have at all times been, even from the very infancy of nature, as they are; that is, as they ought to be: "Whatever is, is beſt." I could not help being pleaſed, I own, to find he agreed with me in a point which I had maintained ſeveral years ſince.

"You are filled with wonder to think God ſhould have made man with faculties ſo limited, ſo ignorant, and ſo much ſhort of true happineſs. Why do not you rather wonder he did not make him infinitely more ſo?" When a Frenchman and an Engliſhman happen to agree in any point, you may ſwear they are then in the right.

The ſon of the famous Racine has publiſhed a letter of Pope addreſſed to him, with a recantation of this doctrine. This letter is written in the ſtile and manner of Fenelon: it was delivered him by Ramſay, the editor of Telemachus; that Ramſay who was the imitator of Telemachus, and much ſuch another as Boyer was of Corneille; that Scotch Ramſay who modeſtly demanded admittance into the French academy; in a word, by that Ramſay who was ſadly diſappointed at not being a doctor of the Sorbonne. This I know, as does every man of letters in England, that Pope, with whom I was very intimately acquainted, could hardly read French; ſpoke not one word of our language; never wrote one ſingle ſyllable in the language not, being capable to do it; and, if he ever wrote ſuch a

letter to the ſon of our Racine, God muſt certainly have endowed him with the gift of tongues, by way of recompence for having compoſed ſo wonderful a work as his Eſſay on Man.

ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND ACADEMIES.

ALL great men have either been formed before the inſtitution of academies, or at leaſt without any aſſiſtance from them. Homer and Phidias, Sophocles and Apelles, Virgil and Vitruvius, Arioſto and Michael Angelo, belonged to no academy; Taſſo met with no other advantages beſides a few ill-grounded criticiſms from that of La Cruſca; nor was Newton indebted to the Royal Society of London for his diſcoveries in optics, gravitation, the doctrine of integrals, and chronology. Of what uſe then are academies? To keep alive that flame which great geniuſes have kindled.

The Royal Society of London was formed in 1660, ſix years before our Academy of Sciences. This ſociety beſtows no premiums or rewards, as ours does; but then to make amends every member is perfectly at his liberty; there are none of thoſe diſagreeable diſtinctions invented by the Abbé Bignon, who divided the Academy of Sciences into literary members who had ſala-

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ries, and mere honoraries who had no pretenſions to learning. The ſociety of London, wholly independent on, and unengaged by any but themſelves, was compoſed of perſons who as I have already obſerved, diſcovered the ſeries of infinites, the laws of light and colours, thoſe of gravity, the aberration of the fixed ſtars, the reflecting teleſcope, the fire-engine, the ſolar microſcope, with many other inventions equally uſeful and aſtoniſhing. What more could thoſe great men have done for the public utility, had they been either penſioners or honoraries?

The famous Dr. Swift, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign, formed the deſign of eſtabliſhing an academy for the Engliſh language on the model of the French academy. This project was ſupported by the earl of Oxford, then at the head of the treaſury, and ſtill more by lord viſcount Bolingbroke, who poſſeſſed the talent of ſpeaking extempore in parliament with all that purity with which Swift wrote in his cloſet, and who would have been at once the patron and the ornament of this academy. The members who were to have compoſed it, were perſons whoſe writings will laſt as long as the Engliſh language; namely, Dr. Swift; Mr. Prior, whom we have ſeen at our court, in a public character, and who is held in the ſame reputation in England as La Fontaine in France; Mr. Pope, the Engliſh Boileau; Mr. Congreve, who may be juſtly ſtiled their Moliere *, with

* Never did any two authors write on the ſame ſubjects ſo differently as did Moliere and Congreve. Moliere diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his natural ſimplicity, and Congreve by his unnatural wit.

ſeveral others whoſe names I cannot well remember; all of whom could not have failed to have rendered this body illuſtrious in its very infancy. But the queen unfortunately happening to die ſuddenly, the Whigs took it into their heads to bring the protectors of theſe if poſſible to the block or gallows; a mortal blow, as you may well imagine, to the *Belles-lettres*. The members who were to have compoſed this academy, would have had a prodigious advantage over the founders of ours. Swift, Prior, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, &c. had fixed the Engliſh language by their writings; whereas Chapelain, Colletet, Caſſaigne, Faret, Cotin, our firſt academicians, were the ſcandal of our nation, and their names ſo ridiculous, that at this day, ſhould any author have the misfortune to be called Chapelain or Cotin, he would be under a neceſſity of changing his name.

Beſides, the Engliſh academy would have adopted a very hifferent plan of operation from that of ours. One day one of the wits of that country aſked me to ſhew him ſome of the memoirs of the French academy. I told him they had not written any memoirs, but they had printed about fourſcore volumes of compliments. He glanced over one or two of them. He could by no means comprehend a ſingle ſyllable of what they meant, though he very well underſtood all our good authors. All I can diſcover, ſaid he, by this multitude of fine ſpeeches, is, that after the new candidate has told them, that his predeceſſor was a very great man, that cardinal Richlieu was an exceeding great man, and chancellor Seguier a very eminent man; the director anſwered him in the ſame manner,

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that echoed back the ſame expreſſions; adding, that the candidate might poſſibly be a great man; and as for himſelf, the director, he did not mean by all this to forfeit his title to be one among the reſt. It is eaſy to diſcover by what kind of fatality almoſt all thoſe academical diſcourſes have done this body ſo little honour. *Vitium eſt temporis potius quam hominis.* The cuſtom has been eſtabliſhed inſenſibly, that every academician ſhould repeat thoſe elogiums at his reception: this was no more than to make it a kind of law, to tire the patience of the public. Should we afterwards enquire, how it came to paſs, that the greateſt geniuſes who have entered into this ſociety have ſometimes made the worſt haragngues, the reaſon is very evident; it is, that they wanted to ſhine by treating a thread-bare ſubject in a manner different from all who had gone before them. The neceſſity of ſaying ſomething, when one has not a ſyllable to ſay; the plague of mixing ſomewhat new in a ſubject already exhauſted; and withal, that paſſion of ſhewing one's parts; are enough to make the greateſt wit appear truly ridiculous. Not being able to find any thing but what has been ſaid before, they rack their brains to give the old thoughts a new cloathing, by forced turns of expreſſion, and have been compelled to ſpeak without thinking; like people who make as if they were eating, whilſt they are ready to periſh with hunger. Inſtead of the law whereby the French academy have bound themſelves to print all their diſcourſes, which are, properly ſpeaking, the whole of their works, methinks they had done better, had they made it a law to print none of them at all.

The academy of *Belles-lettres* have propoſed a wiſer and more advantageous end, which is that of preſenting the public with a collection of memoirs, filled with reſearches and ingenious criticiſms. Thoſe memoirs are already in eſteem amongſt foreigners; only one would wiſh they had dipped ſomewhat deeper in certain ſubjects, and that they had entirely paſſed by ſome others without notice. We could have very well diſpenſed, for inſtance, with ſuch diſquiſitions as the origin of the preference due to the right-hand above the left, with ſome other reſearches, which, though with titles not quite ſo ridiculous, are not leſs frivolous. The Academy of Sciences, in her more difficult, but more evidently uſeful enquiries, is wholly employed in the ſtudy of nature, and the perfecting the arts. It is to be believed, that ſtudies, which are at once ſo profound and ſo cloſely purſued, calculations ſo exact, diſcoveries ſo nice and ingenious, and views ſo extenſive, will one day produce ſomething that may be greatly for the advantage of mankind.

The moſt uſeful diſcoveries have been made in the moſt barbarous ages; and it ſeems to be the lot of the moſt enlightened periods, and of the moſt learned boies, to reaſon about the inventions of the ignorant. We may know, after the long diſputes of Mr. Huyghens and Mr. Renaud, the determination of the moſt advantageous angle of the rudder of a ſhip with her keel; but Chriſtopher Columbus had diſcovered America without ſo much as dreaming of any ſuch angle. I am far from inferring from this, that we ought to confine ourſelves wholly to the uncertainty of blind practice; but it would be

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a happineſs if natural philoſophers and geometricians would, as much as poſſible, join the practical part to the theory. Is it abſolutely neceſſary, that what does moſt honour to the human mind ſhould often be the leaſt uſeful? A man who is poſſeſſed of the four common rules of arithmetic, with a natural ſtock of good ſenſe, becomes an eminent merchant, a James Cœur, a Delmet, or a Bernard; whilſt a poor algebraiſt paſſes his days in diſcovering wonderful relations and aſtoniſhing properties in numbers, but of no manner of uſe, and which would never have let him into the common courſe of exchange. All the arts are pretty much the ſame. There is a certain point, beyond which all is matter of mere curioſity. Theſe ingenious but uſeful truths are like the ſtars, which are placed at ſuch an infinite diſtance from us, that we reap not the leaſt advantage from their beams.

As for the French academy, what advantage might ſhe not afford to learning, to the language, and to the nation, if, inſtead of peſtering the world every year with a magazine of fulſome compliments, they had publiſhed the good authors of the age of Lewis XIV. purged from all thoſe faults in language that have crept into them? Corneille and Moliere are quite full of them. Fontaine ſwarms with ſuch miſtakes. Thoſe at leaſt might be pointed out that appear incapable of being mended. Europe, which reads our authors, might in them learn our language ſafely from all danger of a vicious idiom. Its purity would then be fixed for ever. The beſt French authors, carefully publiſhed at the king's expence, would be one of the moſt glorious

monuments

monuments of the nation. I have heard that Boileau formerly made a propoſal of this kind; and that it has been ſince renewed by one whoſe wit and good ſenſe, as well as ſound criticiſm, are well known; but with the common fate of many other uſeful projects, that of being approved and neglected.

It is very extraordinary, that Corneille, who compoſed the firſt of his good tragedies, at a time when the language was only beginning to be formed, ſhould have wrote them with tolerable purity and great ſublimity, and all the reſt in a looſe, incorrect, and even low ſtile, tho' Racine had then beſtowed on the French language ſo much purity, ſo much ſublimity and grace; and whilſt Boileaux fixed it by the moſt exact correctneſs, preciſion, ſtrength, fullneſs, energy, and harmony. Let any one but compare the Berenice of Racine with that of Corneille, one would imagine this latter to have been written in the age of Triſtan. It would make one believe Corneille neglected his ſtile in proportion as he was under a greater neceſſity to ſupport it, and that his ſole emulation was to write, when it ſhould have been to write well. His laſt twelve or thirteen tragedies are not only wretched, but in a very mean ſtile. What is ſtill more ſurpriſing is, that, even in our own days, we have had plays, with other performances both in proſe and verſe, compoſed by academicians, who have neglected their language to ſuch a degree, that one can hardly read ten verſes in them without meeting with ſome barbariſm. We may overlook a few faults in a good author; but where they grow numerous, it is impoſſible for ſuch a work to ſupport

the writer's reputation. A company of perſons of good taſte one day reckoned upwards of ſix hundred intolerable ſoleciſms in a tragedy which had met with diſtinguiſhed applauſe both at Paris and at court. Two or three inſtances of ſuch unmerited ſucceſs would be ſufficient to corrupt the language paſt all poſſibility of recovery, and to plunge it into its antient barbariſm, from whence it has been drawn by the aſſiduous labours of ſo many great men.

On CROMWELL.

CROMWELL is commonly repreſented as one who was an impoſtor thro' the whole courſe of his life This is what I can hardly believe. My opinion of the matter is, that he was firſt of all an enthuſiaſt, but that afterwards he made his very fanaticiſm ſubſervient to his greatneſs. A novice poſſeſſed of extreme religious fervour at twenty, often becomes a conſummate knave at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, but end knaves. A ſtateſman ſhall ſometimes take for his chaplain a monk covered over with the little pedantry of his convent; fanatic, devout, credulous, aukward, and quite raw in the world, the monk acquires knowledge, politeneſs, learns to intrigue, till at laſt he ſupplants his patron.

Cromwell at firſt hardly knew what to make of himſelf, and was puzzled whether to be a churchman or a ſoldier. He was actually both. He made a campaign with Frederic-Henry prince of Orange in 1622, who was not only a man

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of great capacity himſelf, but alſo brother to two illuſtrious perſonages. When he returned to England, he entered into the ſervice of biſhop Williams, and was my lord's chaplain, whilſt my lord was thought to be rather too great with his wife. His religious principles were thoſe of the puritanical ſect; ſo that he could not but mortally hate the biſhop, nor could he have any great affection for kings. He was baniſhed the biſhop's family on account of his being a Puritan, and this accident was properly the fountain and firſt beginning of all his grandeur *. The Engliſh parliament had declared againſt royalty and epiſcopacy, when ſome friends Cromwell had in that parliament procured him to be choſen for a borough. He may be ſaid to have exiſted only from this time, and was turned of forty before he made any noiſe in the world. In vain had he ſtudied the Bible, learned to wrangle about the inſtitution of prieſts and deacons, and made ſome wretched ſermons and libels: he was ſtill in obſcurity. I have ſeen a ſermon of his pretty much like one of the Quakers harangues, in which one cannot diſcover the ſmalleſt traces of that perſuaſive eloquence †

* We know not where our author picked up theſe anecdotes; but we will venture to ſay they are not true. Cromwell had been a libertine in his youth; but he all at once became a fanatic; and was ſo engroſſed by his exerciſes of devotion, that he neglected his temporal affairs, which were in great diſorder when he was returned member of parliament for the town of Cambridge. He had attained his fortieth year before he embraced the military profeſſion, and then the civil war had broke out.

† He never poſſeſſed the leaſt talent for eloquence; on the contrary, his public harangues were inſipid, perplexed, and often unintelligible.

by

by which he afterwards ſwayed the parliaments. The true reaſon of this is, he was much better qualified for the ſtate than the church. But his eloquence conſiſted wholly in his air and in the tone of his voice; the ſingle motion of that hand, that won ſo many battles, and killed ſo many Royaliſts, was more perſuaſive than all the ſtudied periods of Cicero. It muſt alſo be acknowledged, that the reputation he acquired was wholly owing to his incomparable valour, which laid the firſt ſteps of that ladder, by which he reached the higheſt ſummit of human grandeur.

He began with ſerving as a volunteer deſirous of making his fortune in the city of Hull*, which was then beſieged by the king. Here he performed ſo many gallant and ſucceſsful exploits, that he was rewarded by the parliament with a gratification of about ſix thouſand livres of our money. Such a preſent, beſtowed by the parliament on a ſimple volunteer, was a ſure prognoſtic their party muſt one day get the better. The king was not then in a condition to make ſuch a preſent to his general officers, as the parliament gave on this occaſion to their volunteers. With money and fanaticiſm, they muſt, in the long run, overcome all that ſtood in their way: they made Cromwell a colonel: then it was that his great talents for war began to diſplay themſelves; inſomuch, that, when the parliament made the earl of Mancheſter

* He was not in the town of Hull, which was never beſieged, though Sir John Hotham refuſed to ſurrender it to the king. The firſt ſpecimen of Cromwell's ſoldierſhip was his raiſing a troop of horſe for the ſervice of the parliament, and quartering them at Cambridge.

their

their general, they made Cromwell a lieutenant-general, without paſſing through the intermediate ranks. Never did man ſeem more worthy of command; never was there ſeen a greater ſhare of prudence and activity, or a more daring and undaunted ſpirit, joined to ſuch an infinity of reſources as were in Cromwell. He was wounded in the battle of York; and whilſt the ſurgeons were beginning to dreſs his wound, he was told that his general lord Mancheſter was retreating, and the battle entirely loſt. He runs to lord Mancheſter, whom he finds flying with ſome of his officers: he immediately takes him by the arm; and, with an air of intrepidity and greatneſs, told him; "You are miſtaken, my lord; this is not the way the enemy have fled." He leads him back near to the ſpot on which the battle was fought; rallies in the night upwards of twelve thouſand men; exhorts them in the name of the Lord; cites the examples of Moſes, Gideon, and Joſhua; beſeeches them by all means not to neglect to engage the victorious Royaliſts at break of day; and entirely defeats them. Almoſt all the officers in his army were enthuſiaſts, who carried their Bibles tied to the pommel of their ſaddles: there was nothing talked of, either in the army or in parliament, but the overthrowing of Babylon, eſtabliſhing the Lord's worſhip in the new Jeruſalem, and breaking the great idol. Cromwell, tho' amidſt an hoſt of fools, grew wiſe at laſt, and bethought himſelf, that it was better to guide them, than to be governed by them. The habit, however, of preaching like one inſpired ſtill remained with him. Imagine to yourſelf a Faquir, with his loins bound about with a girdle

dle of iron out of mere mortification, who afterwards pulls off his girdle, and falls to knocking down his brother Faquirs. This is Cromwell: he became full as good a politician as he was a ſoldier: he enters into an aſſociation with all the colonels of the army; and thus he forms his ſoldiers into a kind of republic, who force their general to abdicate. Another generaliſſimo is named, with whom he is preſently diſſatisfied: he governs the army, and with them the parliament, whom he at laſt compels to create him generaliſſimo. All this is certainly a great deal; but what is more remarkable is, that he gained every battle he fought, whether in Scotland, England, or Ireland; and gained them not like other generals, by being a mere ſpectator, ſollicitous about his own ſafety, but by continually charging the enemy in perſon; rallying his troops; by being preſent everywhere; often wounded; killing ſeveral of the Royaliſts with his own hand; like ſome furious grenadier, that delights in carnage.

In the midſt of this cruel and bloody war, Cromwell was making love, and went with his Bible under his arm to lie with the wife of his major-general Lambert. This lady was in love with the earl of Holland, who was then ſerving in the royal army. Cromwell takes him priſoner in one of his battles, and has the pleaſure to cut off his rival's head. His maxim was to cut off every enemy of any conſequence, either in the field of battle, or by the hand of the executioner. He encreaſed his power on every occaſion by perpetually abuſing it; and the depth of his deſigns want nothing of his natural ferocity. He enters the parliament; and taking

taking out his watch, throws it on the ground, and breaks it to pieces with this expreſſion I will break you, juſt as I have done that watch. Some time after he returns, and diſſolves them by his own authority, making them file off, as it were in review, before him. Each member was obliged, as he paſſed him, to make him a profound bow. One of them, it ſeems, thought proper to paſs him with his hat on; when Cromwell, taking it off, threw it on the ground. Learn, ſays he, to ſhew me the proper reſpect.

After having inſulted every crowned head, by cutting off that of the king his lawful ſovereign, and when he had even begun his own reign, he ſent his picture to queen Chriſtina of Sweden. Marvel, a famous Engliſh poet, who made very good Latin verſes, compoſed ſix lines on the occaſion, which were to accompany that preſent, in which he introduces Cromwell himſelf. Cromwell corrected the two laſt, which are theſe:

At tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Non ſunt hi vultus regibus uſque truces.

The bold ſentiment expreſſed in thoſe three couplets may be turned in this manner:

Les armes à la maim j'ai défendu les loix;
D'un peuple audacieux j'ai vengé la querelle.
Regardez ſans frémir cette image fidéle;
Mon front n'eſt pas toujours l'epouvante des rois.

Behold the chief who fought for dying laws,
And ſhun'd no dangers in his country's cauſe;
To kings no longer dreadful, ſues to you;
And ſmooths the terrors of his awful brow.

This

This queen was the firſt who acknowledged him on his being made protector of the three kingdoms. Almoſt every ſovereign in Europe ſent ambaſſadors to their brother Cromwell, to this once menial ſervant of a biſhop, who had put his ſovereign, who was of their blood, to death by the hands of the executioner: nay, they diſputed who ſhould have the honour of being in alliance with him. Cardinal Mazarin, to pleaſe him, baniſhed the two ſons of Charles I. the two grandſons of Henry IV. the two couſins-germain of Lewis XIV. of France, conquered Dunkirk for him, and the keys of that place were accordingly ſent him. When he died, Lewis XIV. with his whole court, put on mourning, except Mademoiſelle, who had the courage to come to the circle in colours, thus ſingly maintaining the honour of her family.

Never was there king more abſolute than Cromwell. He ſaid, he liked better to govern under the quality of protector than that of king, becauſe the power of the latter was well known to the people of England, whereas that of a protector was not. This ſhewed a thorough knowledge of mankind, who are ſlaves to opinion, which opinion often depends on a mere name. He had conceived a thorough contempt for religion, though he was indebted to it for all the power and honours he enjoyed. We have an undeniable anecdote of this preſerved in the St. John family, which is a ſufficient proof of the ſovereign contempt Cromwell entertained for that inſtrument which had produced ſuch wonderful effects in his hands. He was one day cracking a bottle with Ireton, Fleetwood,

Fleetwood, and St. John *, who was grandfather to the preſent Lord Bolingbroke; they wanted to draw the cork of a bottle, when the corkſcrew happened to fall under the table: they were all of them in ſearch of it, but could not find it. In the mean time, word was brought in that a deputation from the Preſbyterian churches waited for an audience in the antichamber. "Tell them," ſays Cromwell, "that I am *in private ſeeking the Lord.*" This was the canting expreſſion of thoſe fanatics for being at prayers. When he had in this manner diſmiſſed the deputation of miniſters, he made uſe of theſe very words to his companions: "Thoſe knaves think we are ſeeking the Lord, whereas in truth we are looking for the corkſcrew."

Europe has no example of any man who raiſed himſelf to ſuch an heighth of glory, from ſo humble an original. What could ſuch a man want? Succeſs. This ſucceſs he enjoyed; but was he happy with all his good fortune? He lived in very narrow and uneaſy circumſtances till paſt forty; he then bathed himſelf in blood, paſſed the reſt of his days in perpetual anxieties, and died at laſt in his ſeven and fiftieth year. Let any man but compare the life of this man with that of Newton, who lived fourſcore and four years, in perfect tranquility, full of honour, the light and guide of all intelligent beings, his reputation and fortune daily encreaſing, without care or remorſe; and

* The St. John here mentioned was no more than a natural ſon of Lord Bolingbroke's family, and a lawyer by profeſſion.

then

then tell me whoſe was the happier lot of the two.

O curas hominum, ô quantum eſt in rebus inane!

On FANATICISM.

GEOMETRY has not always the property of beſtowing a juſt way of thinking on thoſe who cultivate that ſcience. Into what precipices may not one fall with thoſe outlines of reaſon? A famous Proteſtant, who was reckoned one of the firſt mathematicians of his age, and who trod in the ſteps of Newton, Leibnitz, and Bernouilli, took it into his head, ſome years ſince, to draw ſome very odd corollaries. It has been ſaid, that with one grain of faith one might remove mountains; this perſon, by an analyſis wholly geometrical, ſays to himſelf, "I have many grains of faith, therefore I ought to do ſomething more than remove mountains." This was he who made his appearance in London in 1707, accompanied with ſome learned perſons, and even ſome of them very ſenſible men. He gave out publickly, that he would raiſe a dead perſon to life in any church-yard they ſhould think proper. Their reaſonings were always guided by ſyntheſis. They argued thus: The true diſciples muſt certainly work miracles, and we are true diſciples; ergo, we can do any thing we pleaſe. Simple ſaints of the church of Rome, who were

were wholly ignorant of geometry, have raiſed a great number of dead; therefore, *a fortiori*, we who are the reformers of the reformed muſt certainly be able to raiſe whom we pleaſe.

It is impoſſible to anſwer ſuch arguments; they are all according to the ſtricteſt rules of the ſchools. Here then is what has deluged antiquity with prodigies. Hence we may account for the temples of Eſculapius being always full of votive tablets, and every pillar of it hung round with the crutches of the lame, and the pictures of cures performed, with the images of little children in ſilver, as big as the life; in ſhort, every thing was miraculous.

In a word, our famous proteſtant geometrician that I am ſpeaking of, was ſo much in earneſt, that he poſitively aſſured the public he would raiſe the dead; and this plauſible propoſal made ſuch an impreſſion on the populace, that queen Anne was obliged to appoint a day, an hour, and a church-yard, in the option of the adept, where he might perform his miracle in a proper manner in the preſence of the magiſtracy. Our geometrical apoſtle made choice of St. Paul's Cathedral to exhibit his holy art. The people lined the place, and ſoldiers were planted to keep the dead and the living in order. The magiſtrates took their ſeats; and the recorder wrote every circumſtance of the tranſactions in the public archives. One cannot be too exact or uſe too many precautions where miracles are concerned. A body was therefore taken up in preſence of the ſaint, ſuch as he was pleaſed to direct. He prayed, fell on his knees, made a thouſand holy contortions, in which he was followed by his companions—but in vain; the

deceaſed gave not the ſmalleſt ſign of life, ſo that they were forced to carry him back to his hole, and content themſelves with ſome ſlight puniſhment of the raiſer of the departed and his adherents. I have ſince ſeen one of thoſe poor fellows; he owned to me that ſome one of them had been tainted with a little matter of venial ſin, which the departed had diſcovered; and that, had it not been for this, the reſurrection had moſt infallibly taken place.

Were it lawful to blaze abroad aught to the diſcredit of thoſe to whom the public owes the greateſt and moſt ſincere reſpect, I ſhould now be tempted to ſay, that Newton, the great Newton himſelf, has diſcovered in the Revelations that the pope is antichriſt, with abundance of the ſame ſort of ſtuff: I verily think I ſhould call him an Arian in good earneſt. I am ſenſible this weakneſs of Newton is to that of our other geometrician as an unit is to an infinite number. There is certainly no kind of compariſon. But what a wretched ſet of beings muſt the human ſpecies be, when ſuch a man as the immortal Newton could perſuade himſelf he ſaw the preſent hiſtory of Europe in the Apocalypſe!

It would ſeem that ſuperſtition is an epidemical kind of diſorder, and from which the brighteſt minds, and even freethinkers, are not wholly exempt. There are in Turkey perſons of extreme good ſenſe, who would ſuffer empaling alive for certain opinions of *Aboubeker*. Theſe principles once admitted to be juſt, their other arguments are certainly very concluſive. The Navaricians, the Radariſts, and the Jabariſts, damn each other mutually, by mere ſubtile and cobweb arguments: they all of them draw

very plauſible conſequences; though none of them have the courage to examine the principles on which thoſe arguments are founded.

A report is ſpread abroad in the world, that there is a giant ſeventy feet high; immediately the doctors in a body examine what the colour of his hair ought to be, together with the dimenſions of his thumb, and the breadth of his nails. There is nothing but outcries, caballing, and diſputes. They who maintain that the little finger of the giant is no more than fifteen lines in diameter, condemn ſuch as affirm the little finger to be a foot thick to the flames. "But, for heaven's ſake, gentlemen, are you ſure there is ſuch a monſter in being as this giant?" ſays a by-ſtander, with great modeſty. "What a blaſphemous doubt!" cry all the diſputants, "what an impious abſurdity!" Thus they come to a pious concluſion to ſtone this by-ſtander; and after having murdered him in the moſt orthodox and edifying manner imaginable, they fall together by the ears, according to cuſtom, about the myſtery of the nails and the little finger.

On DEISM.

DEISM is a religion which is diffuſed through all religions, a metal which mixes and unites with all other metals, and whoſe veins penetrate under ground to the extremities of the univerſe. This mine lies nearer the ſurface,

ſurface, and is more worked in China than in other parts; every where elſe it lies concealed, and is a ſecret wholly unknown to any but the true adepts.

There is no country where thoſe adepts abound more than in England. In the laſt century there were even ſome atheiſts in that kingdom, as well as in France and Italy. What chancellor Bacon ſaid has been fulfilled to a tittle, That a ſmattering of philoſophy makes one an atheiſt, but that a profound application to it leads to the knowledge of a God. At the time that men believed with Epicurus, that chance governs every thing, or with Ariſtotle, and even with ſeveral ancient divines, that every thing owes its being to corruption, and that, with the help of a little matter and motion, the world went very well of itſelf, it was then poſſible for a man to have diſbelieved a providence. But, after having a nearer view of nature, which the ancients never ſaw at all; after diſcovering that all matter is organized, and that every thing contains the principles of propagation; after a full conviction that a muſhroom is as much the production of infinite wiſdom as the ſyſtem of the univerſe; thinking perſons have fallen to adoring where their predeceſſors blaſphemed. Natural philoſophers are become the champions of a providence. A catechiſt announces a God to children, whilſt a Newton is demonſtrating its exiſtence to the ſages of the world.

Many have been deſirous to know, whether deiſm, conſidered in itſelf, and without any religious ceremonies, can properly be called a religion. The anſwer is evident: He who only

acknowledges a creating God, he who conſiders God only as a being infinitely powerful, and who ſees nothing in his creatures but machines of an admirable contrivance; can no more be ſaid to have a right ſenſe of religion towards him, than an European, who ſhould admire the power of an emperor of China, would be, for that reaſon only, a ſubject of that prince: but he who is perſuaded that God has been pleaſed to create a certain relation between himſelf and his creatures; that is, between himſelf and men, whom he has made free, capable of good and evil, and who hath beſtowed on them all that faculty of right reaſon, which is properly the inſtinct of man, and on which is founded the law of nature; this perſon is certainly under the power of true religion, and a religion at leaſt infinitely ſuperior to all thoſe of the ſects who are not of our communion; for all thoſe ſects are in the wrong, whereas the law of nature is undoubtedly, ſo far as it goes, perfectly right: even our revealed religion neither is nor can be any other than right reaſon as yet unaided by revelation, whereas the other religions are only good ſenſe perverted by ſuperſtition.

All the ſects differ from one another, becauſe they are of man; whereas morality is every-where the ſame, becauſe it proceeds from God.

It has been aſked, Why, of five or ſix hundred different ſects, there has not been one that has not been the occaſion of bloodſhed? And that the Deiſts, who are ſo numerous in all parts, have never occaſioned the ſmalleſt diſturbance? The reaſon is, that they were philoſophers. Now philoſophers may, in all likelihood,

hood, be guilty of falſe reaſoning, but never engage in intrigues of ſtate; ſo that they who perſecute philoſophers, on pretence that their opinions may prove dangerous to the public, are full as abſurd as a man would be who ſhould imagine the ſtudy of algebra might poſſibly raiſe the price of corn at market. A thinking being, who is in an error, is an object of pity, and his perſecutor a dangerous ideot and a madman. We are all ſons of one parent; and ſhould any of my brothers, who is full of filial reſpect, and animated with a charity truly fraternal, think proper to pay his reſpects to our Common Father after a different manner from me, am I therefore to cut his throat?

After all, what is a true Deiſt? One who ſays to God, "I adore and love thee;" one who ſays to a Turk, a Chineſe, an Indian, and to a Ruſſian, "I love thee."

But perhaps he doubts of Mahomet's voyage to the Moon, and accordingly makes bold to ſuppreſs one half of it, at leaſt in his own private opinion; he does not inſiſt his wife ſhould leap into the fire on his death, out of pure devotion. Sometimes too he may be tempted to think the hiſtory of the eleven thouſand virgins, and that of St. Amable, whoſe hat and gloves were carried to Rome by a ſun-beam, a little dubious. In every other reſpect he may be a very honeſt man. Noah would certainly have admitted him into his ark; Numa Pompilius into his council; he would have rode on the car of Zoroaſter, philoſophized with Plato, Ariſtippus, Cicero, and Atticus; but

tell me, do you think he would not have had a ſip of the hemlock with Socrates?

ON THE

CONTRADICTIONS of this WORLD.

THE more one knows this world of ours, the more contradictions and inconſiſtencies ſhall we find in it. To begin with the Grand Turk; he is under an indiſpenſible neceſſity to cut off the head of every one who gives him the leaſt grounds of diſpleaſure, and is at the ſame time hardly able to preſerve his own.

If from the Grand Turk we paſs to St. Peter; his holineſs confirms the election of emperors, has kings for his vaſſals, but is not more powerful than a duke of Savoy. He ſends his commands into America and the Eaſt Indies; yet is he not able to take away one privilege from the republic of Lucca. The emperor is king of the Romans; but his whole right and prerogative conſiſts in holding the pope's ſtirrup, and the baſon for him to waſh in at maſs.

The Engliſh ſerve their monarch on the knee; but then they depoſe, impriſon, and cut off his head on a ſcaffold.

Men who have made a vow of poverty, obtain, even by virtue of that vow, an eſtate of two hundred thouſand crowns yearly revenue; and

and, in conſequence of their humility, become abſolute ſovereigns.

At Rome they rigorouſly condemn pluralities of benefices, with cure of ſouls; while at the ſame inſtant they will iſſue out bulls to ſome German to enable him to hold half a dozen biſhoprics at once. It is, ſay they, becauſe the German biſhops have no church cures. The chancellor of France is the ſecond perſon in the ſtate, and yet he is never permitted to eat at the king's table; at leaſt, it has never happened hitherto: while a colonel, who is ſcarce a gentleman, enjoys that honour. An intendant's lady is a queen in her huſband's province, and at court no more than a ſimple country madam.

They who are convicted of that heinous ſin of non-conformity, are publicly burnt; whilſt the ſecond eclogue of Virgil, in which is that warm declaration of love which Corydon makes the beauteous Alexis, *Formoſum paſtor Corydon ardebat Alexin*, is gravely expounded in every college; and they are even at abundance of pains to cauſe their pupils to take notice that tho' Corydon was fair and Amyntas ſwarthy, yet ſtill Amyntas might juſtly claim the preference.

Should a poor harmleſs philoſopher, who never dreamed of doing the leaſt harm to any one, take it into his head to imagine that the earth moves, that light comes from the ſun, or that matter might poſſibly have ſome other properties beſides thoſe we are yet acquainted with, immediately the hue-and-cry is raiſed againſt him as an impious diſturber of the public tranquility, notwithſtanding his perſecutors have tranſlated and publiſhed, *in uſum delphini*, Lu-

cretius and Cicero's Tuſculane Queſtions, which are two complete bodies of irreligion.

Our courts of juſtice have now rejected all belief of perſons poſſeſſed with evil ſpirits, and witches are ſubjects of laughter; but Gaufredy and Grandier were both burnt for witchcraft; and lately, by a majority of voices, a monk was condemned to the ſtake by one of our parliaments, for having bewitched a young damſel of eighteen years by breathing upon her *.

The ſceptical philoſophy of Bayle was even perſecuted in Holland. La Motte le Vayer, ſtill a greater ſceptic, though not near ſo good a philoſopher, was preceptor to Lewis XIV. and his brother. Gourville was hanged in effigy at Paris, whilſt he was the ambaſſador of France in Germany.

The famous atheiſt Spinoſa lived and died in peace. Vanini, whoſe only crime was writing againſt Ariſtotle, was burnt for an atheiſt: in this quality he has had the honour to make a conſiderable article in the hiſtory of the republic of letters, as well as in all the dictionaries, thoſe enormous archives of lies, with ſo ſmall a mixture of truth: Do but open thoſe books, you will there find it recorded that Vanini † not only

* This is the famous proſecution of Father Girard and Miſs Cadiere. Never was there any thing more diſgraceful to humanity.

† Julius Cæſar Vanini, born in the kingdom of Naples in the ſixteenth century, was an adventurer in freethinking, and travelled into ſeveral countries, where he brought himſelf into trouble by ſpeaking and writing on the myſteries of religion. At length he was impriſoned at Tholouſe, tried and convicted of atheiſm and ſorcery, for which he was brought to the ſtake and burned alive, after his tongue had been cut out.

taught

taught atheiſm in his writings, but alſo that twelve profeſſors of the ſame creed had actually ſet out from Naples with deſign to make proſelytes to their goſpel in all parts; then open Vanini's books, you will be aſtoniſhed to find they contain nothing but ſo many proofs of the exiſtence of a deity. See here what he ſays in his Amphitheatrum, a work condemned upon truſt, becauſe it is wholly unknown: "God is his own ſole principal and boundary, without end, without beginning, having no need of either; and the father of all beginning and of every end; he exiſts for ever, but in no ſpace of time; with regard to time, there is no duration, *a parte ante*, that is to ſay, which is paſt, nor futurity which will come hereafter; he is preſent every where without occupying any place; immoveable, yet without ſtopping, and rapid without motion; he is all, but without one excluſive of all; he is in every thing, but without being confined; and without every thing, but without being excluded from other beings; good, without quality; a whole, without parts; and, whilſt he produces all the various changes in nature, he is himſelf unvaried and immutable; his will is his power; he is ſimplicity itſelf; there is no ſuch thing as mere poſſibility, all in him is real; he is the firſt, the middle, and the laſt act; in one word, he is all, yet is he above all kings, without them, within them, beyond them, eternally before them, yet preſent with them." After ſuch a confeſſion of his faith, was Vanini denounced an atheiſt. Yet what could the grounds for his condemnation be? The ſimple depoſition of a fellow called Francon. In vain did his works bear witneſs in his

favour. A ſingle enemy robbed him of his life and reputation, at leaſt all over Europe, at the ſame time.

The little book, called the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which is no more than a cold imitation of Lucian, and which has not the ſlighteſt or moſt diſtant relation to Chriſtianity, has in like manner been condemned to the flames; yet Rabelais has been printed *cum privilegio*, and the Turkiſh Spy, and even the Perſian Letters *, have been ſuffered to paſs unmoleſted, particularly the latter, that ingenious, diverting, and daring performance, which contains an entire letter in defence of ſuicide; another in which are theſe words: "If we ſuppoſe ſuch a thing as religion;" another where it is ſaid in expreſs terms, that the biſhops have properly no other function, but that of diſpenſing with the laws; in a word, another which calls the pope a magician, who endeavours to perſuade us that three and one are the ſame; that the bread we eat is not bread, &c. The abbe de St. Pierre, a man who might poſſibly be deceived, but who has conſtantly kept the public good in ſight in all his writings, and whoſe works cardinal Du Bois uſed to call the Dreams of a good Citizen; this abbe de St. Pierre, I ſay, was excluded from the French Academy, *nemine contradicente*, for having, in a political work, preferred the eſtabliſhment of boards of council to the inſtitution of ſecretaries of ſtate; and for ſaying, that the finances had been ſhamefully managed towards the cloſe of that glorious reign. The author of the Perſian Letters made mention of Lewis XIV.

* By the Baron de Monteſquieu.

only

only that he might have an opportunity to tell the world that the king was a magician, who undertook to perſuade his ſubjects that paper was gold and ſilver; that he preferred the Turkiſh to all other forms of government; that he held a man who handed him a napkin in higher eſteem than one who had won him battles; that he had given a penſion to a perſon who had fled a matter of two leagues from the field of battle without once looking behind him, and a conſiderable government to one who had run four; that he was miſerably poor, notwithſtanding he ſays, in the ſame letter, that his finances are inexhauſtible. Let us further ſee what the ſame author, in the only book of his then known, had ſaid of Lewis XIV. the protector of the French Academy; and it is on the reputation he acquired by this book, he was admitted into their number. We may add to this, what crowns the inconſiſtency, that this company received him amongſt them chiefly for making them ridiculous; for of all the books in which authors have made themſelves merry at the expence of their company, there is none where they are worſe handled than in the Perſian Letters. Conſult the letter in which it is ſaid; "The members who compoſe this body, have no other employment but to prate everlaſtingly; and panegyric flows naturally out of that babbling of theirs, which is truly world without end," &c. After treating that body in this manner, they very complaiſantly praiſed him for his addreſs in drawing a ſtrong likeneſs.

Were I diſpoſed to examine the contrarieties to be met with in the republic of letters, I muſt

write the hiſtory of all the literati, and of all the wits who have ever had a being: in like manner, had I a mind to enter into the detail of all the inconſiſtencies to be found in human ſociety, I ſhould be obliged to write no leſs than a hiſtory of the whole human race. An inhabitant of Aſia, who ſhould travel into Europe, might take us all for Pagans. The very days of the week with us bear the names of Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus; the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche are painted in a palace belonging to the pope; but eſpecially ſhould this Aſiatic be at one of our operas, he could have no manner of doubt but it was a feſtival in honour of the Heathen Gods. Were he to inform himſelf more exactly in what regarded our manners, he would be under much greater aſtoniſhment: he would find a law ſubſiſting in Spain, by which all foreigners are excluded from the ſmalleſt commerce, directly or indirectly, with their American ſettlements, whilſt thoſe very foreigners carry on, by means of Spaniſh factors, a trade to the amount of fifty millions *per annum*; ſo that Spain could never grow rich, were it not for the violation of that law, which is ſtill in being, though perpetually trampled upon: he could ſee the government in another country encouraging an India company, though their theologians had declared their dividends criminal before God: he would have the right of judging their fellow-ſubjects, the command of their armies in time of war, with the quality of counſellors of ſtate, bought with money: he would never be able to comprehend how it ſhould be mentioned in the patents which entitle them to hold thoſe

places,

places, that they have been granted, without caballing, fee, or reward, and purely on the ſcore of merit, whilſt the valuable conſideration is attached to their letters of proviſion. Would not our Aſiatic be ſurpriſed to ſee our players at the ſame inſtant payed by the ſovereign and excommunicated by the clergy? He would aſk why a lieutenant-general, who is only a *roturier*, or man of the common claſs, though he may have won battles, ſhall, in the eſtimation of the *taille*, be ranked with a peaſant, whilſt an *Echevin*, or city ſheriff*, ſhall be held as noble as the Montmorenci's? Why, during the time that all regular ſhows are prohibited in a week which is conſecrated to edification, they allow of mountebanks, whoſe language is offenſive to the leaſt delicate ear? He would ſee almoſt all our laws in direct oppoſition to our cuſtoms; and were we to travel into Aſia, we ſhould find pretty near the ſame inconſiſtencies.

Men are every-where alike fools: they make laws after much ſuch a manner as we repair breaches in walls. In one place the elder brothers have done all in their power to leave their younger mere beggars; in others they ſhare all alike. At one time the church authorizes duels, at another ſhe anathematizes them. The partizans and enemies of Ariſtotle have been excommunicated in their turn, ſo have the wearers of long and ſhort hair. There has not in the known world any law been diſcovered that has been able to redreſs a very ſilly piece of folly, which is gaming. The laws of play are the

* This ridiculous cuſtom has been at length aboliſhed in 1751. The lieutenant-generals are now declared as noble as the echevins.

only

only ones which admit of neither exception, relaxation, impoſition, nor variation. A fellow that has been a lackey, if he plays at *lanſquenet* with a king, and happens to win, is paid without the leaſt heſitation: in every other reſpect, the law is a ſword, with which the ſtronger cuts the weaker in pieces.

Yet the world ſubſiſts as if it were conſtituted in the wiſeſt manner imaginable; irregularity is attached to our natures; our political world is much like our globe, tho' ſomething hideous, it yet preſerves itſelf. It would be folly to wiſh, that all the mountains, ſeas, and rivers, were drawn in regular geometrical figures: it would be a ſtill higher piece of folly to require ſuch a thing as conſummate wiſdom from men; it would be to give wings to dogs, or horns to eagles.

ON

WHAT IS NOT DONE,

AND

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

TO let the world go as it will, to do one's duty in a decent way, and to take care always to ſpeak well of the prior, is an old maxim amongſt the monks, but which would never draw the convent out of its ancient poverty, the neglect of its diſcipline, and the contempt that muſt of neceſſity enſue from ſuch a conduct. When men are not ſpurred with emulation, they are properly ſo many aſſes who jog on ſlowly at the old pace, who ſtop at the ſmalleſt obſtacle, and fall to eating their thiſtles with great compoſure, at ſight of theſe obſtacles which they try not to overcome; but on hearing the voice of ſome one who encourages them, on feeling the goad which rouſes them, they become like courſers, whoſe flight o'erleaps all bounds Had it not been for the ſalutary remonſtrances of the abbé de St. Pierre, the barbarities proceeding from the arbitrary manner of levying the taille, would have never been aboliſhed in France. Had it not been for the advice of Locke †, the general confuſion

† When the leading men in parliament reſolved upon a new coinage, in conſequence of the advice Sir Iſaac Newton gave to Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax; a queſtion aroſe whether the new coin, in its different

fuſion of the coin in England had never been repaired: there are often found men, who, without buying the right of ſitting in judgment on their peers, love the public good full as much as it is unheeded by thoſe who purchaſe this power of doing good or evil, juſt as one buys a farm.

One day in the firſt ages of the Roman republic, a citizen, whoſe predominant paſſion was the deſire of rendering his country as flouriſhing as poſſible, aſked leave to ſpeak with the preſiding conſul: he was told that the magiſtrate was at table in company with the pretor, the edile, ſome ſenators, their miſtreſſes, and buffoons; on which occaſion he left in the hands of one of theſe ſaucy ſlaves that waited on them at table, a memorial nearly to the following purport: "Since you ſee tyrants have every where done all the miſchief in their power, why do not ye do all the good you are able? Whence comes it that the poor beſet your temples, and your ſtreets, making a ſhow of that miſery of theirs, which is at once diſgraceful to you, and diſables them from ſerving their country, to which they might be ſerviceable were they employed in the public works? What are thoſe legions doing, who had better been ſet about repairing the highways and fortifications. That moraſs, were it drained, would no longer

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ferent denominations, ſhould retain the original weight and purity of the old. Mr. Lowndes propoſed, that the ſtandard ſhould be raiſed in value: he was oppoſed by Mr. Locke, at that time one of the commiſſioners of the board of trade, and his arguments were ſo convincing, that the committee reſolved that the eſtabliſhed ſtandard ſhould be preſerved.

infeſt a whole province, and would become fertile fields. Thoſe irregular ſtreets fit only for a city of barbarians, might be turned into magnificent ſquares. Thoſe heaps of marble, which cover all the banks of the river, might be cut into ſtatues, and thus become the recompenſe of thoſe great men who have ſerved their country, as well as a public ſchool of virtue, whereof they would be the monuments: your public markets ought not only to be commodious but magnificent, inſtead of filthy and loathſome places, as they now are: your houſes are without water, and your public fountains are void of all taſte or beauty: your chief temple is a piece of barbarous architecture: the entrance of your public theatres reſemble thoſe of brothels: thoſe halls where the people aſſemble to hear what ought to be the wonder of the univerſe, have neither neatneſs, proportion, grandeur, nor convenience. The palace of your capitol threatens ruin; the front of it is hid by vile cabins, whilſt the houſe of Moletus occupies its very center. In vain will your criminal lethargy reply, that the coſt of remedying ſo many abſurdities would be too extravagant: let me aſk you, will you beſtow thoſe ſums on the Cimbri and Maſſagetes? Would it not be beſtowed on your architects, your ſculptors, your painters, and ſo many other artiſts? Theſe artiſts thus rewarded will reſtore this money to the ſtate, by a new encreaſe in their neceſſary expences, which they will be enabled to make. The fine arts will be honoured, and will at once beſtow glory and wealth on thoſe who have protected them, for the richeſt is always the moſt induſtrious people. Liſten then to ſo noble an emu-

emulation; nor let the Greeks, who begin to eſteem your wiſdom and valour, any longer reproach you with your barbarity."

The memorial of the citizen was read at table; the conſul ſaid not a word on the ſubject, but called for a glaſs of wine; the edile obſerved, the memorial was not amiſs, and ſo the affair ended. The converſation turned on the flavour of the Falernian wine, on the ſparkling quality of that of Cecuba, the praiſes of a celebrated cook, the newly diſcovered ſauce for ſturgeon, healths went round, three or four inſipid ſtories were told, after which the company fell aſleep. In the mean time, the ſenator Appius, who had been ſecretly ſtung by the reading of this memorial, built ſome time after the Appian way; Flaminius conſtructed the way called the Flaminian; a third beautified the capitol; a fourth builds an amphitheatre; and a fifth ſeveral public markets. Thus the advice of our obſcure citizen was a plant which took root by degrees in the minds of thoſe great men.

On JOHN LAW, MELON, and DUTOT.

On COMMERCE and LUXURY.

COMMERCE has been better underſtood in France within theſe twenty years, than it had ever before been from the reign of Pharamond to that of Lewis XIV. Before this period it was a ſecret art, a kind of chymiſtry in the hands of three

three or four perſons, who actually made gold, but without communicating the ſecret by which they had been enriched. The body of the nation were in ſuch profound ignorance of this important ſecret, that we had neither miniſter nor magiſtrate that knew what the words *annuities*, *principal*, *exchange*, or *dividend* meant. It was deined, that a Scotchman called John Law ſhould come into France, and overturn the whole œconomy of our government to inſtruct us. He had the courage, in the moſt horrible confuſion of our finances, and in the time of a moſt dreadful famine, to eſtabliſh a bank and an India company. This was giving a vomit to the ſick; we took too much, and convulſions were the conſequence: but at length, from the ruins of his ſyſtem, we had left us an India company, with a capital amounting to the ſum of fifty millions of livres. What had been the caſe had we taken a moderate doſe of that ſalutary medicine? In my opinion, the ſtate had certainly been the moſt vigorous and powerful in the whole world.

There prevailed ſtill among us, at the time when the preſent India company was eſtabliſhed, a prejudice ſo very ſtrong, that the Sorbonne declared the ſharing the dividends of actions uſurious. In the very ſame manner the German printers, who came to eſtabliſh their art in France, were in 1570 accuſed of witchcraft.

We Frenchmen, there is no denying it, have come very late into every thing. Our firſt ſteps in the arts have been to thwart the introduction of thoſe truths which came to us from abroad: we defended theſes againſt the circulation of the blood, after it had been demonſtrated in England;

land; againſt the revolution of the earth, which had been made evident in Germany; not even the moſt ſalutary remedies have eſcaped being proſcribed by an arret. To diſcover any new truths, to propoſe any thing of general uſe to mankind, is a ſure ſtep to perſecution. John Law, that Scotchman to whom we owe our India company, and all we know of commerce, was driven out of France, and died in miſery at Venice; and yet, nowithſtanding we had ſcarce three hundred merchant ſhips of any burden when he propoſed his ſyſtem *, we have now upwards of eighteen hundred. Though we owe them all to him, we are yet exceedingly ungrateful to the memory of our benefactor.

The principles of commerce are known at preſent to all the world: we are beginning to have good books on that ſubject. The eſſay *Sur le Commerce* of Melon, is the work of a man of ſenſe, a good citizen, and an excellent philoſopher: it has a tincture of the ſpirit of that age; and I don't think that even in the time of M. Colbert, there were two perſons in France capable to compoſe ſuch a work. There are, notwithſtanding, a number of errors in that excellent book; ſo great a progreſs as he has made in the road to truth was no eaſy matter: it is a piece of ſervice done the public to point out the miſtakes that happen in an uſeful book. It is indeed in ſuch only we ought to look for them. It is ſhewing reſpect to a good work to contradict it; a bad piece does not deſerve that honour.

* This was written in 1738.

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The following obſervations are ſuch as ſeem contrary to truth.

I. He ſays thoſe countries in which are the greateſt number of beggars, are the moſt barbarous. I believe there is no city more civilized than Paris, and where at the ſame time there are more beggars. This is a vermin that attach themſelves to riches; the drones run from the extremities of the kingdom to Paris, in order to lay opulence and good-nature under contribution. This is an abuſe difficult to root out, but which proves only that there are wretches in ſuch a country, who prefer begging to getting their livelihood by their honeſt induſtry. This may be a proof of wealth and negligence, but by no means of barbarity.

II. He repeats in ſeveral places that Spain would be more powerful without America. He grounds his obſervations on the depopulation of Spain, and on the weakneſs under which that ſtate hath long languiſhed. This notion of America weakening Spain is to be met with in a hundred different authors. But had they given themſelves the trouble to reflect that the treaſures of America were the cement of the power of Charles V. and that by their means Philip II. would have been maſter of Europe, if Henry the Great, Elizabeth, and the princes of Orange had not been heroes, thoſe authors would have been of a different way of thinking. It has been imagined that the Spaniſh monarchy has been in a manner annihilated, becauſe their kings Philip III. Philip IV. and Charles II. were either unfortunate or weak princes. But let us ſee how this monarchy has reſumed new life under cardinal Alberoni; let us caſt our eyes towards

wards Africa and Italy, thoſe theatres of the conqueſts of the preſent Spaniſh government, and we ſhall be forced to own that nations are juſt what kings and miniſters make them. Courage, fortitude, induſtry, every talent remains buried, till ſome great genius appears, who rouſes and ſets them in motion. The capitol is at preſent inhabited by Recollets, and chaplets are now diſtributed on the ſpot where vanquiſhed kings followed the chariot of Paulus Emilius. Let but an emperor take up his reſidence in Rome, and let this emperor be a Julius Cæſar, every Roman will become a Cæſar with him.

As to the depopulation of Spain, it is not near ſo great as what it is given out to be: and even after all, this kingdom, and the ſtates of America depending on it, are at this time ſo many provinces of the ſame empire, which is ſeparated by no longer a ſpace than what may be ſailed over in two months. In a word, their treaſures become ours, by a neceſſary and unavoidable circulation. Their cochineal, their quinquina, their mines of Mexico and Peru, are ours, and by the ſame means our manufactures are Spaniſh. Had America been a burden to them, is it to be thought they would have perſiſted ſo long in denying admittance into that country to ſtrangers of every denomination? Do people preſerve with ſo much care the principle and ſource of one's ruin, after having had two hundred years to conſider of it?

III. He ſays, that the loſs of their ſoldiers is not the moſt fatal conſequence in their wars; that an hundred thouſand men are a very ſmall number in compariſon to twenty millions; but that

that a new augmentation of taxes renders twenty millions of perſons miſerable. I will grant him twenty millions of ſouls in France; but I will not likewiſe grant him, that it is better to have an hundred thouſand ſoldiers cut to pieces, than to put the reſt of the nation to an additional expence in taxes. This is not all; here is a ſtrange and fatal miſcalculation. Lewis XIV. had, reckoning the whole body of the marine, four hundred and forty thouſand men in pay during the war in 1701. The Roman empire never had ſuch a numerous army on foot. It has been obſerved, that about one fifth part of an army is deſtroyed by the end of a campaign, by diſeaſes, accidents, fire, and ſword. Here then are eighty-eight thouſand men deſtroyed each year; therefore, at the expiration of ten years, the ſtate has loſt eight hundred and fourſcore thouſand men, and together with them all the children they would have procreated in that time. At preſent, if France contains about eighteen millions of ſouls, take away one half nearly for the women, together with all the old men, the children, the clergy, the monks, the magiſtrates, and thoſe who are neceſſary to carry on manufactures, and to till the ground, what number remains for the defence of the nation? In eighteen millions you will hardly find eighteen hundred thouſand men, and the war in ten years is ſuppoſed to have deſtroyed near nine hundred thouſand. Thus the war deſtroys to a nation one half of all her men capable of bearing arms in her defence; and you ſay a new impoſt is more diſaſtrous to a nation than the death of ſo many of her beſt people.

After correcting theſe inadvertencies, which the author would have corrected himſelf, ſuffer me to have the pleaſure to conſider what he has advanced on freedom of commerce, on manufactures, on exchange, and chiefly with regard to luxury. This wiſe apology for luxury is by ſo much the more eſtimable in this author, and has ſo much the more force from his mouth, as his life was that of a philoſopher.

What then is luxury? 'Tis a word without any preciſe idea *, much ſuch another expreſſion as when we ſay the eaſtern and weſtern hemiſphere: in fact, there is no ſuch thing as Eaſt and Weſt; there is no fixed point where the earth riſes and ſets; or if you will, every point on it is at the ſame time Eaſt and Weſt. It is the ſame with regard to luxury; for either there is no ſuch thing, or elſe it is in all places alike. Lead us back to thoſe times when our grandfathers wore no ſhirts. Had any one told them, you muſt wear finer and lighter ſtuffs than the fineſt cloth, white as ſnow, and you ſhall ſhift them every day; and even after they are a little dirty, you muſt, with a compoſition prepared with great art, reſtore them to their former luſtre; every body would cry out, What luxury! What effeminacy! Such a magnificence as this is hardly ſufferable in a king. You want to corrupt our manners, and ruin the na-

* There is no occaſion to define luxury, it is ſo well underſtood; and notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid in defence of it, by different writers, it muſt be owned, that whatever tends to impair the health, and corrupt the morals of the people, is, on the whole, pernicious to the community. That luxury does both, no-body will deny.

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tion. Do they underſtand by luxury, the expence of an opulent perſon? Muſt he then live like the poor, he whoſe profuſion alone is ſufficient to maintain the poor? Expenſiveneſs ſhould be the thermometer of a private perſon's fortune, as general luxury is the infallible mark of a powerful and flouriſhing empire. It was under Charlemagne, Francis I. and under the miniſtry of the great Colbert, and the preſent adminiſtration, that men lived at the greateſt expence; that is to ſay, that the arts were encouraged and cultivated.

What would the tart, the ſatyrical la Bruyére be at? What means this affected miſanthrope, by crying out, "Our anceſtors knew not what it was to prefer taſte to utility; they were never known to light themſelves with waxen tapers; this was a commodity reſerved for the altar, and the royal palace. They were never heard to ſay, Let my horſes be put to my coach: good pewter ſhone on their tables and ſide-boards; their ſilver was laid up in their coffers, &c." Is not this a very pleaſant elogium of our foreſathers, to ſay they neither had taſte, induſtry, neatneſs, nor plenty? Their ſilver was laid up in their coffers. Were this really true, it was certainly the greateſt folly imaginable. Money is made for circulation, to bring the ſecrets of art to light, and to purchaſe the induſtry and labours of men: he who hoards it is a bad citizen, and even a bad œconomiſt. It is by diſſipating it we render ourſelves uſeful to our country and to ourſelves. Will men never grow weary of commending the follies of antiquity, with a view to ridicule the advantages of our own times?

This work of Melon has produced another by Mr. Dutot, which has much the preference, both in point of depth and juſtneſs of reaſoning. This piece of Mr. Dutot is likely to give birth to another, which will probably carry the palm from both the others, as it is the production of a ſtateſman. Never was the ſtudy of the *Belles-lettres* ſo cloſely connected with that of the revenues, which is an additional merit in the age in which we live.

On MONEY and the REVENUES of Kings.

IT is well known that every change in the money in the laſt reign was both burdenſome to the people, and hurtful to the intereſt of the king. In theſe, therefore, is there no caſe in which an augmentation of the money may become neceſſary?

In a ſtate, for inſtance, that has but a ſmall ſhare of commerce, and as ſmall a ſhare of money (which has long been the caſe with France) a lord ſhall poſſeſs an eſtate of an hundred marks a year: he is forced to borrow, in order to marry his daughters, or to carry on a war, a thouſand marks, for which he is to pay fifty marks *per annum*. By this means his family is reduced to the annual expence of fifty marks, for all charges. In the mean time the nation becomes more induſtrious, carries on a trade, ſo that money becomes more plenty. Then, as it never fails to happen, labour becomes dearer, ſo that the expence of luxuries, agreeable to the

rank of this family, becomes double, treble, and even quadruple; whilſt the corn, which is the ſole reſource of the country, does not increaſe in the ſame proportion, becauſe people eat no greater quantity of bread than heretofore, though a great deal more is conſumed in magnificence. What was formerly bought with fifty marks, ſhall now coſt two hundred; ſo that the owner of land, who is now obliged to pay fifty marks of annuity, is obliged to diſpoſe of his eſtate. What I now ſay of the lord, I ſay equally of the magiſtrate, the man of letters, &c. as of the labourer, who buys his pewter diſhes, his ſilver cup, his bed, and his linen, ſo much the dearer. In a word, the higheſt perſonage in the land is in the ſame caſe, when his revenues are no more than certain fixed demeſnes, together with certain impoſts, which he is afraid to augment, for fear of exciting murmurs among his people. In this preſſing ſituation, there is certainly no more than the choice of one expedient left, which is to eaſe the debtor. This may be done by aboliſhing his debts: this is the cuſtom practiſed by the Egyptians, with ſeveral other oriental nations, at the expiration of every fifty, and ſometimes every thirty years *. This cuſtom was far from being ſo rigid as is imagined, the creditors having taken their meaſures accordingly, and a loſs which was diſcernable ſo long beforehand, can hardly be called a loſs. Although this law is not in force with us, it was however found neceſſary to have recourſe to it in effect,

* At the end of every ſeven years the legiſlature of England interpoſes for the relief of inſolvent debtors; a much better expedient than that of raiſing the value of the coin.

whatever round-about methods were uſed to avoid it. For what is it, when one falls on a method to pay only the fourth part of what he owes, but a kind of jubilee? This was very eaſily diſcovered, by giving coins an arbitrary value, and ſaying, this piece of gold, which was in value ſix livres, ſhall, from this day forward, be valued at four and twenty; and whoever ſhould owe four ſuch pieces of gold, under the title of ſix livres each, would pay his debt by paying only one ſingle piece of gold, which would be called four and twenty livres. As theſe operations were performed by inſenſible degrees, no body was ſtartled at the change. One, who was both debtor and creditor, gained on one hand what he loſt on the other. Another carried on trade; and a third was ſufferer, and was obliged to retrench.

In this manner have all the nations of Europe proceeded, before they had a regular and an extenſive commerce. Let us examine the conduct of the Romans, we ſhall find that the *As*, the pound of copper of twelve ounces, was reduced to ſix liards of our preſent mony. Amongſt the Engliſh, the pound ſterling of ſixteen ounces of ſilver, is reduced to two and twenty livres of our money. The pound groſs among the Dutch is worth about twelve livres in accompts. But our livre is what has undergone the greateſt change of them all.

In the time of Charlemagne we called the current coin equal in value to the twentieth part of a livre, a *ſolide*, from the Roman name of *ſolidum*: this *ſolide* is what we now call a *ſous*, in the ſame manner as we barbarouſly pronounce the month of Auguſt, *Août*, which we very politely

fitely pronounce *Ou*; ſo that in our ſo exceeding polite language, *hodieque manent veſtigia rurſis*. In ſhort, this *ſolide*, or *ſous*, which was the twentieth part of a livre, and the tenth part of a mark of ſilver, is at this day no more than a penny piece of copper money, repreſenting the nineteen hundred and twentieth part of a livre, ſilver being ſuppoſed at forty-nine livres the mark. This calculation is almoſt incredible; and it is found by this very calculation, that a family which formerly ſhould have had an hundred *ſolides* yearly rent, and who could have lived extremely well, would now have no more than five-ſixths of a crown of ſix livres to ſpend yearly.

What does all this prove? Why this; that of all nations we have always been the moſt given to change, though by no means the happieſt; that we have puſhed the abuſe of a law of nature, which requires the eaſing of debtors oppreſſed by the diminution of the value of money, to an enormous and moſt intolerable exceſs. Now, ſince Mr. Dutot has ſo well expoſed the dangers of thoſe ſudden ſhocks which the change of the ſummary value of the coin occaſions, it is to be hoped that, in an age ſo enlightened as ours, we run no riſk of undergoing the like diſaſters.

What moſt ſurpriſed me in Mr. Dutot's work, was to find him aſſerting that Lewis XII. Francis I. Henry II. and Henry III. were richer than Lewis XV. Who could have thought that Henry IH. at the preſent rate of computation, ſhould have had one hundred and ſixty-three millions more revenue than our preſent king? I confeſs

I have not yet been able to ſurmount my ſurprize. For how ſhould Henry III. if he was actually poſſeſſed of ſuch immenſe wealth, have found ſo much difficulty in oppoſing the Spaniards? How came he to be ſo oppreſſed by the Guiſes? How came France to loſe her arts and manufactures? Whence is it, that no fine houſes were built, no royal palace erected, no taſte, nor the leaſt ſympton of magnificence were then to be ſeen, thoſe never-failing attendants of riches? Whereas at preſent three hundred fortreſſes always in thorough repair, which ſtrengthen and adorn our frontiers, and which are garriſoned with at leaſt two hundred thouſand men, are a certain proof of the ſuperiority of our wealth. The troops which compoſe the king's houſhold, may well enough be compared to the ten thouſand, covered with gold and ſilver, which attended on the chariot of Xerxes and Darius. Paris contains twice the number of people, and is an hundred times more opulent than under Henry III. Commerce, which, if we had then any at all, was in a moſt languiſhing and proſtrate condition, now flouriſhes at a great rate, to the vaſt emolument of the nation.

Since the laſt melting down of the coin, it has been found that upwards of twelve hundred millions in gold and ſilver paſſed through the mint. It is found, by the ſum of the ſtamp-duty on thoſe metals, that there is in France about an equal quantity of bullion in wrought plate. It is true, thoſe immenſe riches cannot be ſaid to leſſen the miſery of the people in a year of dearth. But this is not the ſubject of our preſent enquiry: the queſtion is, to know by what means,

means, though the nation has become incomparably richer than in the preceding ages, the king has yet become actually poorer.

Let us firſt of all compare the riches of Lewis XV. with thoſe of Francis I. The public revenues then amounted to ſixteen millions of nominal livres, which livre was to the preſent as one is to four and a half. Therefore ſixteen millions of ſuch livres were equal in value to ſeventy-two millions of our livres: whence it follows, that with ſeventy-two millions only we ſhould be as rich as at that period. But the revenues of the ſtate * are ſuppoſed to amount to two hundred millions: therefore Lewis XV. is richer by one hundred and twenty eight millions than Francis I. therefore too this prince is three times richer than Francis I. and by conſequence draw three times the money from his people which Francis I. was able to do. This is very different from the calculation of M. Dutot.

He pretends, in order to prove his ſyſtem, that commodities are fifteen times dearer than in the ſixteenth century. Let us examine the price of commodities: we ſhall confine ourſelves to the price of corn at the capital, one year with another. I find many years in the ſixteenth century, in which corn was at fifty, five and twenty, twenty, and at eighteen ſous, and even at four livres, from whence I eſtimate the mean value at thirty ſous. Wheat is now worth twelve

* This is the ſuppoſition of M. Dutot. But in 1750, the king's revenues amounted to near three hundred millions †, at forty-nine livres ten ſous the mark.

† Between fourteen and fifteen millions ſterling. This calculation is higher than has been generally ſuppoſed, by five millions at leaſt.

livres: therefore commodities have encreaſed in the proportion of eight times their ancient value, which is the ſame proportion with that of the encreaſe of their value in England and Germany. But thoſe thirty ſous, of the ſixteenth century, were worth five livres fifteen ſous of our preſent money. Now five livres fifteen ſous make, excepting only five ſous, one half of twelve livres: wherefore Lewis XV. actually is three times richer than Francis I. as he pays no more than twice the ſum for commodities that was paid then †. Now a perſon who has nine hundred livres, and who buys a commodity for ſix hundred livres, will certainly remain richer by an hundred crowns, than he who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred livres, buys the ſame commodity for three hundred livres: therefore Lewis XV. remains richer by one third.

But this is not all: inſtead of buying every thing at double the price, he purchaſes ſoldiers, the moſt neceſſary commodity of kings, at a much cheaper rate than any of his predeceſſors. Under Francis I. and Henry II. the ſtrength of our armies conſiſted in a national gendarmerie, and in foreign infantry, that cannot be compared in any reſpect to our preſent troops. But the infantry under Lewis XV. is paid nearly on the the ſame footing, that is, at the ſame price of numerary livres, as under Henry IV. The ſoldier ſells his life and liberty at the rate of ſix ſous a day, including his cloathing: theſe ſix

† But we muſt take in every other ſpecies of proviſion, as well as corn, into the account, becauſe many provinces formerly ſubſiſted almoſt intirely without bread; upon milk, butter, cheeſe, eggs, fiſh, fowl, butcher's meat, and veniſon.

ſous are equal to twelve in the time of Henry IV. ſo that with the ſame revenue with Henry the Great, we are able to maintain double the number of troops; and with double that ſum, we can maintain four times that number. What I have ſaid in this place ſuffices to ſhew, that, notwithſtanding all the calculations of M. Dutot, our kings, as well as the ſtate, are richer than formerly. I will not however deny, that both are much deeper in debt.

Lewis XIV. left at his death upwards of twice ten hundred millions of debt, at thirty livres the mark, becauſe he would have, at the ſame time, five hundred thouſand men in arms, two hundred ſhips of war, and build Verſailles; and becauſe, in the war on account of the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, his arms were long unproſperous; but the reſources of France by much exceed her debts. A ſtate which is indebted only to itſelf can never be impoveriſhed, and even debts are a new ſpur to induſtry.

ON PRINTED LIES.

WE may at preſent divide the inhabitants of Europe into authors and readers, as they were for ſeven or eight ages divided into a ſet of barbarous tyrants with hawks on their fiſts, and ſlaves who were deſtitute of every neceſſary of life.

It is now about two hundred and fifty years ſince men, by degrees, began to conceive ſome notion they had ſuch a thing as a mind: now every perſon reads, either to cultivate or adorn his mind, or, at the leaſt, that he may be able to boaſt of his reading. As ſoon as the Dutch perceived this new want of the ſpecies, they became the factors of the commodity called Thought, as they had formerly been for our wines and ſalt: ſo that a bookſeller of Amſterdam, that could not read, gained a fortune of a million by the labours of a few Frenchmen, that took it into their heads to become authors. Theſe merchants informed themſelves, by their correſpondents, of the moſt marketable commodities; and according to the wants of the public, ſet their workmen to the writing hiſtories or romances; but chiefly the former, becauſe, after all, we cannot help believing there may be ſome ſmall matter of truth in every thing that wears the title of a New Hiſtory, Hiſtorical Memoirs, and Anecdotes, more than could well be expected from what paſſes under the denomination of a Romance. In this manner did the journeymen and labourers of thoſe dealers in paper and ink compoſe the Memoires d'Artagnan, de Pontis, de

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Vordac, de Rochefort, with ſo many others, in which we find a very circumſtantial account of all the ſecret thoughts of kings and prime miniſters, together with a hundred thouſand public tranſactions that were never heard of before. Your young German barons, your Poliſh palatines, your dames of Stockholm and Copenhagen, read thoſe books, and believe they are thereby informed of the moſt hidden ſecrets of the court of France.

Varillas was infinitely ſuperior to the noble authors I am ſpeaking of, though he frequently takes very unwarrantable liberties. He ſaid, one day, to one who ſaw him ſomewhat puzzled, "I have three ſovereigns, whom I muſt engage in converſation together: now none of the three ever ſaw one another; and I cannot tell, for the ſoul of me, how to contrive to bring it to paſs." "So then, ſays the other, I ſuppoſe you muſt be writing ſome tragedy?"

Every one has not been bleſſed with invention: therefore it is, that we find the fables of antiquity, which were formerly printed in *folio*, reprinted a ſecond time in *duodecimo*. I fancy one might diſcover, in upwards of two hundred authors, the ſame prodigies, and the ſame predictions, that were made in the time when aſtrology paſſed for a ſcience. We ſhall poſſibly be told again, how two Jews, whoſe only talents were ſelling of old cloaths, and clipping of old coins, promiſed the empire to Leo the Iſaurian, and demanded of him, that he would throw down the images of the Chriſtians as ſoon as he ſhould be ſeated on the imperial throne; as if Jews cared much whether we had any images or no. I do not deſpair to ſee it printed a ſecond

time how Mahomet II. ſurnamed the Great, the moſt enlightened prince of his time, and the moſt magnificent encourager of the arts, ſpread fire and ſword through Conſtantinople (which, by the bye, he preſerved from pillage), demoliſhed all the churches (of which he actually preſerved above one half), cauſed the patriarch to be impaled; he who paid more honour to the patriarch than had ever been ſhewn him by the Greek emperors; had the bellies of four pages ripped up, that he might diſcover which of them it was that had eaten a melon; and, laſtly, cut off his miſtreſs's head to pleaſe the Janiſaries. Theſe hiſtories, worthy only of Jack the Giant-killer, and of Blue-beard, are ſold every day with approbation and privilege.

Some wiſer heads have bethought themſelves of another art of lying. They have made themſelves heirs to all the great miniſters, and have got poſſeſſion of all their teſtaments. We have ſeen the teſtaments of Colbert and de Louvois publiſhed as authentic pieces by refined politicians, who never once croſſed the threſhold of the offices of the ſecretary at war, or of the treaſury, in their lives. The teſtament of cardinal Richelieu, written by a hand rather better than the reſt of them, has had a better fate, and the impoſture paſſed well enough for a conſiderable time. It is really pleaſant to ſee, in collections of harangues, what elogiums have been laviſhed on the admirable teſtament of that incomparable cardinal. In this piece we find his great depth of genius; and a ſimpleton who had read it with a great deal of care, and had made a number of extracts from it, thought himſelf fit to govern the univerſe. The public has been as much im-

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poſed upon by the Teſtament of Charles V. duke of Lorrain: in this they diſcovered the vaſt penetration and the very ſpirit of that prince; though they who were in the ſecret, very plainly diſcovered the ſpirit of M. de Chevremont, who wrote it.

After theſe teſtament-writers came the authors of anecdotes. We have a ſmall hiſtory, printed in 1700, written by one mademoiſelle Durand, a perſon well acquainted with the facts ſhe related, under the title of "The Hiſtory of the Amours of Gregory VII. Cardinal Richlieu, the Princeſs of Condé, and the Marchioneſs d'Urfé." I have read, ſome years ſince, the Amours of the Rev. Father la Chaiſe, confeſſor to Lewis XIV.

A lady of great honour †, a refugee at the Hague, compoſed, in the beginning of the preſent century, ſix large volumes of Letters, between a lady of quality in the country, and a lady of quality in Paris, informing one another, very familiarly, of the news of the times. Now, in theſe news of the times, I will venture to ſay there is not one piece of true intelligence. All the pretended adventures of the Chevalier de Bouillon, ſince known under the name of the Prince of Auvergne, are here related with all their circumſtances. I had one day the curioſity to aſk the chevalier, whether there was any foundation for what Mrs. Du Noyer had placed to his account. He aſſured me, on his honour, the whole was nothing but a collection of falſhoods. This lady had gathered together all the ſilly ſto-

† Mrs. Du Noyer.

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ries current among the populace, which, in foreign parts, paſſed for the hiſtory of the court.

Sometimes the authors of ſuch hiſtories do more miſchief than they think for. A few years ago a perſon of my acquaintance, not knowing how to employ his time, printed a little book, in which he gave out that a certain celebrated perſonage had lately periſhed by a moſt horrible aſſaſſination. I myſelf was an evidence of the contrary: I repreſented to the author how, by all laws divine and human, he was under an obligation to retract this falſhood, which he accordingly promiſed he would: yet the effect of his piece ſtill remains, and I have ſeen this calumny repeated in ſome of the pretended hiſtories of the age.

There has lately appeared a political work at London, the city, of all the cities in the univerſe, where the falſeſt news are publiſhed, with the falſeſt reaſonings upon thoſe falſities. "Every body knows, ſays the author, (p. 17) that the emperor Charles VI. died of poiſon given him in *aqua tuffana:* we know his favourite page was a Spaniard, to whom he left a legacy by his will, and who gave him the poiſon. The magiſtrates of Milan, who took the depoſition of this page a little before his death, and ſent it to Vienna, might tell us, if they pleaſed, who his inſtigators and accomplices were; and I could be glad the court of Vienna would, as ſoon as poſſible, inform the public of the circumſtances of this horrible crime." I fancy the court of Vienna will cauſe them to wait a long while for the information they want, in regard to this chimera.

Theſe calumnies, which are perpetually renewing, often put me in mind of the following verſes:

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Les oiſifs courtiſans, que leurs chagrins dévorent,
S'efforcent d'obſcurir les aſtres qu'ils adorent ;
Si l'on croit de leurs yeux le regard pénétrant,
Tout miniſtre eſt un traître, & tout prince un tyran ;
L'hymen n'eſt entouré que de feux adultêres ;
Le frére à ſes rivaux eſt vendu par ſes fréres ;
Et ſi-tôt qu'un grand roi panche vers ſon déclin,
Ou ſon fils ou ſa femme ont hâté ſon deſtin. . .
Qui croit toujours le crime en paraît trop capable.

The courtly fry, from diſappointment ſore,
With ſlander blacken what they ſhould adore.
Truſt their remarks, they'll prove it clear as day,
All kings oppreſs, all miniſters betray.
Adult'rous fires ſurround the marriage-bed ;
The brother's blood the brother's hand hath ſhed ;
Should ſome great monarch touch the goal of life,
His fate is haſten'd by his ſon or wife.
Of guilt that man too capable appears,
Who credits thus each horrid tale he hears.

In this manner have the pretended hiſtories of the age generally been written.

The war of 1702, and that of 1741, have produced as many lies in books, as they killed ſoldiers in their campaigns: they have told a hundred times over, and they tell it ſtill, that the miniſtry of Verſailles forged the teſtament of Charles II. king of Spain. Some anecdotes tell us, that the laſt marechal de la Feuillade failed in the attempt on Turin, and ſacrificed his reputation, his fortune, and his army, purpoſely, and by a capital ſtroke of politics. Others of them aſſure us, that a certain miniſter was the cauſe of the loſs of a battle, by a like ſtroke of politics. They have lately reprinted in the

the Tranſactions of Europe, that at the battle of Fontenoy we loaded our cannon with pieces of glaſs and poiſoned ſhot; that general Campbell was killed by one of thoſe poiſoned bullets; upon which the duke of Cumberland ſent the king of France a box, in which were contained the glaſs and metals extracted from his wound; that in this box was incloſed a letter, in which he tells the king, that the moſt barbarous nations had never made uſe of ſuch weapons, and that the king was highly diſpleaſed on reading this letter. There is not the leaſt ſhadow of truth or probability in this account. To theſe abſurd lies they add, that we murdered the wounded Engliſh that remained on the field of battle in cold blood; though it ſtands proved, by the regiſters of our hoſpitals, that we took the ſame care of them as of our own ſoldiers.

How numerous are the ſecret memoirs, hiſtories, of campaigns, and journals of all kinds! the prefaces to which promiſe the utmoſt impartiality, and the moſt exact information. If you viſit one of theſe great politicians, you will find a poor ſcribe in a banian and night-cap, without fire or furniture, compiling or cobbling of news-papers. Sometimes theſe gentlemen will take a power under their protection. The ſtory of one of theſe writers is well known, who had a reward of the emperor Leopold, at the cloſe of the laſt war, for having kept him an army of fifty thouſand men on the Lower Rhine for five years running. They will alſo ſometimes declare war, and commit acts of hoſtility; though they run the risk of being treated as enemies. One of them, called Dubourg, who kept his office in Frankfort, was unluckily arreſted there by an officer

officer of our army in 1748, and conducted to Mount St. Michael in a cage: and yet this example is far from cooling the courage of his magnanimous brethren.

One of the moſt noble and moſt common tricks of this kind, is that of thoſe writers who transform themſelves into miniſters of ſtate, and lords belonging to the court in the country they ſpeak of. We have been favoured with a voluminous hiſtory of Lewis XIV. compiled from the memoirs of a miniſter of ſtate. This miniſter was a Jeſuit, who had been expelled his order, and had taken ſanctuary in Holland, under the name of de la Stode, and who afterwards thought proper to create himſelf ſecretary of ſtate for France in Holland for bread.

As it is always fitting to imitate good models, and as my lord chancellor Clarendon and the cardinal de Retz have drawn portraits of the principal perſonages they treat of, we ought by no means to wonder that the writers of our own times ſhould, on hiring themſelves to a bookſeller, begin with very long and faithful portraits of the princes of Europe, and even the miniſters and generals, though they have never ſo much as ſeen a lacquey who wore their livery. An Engliſh author, in the Annals of Europe, printed and reprinted, aſſures us, that Lewis XV. has nothing of that grandeur in his air and gait which ſpeaks the king. This perſon muſt undoubtedly be very difficult and nice, with regard to phyſiognomies. But, to make amends, he tells us, that cardinal Fleury had an air of noble confidence. He is full as exact in regard to characters and facts as he is to perſons: he informs Europe, that cardinal Fleury

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gave up his title of prime miniſter (which he never had) in favour of the count de Thouloufe. He acquaints us, the army of marechal Maillebois was ſent into Bohemia, only becauſe a young lady of the court had left a letter on the table, which letter gave information of the ſituation of affairs: he ſays the count d'Argenſon ſucceeded as miniſter at war, in the room of M. Amelot. I fancy, if one were willing to make a collection of all the books written in this manner, in order to become a little acquainted with the anecdotes of Europe, one might make an immenſe library, without ten pages of truth in the whole collection.

Another conſiderable article in this trade of printed paper is in theſe books called polemical, by way of excellence; that is to ſay, thoſe in which one ſlanders his neighbours to get money. I do not ſpeak of the functions of advocates, who enjoy the noble privilege of beſpattering the adverſe party at pleaſure, and defaming families according to ſtatute. I ſpeak of thoſe who in England, for example, excited by an ardent love of their country, write Philippics, worthy of Demoſthenes, againſt the miniſter, in their garrets. Theſe pieces are ſold for two pence a ſheet: ſometimes they will print you four thouſand copies, which is enough to keep one of thoſe eloquent citizens alive for a month or two. I have heard Sir Robert Walpole ſay, that one day one of theſe Demoſthenes's, who ſell their works at two pence a ſheet, having as yet declared himſelf of no party in the parliamentary diſſentions, came to make him an offer of his pen to knock down all his enemies. The miniſter very civilly thanked him for his kind offer, and excuſed himſelf

ſelf from accepting his ſervice. "You will not be offended then, anſwered the writer, if I make your antagoniſt Mr. Pulteney a tender of my aſſiſtance?" So away he hies to him, and he met with much ſuch another reception. He declared openly againſt both; ſo that on Monday he wrote againſt Mr. Walpole, and on the Wedneſday againſt Mr. Pulteney. But after getting a very honourable ſubſiſtence by it for a matter of two months, he concluded with asking charity at their doors.

The celebrated Pope was in his time treated exactly like a miniſter: his reputation made many men of letters imagine ſomething might be got by him. For the honour of learning, and in order to advance the progreſs of the human mind, they printed againſt him above an hundred libels, in which they proved him to be an atheiſt; and, what is yet worſe in England, they reproached him with being a catholic. They affirmed, on his publiſhing his tranſlation of Homer, that he did not underſtand Greek, becauſe he was crooked and had an ill ſmell. It is true he was crooked; but this was no reaſon why he might not be a very good Greek ſcholar, and his tranſlation of Homer a very noble one. They impeached his morals, his education, his birth; they attacked his father and mother. Theſe libels had no end. Pope had ſometimes the weakneſs to anſwer them, which thickened the cloud of libels. At length he determined to be at the trouble to print a ſmall * compendium of all thoſe excellent pieces.

* We ſuppoſe M. de Voltaire alludes to the Dunciad, which, inſtead of being *un petit abregé*, is a moſt excellent poem.

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This was a mortal blow to theſe writers, who till then had lived very decently on the ſlanders they vented againſt him: they were now no longer read, and were ſilenced by the abridgement. They never recovered this ſtroke after.

I was ſtrongly tempted to grow vain, on finding that our great writers dealt with me in the ſame manner as thoſe gentry had uſed Pope. I may ſafely ſay, I have been of ſome little ſervice to more than one author. I had, I forget how, done ſome little ſervice to the illuſtrious abbé de Fontaines. But as this ſervice was not ſufficient to maintain him, the firſt thing he thought of, in order to get rid of his difficulties, on coming out of the jail from whence I delivered him, was the publiſhing a dozen libels againſt me, which, in truth, he compoſed wholly out of his regard for the honour of letters, and from the overflowing of his zeal for good taſte. He printed an edition of the Henriade, in which he had foiſted ſome verſes of his own compoſing, and then criticiſed thoſe very verſes he had made himſelf. I have carefully preſerved a letter wrote me upon a time by an author of this ſtamp: "Sir, I have printed a libel againſt you: there are four hundred copies in the impreſſion; now, if you will ſend me four hundred livres, I will ſend you every copy of the work, upon my honour." I wrote him in anſwer, that I ſhould be very far from abuſing his goodneſs; that this would by no means be an advantageous bargain for him; and that the ſale of his work muſt certainly be of much more ſervice to him. I had no cauſe to repent of my generoſity.

It is a good-natured action to encourage men of letters who are unknown, and who know not what ſubject to begin with. One of the greateſt pieces of charity that can be done them, is to give the public a tragedy. The moment you do this, all of a ſudden come out "Letters to Ladies of Quality, an impartial Criticiſm of the new Play, a Letter from a Friend in Town to his Friend in the Country, a ſerious and mature Examination, the new Tragedy taken to pieces and examined ſcene by ſcene;" every one of which is greedily bought up, which is the point aimed at.

But the moſt curious ſecret of all, for an honeſt bookſeller, is to take care to print, at the end of the book he publiſhes, all the abuſe and ribaldry that has been written againſt the author. Nothing is better calculated to whet the curioſity of the reader, and to quicken the ſale. I remember, among the execrable editions that have been printed in Holland of my pretended works, an artful editor of Amſterdam, who was deſirous to ſink the credit of an impreſſion printed at the Hague, thought proper to add, by way of appendix, a collection of all the ribaldry he could ſcrape together that had been written againſt me. The firſt words of this collection called me a ſnarling cur. I found this book at Magdeburg, in the hands of the poſt-maſter, who never ceaſed telling me what an eloquent piece it was. Lately two worthy bookſellers of Amſterdam, after having diſfigured, as much as in them lay, the Henriade, and my other pieces, did me the honour to acquaint me by letter, that if I perſiſted in my intention of permitting a better edition of my works to be publiſhed at Dreſden, than that which

which they were then engaged in, they ſhould hold themſelves bound in conſcience to publiſh againſt me a volume of the moſt atrocious calumnies, on the fineſt writing paper, with a large margin, and the moſt beautiful letter they could procure. They have been as good as their word with me. It is pity ſuch valuable collections ſhould have been buried in oblivion. Formerly, when there were eight or nine hundred thouſand volumes fewer in Europe than at preſent, thoſe pieces of ſcandal had their effect. People read with extreme reliſh in Scaliger, that cardinal Bellarmin was an atheiſt, the reverend father Clavius a drunkard, and that the reverend father Cotton had ſold himſelf to the devil. Theſe were happy days; but, alas! every thing degenerates.

On PRINTED LIES.

VERY little has been ſaid on printed lies with which the world has been deluged: it would be no difficult matter to write a large volume on the ſubject; but we know we are not to do all that may be done. We ſhall here only give a few general rules, to caution mankind againſt that multitude of books, in which errors and falſities have been tranſmitted from age to age.

We are apt to ſtart at the ſight of a numerous library, and to exclaim, What a diſmal thing is it to be condemned to remain ignorant of almoſt all

all it contains! Do not be caſt down: there is very little reaſon for ſorrow in the caſe. Obſerve thoſe four or five thouſand volumes of the ancient metaphyſical writers: they contain not a word of truth till the time of Galileo. Look into the hiſtories of a multitude of nations; their firſt ages are nothing but abſurdities. After the fabulous times come thoſe called heroical: the firſt are no better than the Perſian Tales, where every thing is invention; the ſecond are of the ſame kind with our romances of knight-errantry, where nothing is true, except a few names, and two or three dates.

Here then are already many thouſand years and volumes, in which there is nothing to be learned; ſo that we reſt perfectly ſatisfied as to that point. Next come the hiſtorical times, where the ground of the ſtory is true, and moſt of the circumſtances lies: but amongſt all thoſe lies, are there no truths? Yes, much ſuch a proportion as of gold duſt in the ſands of ſome rivers. Perhaps I ſhall here be asked, how this gold is to be found. In this manner. Whatever is neither conſiſtent with phyſical nor rational truths, nor the temperament of the human mind, is nothing but ſand: the reſt, provided it has the concurrent teſtimony of the wiſe men of the age, is the gold duſt you ſeek for.

Herodotus relates, to the whole body of the Greeks aſſembled, the hiſtory of the neighbouring nations: he is laughed at by all men of ſenſe, when he talks of the predictions of Apollo, and the fables of Egypt and Aſſyria; nor did he believe them himſelf. All that he relates on the credit of the Egyptian prieſts is falſe; every thing which he ſpeaks of, as an eye-witneſs, has been con-

confirmed ſince. We ought certainly to rely on what he ſays, when he tells his Grecian auditors, "There is among the treaſures of the Corinthians a golden lion, weighing three hundred and ſixty pounds weight, which is a preſent made them by Crœſus: in the ſame place likewiſe we are ſhewn two tuns, the one of ſilver, and the other of gold, which he preſented to the temple of Delphos: that of gold weighs about five hundred pounds, and that of ſilver contains about two thouſand four hundred pints." However extraordinary this magnificence may appear to us, and however ſuperior it may ſeem to any thing we are acquainted with, it cannot be called in queſtion. Herodotus ſpeaks to a matter of fact, of which there were upwards of an hundred thouſand witneſſes. This fact is very important on another account, as it proves to us, that in the Leſſer Aſia, in the time of Crœſus, there was a greater magnificence than we ſee at preſent; and this magnificence, which can only be the fruit of a great number of ages, proves a very high antiquity, whereof there remain not at preſent the ſmalleſt traces. The prodigious monuments which Herodotus ſaw in Egypt, and at Babylon, are moreover inconteſtable facts.

The caſe is not the ſame with regard to ſolemnities, inſtituted to celebrate an event: moſt falſe reaſoners tell us, here is a ceremony inſtituted from time immemorial, therefore the event ſo celebrated muſt certainly be true; but yet philoſophers will often reverſe the argument, and ſay, therefore that event never had exiſtence.

The Greeks celebrated the Pythean games, in memory of the ſerpent Python, which Apollo aſſuredly never ſlew: the Egyptians celebrated the

the admiſſion of Hercules into the number of the twelve great gods; yet there is no likelihood that this Hercules of Egypt exiſted ſeventeen thouſand years before the reign of Amaſis, as was aſſerted in the hymns ſung to his honour. Greece aſſigned nine ſtars in the heavens to the dolphin which carried Arion on its back. The Romans celebrated this pretty adventure in February. The Salian prieſts carried in proceſſion, on the firſt of March, the ſacred bucklers that fell from heaven, when Numa, having bound Faunus and Picus, learned from them the ſecret of turning aſide the force of thunderbolts. In ſhort, there never was a people who have not ſolemnized, by ceremonies, the moſt abſurd imaginations.

As for the manners of the barbarous nations, whatever a ſenſible and ocular witneſs ſhall relate concerning them, be it ever ſo ridiculous, ſo infamous, ſo ſuperſtitious or abominable, I ſhall be very inclinable to believe it of human nature. Herodotus affirms, before all Greece, that the inhabitants of thoſe immenſe countries, lying beyond the Danube, prided themſelves in drinking the blood of their enemies out of human ſkulls, and in cloathing themſelves in their ſkins. The Greeks, who carried on a commerce with theſe barbarians, might have detected Herodotus, had he been guilty of exaggeration. It is certain, that upwards of three fourths of the inhabitants of the globe have lived for a long time like wild beaſts: they are born ſuch. They are ſo many baboons who are taught to dance, and ſo many bears chained up by the mere force of education. That which the czar Peter found neceſſary to do in part of his dominions is a proof

of what I advance, and renders all that Herodotus relates extremely credible.

After Herodotus, the ſubſtance of hiſtory becomes much more true, and the facts more circumſtantial; but very often we meet with as many lies as there are circumſtances. Can I believe the hiſtorian Joſephus, when he tells me that the ſmalleſt town in Galilee contained fifteen thouſand inhabitants? By no means. I cannot help declaring that he has exaggerated: he thought he ſhould do his country honour by ſo bold an aſſertion, inſtead of which he has degraded it in the eyes of mankind. What a ſhame was it for the Jewiſh people, if they were really ſo numerous, to ſuffer themſelves to be ſo eaſily ſubdued by a handful of Romans!

Moſt hiſtorians reſemble Homer; they ſing of battles: but, of all this dreadful number of combats, there are not any, if we except the retreat of the ten thouſand in Xenophon, the battle fought between Scipio and Hannibal at Zama, deſcribed by Polybius, and that of Pharſalia, related by the conqueror, capable of affording the reader the ſmalleſt inſtruction; every where elſe, I can ſee nothing but mankind cutting one another's throats, and nothing further †.

We may believe all the horrors to which princes have been driven by their ambition, with every act of folly which mankind have committed through ſuperſtition. But how could hiſtorians deſcend ſo low as to admit for ſupernatural

† Let us add to this liſt, M. de Voltaire's deſcription of the battle of Fontenoy, in which he has celebrated an Engliſh column, which exiſted no where but in his own imagination.

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prodigies the tricks deviſed by conquerors, and adopted by the people?

The inhabitants of Algiers firmly believe their city to have been ſaved by a miracle, when Charles V. was coming to beſiege it. They ſay that one of their ſaints ſtruck the ſea, and a ſtorm aroſe which deſtroyed one half of the emperor's fleet.

How many of our hiſtorians have written as if they had been Algerines! How laviſh have they been of their miracles againſt the Turks, and againſt heretics! They have often treated hiſtory as Homer has done the ſiege of Troy. They intereſt all the powers of heaven in the cauſe or defence of a city. But can men, who profeſs to tell truth, imagine that the Divine Being ſides with one petty nation that is at war with another, full as inconſiderable, in ſome inſignificant and remote corner of our hemiſphere?

No one has a greater veneration for St. Francis Xavier than I have: he was a Spaniard, animated with the moſt intrepid zeal; he was the Ferdinando Cortez of religion. But I cannot help thinking the writers of his life ſhould not have aſſerted ſo roundly, that this great man was in different places at the ſame time.

If any one has a right to pretend to the gift of working miracles, it is undoubtedly thoſe who carry their charity and their doctrine to the extremities of the earth. I could have been glad, however, had their miracles been a little leſs frequent; that they had raiſed fewer of the dead; and that they had not ſo often baptized thouſands of the Orientals in one day. It is glorious to preach the goſpel in a foreign country the moment one ſets foot in it. It is no ſmall accom-

pliſhment inſtantly to ſpeak with eloquence, and to move the paſſions, in a language that cannot be learned in many years, and which, after all, we are never able to pronounce, but in a ridiculous manner. Theſe prodigies ought certainly to be huſbanded; and the marvellous, when indiſcreetly laviſhed, ſerves only to augment the number of unbelievers.

But it is in travellers, above all, we meet with the greateſt number of printed lies. I paſs over Paul Lucas, who ſaw the devil Aſmodeus in the Upper Egypt. Neither ſhall I take notice of thoſe who deceive us, even whilſt they tell us the truth: they may have ſeen a very extraordinary thing in a country, and take it for a common cuſtom; they may have met with ſome abuſe, and imagine it to have been a law of the land. Theſe authors are much like the German, who happening to have a ſmall difference with his landlady at Blois, whoſe hair was ſomewhat inclinable to the ſandy, put down in his pocket-book, "*Nota bene*, All the women in Blois are red-haired and ſcolds."

What is ſtill worſe is, that moſt of thoſe who write on the ſubject of government, often draw falſe examples from miſtaken travellers, with which they impoſe upon mankind. A Turkiſh emperor may perhaps have confiſcated the treaſure of certain baſhaws, who were born ſlaves in his ſeraglio, and given ſuch ſhare as he thinks proper to the family of the deceaſed; therefore it muſt be a fundamental law in Turky, that the Grand Turk is heir to all his ſubjects: he is a monarch, therefore he muſt be deſpotic, in the moſt horrible ſenſe of the word, and in the manner moſt humiliating and diſgraceful to humanity.

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The Turkiſh government, which does not allow the emperor to abſent himſelf any length of time from his capital, to change the laws, to touch the public revenue, &c. ſhall be repreſented as an eſtabliſhment in which the prince may lawfully kill and plunder, from morn till night, every one he pleaſes. The Alcoran ſays, it is lawful to be married to four wives at the ſame time; therefore every private tradeſman at Conſtantinople has four wives, as if it were ſo eaſy a matter either to have or maintain ſuch a number. Some perſons of rank have ſeraglios: from hence it is taken for granted, that every Muſſulman is a Sardanapalus; and in this manner do we generally judge of things. A Turk who ſhould have chanced to be at a certain capital, during the celebration of an *Auto de Fe*, would ſurely be miſtaken, ſhould he aſſert, that there is a civilized country where they ſometimes ſolemnly burn a ſcore of men, women, and children, for the amuſement of their gracious majeſties. Moſt relations are written in the ſame taſte. The caſe is ſtill worſe when they happen to be filled with prodigies. In ſhort, we ought to be as much upon our guard againſt what books tell us, as a judge is againſt the pleadings of the lawyers.

There is yet another great ſource of public errors amongſt us, and which is peculiar to our nation: this is the taſte for lampoons and abuſive ſongs. Theſe are ſometimes made on the moſt reſpectable perſonages; and we hear the living and the dead ſlandered every day on ſuch noble foundations as theſe: "It is an undoubted fact, ſay they, there is a ſong about it, which proves it beyond queſtion."

Let us not forget to mention, amongſt the number of printed lies, the rage of making al-

legories. On finding the fragments of Petronius, to which Nodot has ſince boldly added his own, all the learned took the conſul Petronius for the author of this book. They plainly diſcover Nero, and all his court, in a company of young roguiſh ſcholars, who are the heroes of that work. They were then, and ſtill are, deceived by the name: and that obſcure and creeping debauchee who wrote this ſatire, which is more infamous than ingenious, muſt abſolutely be the conſul Petronius; that abſurd old fellow Turkaret; that financier below Trimalcion himſelf, muſt be the young Nero; and that ſilly inſignificant wife of his, the beautiful Acte; that clowniſh pedant Agamemnon, the philoſopher Seneca. This is like ſeeking Louis XIV. and his whole court, in Gil Blas. But, ſome one will tell me, what advantage do you reap by undeceiving mankind in regard to thoſe trifles? That I ſhall gain nothing is paſt all doubt; but we ought to accuſtom ourſelves to ſearch for truth even in minute things; for want of which habit, we are egregiouſly deceived in thoſe of conſequence.

On PRINTED LIES.

Reaſons why we ought to believe that the book entitled, The Political Teſtament of Cardinal Richlieu *is a ſpurious work.*

MY zeal for the diſcovery of truth, my function as hiſtoriographer of France, which requires my applying to hiſtorical reſearches, my ſentiments, which are thoſe of a citizen;

citizen; the reſpect I bear for the memory of the founder of a body of which I am a member; my perſonal attachment to the heirs of his name and his merit; theſe, I ſay, are my motives for endeavouring to undeceive thoſe perſons who attribute to cardinal Richlieu a work which I have good grounds to think neither is, nor can be his.

I. Even the title of it is ſuſpicious; a perſon who addreſſes his maſter, would never have given his to reſpectful counſels the pompous title of a *Political Teſtament*. Scarce was Richlieu dead, when an hundred different manuſcripts were publiſhed for and againſt his memory. I have two of them under the title of *Teſtamentum Chriſtianum*, and two more under that of *Teſtamentum Politicum*. Theſe are probably what have given riſe to all the Political Teſtaments that have been forged ſince.

II. Had a work, in which one of the greateſt ſtateſmen that Europe ever bred, is ſuppoſed to give his maſter an account of his adminiſtration, and to offer him his advice with reſpect both to the preſent and the future, had this work been actually wrote by this miniſter, he would certainly have taken all poſſible meaſures that ſuch a monument ſhould not periſh; he would have given the moſt authentic proofs of its being genuine; he would have mentioned it in his real teſtament, in which his laſt requeſts were contained; he would have bequeathed it to the king as a preſent infinitely more valuable than the cardinal-palace; he would have given it in charge to his executors to tranſmit this important work to Louis XIII. The king muſt have mentioned it to ſome one; all the memoirs of thoſe times would have taken notice of an

anecdote of this importance: not a tittle of all this has happened. Such a general ſilence in an affair of ſo much weight, cannot fail of raiſing the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions in the mind of every ſenſible perſon. Why did neither the original manuſcript, nor any copy of it, appear in the ſpace of ſo many years? It was known at the death of Cæſar, that he had written Commentaries: it was known that Cicero had written on eloquence; a manuſcript of Raphael on painting could never have remained a profound ſecret.

III. Moreover, this work is no half-formed deſign, it has actually had the laſt hand put to it. It concludes with a fine peroration full of morality: I *beſeech your majeſty* to *bethink* yourſelf from this moment, of what Philip II. never thought, 'till he was ready to reſign his breath; and to engage you to do ſo by example, as well as precept, I promiſe that not a day of my life ſhall paſs, in which I will not endeavour to reflect on what ought to be my ſentiments at the day of my death, with regard to public affairs. There is nothing wanting to render this work compleat; even the epiſtle dedicatory has been found, which they had the effrontery to ſign in Holland, *Armand du Pleſſis*, although the cardinal never ſubſcribed his name in that manner; not ſo much as the table of contents but has been recovered, which the editor is ſo audacious as to aſcribe to the cardinal. Laſtly, in this epiſtle dedicatory they make the cardinal addreſs the king in the following words: *This piece will one day appear under the title of Political Teſtament, that it may be of uſe after my death*, &c. As this piece was to ſee the light after he cardinal's death, it conſequently

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ought to have been preſented to the king in the moſt ſolemn manner; the original, in like manner, ought to have been ſigned and witneſſed; and laſtly, the very date of the preſentation of this important legacy, ought to have been recorded.

IV. Had this manuſcript fallen into the hands of ſome miniſter of ſtate on the death of Lewis XIII. and ſo had paſſed into thoſe of the perſons who from thence made it public, ſome circumſtances of it ought certainly to have been known; the editor muſt have told by what means he had got poſſeſſion of ſuch a manuſcript, which he would have declared with more boldneſs, as printing it in a free country, near forty years after the death of the cardinal, and when the remembrance of the hatred that had ſubſiſted between the cardinal and certain great families, had entirely ſubſided. The editor, as I have already remarked in another place, was above all under the obligation to aſcertain the authority of this manuſcript, by neglecting of which he muſt acknowledge himſelf unworthy of all manner of credit. None of all theſe conditions, ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary to eſtabliſh the authenticity of a book of ſuch a nature, have ever been fulfilled, and even for a ſpace of four and twenty years complete, from the date of the pretended manuſcript, neither the court nor city, nor any book, nor any journal, make the leaſt mention of any ſuch thing as the cardinal's having left the king a political teſtament.

V. How, indeed, was it poſſible, that Cardinal Richlieu, who as is well known, found greater difficulty in governing the king his maſter than in guiding the helm of ſtate, ſhould have ever had either leiſure or inclination

to compoſe ſuch a work for the uſe of Lewis XIII.? The author of the New Chronological Abridgement of the Hiſtory of France, who is ſo excellent at painting times and perſons, confeſſes in his uſeful performance, that cardinal de Richlieu, *has had much cauſe to be afraid of the king, for whom he riſked his all, as he had to dread the reſentment of thoſe whom he compelled to obey him:* diſappointments, ſuſpicions, and reciprocal diſcontents were daily carried to ſuch a length between king and miniſter, that Cinqmars, Lewis's maſter of horſe, propoſed to his maſter to aſſaſſinate the cardinal de Richlieu as he had done the marſhal d'Ancre, for which he promiſed his perſonal ſervice; this is aſſerted by Louis himſelf in a letter to chancellor Seguier, after the conſpiracy of Cinqmars. The king therefore had given his favourite reaſon to think he might venture to make this ſtrange propoſal. In ſuch a ſituation as this, it is impoſſible one ſhould take the trouble to compoſe for a king, who was already arrived at years of maturity, in the midſt of mutual apprehenſions, a collection of precepts which an unoccupied father might poſſibly have bequeathed to a ſon ſtill in his infancy? I can hardly think ſuch a conduct conſiſtent with human nature. This reaſon will have no effect with one of the learned, but I am ſure it will not fail to perſuade ſuch as have a proper knowledge of mankind.

VI. Let us ſuppoſe however, a man, ſuch as cardinal Richlieu, to have really had an intention to give the king his maſter proper rules for government after his death, as he had given him whilſt he was living; what man is there, who, on opening this book, would not expect to ſee all the ſecrets of cardinal de Richlieu laid

open, and to find his Teſtament breathing the grandeur and boldneſs of his genius? who would not flatter himſelf with having the pleaſure of diſcovering meaſures at once artful and daring, ſuitable to the then ſtate of Europe, and of France, of the court, and above all, of the monarch? By the firſt chapter it is evident that the author pretends to write in 1640; for he make cardinal Richlieu in a barbarous jargon, ſpeaking of the war with Spain, ſay, *It is in this war, which has laſted five years only, that you have met with any accident*, &c. for this was began in 1635, and the dauphin was born in 1638. How then comes it to paſs, that in a political work, which enters into all the detail of priviledged caſes, of appeals in matters of abuſe, of rights of indulto's, and of the venditions that prevail in the Mediterranean, the education of the preſumptive heir of the crown ſhould have been forgotten? This forger muſt ſurely be a very bungling fellow in his profeſſion. The real cauſe of this omiſſion is, that the author having in ſeveral other parts of his book forgotten he had made as if he had wrote in 1639 and 1640, afterwards takes it into his head to write as if he was then in 1635. He makes the reign of Lewis XIII. no more than five and twenty; whereas he ſhould have made it thirty years, a palpable contradiction and an evident demonſtration of an impoſition which no art can palliate.

VII. Again, Lewis XIV. is engaged in a ruinous war with the houſe of Auſtria; his enemies are on the frontiers of Champagne and Picardy; and yet his firſt miniſter, who has promiſed him his counſels, does not mention a ſingle word to him, neither of the manner which

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this dangerous war was to be carried on, nor of the terms of peace to be agreed upon, nor of the generals or plenipotentiaries proper to be employed? Not one word of the conduct to be obſerved with reſpect to councellor Oxenſtiern, with reſpect to the army of the duke of Weimar, with reſpect to Savoy, Portugal and Catalonia! Nothing is to be met with in regard to the revolutions which the cardinal himſelf fomented in England; nothing of the Huguenot party, which ſtill breathed a ſpirit of faction and vengeance. In all this I think I ſee a phyſician who when called to preſcribe for a ſick-man, entertains his patient with talking about every thing but what relates to his diſorders.

VIII. The perſon who has vended theſe notions under the name of cardinal de Richlieu, firſt of all avails himſelf of the ſucceſs of that great man in his miniſtry, in order to make him aver that he had promiſed the king his maſter this good fortune. The cardinal had humbled the grandees of the kingdom whoſe power was dangerous, the Huguenots who had the upper hand, and the houſe of Auſtria which was ſtill more to be dreaded: hence he infers, that the cardinal had promiſed the king he would accompliſh thoſe revolutions the moment he ſet foot in the cabinet. Theſe are the words he puts in the mouth of the cardinal. *When your majeſty had formed the reſolution not only to admit me to your councils, but even to a great ſhare in your confidence, I promiſed you I would employ all the authority you ſhould be pleaſed to inveſt me with, in order to deſtroy the Huguenot party, humble the grandees, reduce all your ſubjects to their duty, and raiſe your fame among ſt foreign nations, to that high rank it ought to hold,* &c. Now it is univerſally known, that when

when Louis XIII. gave his conſent to the admiſſion of cardinal de Richlieu into the council, he was far from being ſenſible of the good he had procured to France as well as to himſelf. It is an acknowledged truth, that the king, who then had a diſlike to this great man, acted merely in compliance with the repeated interceſſions of the queen-mother, who left no ſtone unturned to introduce her favourite, for whom ſhe had lately procured a cardinal's hat, and whom ſhe looked upon as her creature, and by whom ſhe hoped to govern. She at length prevailed, and he was admitted into the council: nevertheleſs it was even found neceſſary to gain over the marquis de la Vieuville, ſuperintendant of the finances, who conſented with a good deal of difficulty to the cardinal's admiſſion into the council in 1624: and he neither held the firſt place there, nor was in any great degree of credit. This whole year paſſed in jealouſies, cabals, and ſecret factions; and the cardinal got the aſcendant only by degrees, and as it were by ſtealth.

It will afford matter of ſatisfaction to ſome readers to learn in this place, that cardinal de Richlieu received his patent of firſt miniſter on the 21ſt of November 1629, and not before. Lewis XIII. ſigned it privately with his own hand. Theſe letters patents are addreſſed by the king to the cardinal himſelf; and what is very remarkable is, that the appointments attached to that new dignity, are left blank in this inſtrument; the king leaving it to the magnificence and diſcretion of his miniſter, the care of taking out of the public treaſury what was neceſſary to ſupport the dignity of his ſtation.

But to return, it is by no means probable the cardinal

cardinal ſhould have expreſſed himſelf in 1624, in the manner they have made him do. It was certainly much for his honour to have atchieved ſo many great things; but it would have been extremely raſh to have promiſed them: and it would have been the moſt ridiculous and indecent thing in nature, to have told the king his maſter, on his admiſſion into his councils, *I will raiſe your fame.* They make him relate, contrary to his oath of ſecreſy, and againſt all decorum, what he had done: yet he ſays not a word of what ought to be done. Why? becauſe the one was very eaſy, and the other extremely difficult.

IX. By the little we have now ſaid, it already appears, that the pretended work in queſtion is wholly inconſiſtent with the character of the miniſter to whom it is aſcribed, of the king to whom it is addreſſed, and the time in which it is ſuppoſed to have been written; and, I will alſo add, with the ſtile of the cardinal. We need only examine five or ſix of his letters, to be able to judge that it is impoſſible this work ſhould have been done by the ſame hand; and this proof would be ſufficient to convince any one who is poſſeſſed of the leaſt degree of taſte or diſcernment. Moreover, cardinal de Richlieu, though he was ſometimes under the neceſſity of doing violent things, never let any harſh or indecent expreſſions eſcape him. If he was daring in his actions, he was extremely circumſpect in what he wrote: he would certainly never have called, in a political work, the marchioneſs du Fargis, one of the queen's ladies of the bed-chamber, plain Fargis. This would have been the higheſt want of good-breeding and reſpect both to the king and poſterity, to whom he was addreſſing himſelf. This

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indecent expreſſion is taken from a wretched book, printed in 1649, intituled, The Hiſtory of the Miniſtry of Cardinal de Richlieu. The author of the Teſtament has copied this work of darkneſs, which has been more diſgraced by the contempt of the public than by the arret by which it ſtands condemned.

Can any one be brought to believe, that a firſt miniſter, who ſuppoſes the peace with Spain already concluded, ſhould ſpeak of the Spaniards in ſuch terms as theſe: "This covetous and inſatiable nation, an enemy to the repoſe of Chriſtendom?" He could not have ſpoken of Mahomet II. in worſe terms. It is impoſſible to conceive, that a prieſt, a cardinal, a firſt miniſter, and a man of ſenſe, writing to a wiſe king, and in a teſtament which ought to be exempt from paſſion, ſhould have been ſo little maſter of himſelf (at the time of this ſuppoſed peace) as to let fall expreſſions he would not have uſed in a declaration of war.

X. Is it poſſible that a ſtateſman, propoſing to write a work which required ſo much ſolidity, ſhould ſay, "That the king of Spain, by aſſiſting the Hugenots, had laid the Indies under contribution to hell; that courtiers meaſure the diadem by its form, which, as it is round, has no end; that the elements have no weight, but when they are in their proper places; that neither fire, air, nor water, are capable of ſupporting a terreſtrial body, becauſe ſuch a body gravitates even when out of its place;" with an hundred other abſurdities of the ſame ſort, worthy of a country profeſſor of rhetoric of the ſixteenth century, or of an Iriſh pedagogue diſputing upon a ſtool.

XI. Is there again any great probability, that the

cardinal de Richlieu, ſo well known for his gallantries, not to ſay for the over-warmth of his deſires, ſhould recommend the virtue of chaſtity to Lewis XIII. a prince chaſte from conſtitution, by conſcience, and by infirmity.

XII. After ſuch ſtrong preſumptions, what man of ſenſe can reſiſt that glaring proof of falſhood to be found in the firſt chapter? I mean the ſuppoſition that the peace was already concluded. You are now come, ſays he, to the concluſion of a peace: your majeſty entered into the war wholly,—&c.—and have extricated youſelf out of it only, &c. . . . An impoſtor, in the hurry of his forgery, forgetting the times of which he ſpeaks, might well fall into ſo groſs an abſurdity; but a firſt miniſter, when he is actually at war, would certainly not have ſaid the war is concluded. The war againſt the houſe of Auſtria was carried on more briſkly than ever, although all the princes of Europe were then in negotiation, and perhaps for that very reaſon. It is true, in 1641, there were ſome foundations laid of the treaties of Munſter, which were not concluded till 1648; and the author of the Teſtament makes cardinal de Richlieu ſpeak ſometimes in 1640, and ſometimes in 1635. The cardinal could neither have ſuppoſed the peace made in the middle of the war, nor fly out into the moſt atrocious invectives againſt the Spaniards at a time when he was deſirous to enter into a treaty with them.

XIII. Can there be any neceſſity to add to this evident proof of a palpable impoſture, a miſtake not quite ſo abſurd indeed, but which, notwithſtanding, ſerves equally well to detect an ignorant liar? He makes a prime miniſter, as the cardinal

cardinal was, ſay, in the ſame chapter, "that the king refuſed the aſſiſtance of the Ottoman arms againſt the houſe of Auſtria." If he means the aſſiſtance which the Turks were deſirous of giving to the French, the fact itſelf is falſe, and the very ſuppoſing of it ridiculous; if he means a diverſion to be made by the Turks in Hungary, or elſewhere, any man who knows the world, or has the ſmalleſt idea of cardinal Richlieu, well knows that ſuch offers are ſeldom refuſed.

XIV. As it appears, from the firſt chapter, that the impoſtor wrote after the peace of the Pyrenees, of which his imagination was full, it appears, by the ſecond, that he wrote after the reformation which Lewis XIV. made in every part of the adminiſtration. "I remember to have ſeen in my youth, ſays he, gentlemen and other lay perſons poſſeſſed, in truſt, not only of the greateſt part of the priories and abbeys, but alſo of curacies and biſhoprics. At preſent theſe truſts are much rarer than the lawful poſſeſſions were in thoſe days." Now it is certain, that in the latter part of the cardinal's adminiſtration, nothing was more common than to ſee laymen poſſeſſed of benefices. He himſelf was the cauſe of five abbeys being given to the count de Soiſſons, who was killed at La Marfée; M. de Guiſe was poſſeſſed of eleven; the duke de Verneuil had the biſhopric of Metz; the prince de Conti had the abbey of St. Dennis in 1641; the duke de Nemours had the abbey of St. Remi of Reims; the marquis de Treville that of Moutier-Ender, under the name of his ſon; in a word, the keeper of the ſeals Chateauneuf was in poſſeſſion of ſeveral abbeys till his death, which happened in 1643; ſo that we may judge whether this

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example was followed. The number of laymen who enjoyed thoſe revenues of the ſtate is almoſt infinite. It is ſufficient to look into the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont to have an idea of the manner in which benefices were then obtained. I do not enquire whether the practice of giving away the revenues of the church to ſecular perſons was good or evil; but I ſay, that a dextrous impoſtor would never have made cardinal de Richlieu mention a thing which had no exiſtence at the time he was writing.

XV. In the ſame ſecond chapter, this projector, who is aſſuredly ſome churchman, overflowing with zeal for the pretended rights of the clergy, and altogether as regardleſs of thoſe of the crown, declaims againſt the right of the Regale. He forgot, that in 1637, and in 1638, cardinal de Richelieu had cauſed ſeveral arrets of council to be paſſed, by which every biſhop who ſhould deem himſelf exempt from that right, was obliged to ſend into chancery the titles on which he grounded his pretenſions. This writer knew not that a biſhop who, was miniſter of ſtate, intereſts himſelf more in favour of the rights of the crown, than of that of eccleſiaſtical pretenſions. One ſhould know the character of a firſt miniſter to be able to make him ſpeak conſiſtently. This is an aſs who cloaths himſelf in the lion's hide, but who is eaſily found out by the enormous length of his ears.

XVI. This ignorant forger, in the chapter before us, where he entertains the king with a diſcourſe about univerſities and colleges, inſtead of talking to him about his intereſts, expreſſes himſelf in his clowniſh ſtile (ſection X.) thus: "The hiſtory of Benedict XI. againſt whom the Cordeliers, who were piqued on account of the

the perfection of poverty; to wit, of the revenues of St. Francis, were exaſperated to ſuch a degree, that not only they waged open war with him by their writings, but alſo by the arms of the emperor, under the ſhadow of whoſe wings aroſe an antelope, to the great prejudice of the church," is too ſtrong an example to be under any neceſſity to alledge any more." Certainly cardinal Richlieu, who was very learned, was not ignorant that this adventure, of which this impoſtor ſpeaks, happened to pope John XXII. and not to pope Benedict XI. There is not a fact in all the eccleſiaſtical hiſtory better known than this; the ridiculouſneſs of it has rendered it famous; the cardinal could not poſſibly have been miſtaken in it: beſides, to inform a king of the great danger ariſing from religious quarrels, there were an hundred more ſtriking examples to have been quoted.

XVII. In the ſame, ſection X. chapter II. ſpeaking of the Jeſuits: "This order, ſays he, which has ſubmitted, by a blind vow of obedience, to a perpetual head, cannot, according to the laws of good policy, be much favoured in a ſtate to which any powerful community might appear dangerous." I know well this ſtroke is ſomewhat ſoftened a few lines after; but, to be plain, is it poſſible cardinal de Richelieu ſhould have thought the Jeſuits dangerous, a ſet of people whom he uſed only for his purpoſe, and puniſhed at his will? he who feared neither the queen, nor the princes, nor the houſe of Auſtria, could he be ſuppoſed to ſtand in awe of a few monks? He had even baniſhed ſeveral of the order, as likewiſe ſome fathers of the oratory, and other prieſts, that had been concerned in cabals; but neither he

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nor the ſtate had any thing to fear from thoſe communities. It had certainly been very extraordinary, that the conqueror of Rochelle ſhould in his teſtament have been more diſtruſtful of the Jeſuits than of the Hugonots. This reflection is no convincing proof; but, joined to others, it ſerves to ſhew that the author, though he uſurped the name of a firſt miniſter, was yet incapable of aſſuming his ſpirit.

XVIII. Were it neceſſary to confute all the miſtakes with which this performance ſwarms, I ſhould make a volume as large as the Political Teſtament, a work which knavery has compiled; which ignorance, prepoſſeſſion, and reſpect for a great name, have cauſed to be admired; which the patience of the reader can ſcarce endure to read; and which had remained abſolutely unknown, had it appeared under the name of its real author. I have already, in a ſmall work, pointed out ſome of theſe proofs, which ſerve to demonſtrate the impoſture to any one poſſeſſed of the leaſt judgment or taſte. The following, among the reſt, is unanſwerable. The author, who is fond, however unſeaſonably, of making a parade, equally uſeleſs and falſe, of his knowlege in the hiſtory of the affairs of the church, of commerce, and of the marine, takes it into his head in chapter IX. ſection VI. to talk thus with regard to the ſettlements in the Indies: "As for the Weſt-Indies, we know there is very little trade carried on there: Drake, Thomas Cavendiſh, Herberg, l'Hermite, Lemaire, and the late count Maurice, who ſent twelve ſhips thither with deſign to carry on a trade either by force or friendſhip, not being able to find any place proper to make a ſettlement." Remark, I beſeech you,

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at what time the impoſtor makes cardinal Richelieu ſpeak in this manner. It is in 1640, at the very time when the late count Maurice, who was then actually living, governed the Brazils in the name of the United Provinces, and that the Dutch Weſt-India company had been making a very conſiderable progreſs from the year 1662, without the ſmalleſt interruption: obſerve alſo how, in the beginning of the ſame ſection VI. the author confeſſes, "that the Dutch give no ſmall trouble to the Spaniards in the Weſt-Indies, where they are in poſſeſſion of the greateſt part of Brazil." And, indeed, is it poſſible to lay to the door of a ſtateſman ſuch a hodge-podge of errors and contradictions? England, of which he ſpeaks, had already immenſe countries in America. As to Drake and Thomas Cavendiſh, their example is very unſeaſonably quoted: they were not ſent to make ſettlements, but to ruin thoſe of the Spaniards, to diſturb their trade, and to make prizes, in all which they ſucceeded.

XIX. Any perſon inclined to take the trouble of reading the Political Teſtament with attention, would be greatly ſurprized to ſee that in fact this book is rather a criticiſm on the adminiſtration of the cardinal, than an expoſition of his conduct, and a connected account of his principles; the whole of it turns on two points, the firſt of which is unworthy of him, and the ſecond an inſult on his memory.

The firſt object is a vague, puerile, commonplace, a catechiſm for a prince of ten years old, and moſt egregiouſly ill adapted to a prince in his fortieth year; ſuch are the following chapters: "That the foundation of the happineſs of a ſtate is the reign of godlineſs; that reaſon

reaſon ought to be the rule of human conduct; that the intereſt of the public ought to be preferred to that of individuals; that foreſight is a neceſſary quality; that every perſon in the ſtate ought to be inveſted with that employ for which he is qualified; that it is very neceſſary to keep flatterers, informers, and plotters, at a diſtance;" with twenty other diſcoveries, equally profound, accompanied with a piece of advice which would have been an inſult to ſo enlightened a prince as Lewis XIII. who might, with great juſtice, have anſwered his miniſter and ſervant, "Talk in this manner to my young ſon, but know better the reſpect due to your maſter."

The ſecond point, which makes the principal part of his ninth chapter, turns on miniſterial projects, which are all of the author's own invention; and every one of them the direct reverſe of thoſe followed in the cardinal's adminiſtration. The author takes it into his head to aboliſh the private money edicts, or, out of his great condeſcenſion, to fix them at a million of gold. Theſe edicts are for iſſuing private ſums for ſecret ſervices, of which no account is given. This is the moſt valuable priviledge attached to the place of prime miniſter. No one but an enemy would demand its abolition.

XX. The ninth chapter of the Political Teſtament bears in each page of it the moſt evident proofs of a forgery, the moſt wretchedly executed that can be imagined; here reflections, facts, computations, and every thing elſe, is equally falſe: in this place the author advances, that for every new tax impoſed, the miniſter is obliged in juſtice to augment the pay of the ſoldiery;

diery; which, however, has never happened either under Lewis XIII. or Lewis XIV. here, too, whilſt he eaſes the ſhoulders of the people of ſeventeen millions of the taille, he carries the king's revenue all at once to fifty-ſeven millions, which he ſuppoſes commonly to amount to no more than thirty-five; which is a further proof of his ignorance, for the taille alone commonly amounted to thirty-five millions, the farms to eleven, &c. In this likewiſe he propoſes to reimburſe the annuities created by the cardinal, whereof ſeveral were at the twentieth penny, which he rates at the fifth penny; to take from the treaſurers of France two thirds of their ſalaries; to cauſe the parliaments, chambers of accounts, the grand council, all the courts which he calls ſovereign, to pay their ſhare of the taille, whilſt he claſſes them at the ſame time with the peaſants. Would it not have been extremely becoming in cardinal de Richelieu to propoſe ſo wild and extravagant a meaſure, in order to vilify a body of which he had the honour to be a member by his quality of peer of France, a dignity which he held in equal value with his rank as cardinal!

XXI. With reſpect to the war, it has been already obſerved, that he has not ſo much as mentioned that in which the kingdom was then engaged. But in his vague, general, and chimerical reflections, he recommends the taxing all the fees of gentlemen, to enrol the nobleſſe, and to keep them in pay; he would have every gentleman compelled to ſerve at the age of five and twenty; he would have none of the roturier, or lower claſs, admitted into the cavalry till five and twenty; that the care of proviſions ſhould be committed only to perſons of quality;

quality; that, when there was a neceſſity to raiſe fifty ſoldiers, they ſhould raiſe an hundred; and this for no other reaſon that can be diſcovered, but to double their cloathing and enliſting-money. What a project this for a miniſter! It is true, the notion of enrolling the nobles, and cauſing the parliament to pay the taille, might have been the offspring of a better head than that of a projector, who, being out of employment, takes it into his head to govern Europe. In the ſame ninth chapter, he likewiſe treats of the affairs relating to the marine: he ſpeaks very learnedly of the great dangers of the navigation between Spain and Italy, and between Italy and Spain, equally chimerical with that of Scylla and Charybdis: he pretends that the ſingle province of Provence has a much greater number of ſea-ports, better as well as ſafer, than thoſe of Spain and Italy put together; an hyperbole capable to perſuade one, that this book was the work of ſome Provençal, that had never ſeen any place but Toulon and Marſeilles, rather than a ſtateſman acquainted with the ſituation of all Europe.

Theſe are part of thoſe chimeras which this clandeſtine politician has publiſhed in the name of that great miniſter, with an hundred times leſs diſcernment than the Abbe de St. Pierre has ſhewn, in aſcribing a part of his political ideas to the duke of Burgundy.

The project relating to the finances, which takes up almoſt the whole of the laſt chapter, is taken from a manuſcript ſtill in being. I have ſeen it: it was written in 1640. This piece makes the king's revenues amount to fifty-nine millions of thoſe times, by the arrangement which it propoſes. The author of the Teſta-

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ment ſubſtracts two of theſe; in every thing elſe they perfectly agree. Nothing is ſo common as projects of this ſort; ſometimes the miniſters receive ſuch, but very ſeldom read any of them. The forger, whilſt he copied thoſe ideas, makes it very clearly appear, that he never was at the pains to acquaint himſelf properly with the ſtate of the finances of Lewis XIII. He boldly advances, that each of the five years war had loſt no more than ſixty millions and nine hundred thouſand livres. It is, likewiſe, falſe that this expence was paid without extraordinary means: there were a great many taxations, a great many augmentations of ſalaries, which were brought into the finances; the duties were augmented in the provinces; a tax of a crown *per* ton was laid on wine; the taille, which amounted to thirty-ſix millions and two hundred thouſand livres, was carried to thirty-eight millions and nine hundred thouſand livres. In a word, moſt of the things related in this book are as wide of the truth as the propoſitions in it are extraordinary.

XXII. It will, no doubt, be aſked, how it was poſſible the public ſhould have paſſed ſuch an affront on the memory of cardinal de Richelieu, as to imagine this book worthy of him? I anſwer, men ſeldom reflect; read with very little attention; judge with precipitation, and receive opinions as they do money, becauſe they are current.

XXIII. If it be objected to me, that father le Long and others have thought this book the work of the cardinal, I will acknowledge that father le Long has very accurately compiled about thirty thouſand titles of books, and will add, that for that very reaſon he had no time to examine the books themſelves: but above

all, I will anſwer, that had we as many authorities as father le Long has compoſed titles, they would not be able to counterballance one ſolid reaſon. If, however, the weakneſs of men muſt needs reſt their belief on authorities, I will oppoſe to father le Long and others, Aubery, who has written the life of cardinal Mazarine, Ancillon, Richard, the writer who took the title of Vigneul de Morville, and laſtly le Monnoie, one of the moſt enlightened critics of the laſt age; all of theſe pronounced the Political Teſtament ſpurious.

XXIV. But, ſay they, in 1664 the Abbe des Roches, formerly a domeſtic of the cardinal de Richelieu, gave his library to the Sorbonne, after the example of his maſter; and in this library there was found a manuſcript of the Teſtament, which tallied exactly with the printed copy, together with the ſame epiſtle dedicatory, and the ſame table of contents. It is this very manuſcript, ſo tranſmitted to the Sorbonne, which finiſhes the proof of this forgery. It is tranſmitted two and twenty years after the death of the cardinal, without any document or information from the Abbe des Roches. This work was thrown by for a time both by the ſervant of the cardinal, and even the Sorbonne itſelf, and it is within theſe two years it has been claſſed among the reſt. Had this manuſcript been copied from the original, it had been more reſpected, ſome marks of its authority would have been diſcovered, the ſignature of the cardinal de Richelieu would have been found at the end of the letter to the king. But no ſuch ſignature is to be ſeen. They who compoſed it had not the effrontery; they did not dare to ſign that name. Had the cardinal left ever ſo few memoirs, and had they had the ſmalleſt, and

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even the moſt diſtant relation to the Teſtament, ſome mention would have been made of them, and then ſome degree of credit might have been given to the boldneſs of him who imputed the whole of this work to the miniſter. This is by no means the caſe: there is not a ſingle word, either at the beginning or end of this manuſcript, from whence the ſmalleſt inference can be drawn. Therefore the Abbe des Roches muſt have looked upon this manuſcript with the ſame indifference with which it has been regarded in the Sorbonne.

Let us imagine for a moment the Teſtament to be really the work of the cardinal; the ſingle word teſtament ſuppoſes an indiſpenſible duty in this domeſtic to aſcertain the genuineneſs of the copy, and to declare its being juridically compared and collated with the original. If he has failed in this, he is certainly culpable; he gives the world a right to accuſe him of forgery. But the Abbe des Roches had this manuſcript in his poſſeſſion juſt as any other perſon of curioſity might have had. This manuſcript muſt certainly have been written before it was printed; and even, to favour the deſign of the impoſture, ſeveral manuſcript copies of it muſt have been made, which ought to have been handed about in a very private manner, as a monument of ſingular curioſity. Farther, the ſilence of this domeſtic proves the maſter not to have been the author of this teſtament, as all the other arguments are a ſolid proof he never could have been its author.

XXV. But it is ſaid, that it has been affirmed about ſeventy years ago, that the ducheſs d'Aiguillon ſhould have ſaid fourſcore years ſince, ſhe had once had a manuſcript copy of this teſtament. An original note of M. Huet has been

found; which note ſays, that ſomebody had ſeen this manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of the duchеſs d'Aiguillon, niece to the cardinal. Are not theſe very fine proofs? Moſt aſſuredly. I can eaſily believe, that all thoſe who intereſt themſelves in behalf of the cardinal's memory would have been glad to have had any manuſcript that bore his name; and from this circumſtance, I conclude that this manuſcript was evidently ſuppoſititious, ſince among all the relations, all the domeſtics, all the friends of that miniſter, no one has ever given himſelf the ſmalleſt trouble in order to aſcertain the authenticity of this performance.

XXVI. Let human curioſity weary itſelf in idle enquiries after the name of the forger; I, for my part, do not chuſe to trifle away my time in ſuch a manner. What imports it to know the name of the cheat now the impoſture is diſcovered? what imports it to know that Courtils, or ſome other, forged the teſtaments of Mazarine, Colbert, and de Louvois? what imports it whether it were Stratman or Chevremont, that inſolently uſurped the name of Charles V. duke of Lorraine? does it entitle a man to fame, to have been the author of an execrable book? what advantage ſhould one reap by knowing the authors of all the low calumnies and impertinent criticiſms with which the public is overwhelmed? we ought to leave thoſe authors who cover themſelves under ſome great name in their native obſcurity, in the ſame manner as we do thoſe who every day attack what is moſt praiſe-worthy, and commend what is moſt execrable, thus making the profeſſion of letters as baſe and contemptible as themſelves.

End of the Thirteenth Volume.